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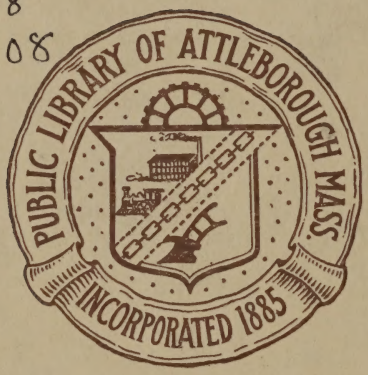

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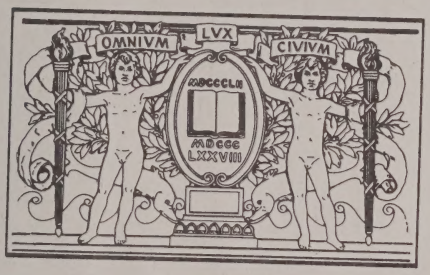

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ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME CVIII

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1911

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1911

PONTIFEX MAXIMUS

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

It is a natural conception to think of history as partially bound to the regions of its development by a mysterious chain of which no rational explanation can be given. Under diverse forms, and at widely separated epochs, certain phenomena repeat themselves with singular constancy.[1] It is of this odd and mysterious law that I always think when I go to Rome, and from the marvelous Janiculum contemplate the Vatican and St. Peter's.

The Roman Empire is not yet utterly destroyed. Even to-day in Rome there still sits upon his throne a direct successor to the Roman Emperor — the Pope. He bears the very title, Pontifex Maximus, with which the Emperors were once accustomed to adorn their names. He is the head of that spiritual and religious empire into which the material and political structure of the Roman Empire was transmuted at the downfall of ancient civilization. From Rome he still rules over interests and men scattered throughout the whole world, and the empire of which he is the head has the same constitution and is to-day affected by the identical maladies from which, even in its palmiest days, the Roman Empire was perpetually suffering. Again, as in the case of the Roman Empire, an Emperor is elected for life under purely autocratic methods, by virtue of which, as head of the Empire, he is invested with prodigious authority and burdened with responsibilities so enormous and of such diverse kinds that to cope with them demands talents vast and varied as the responsibilities themselves.

On the other hand, the field of choice from which a Pope is selected is now extraordinarily limited, and, as time goes on, becomes more so. Thus the probability of finding a man really adequate to the office grows steadily less. Just as the Emperor was elected by the Senate, the Pope is elected by the College of Cardinals. Again, the College of Cardinals is nominated by the Pope, just as formerly the Senate was nominated by the Emperor. This body is composed of seventy-two members. According to the canons of the Church, the Sacred College is unrestricted in the choice of Pontifex Maximus, and is freer by far than was the Roman Senate in the selection of an Emperor. According to the theory of the Church, the Sacred College may make its choice from among the dignitaries of the Catholic communion, from among the humble priests, from the monks, even from the ranks of the laity who have not received holy orders of any kind. Thus it is

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theoretically within the power of the Sacred College to make a choice such as will annihilate all the subordinate hierarchies of the Church, all privileges of authority, and distinctions of rank, in order, at a single stroke, to exalt him who was last to the first place, if only he be worthy to hold the first place.

This is no doubt a sublime doctrine. But broad and beautiful as it is in theory, little by little, by the attrition of the centuries, human passions and human interests have crystallized it within narrow limits. So far, indeed, has this process gone that the College of Cardinals has now little more freedom of choice than the Roman Senate, whose discretion was gradually curtailed until it became the sole privilege of the Senators to ratify a selection made by the deceased Emperor, who in default of direct heirs was accustomed to make the choice of his successor from among the little group of aristocratic families which surrounded him.

For centuries, according to the ancient custom, the Pope has been selected from among the College of Cardinals, — that is (since it is seldom that the College is complete) from among sixty-odd persons. In actual practice, however, the choice is far more restricted; for another custom, grafted upon the earlier practice, makes it an unwritten law that the Pope be chosen from among the Italian cardinals, — that is, from a group of not more than forty persons. But, again, this range of choice is still further reduced; for, from great age, from an uncertain condition of health, and from notorious mediocrity, a certain number of cardinals are sure to be withdrawn from consideration before each election. The veto of the Catholic powers, an absurd institution which everybody supposed had long since fallen into desuetude, but which, at the last conclave, was unexpectedly revived by Austria, adds still another limitation. The net result of this whole process is that the Pope is selected from amongst ten or twelve Italian cardinals.

While the field of choice lying open to the Consistory has been thus narrowed, the qualifications necessary to a successful candidate have been considerably and remorselessly increased. It was never, as we know, an easy task to rule the Church, even in the days when the world was more thinly populated, more ignorant of learning, more harmonious in matters of thought; but to-day the task is well-nigh superhuman. The reforms of Pius IX have made of the Church an absolute monarchy, and have put into the Pope's hands the conduct of the weightiest affairs. The doctrine of infallibility has created an iron solidarity among the pontiffs in all questions relating to morals and to dogma, for the work of one Pope can no longer be undone by his successors. At the same time, Catholicism has become enormously enlarged and diversified. Although the Church is *one* in its supreme hierarchy, there are in reality many Catholicisms. French Catholicism is a different thing from Spanish Catholicism; Austrian differs from Italian; Polish from Hungarian; North American from South American; and the significance of this lies in the fact that in these differentiations the Church is required to confront difficulties, conquer rivalries, exert influences and manage governments, all in endless variety.

From this consideration of the subject, it follows that the Pope ought necessarily to be cosmopolitan in spirit, with the capacity for serving comprehensively, and for watching faithfully, the greater part of the world from the cupola of St. Peter's. The more languages a Pope can know, the better. The larger the number of nations he

has visited, the more at ease will he be in the apartments of the Vatican. If he had crossed the Atlantic once, twice, many times, he would not have been wasteful of his time, but would merely have fulfilled the preparation essential to his office.

It is not enough that the Pope should be merely a cosmopolitan spirit. He must be a great theologian as well. One of the gravest of the questions which agitate the Church to-day is the reform of theology, which can no longer as hitherto be shut up in its ivory tower secure from the persistent and tireless attacks of the propaganda of the Protestant world and of liberal thought. In all countries of the civilized world, historical criticism has won such a following, and has acquired such a tight grasp upon the minds of men, that stubborn resistance to its investigations can only precipitate an irreparable disaster. Even in the New World, the powerful force of American Catholicism rises to grapple with the reform of theology. On the other hand, to come to an agreement with Protestant criticism and incredulous rationalism, after having for so many centuries waged war without quarter against them, is an undertaking almost infinitely difficult and delicate.

This delicate operation, these manœuvres of war and peace, ought to be carried on by the Pope upon the battlefield of theology and history. This was the policy of Leo XIII, who instituted the Commission for the Study of the Bible, which has been discontinued by his successor. Leo also always protected the Abbé Loisy, who has, on the other hand, been condemned by the present Pope.

But of all the problems which confront the Church, the most important are found in the multitudinous political interests of Europe, which the tumultuous current of present-day history swells in every nation with ever-increasing complication and violence. To-day the Church is at war with the French Republic. It is tacitly negotiating a clandestine peace with the Kingdom of Italy. In Germany, it sometimes supports, sometimes (by means of the party of the Centre) combats the policy of the Lutheran Empire. In Austria, it buttresses the old Catholic Empire of the Hapsburgs. In Spain, it seeks to stem the stream by erecting a dam across the rising tide of Liberalism. There can be no doubt that the Catholics in all nations act upon their own initiative, and that the Church of Rome now influences rather than directs; but praise, blame, stipulations, restraints, should pour forth continually upon the whole world from the paternal mind of the Pope, who from the cupola of St. Peter's beholds every day of his life the extermination of faithful flocks which God has confided to his care.

And so it is essential that the Pope should be an able diplomatist and a politician as well, capable of a complete understanding of both democracy and aristocracy. He must be as well adapted to conduct negotiations with the New World as with the Old World, with monarchies as well as with republics. He must have the ability to win the confidence of the desperate army of workingmen who labor in the workshops of huge industrial centres, without arousing the fears of their employers. He must know the art of soothing the exasperated patriotism of the oppressed Poles, without incurring the suspicions of the three nations which oppress them.

Finally, the Pope should be a man endowed with extraordinary physical vigor. Every day he must be able to perform a cruelly hard day's work. The whole year round it is his duty to dwell in Rome, never stepping out of his vast

palace and stupendous gardens. The climate of Rome is a little too hot for a civilization such as our modern one, which demands of men an intense, continuous, and rapid expenditure of nervous force, and which is therefore best able to flourish in rather cool countries. Since the unification of the nation has brought people of every section of Italy to Rome, it has often been the experience of us who live there, that men from the northern districts who go down to the capital to direct complicated political affairs or settle important economic questions in the interest of the Kingdom of Italy, are frequently heard to remark how much more peaceful life is in Rome than in other parts of the peninsula: in this gentle climate, beneath this luminous sky, in the midst of this vegetation almost approaching the luxurious growth of the Tropics. But in spite of the comfort of existence, many people complain that work in Rome is far more wearisome and difficult than at the foot of the Alps. And so many people repeat this complaint in so many different ways that it must have some validity.

It is of no avail against this argument to cite the great deeds which the ancient Romans accomplished under this sky and in these climatic conditions. Ancient civilization was much simpler. Its pace was far less rapid than is ours. It did not make its progress, as the modern world does, through the nervous force, intense, multiplied, and continuous, of millions of men. The building of the Roman Empire was accomplished at an immense expense of fatigue, but we must not forget that the labor of it was divided among many men, distributed through many centuries. To every generation was its little share allotted, and in the work every man played his little part.

To-day it is otherwise. We cannot, therefore, marvel if even for the Pope the necessity of supporting such anxieties and fatigue, the duty of ruling with such intense nervous force, may be a wearisome task.

This idea leads us to a new consideration. The Pope cannot moderate the effects of the climate by changing his residence at will. He cannot, for example, escape the heats of summer, which are especially pernicious for any one who has to use his brain without intermission. From January to December the Pope is immured in his palace. It is, I think, only with time that the world will come to appreciate how serious may be the results to the Church arising from this incarceration of her head within the walls of the Vatican since 1870, and what grave consequences her action in making this protest against the House of Savoy may entail. This action of the Church adds a new difficulty, a physical one, to the mass of existing difficulties which attend the selection of a pontiff. Until now, an accident has disguised the seriousness of this difficulty, for the Conclave of 1878 had the good fortune to choose a man who, within a slender body, concealed prodigious strength and an unparalleled physical adaptation to his environment. But if Leo XIII had also the traditional 'Pope's health,' it is impossible to believe that these gifts can always be found among all the papal cardinals.

To-day, change of residence has become a physical and moral necessity for every man devoted to intense and unremitting intellectual labor. Change is a means of renewing periodically the vigor of the body, the strength of the will, the elasticity of the mind; of sharpening the edge of the will and of the intelligence, when long-continued use has blunted it. The proof of this may readily be found among the Americans who work so hard and travel so much.

No matter how gifted a man may be with rich and rare faculties, no one, without deterioration, can apply himself, year in, year out, to intense labor while imprisoned in a few thousand square metres, even though within this little space there may be gathered for his refreshment the most famous beauties of the arts, the most perfect industrial appliances, and the choicest refinements of life. Life in the cloister must inevitably lay upon the greater number of those who have chosen to live there a heavy burden of physical fatigue which few indeed can bear.

From all of these considerations, a really effectual Pope ought to sum up in himself many diverse qualities, physical and intellectual, which it is very unusual to find united in a single personality. Indeed, if there is to be any chance of finding such a man as this, it is essential that there should be every opportunity of choosing him from among a large number of persons. But, as we have already seen, the selection of a Pope, instead of being made from a multitude of candidates, is restricted to a choice from ten or twelve persons. Even if these ten or twelve have themselves been chosen from a large body, we must remember that they have been chosen for other considerations. Is it probable that within this tiny group can be found that rarest consummation of human nature—a being endowed with all the necessary qualifications? One might well ask whether it is too bold to say that, under such conditions, it may indeed be impossible to find him. Leo XIII proved that a man such as this does sometimes exist. But surely, it is not over-bold to affirm that the possibility is small, and that the Church will run serious risks if she has not the strength to reform the methods of electing the Supreme Pontiff and to break the barriers of custom which today restrict the field of choice within such narrow limits.

American Catholics must not delude themselves by forming their opinions on the European situation from conditions at home, which, for the moment, happen to be far better. In Europe, times of peculiar difficulty for the Church are approaching. Any historian who has been on the watch for signs of the period will see absolute proof of this in the events in France, Spain, and Portugal. These crises are drawing near because the Catholic Church in so many nations of Europe forms one of the political forces which control the State; but of all these forces in every State it is the feeblest. Political parties, representing special policies, local financial interests, traditions, and national institutions — all these forces are narrow in their scope; but, for that very reason, they make a deeper impression, each in its own field of activity, than the universal Church, which exists everywhere and is everywhere feebler than the forces with which it contends; a Church whose doctrines can no longer embrace the many urgent material and ideal necessities of the contemporary world. In every nation the Church can exercise a certain influence by playing upon the discords which divide the other political forces. In each instance, however, the Church runs the definite risk of paying well for its pains through the temporary alliances, the swaps and dickers which the other forces are continually making with one another. In all this manœuvring, there is the ever-present risk of becoming the scapegoat of these transactions amid all the discords and difficulties which habitually beset the rivalry of contending parties.

A striking instance of this may be found in the history of contemporary France. If one wishes really to com-

prehend what may happen, and what actually does happen, between Church and State in Europe, one must never forget that the anti-clerical policy — which was begun so circumspectly by Waldeck-Rousseau, and was subsequently prosecuted with a kind of fanatical energy by Combes — was primarily a policy introduced to divert the attention of the nation. The memorable struggle for the revision of the Dreyfus case had given rise to such a chaos of party government that at one time it seemed impossible to govern France unless, by some hook or crook, some portion at least of the Parliament and of the nation could be induced to unite in common cause against the enemy. Anti-clericalism was the means adopted to reconstitute a majority capable of carrying on a government in the French Parliament, and of creating in the nation a new current of interests and opinions. And this policy prevailed, as I have said, not because the Church was the most formidable among the social forces which created and complicated that terrific imbroglio, but because it was the feeblest of all of them. It was precisely because the Church was feebler than the great financial interests, the supreme bureaucracy, or even than organized industry, that it was possible to load the Church with all the blame; to cast upon her not only all her own but all her partners' guilt, and to ascribe to her almost every ill which in the events of recent years had irritated and exasperated the multitude.

Something very similar to this is to-day happening in Portugal and in Spain; and, in a greater or less degree, the same situation may be repeated in all the States of Europe in which the Church still preserves a measure of political power. It is for these reasons that many luminous intellects, like Fogazzaro, would like the Church to withdraw altogether from political controversy. Men such as these maintain that the Church should lay aside all ambition to a share in the government of nations by manipulation of the machinery of state; that she should resolve to become a simple, pure, and undisturbed school of religion and of morals; that she should expound to the masses the solution of the obscure problem of the beginning and of the end of all things — that problem which science cannot solve, which philosophy has striven for centuries to explain by formulæ too abstruse to be comprehensible to any but a few deep and serious natures; that problem of which religion alone, with the aid of the arts, can utter a solution such as may spread among the masses of mankind a new significance of the meaning of good and evil. These are ideas which have had especial favor and popularity in America, where religion has succeeded in divesting itself of so many political and worldly interests which in Europe still clog its movements.

If only doctrines such as these should one day prevail in the Church, there would certainly be no further necessity of choosing a Pope who is at once a great sage learned in theological lore, an expert judge of men, a philosopher, a politician, and a diplomatist. It would suffice if the Church were to choose a simple, pious man nourished in the pure tradition of the Gospels; and his simplicity would be all the more secure from the artifices of the diplomat and the wiles of the politician, since he would never have to meet them on their own ground.

But who can say that a revolution which goes to the very core of the Catholic Church is possible in the near future? It may be a mere figment of the American imagination, but the idea has its roots in European soil. For many centuries the Catholic Church

has, in the eyes of the Old World, been a true administrative and political empire. Throughout the turbulent Occident, among the ruins of that mighty homogeneity broken in pieces by the barbarians, the Church has for centuries been regarded as the continuation of the Roman Empire. In Europe the political spirit of the Roman Empire is stamped deep with all the secular traditions of history; it is stamped by the very title which ornaments its head, even as the Roman Emperors, beginning with Augustus, decked themselves with the same title — Pontifex Maximus. It is not by chance, but from a cause which lies deeply embedded in history, that the residence of the head of the Catholic Church is a royal palace wherein abide the pomp and glory and the works of art with which kings are wont to surround themselves. Such a mass of tradition clusters about these venerable monuments, this storied record, these doctrines elaborated for centuries, these present intertwisted interests, that it cannot be wiped away in a few years.

And so it is that for some time yet the Pope must not only be a man of God, but a man of the world, and a finished politician after the manner of those Roman Emperors from whom he is descended, and whose line, incarnate in his person, still lives in Rome among the mutilated marbles of the Forum and the huge hulks of the ancient Baths.

And if the policy of the Papacy is to continue, the Church must find the expedient method of choosing at every vacancy a Pope who shall be a theologian of vast doctrinal learning, a politician of wide outlook, a diplomatist of sensitive instinct. The pious Pope, the example only of evangelical purity, is still a dream; nor does the time seem near in which the Holy Father shall be solemnly reinstated in the gorgeous palace of the Vatican as a symbol of regenerate Christianity. When the time comes for us to read that a simple, pious, unlearned man of God has once more made his appearance in the Vatican, among the subtle theologians, the astute diplomatists, the rulers of mankind, we may well say that a crisis is approaching. It is possible that this crisis may, through painful experience, finally come to simplify and purify the Church; but the generation which witnesses it, must feel the full force of the struggle. For the present, the Pope still dwells in Rome as Pontifex Maximus, successor of Augustus and of Trajan.

THE POPE AND DEMOCRACY

BY WILLIAM CANON BARRY

From among the shadows that come and go upon the stage of royalty, there stands out in our time a most pathetic and arresting figure, Pius the Tenth, Pope of Rome. He, the Supreme Pontiff, combines in his own person claims which might appear at first view in deadly opposition; for his dignity comes by election and betokens a democratic triumph, while his powers are held to be supernatural, and not of this world. He is a king of men, yet by birth a peasant. Not born in the purple, he takes rank before Imperial Cæsar. Armed with unquestioned authority over tens of millions, he governs by divine right; yet whoso will may join or may quit the Catholic Church, since it is founded on the free choice and deliberate faith of its members. The American Republic itself is not more of a voluntary and sovereign society than is the Roman Communion. And the Pontiff on the Vatican Hill, like the President in the White House, rules by the people's selection of him for a trust that is more sacred than the interests of any passing generation, — liberty at Washington, religion at Rome. These are the highest services that can be rendered to mankind. Catholicism and Democracy are two Greek words, signifying the same thing; for it has been said 'The truth shall make you free'; *Veritas liberabit vos.*

How great these subjects are may be shown by their aptitude for rhetorical handling. They lend themselves to poetry as they demand enthusiasm, that is to say, the passionate vision of ideals, if we may aim at measuring their significance. The proof is that men and women have always been ready to die on behalf of the Republic and the Church. I should feel ashamed, however, to use rhetoric in speaking of Pius X, did it imply undue heightening of such facts as, related in cool prose, bear out my argument and prove him to be a most palpable instance of the likeness, the affinity, between Catholic and democratic principles.

It will not be charged upon me, I hope, that I am looking rather to forms than to realities, or declaring monarchy unchristian. But long before the American Constitution was dreamed of, and nearly two hundred years previous to the States-General of 1789, our leading theologians, Jesuits in the front, had affirmed that power comes to the ruler through the people, who are its immediate depositary. In resisting that superstition which makes kings irresponsible, these eminent teachers were following St. Thomas Aquinas; they did but repeat the lessons inflicted on European tyrants by the Papacy during its glorious Middle Age. To bring out the whole of the story by citation from documents is not now my design. Scholars know it well. Pope Leo XIII has thrown into lucid Latin the idea itself in his beautiful style; and the eloquent state paper which begins 'Immortale Dei,' or that other entitled 'Libertas,' will furnish me with warrant enough for the parallel on which I am insisting.

The sum of these things is that as

regards the persons who shall govern, the Catholic Church is a free elective system; that Catholics are as much members of a voluntary association as are the citizens of every true Republic; that the Pope himself is, according to the sublime ascription, 'Servant of the servants of God'; and that consequently he is at home in a democratic age, as he never could be under the yoke of the old absolute monarchies. Therefore he belongs to the future, not to the ancient *régime*.

I am quite unable to see how these positions can be denied by historians or overthrown by political philosophers. If any fact is clear in past centuries it is that the Papacy brought in, and has ever upheld, the distinction between Church and State, whereby absolute power finds a check to its exorbitance. The world-famous quarrels, lasting all through feudal times, renewed under Napoleon, and raging at this present hour, have always turned on the claim of the Holy See to independence. The Pope will never consent to be a state official like the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Metropolitan of Moscow. He will die rather than submit to an earthly government. He glories in the record of such past martyrdoms. And by independence he means the freedom which Catholics are everywhere to enjoy as regards their dogmas, their worship, their discipline, united to the head of their Church on earth.

If this be termed an *imperium in imperio*, then the Pope lays claim to it. He cannot give it up. Whether in Seville or Smyrna, in London or San Francisco, his spiritual jurisdiction is the same; but, evidently, it makes for freedom, supposes the willing assent of believers, and appeals to each as if alone; in other words, it implies democracy. For if I do not vote to be a Catholic there is an end of the matter. Faith is in a very definite fashion my free thought. And what the Pope demands for himself he demands for all who are on his side.

This it is which makes the pathos and the tragedy of a character such as Pius X. He cannot rely upon the forces of the world; they have turned against him. To the enemies who are bent on destroying Catholicism it may well appear that never before could they reckon so many chances in their favor. Liberals, Freemasons, Positivists, Socialists, Modernists, — a motley but united array; these gathering hosts are encamped over against St. Peter's shrine, in the Holy City, this year keeping holiday to celebrate their victorious advance. The Pope is beleaguered in the Vatican. A great painter, who could indeed dip his pencil 'in the gloom of thunder and eclipse,' might show us that solitary, saint-like apparition, clad in white raiment, lifting pure hands and beseeching eyes in prayer beneath a stormy sky, not daunted by the tumult and the shouting, saddened yet steadfast in the presence of anarchy, which boasts of itself under discordant names and flags of rebellion as pledged to the liberty it will not share with Catholics, to the progress it is making in civilization falsely so-called.

Pius X prays and does not surrender. He remains, in this day of rebuke and blasphemy, the champion of religious freedom. There is tragedy in the picture of a Vatican so beleaguered; but there is pathos, too; for these new Liberals — who are glorifying the Slave State, with its compulsory secular education, its collective despotism, its seizure of public and private resources — have almost persuaded their victims that the Pope is the people's enemy. Such is the amazing condition of the French and Latin world. If the Vatican were taken, absolute secular gov-

ernments would control and exploit it from end to end.

A prisoner in his own palace, undoubtedly, hard bestead by Apollyon's confederated hosts, Pius X might be compelled to come to terms with 'modern civilization' but for one thing. He holds the secret of democracy. What is it? you will ask. I answer, it is that which lay hidden or implicit in the Catholic Church from the beginning, — you may find it in the most astonishing sentences of St. Paul's Epistles, — but which was partly revealed by the printing-press, yet more by scientific method, by Galileo, Descartes, Newton, and at last by the revolutions that swept into limbo eighteenth-century Europe. Let me call it the universality of man. Wherever man is, in spite of race, color, custom, tradition, there is Humanity whole and entire. If you will throw yourself upon some instinct or power common to all, no space can imprison you. Neither Jew nor Greek nor Scythian, but human, as right, duty, science, religion — those laws and discoveries of man thinking universally — are human, — in this lies the secret.

Now what, by definition and purpose, as well as by strenuous endeavor from the first, does the Catholic Church declare itself to be? 'Universal' is the very style and title which it assumes. The Pope is international, ubiquitous, pervading the whole organism by a constant action to which every part and element makes reply. He is the visible embodiment of a universal power, just as science is, or printing, or true philosophy; and he simply cannot become a mere local name. The Vatican does not hold him in; the Papacy is as wide as the world. He is an incarnate idea, appealing to mankind at large. But this, and nothing else, is what we understand by Democracy, the inheritance common to all. You remember Napoleon's account of it, which Carlyle thought so admirable: 'A career open to talent.' The talent of talents is religion, and Catholicism knows the way to its use. If the City of Man does not suffer a miraculous change into the City of God, — if the New Jerusalem foretold by prophets, beheld in visions of the night by saints, is a myth and a delusion, — what profit in our Republic, though never so free? We must be free to conquer and possess divine things.

Hence, the Pope's unique situation comes out more vividly on our modern background every year, in the decay of Churches once upon a time dogmatic as Rome itself, and as the newer sects multiply. For he abides, the keeper of divine knowledge, or as we say, of Revelation, maintaining its literal truth, its place in history, against dissolving critics, on behalf of the multitude who cannot live by criticism. Cardinal Newman was speaking with scientific precision when he described the Pope as 'heir by default of antiquity.' Who, he suggested, has brought down to Western civilization the religious treasures of the past, if Rome has not? With equal point we may affirm that Pius X is heir by remainder of Christianity, which in the strongest among non-Catholic bodies would seem stricken unto death by those portents termed Monism and Modernism. I state facts; the evidence is at hand; too abundant, alas, and growing night and day. Revelation is in charge of St. Peter's successor. He is the king, priest, and prophet whom the world must see and hear, whether it will or no. In the language affected by Kantians, he holds of the transcendental. Faith tells us that he has the keys of eternity. The thousand churches of unbelief admit or insist that no one else puts forward this bold pretension, or would deserve a moment's credit in comparison with him. If Pius X is not

the greatest of impostors, he is what he calls himself, the Vicar of Christ.

I grant, and all Catholics with me, that if Christ be dead once for all, never having risen and never to come again, the Pope will die too. But mark how we stand toward the movements of this time. At heart neither Monist nor Modernist — to say nothing of the vulgar Socialist — believes in anything real except his own mind. He cannot get away from himself. All that he magnifies under the name of humanity — whatever he would fain take to be Christ or God — is the Brocken-shadow projected by his dreams on the void beyond him. To that complexion he has already come, or must come; for by the philosophy of modern skepticism, current among all these reformers, man is imprisoned in his own Ego. He has created God and Christ, and now is uncreating the work of his hands. This will leave him with his world of the five senses, and physical science as their instrument. Do we seek illustrations? Let us read the journals of life in New York, Paris, Berlin. Outside Catholic influence and that which the separated Churches have not yet lost of it, what do men and women live by? Not by ideals, nor with a view to establishing ideals. The springs of conduct are interests and passions; Utopia when it arrives is to make a life beyond the grave superfluous and incredible. The dispute between rich and poor, as carried on by Social Democrats, is not for righteousness' sake, but for possession.

Yet man has that within which transcends the shows of time; he is and will be religious, that is to say, a lover of eternal things; and prophets he must have, true or false, who will bring him a message from the unseen. To tell him that his dreaming fancy has created God and Christ is to drive him upon moral suicide. Since the Eternal exists, there shall be some way of grasping it; on that he is determined. The history of Religion, with its splendors and its sorrows, is man's answer to theories of the Unknowable. His heart leaps up at the saying in Pascal, 'Thou hadst never sought Me, hadst thou not known Me.' And lo, the undying power of Catholic dogma, which, in affirming Bible, Creed, Sacraments, Papacy, has done for an experimental and sure acquaintance with religious realities the same service that modern science has rendered to physics and biology. It has discovered, and afterwards democratized, the method of Religion. Taking to itself the most ancient symbols, building its Holy Place in Rome between East and West, it holds out Revelation to all tribes and tongues, as from a central shrine.

Rome is the Christian Delphi. The Vatican is still the oracular Mount of Vision. Whatever else it was, or may be, forms but an episode in the supernatural history which it carries onward. The Roman Empire was its preparation; the Kingdom of Italy is a guest in one of the Papal Courts, and may pass with to-morrow. Papal Rome cannot pass. It is the organized and concrete shape of that Bible religion which has called out of chaos Europe and America, subduing their peoples to Roman law, Greek philosophy, and the God of Israel. It is antiquity living and moving in the world of to-day.

A living, not a dead antiquity, that is my contention; and the seeming paradox will bear a great weight of argument. Scholars delight in the wonderful changes which were due to the Renaissance, — changes transfiguring art and literature. But of the Catholic Church we may say that it is a perpetual Renaissance, without which the younger peoples would be utterly divided from the past. And how grotesque, how uncultivated, is a present

so shut in upon itself! Among the English-speaking races, when attempts are made to found a new religion, what monstrous births affront the light: Mormonism and Eddyism, most unbeautiful to behold! Culture is the safeguard of genius in religion as elsewhere; the saint should edify, not lay waste, the sanctuary. At all events, Catholic usage binds and builds up; it is original even when observant of tradition; and Rome is the Mother of Saints.

We need only glance at Pius X to learn how magnificent and stubborn a character may be developed on purely orthodox lines, by a training into which not one single principle has been admitted from outside. Your common schools in America, we are told by observers, do not create strong men. But the Catholic seminary does; the master of novices in a religious order knows how it may be achieved. Heroic resistance to evil seems in the eyes of Pius X as plain and clear a duty as attending on lepers in Molokai seemed to Father Damien. Our annals of the latest canonized men and women are crowded with figures like these. The Catholic standard is always heroism; and every good priest or nun expects to be found in some minority which wins by suffering.

Thus I am brought to the strange position of latter-day Catholicism and of the Papacy, which journalists, or even statesmen, cannot reduce to any formula, satisfactory to themselves. Sharp-eyed reporters look in at our churches, sketch in glowing colors the scenes they present, and go away profoundly ignorant of the spirit therein. To newspapers, taking and making impressions of this kind only, the Catholic Church is all parade, panorama, and at best a Passion-play. No view could be more misleading. These journalist-eyes are traitors to the vital fact. Politicians, again, feel toward the Pope much as that English philosopher did who defined him as the ghost of Cæsar, sitting crowned on his tomb. The Holy See is a Great Power, yet unsupported by fleets or armies, somehow spell-binding large populations, marring the symmetry of the State, vexatious and unmanageable—in short, Cæsar's ghost wandering at large. But neither Cæsar nor ceremonies will exhaust the mystery of that disturbing force. There is in it something beyond nature, hence it appears almost spectral in common daylight. Thanks to its supreme impulse, into every form of art and energy it can pour its inspiration, from Palestrina's music to the lowliest offices in prison, hospital, almshouse.

But its miracle, every day repeated, is the new-creation of men. Catholicism, taking hold of its subject under any condition offered, begins at the heart, moulds the will, subdues the intellect, and sends out of its spiritual retreat to fight, if necessary to die, the creature it found a slave and has made, by obedience, free. This wonder it can do for any race, however low down in the scale—for Australians, Chinese, Central Africans, Malays, taming and lifting them, as it tamed and lifted our wild forefathers of the forest and the ocean. It makes Christians by making men. Is not that the true Democracy?

Consider, if it be so, what follows. A genuine Catholic, man or woman, is inured to self-control and ready for self-sacrifice. With transcendent calm the Church requires of her clergy and religious orders that they shall renounce home, forsake their kindred, labor without reward, and die without notice. She recruits them from all ranks, by the ten thousand; and they succeed so brilliantly that, after the persecutions and spoilings on every side, they stand in the twentieth century em-

battled, the mightiest army of conservative forces on earth. Their identity of principles sustains a discipline by which all move on, Pius X leading, but no more a master than the babe christened yesterday. He did not make the Church; the Church made him. What he says and does, any priest would do and say who was throned in St. Peter's Chair. Yet not by mere policy, not as kings read speeches that ministers have composed for them, but from heartfelt conviction, as one, and as affirming that which all believe. If M. Loisy or another dissent, he falls out, as it were in obedience to a law of gravity; the faithful drop away from him, and he becomes, ever since Lamennais, a lonely heresiarch without a following.

All the signs tell us that while the Reformed bodies disintegrate, the Church of Rome concentrates; and that by a rapidly growing instinct, or by the sense of danger, as if a world-crisis were at hand, we may picture what is happening in two strokes: persecution without, Modernism within. These are the perils of the last times. How shall they be met?

By persecution I understand the effort to put down real Christianity, to secularize education, and to destroy family life. In all countries, by no means excepting the United States, this Antichrist wields great power; but his headquarters are, as we should expect, at Paris. From the City of Light he rays out darkness. In the name of a free people, he stamps his image and prints the mark of the beast on millions of children forced into his training-schools. He confiscates the property of religious orders, and flings them out of France. He professes to be an atheist, and will not suffer God to be mentioned in books of history. It is the head and front of his design to make it impossible that a priest should teach, or so much as breathe, in the liberal air of enlightenment. To the supernatural Church he opposes the all-too-natural school, where young children are taught freedom from every law except state law. Moral anarchy, protected by an absolute government, is the goal to which democracy of the French type rushes onward at accelerated speed. Moral anarchy, judging by symptoms and statistics, will yet claim a footing in free America. The average citizen, brought up in a school without God, feels bewildered for want of guidance, and drifts whither impulse takes him. His mind is a chaos; he has never been taught to obey others, or to control himself. He is not the mighty atom, but the feeble unit. And so he drifts, and democracy in his wake, toward Niagara.

He drifts, I say, — hopelessly. All his works prove it. The organized powers, which have robbed him of his public resources, exploit him and them. He has no resisting force, simply because he never knew what it was to rely on the divine arm; and he is weak because he is undisciplined, selfish, and separated from the brethren. This peculiarly modern man is the exact opposite of the Catholic. But he forms the majority: a disorganized, anarchic majority, taught what it shall do by newspapers, and those not its own. An unstable majority, lost in eager money-making, and trivial or obscene amusements. An untrained majority, which cannot fight the lordly syndicate it abhors; and what would it do if an army of resolute aliens, broken to the laws of war, came against it? Perhaps it would learn then, by anguish and defeat, that the condition of victory is obedience.

That is an old principle in the Catholic system. We are in a minority; be it so. But our regiments know how to march, and how to fight. In a few

years, if the French persecution goes on, and the other Latin States follow its example, such an awakening may be looked for as will surprise the world. These fiery trials have their purpose. They burn up the chaff; they clear the ground; we know what has been their effect in Ireland, in Poland, in Catholic Germany, in Belgium. Moreover, we are laying the foundations of a new Christendom. The old was established by law and privilege; deservedly so, for the Popes had rescued Europe from barbarism. But this which I contemplate as the grand event, the golden age, in a world regenerate, will found itself on free human choice, on the gradual drawing together of Christian elements, wherever existing, into a society ruled by the mind of the Master. It will be a visible kingdom, yet no force save that of opinion will hold its parts in their due place and rank. It will deserve to be called an International, but not an Empire. Language, race, boundaries, flags, will put no limits to its influence. The world is moving on all paths toward this confederation, not military, nor political, but of the higher type cherished by Catholicism from the day of Pentecost. In Virgilian words, prophetic when first uttered, 'Magnus ab integro sæculorum nascitur ordo.' The people reign; they must have religion; there is none that can meet the demands of civilized order save the Christian; and historical Christianity is centred in Rome.

Such, in substance and principle, would be the Catholic answer to prophets of evil who imagine that where democracy flourishes the Church cannot live. These men do not perceive that modern anti-clerical governments, French or Italian, are nothing else than forms of the Servile State, and that 'Secularism' is merely a false religion. But Rome has long known these truths. Rome has a clear policy of resistance, and appeals from Cæsar, republican or monarchical, to conscience, to freedom, and to the people. We have seen that strong attitude maintained from the dawn of the French Revolution until now, — a period of one hundred and twenty years. On the other hand, Catholicism makes way at a growing rate in the United States and the British Empire. And why? Because in such countries government lets it alone. There the enthusiasm which works miracles finds free scope. Hence, although unwilling to yield up her chartered rights at the bidding of her enemies, Rome has never been afraid of dealing directly and democratically with the millions. She welcomes the hour when her teachers can address them face to face.

The Pope himself is as accessible in the Vatican to pilgrims of every clime and every color as a father to his children; and they come to him more and more. He is not a recluse, not a veiled prophet, not simply a name, but familiar as no other living ruler to all his faithful. This, too, is exceedingly modern. The great era of public audiences and world-celebrations dates from Pius IX; it covers a range of sixty years. Thanks in large measure to the facilities granted by science, the Pope now governs by personal action as he has never done at any previous epoch. Moreover, three Pontiffs have reigned, in all, nearly seventy years. Their policy, amid complications never before experienced, has been consistent from the religious point of view, and so far a success that no hostile power has been able to score a victory over it except by brute force. Germany, in the person of Prince Bismarck, went to Canossa; Piedmont is merely entrenched in Rome; France discovers that even M. Briand was giving way before the Catholic conscience. In seventy years no surrender has

been registered. But there are more Catholics, and better Catholics, too, in the civilized world than ever.

Great changes are hanging over us. Demands of intellect and energy unprecedented in extent will be made on the supreme Pontiff, as on every man who holds in his hands immense public charges. But the Pope is not so much an individual as the embodiment of a system, and that system at once rigid in principles and astonishingly flexible in matters of detail so long as the faith is secure. 'It treats the world,' says J. A. Froude, in his biting way, 'alternately as an enemy to be encountered, or as an instrument to be bent to its own designs, and caring nothing for any institution but itself; free from all prejudices in favor of any nation or any political form of government, it allies itself with all the principles which sway successively in the various organizations of society. Monarchies, aristocracies, democracies, it accepts them all.' Nevertheless, Froude, on the same page, declares that 'the Holy See remains unchanged, and incapable of change.'

What can be the meaning of characteristics opposed in this manner? Surely that the Catholic spirit is one, persisting under every reign, be it long or short; that individual genius will always find itself mastered by the tradition of which it is the keeper; in American language, that the President passes, but the Constitution is immortal. We may use up our popes as the French use up their ministers; how can that signify when the Church's mind is the same? Changes, I repeat, are to be expected in a changing world. They move toward democracy; they will bring about a common sharing in all that is best, in the treasures of religion, culture, art, science, human fellowship. It is impossible that the future should not inherit the past. Now, the past is gathered up in Christian Rome. And Rome without the Pope would be a desolation as Virgil's hero beheld it,—

'passimque armenta videbant
Romanoque foro, et lautis mugire Carinis.'

Our problem is formidable, as never perhaps in any previous era, but it is simple. Regarded in the light of a method to direct life, science has been declared bankrupt. It cannot define what we should live by; that purpose, that final cause, we learn from a teacher the latchet of whose shoe science, physical or biological, is unworthy to loose.

Again, the large plausible schemes of Humanitarians come to nothing, for they despise, if they do not deny, man's immortal yearnings; and where is their obligation? how shall they persuade any man picked out of the crowd to sacrifice for a posterity unknown his present pleasure? Socialism makes an end of freedom, and man would be free. The Catholic Church, while enhancing his freedom, holds up for imitation a perfect human life, supplies abundance of motives to minds and tempers the most varied, teaches with authority, and proves her teaching by experience. The Communion of Saints has been a thousand-fold kinder to man and his works than the best-meant Communion of goods among non-Christians ever could be; and we know how these attempts have ended. I do not hesitate to say that democracy without religion is slavery, more or less disguised. No force on earth can balance it except a power that derives its origin from heaven. The safeguard of liberty for the people and, when need shall be, against them, is Revelation.

At such a time of intellectual confusion the challenge of Modernism rang out, asking Catholic dogma to disarm before the enemy. There was to be no Revelation, but only men's accumu-

lated fancies, which converted some Oriental documents into the written word of God, and magnified a mere Hebrew peasant as His Son. If the Church would bow to this philosophy of unbelief and make-believe, she might find indulgence at the bar of science and history; otherwise, her doom was sealed. By the most daring of pious frauds she had won her great dominion; by confessing it she would win a greater still. With infinite delicacy, with unction almost apostolic in its fervor, and with a pleading earnestness, the new Concordat was urged upon Rome. Other Churches, or at least many of their representative clergy, were hastening to sacrifice the truth of the letter that they might save the spirit of a hardly-pressed Christianity; why should the Vatican hold out? It was not a question of one doctrine, but of all; yet how easy to mutter the word 'Pragmatism,' and reduce eternal truths to the opinions of a Time-Spirit, who had spoken Hebrew before learning Greek, and had discarded Latin for German as he traveled down the centuries! The mind of Christ, after all, was but a name for the views of theologians, beginning with St. Paul, about Him. He was a creation of religious genius.

And the answer came, without delay, from a peasant, exalted because of his simple Christian faith and saintly life to the infallible Chair. It was given him, at an unexampled moment, to save the Creed. I compare him, in that hour of distress, to Lincoln; and, in doing so, I would honor the American patriot, the Roman Pontiff. These otherwise very unlike men had one thing in common: each knew what was at stake. Their clear vision was owing to their grand, their heroic simplicity. Lincoln saw that the Union must be preserved at whatever cost, if democracy were not to perish from off the face of the earth. He has said it in words that will endure with those of the Athenian Pericles, consecrating freedom in its springtide on the shores of Hellas. And Pius X is our Lincoln, who saw that if Revelation is not a dream and the Gospel a lie, the Church must maintain her dogma, — though it should drive thousands into revolt. But the Union was brought out safe, doubtless that popular rights and elected governments might have their day. The Church, in like manner, stands foursquare to all the winds that blow. When Pius quits the scene, Peter will not die. What signify the political vicissitudes of Italy in comparison with a new Christendom, planted securely on the faith once delivered to the Saints? That is a power to move the world, when our little jarring sects of Liberals and Freethinkers shall have sunk into the deeps out of which they arose.

MARY

BY L. P. JACKS

I

THE Birth Register declares that Mary was born in 1880; but for my part I can hardly believe it. For Mary's record proves, by internal evidence, that she lived in a future so remote from the present that she cannot have been born in the past. I have never been able to understand how there can be any basis in history for the lives of people who are in advance of their age; and Mary was greatly in advance of hers. Thus I am wholly at a loss to construct a tense which would convey an idea of the date of Mary's birth. Even the paulo-post-futurum would be, in my opinion, far too early.

Although Mary was a New Woman, she was certainly the most charming of my friends. This is not a novel; none the less I cannot refrain from recording that Mary had a tall and graceful figure, and, in the judgment of all men and some women, a perilously beautiful face. She was gay, witty, mordant, audacious — and she had other qualities of a like nature which, though theoretically not lovable in women, have the property of causing them to be loved. And with these went an endowment of the softer graces which, even if the others had been absent, would have endowed her personality with a desolating force. Moreover, she was an M.A.

As to the New Womanhood represented by Mary, I must confess myself in a difficulty. It is, I believe, the old trouble about the definition of terms; though Mary always herself set it down to my want of intelligence. In one sense every woman you meet is most emphatically a New One; and the last one met is always so surprising as to leave most people incapable for the time being of apprehending anything Newer. But the phrase on Mary's lips had a technical signification to which she attached great importance; and this meaning, there is reason to think, is very hard to convey to persons who lack a Special Training.

Lacking this training myself, I was never a good subject for enlightenment, though Mary took great pains to enlighten me. I could never grasp the point at which the Newness of the New Woman began. As I listened to her explanations, I invariably fell a victim to the association of ideas and fancied I was hearing a lecture on Archæology: a distinct flavor of antiquity would come into my mouth and I would begin to think about Mother Eve and Jezebel; about Schliemann's discoveries at Troy; about the Taj Mahal; about the ladies whose residuary forms are to be seen in the mummy cases at the British Museum — and so on.

Mary was not domesticated, and pitied those who were. She earned her own living easily, and maintained a rather elegant little flat in the West End. To her excellent father, who was a Baptist minister, she was a sore perplexity; to her ignorant and bigoted mother she was an object of bitter aversion. Her sisters were afraid of her; and her brother, who was going

to be a missionary, could n't 'make her out.'

When Mary lived at home, there were daily scenes; and her occasional visits, after she had become independent, seldom failed to raise a breeze. Her father was often heard to lament 'that he had ever sent her to college,'—an enterprise which had cost him half his income and deprived him of his daughter. Night and morning he prayed for her return to straight paths—openly in family prayers, privately as he walked his rounds, or after he had retired to his room. He would lie awake for long hours—praying for Mary, and when at last he fell asleep he would pray for her in his dreams. But the heavens were deaf to his entreaties. The more he prayed the more 'dreadful' became Mary's views. How the good man managed to retain his faith in the efficacy of prayer, and to uphold that of his flock, I know not.

Looking down upon the actual world from her view-point in the Nietzsche enlightenment, Mary saw nothing but stupidity. She saw society based upon stupid conventions; she saw civilization devoted to stupid aims; she saw religion nurtured on stupid illusions. And of all the stupid things in this stupid world, the British Public was the stupidest. One debt, and one debt only, did Mary acknowledge to society: it provided her with 'subjects'—subjects for mirth, subjects for brilliant satire, subjects for extremely profitable literary enterprise. Mary had already written two plays, one of which had been accepted by a London manager. It dealt of course with the marriage problem, and the elegant little flat was its fruit. One often wondered what occupation would be left for a person of Mary's gifts if his lot should happen to be cast in a world where there was no marriage problem, or in an age when the British and other Publics had sloughed off their stupidity and become as clever as Mary herself.

Indeed, I was often surprised that Mary should keep acquaintance with a person like myself. I now believe that it was my excessive stupidity, and that alone, which drew her to my doors. In me she found gathered up, in a cheap and easily accessible form, the various illusions which it was her mission to defy and shatter, and thus she obtained, in the time required for smoking two cigarettes, a familiarity with current obscurantisms which would otherwise have involved her in weeks of laborious observation. There is no cherished conviction of mine on any subject which has not been exploded by Mary a score of times. So often has she raked me fore and aft in the presence of my family and of my friends; so often has she compelled me to admit, in spite of myself, that my views were those of a perfectly irrational being; so often has she turned the laugh against my idols; so often has she converted my serious arguments into good stories to be told at my expense, that it strikes me as very strange that I still should love her memory. I could not have endured it from another person. But, somehow, I enjoyed being made ridiculous by Mary. Nay, when I was dragged, after much reluctance, to see her play, 'The Fall of Polly,' on the night of its two hundred and fiftieth performance, and saw everything that I loathed held up to honor, and everything that I honored trampled in the mud, I was still not offended, but rather gratified, for I remembered that Mary had done it; and when she appeared before the curtain I cried, 'God bless her!'—to the infinite amusement of the people in the stalls.

'Have you seen "The Indiscretions of Gwendoline?" she said to me one day, 'it's the greatest drama of modern times.'

'No,' I answered, 'I've not seen it. I never go to the theatre, if I can avoid it.'

'Poor thing! Why don't you come out of your hole?'

'Because I like my hole. It's warm and comfortable.'

'You're an incarnation of the whole British Public — at least you would be, if you were not so thin.'

'Mary,' I said, 'you're playing with fire.'

'Quite so. But your hole, that you find so comfortable, is warmed by the fires that people played with in the past. We're warming the hole for the future, and using the smoke for driving you out of yours.'

'Mind you don't get suffocated in your own smoke.'

'Dearest uncle! I'll work you a pair of nice warm slippers for your next birthday. But tell me — have you read "Les Aveugles"?'

'What?'

'"Les Aveugles"—it's all the rage in Paris. The plot turns on the problem of —'

'Not another word, Mary. It makes me sick to hear you speak of this.'

'And so say all of you! And because you say it, the curse hangs heavy on millions of human lives.'

'Silence!'

'Well said, old mole! But I'm not so easily shut up. I've not taken part in Suffragette demonstrations for nothing. And how, pray, do you propose to deal with the evil?'

'Rather than tell *you*, Mary, I'd tear my tongue out.'

'Which is only a melodramatic way of expressing your childlike innocence of the whole matter. Well, I've something to say about that question, and before six months are out all London will be talking about it.'

'Under its breath, I trust. But, Mary, does this mean that you are writing another play?'

'It does.'

'Don't — dear Mary, don't! What cursed spite has doomed a sweet young girl like you to sully her fingers with such filth! You're floundering in a bog of lies. Get out of it, for God's sake! Take a cottage in Surrey, with three acres and a cow — and a pony and cocks and hens. Milk the cow and clean out the pony's stable and put your play on the fire-back, and you'll become a sane woman."

'Ferocious Puritan,' said Mary, 'we'll crop your ears and put you in the pillory as soon as the New Order begins. But you're a dear old ignoramus, all the same. Have you never read in those learned books of yours that the grossest subjects lose their grossness under the transmuting touch of Art? What about Keats and the Pot of Basil?'

'Fudge!' I said. 'If Keats had been obsessed by any such theory he would never have written a line worth remembering. Fancy Shakespeare sitting down to write a psychological play! Why, Mary, can't you see that all your characters are just marionettes? Your 'Fall of Polly' is no more a drama than Punch and Judy is. I fancied I saw you pulling the strings; and really, my girl, you pulled them rather clumsily at times.'

'It's made my fortune, anyhow,' said Mary.

'No doubt. But if your estimate of British stupidity were a trifle more thorough-going, you'd understand why. The play succeeds because it contains just the kind of humbug that pleases people who want to think themselves as clever as you are. And there's another reason which your denomination is rather slow to see. You flatter yourselves that you are widening the horizon of the British public, while all the time you are only providing them with the low sensations they love. Without

that salt to flavor your dish, nobody would ask for it. That's what makes it go down.'

'This,' said Mary, 'is both stupid and commonplace. The glory of the modern drama, if you could only see it, is that for the first time in history we are putting plays on the stage that are true to human nature, and express the fundamental needs which convention has suppressed.'

'Fudge again!' I said. 'Your notion that life is acted psychology is the fundamental lie which dooms the whole array of your novels and plays to the dung-hills of history. Fortunately for the world, there are some strings in human nature which not even Ibsen and Nietzsche can teach you to pull. And I'll tell you another thing. People nowadays — thanks to your doings — love to imagine themselves in situations which they have n't the courage to touch in real life. Provide them with that sort of imagery, and they will pay you well. Meanwhile they are losing interest in the actual world because it fails to yield them the spiced poison diet of your impossible psychology. And there is not a single thing they learn from you which one in ten thousand is bold enough to translate into action.'

'You've said that twice over,' answered Mary, 'and I'm doubtful if it's worth saying at all. Besides I've heard it before: it's quite a commonplace. However, you admit that one person in ten thousand has the courage to *do* something. Don't you think the example of that one may hearten up the others in course of time?'

'No, I don't. The one imagines, no doubt, he's going to be a lighthouse. And he invariably turns out a shipwreck.'

'Indeed! What about ——' And Mary mentioned names, beginning with George Sand, and ending with the heroine of the last sensational novel.

'A most illustrious company,' I said. 'But, Mary, don't you think it a trifle inconsistent that you who preach the duty of being original should yet find your type of originality in women who have defied convention on a solitary point? After all, there is no fixed way of being original; not even that of running off with another woman's husband. Can't you invent a new sin? The monotony of this one is appalling.'

'The newness consists in the way you do it,' said Mary, 'and the ways of doing it are endless. I've invented over forty myself. In fact, there's nothing that gives more scope to the imagination.'

'I wish you'd stop inventing them, and invent a new mouse-trap instead. This house is overrun with mice, and a really efficient trap would be a boon indeed. Society would be even more grateful for a new mouse-trap than for a new form of breaking the marriage vow. Besides, Mary, I'm old-fashioned enough to be thinking that your imagination could find as much scope and more wholesome occupation in some other field. And then think how easily people who want those things can invent them for themselves. Whereas a good mouse-trap is a work of genius, and utterly beyond the compass of most of us.'

'Well,' said Mary, 'you'll be pleased to hear that I'm not going to invent any more. At least I'm first going to try some experiments. Meanwhile I'll think about the mouse-trap.'

She put a finger to her lips and stared into the fire. Her last words startled me, for they were spoken in a deep voice which Mary always used when she meant more than she said. When, a moment later, she turned her eyes upon me, they were full of tears. She sprang from her seat, grasped my hand and departed.

II

As we have seen, Mary was, in her own way, a philosopher. Under the guidance of Nietzsche and other kindred spirits, she had excogitated or perhaps stolen, a *Weltanschauung* — a view of life. Up to a certain point in her career, Mary's view of life resembled that of several other philosophers in being a view, and nothing more. That is to say, it was something wholly apart from the life of which it professed to be a copy. Life existed for the purpose of providing clever people, like herself, with the opportunity of viewing it, criticizing it, and, in the case of very clever people, of making fun and money at its expense. That any one should make the attempt to *live* according to his views of life had never occurred to Mary as a serious proposition; for according to her philosophy — I mean the unconscious part of it — views were not made for life, but life for views. Nor had she ever reflected on the hideous ruin and combustion that would fall — not on life, which is sublimely tolerant of such things, but on the world of 'views' itself — if those who professed them were compelled by Act of Parliament to live up to their professions.

To an impartial outsider it would have been plain that Mary's emancipated views, which appeared so appalling in the eyes of the excellent Baptist minister, were in point of fact relatively innocuous; inasmuch as the primal necessities of eating, drinking, sleeping, and following the multiplication-table, placed an impassable barrier between them and their practical application.

When, however, Mary began to write for the stage, the grounds of this security were undermined. She now learned that her views could be acted — on the stage. The best actors of the day acted them; packed houses applauded; they flung bouquets when she appeared before the curtain; the newspapers next morning said variously that her play was 'a work of Art,' 'a candid and scathing exposure of real motives,' 'a rebuke to our social hypocrisy,' 'the trumpet-call of a new age,' 'psychologically true,' 'true in the higher Sense of Truth,' 'a transcript of life — as life would be if men were honest with themselves.'

Hitherto Mary's views of life had been things to talk about, to argue for, to wax witty in defending, — but now they took form in breathing men and women; she saw them as trees walking; the 'fierce glare' of the footlights brought out their solidity; they showed their force in the shifting of the scenery; at their bidding a drawing-room in Mayfair was changed into a deer-forest in the Highlands, and a divorce court into a terrace at Monte Carlo; they ruined an American millionaire, and outwitted the cleverest detective in New York; they unfrocked a priest, horsewhipped a villain, enabled kindred souls to break down stupid barriers of British Law; caused a father to confess his sins to a daughter, a bishop to apologize to a burglar, and an earl to accept a stable-boy for his son-in-law; the very thunders rolled at their command; and they clothed the heroine in the daintiest of frocks. When Mary's views had worked these miracles two hundred and fifty times, she felt that they were potent to the moving of the world. She was no longer simply the holder of a theory, but the mistress of a going concern.

From that moment dangers began to gather and thicken round Mary's path. So long as her emancipation had remained at the theoretical stage, I had harbored no fears for her future, and had even predicted that she would

marry a curate; for I had seen enough of life to know that for certain natures the merely speculative interest in wickedness is one of the most innocent forms in which original sin can find a vent, — just as, on the other hand, the merely speculative interest in goodness is often the precursor of all that is mean in the day's work. I had often discussed this with Mary; but now I see that it was a matter on which I should have been better advised to hold my tongue; for Mary, secretly agreeing with what I said and conscious that her emancipation was nothing but a pose, began to cast about for means to take herself more seriously, and once at least came perilously near to scorching herself in the fire with which she played. But the innate purity of the young girl had saved her, as it saves thousands who have less of it than she. Mary, in her way, was like the Man in Black of Goldsmith's immortal sketch. She loved to fancy herself the wickedest woman alive; but the core of the creature was of the finest gold. The libertine was afraid of her, and kept aloof; but the wretched of her own sex were drawn to her, as by a spell. Forget not, O Recording Angel, to make mention on the Judgment Day of Mary's private mission to the miserable night-walkers of the London streets!

'It's the most sporting thing I do,' she said to me. 'You have to be as wily as a cat, and as quick too. I've caught over twenty already — some of 'em regular Turks, but others — O my God! broken all to little bits.'

'How do you do it, Mary?'

'A little hymn of my own composing. Would n't be any use to you.'

'But you know it's highly dangerous. These women are watched by men — ferocious bullies — who'd kill you, if —'

'*Would* they?' said Mary. 'Let 'em try! Look at that.' She opened a drawer and showed me a bright little revolver and a box of cartridges. She went on, 'You see, they provide me with subjects — sometimes. The best notions in "The Fall of Polly" came from one of them. Philanthropy — oh dear, no! Not for me. And yet I don't know how I should get on without old Stephens, the slum-missionary. He pulls me through at the finish. But Stephens can't *catch* 'em. That's *my* little game! Know Stephens? Well, he's the only good man there is left in the world. Never bullies me — as you do. No lectures. No warnings. Oh, Stephens is a brick! If I was n't myself I'd like to be Stephens — and no one else.'

I have said that Mary was approaching the zone of danger. The following is a telegraphic summary of what took place. I leave to the reader's imagination the easy task of filling in the sordid details, if he thinks them of any account; but for my part not all the revilings of outraged Art shall extract from me anything more than what is here set down.

Prominent among Mary's male friends at this time was a certain doctor — a mental pathologist — whose pseudonym was famous in the world of letters. He was married to a stupid and austere woman with whom he did not exchange a dozen words a day; and he had children. These two gifted simpletons — Mary and the Doctor — now began to play the perilous game of 'kindred souls.' Their minds crammed with 'views,' and thickly overlaid with secondary impressions, they ignored the real forces which dominated their relationship, and, taking account of everything except what lay immediately under their noses, they presently persuaded themselves that their destinies were linked under a common star. In due time — naturally a short time — the

Doctor had confided to Mary the tragedy of his life — to wit, his marriage; had consulted her in the handling of his most intimate difficulties, and, in fine, appointed her the presiding genius of his life. Mary reciprocated these confidences, submitted her 'views' to the Doctor's criticism; and rewrote the third act of her new play under his direction.

Thus without much difficulty they managed to create a situation which bore a remarkable resemblance to the opening scenes of 'The Fall of Polly.' When they were apart, each of them would dramatically construct a future in which the sequence of events was determined according to the pattern of Polly's Fall; and when they met, there would be a period of silence in which the imagination of each was busy in rehearsing the coming scenes, as though the thing were to be produced at the Haymarket next week. The moment Mary heard the Doctor's step on the stairs an unconscious impulse lifted her from her chair, placed her erect by the fire, with one foot on the fender and one arm on the chimney-piece — the very attitude taken by the fallen Polly, at two hundred and fifty successive performances, as she waited for Count Petrarch in the cottage by the Thames. The Doctor, on his part, marched down the street to the accompaniment of a mixed and broken rhythm, composed partly of visual images, partly of stage eloquence, in which bishops apologized to burglars, millionaires handed over their hoards, earls killed fatted calves for stable-boys, hypocritical society confessed itself unmasked, and souls rushed together at the meeting of the lips.

As they sat and talked together, they were, in their own eyes, two spiritual beings of an exalted order, aiding each other's flight to a promised Paradise, where they would walk forever, hand in hand, among the flowers: artists in life, magicians, masters of destiny, heralds of a new enlightenment, joint heirs of the Golden Age. Thus were they in their own eyes. But, in the eye of sober fact, they were two frail organisms of human flesh, slowly moving to destruction under the pressure of those elementary instincts which society has been seeking to restrain, at infinite cost of blood and woe, since the first dawn of man's intelligence. And the Furies were already mustering among the low clouds on the edge of the horizon, and whispering to one another that there was game afoot.

'The Fall of Polly,' as handled by Mary's decadent 'Art,' and motived by her spurious psychology, had been an extremely gorgeous and triumphant affair, in which events came in to the tunes of seductive music and went out in explosions of colored stars. I am sorry to say that the part of Mary's actual history to which we are now come cannot be presented in this manner.

Were it my business to dramatize what took place I should have to manage the 'idealization' on quite another principle. To represent by appropriate stage effects the real inner nature of these events, and their true connection with one another, I should look for my symbolism in a region neither sweet-scented nor picturesque. I should lay the scenes, not on the sunlit terraces of Monte Carlo, but in sordid back yards and by the margin of rotten fens. I would clothe my heroine in no dainty gowns; the female parts I would give to harpies, the male to fat-headed school-boys with breaking voices. I would light the theatre with phosphorus, and a troop of braying asses should be my orchestra. I would open the play by making all the characters announce their need of a bath — and their firm determination not to take one; the second act should turn on a

desperate search for a piece of lost soap; and I would then draw on the action to a tremendous crisis in which the leading school-boy, who had hidden the soap, should be soundly birched in public.

Now this, I admit, has little external resemblance to what actually took place; none the less I contend that it jumps more evenly with the inner truth of Mary's experience than any scheme of symbolism in which sweet-faced girls and upstanding men should play a part, or any transaction which could be represented as taking place with a sunset for canopy or soft music for accompaniment.

I must now leave the reader to interpret my symbolism as he will, and to draw his own conclusion as to the details of the crisis.

When the news of Mary's flight with the Doctor had been finally confirmed, I betook myself for consolation to the presence of Old Stephens, the slum-missionary. Old Stephens was not a person of great intelligence, or of exceptional spiritual gifts. I knew that his mouth would be filled with commonplace, and that was the reason I sought him out. For it seemed to me at that moment that a commonplace mind was precisely the best fitted to deal faithfully with the situation; and I had been irritated by certain other persons, of intelligence and culture, who having heard of Mary's lapse had immediately turned it into a theme for clever, subtle, and penetrating remarks.

One of my friends in particular had greatly annoyed me. He was a person who prided himself on his knowledge of feminine psychology, and had written a book called *The Place of Woman in the Society of the Future*, a work of extraordinary prophetical skill which already caused several otherwise sensible women to begin anticipating events, thereby making themselves extremely ridiculous and troublesome. This gentleman honored me with a visit for the purpose of explaining how the conduct of Mary confirmed and illustrated one of the subtlest points of his theory. I forget what the theory was; and I refrain from any attempt to recover it, lest in so doing I should confuse it with some other on the same subject, of which I have heard several scores, and should thus do the author a wrong.

Incapable of criticizing his arguments, bored to death by his subtleties, and appalled by his callousness, — for he had a heart of stone, — I became hungry for human commonplace; and to Old Stephens I accordingly went.

'She was the one bright spot in my life,' said Old Stephens, — 'a very depressing life, I assure you, and a very fatiguing one too. We see such terrible evils. Grace alone enables us to endure — and Grace can do all things. I hope you believe that, sir. There's nothing else to cling to in this wicked world. Grace will find Mary even yet, — never doubt it for a moment. It's impossible that my prayers, and her father's — and I hope yours too, sir — will remain unanswered. Mary will yet be dedicated to the Lord. She's not under reprobation — only under chastisement. Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. But it's a heavy cloud — a very dark, heavy cloud. It's hard to lose the one bright spot in your life. I took it to the Lord at once and He said, "My grace shall be sufficient for thee" — and for Mary too — not a doubt of it.

'I've often tried to speak to her of Sacred Things. But, oh, these clever people! they won't listen. And so many of them nowadays. I greatly doubt if all this education is doing good. I can assure you that it helps *us* very little. The poor are none the better for it.

You should see the things they read! I often wish they could n't read. It's a very great hindrance to the cause of Christ — especially with the young. And the rich are growing very careless. Of course, there are many that help; but there are more that don't. But Mary was n't like that. She helped. Helped in the most practical way — yes, the most courageous way — I can assure you. I wish I could tell you about that — but she made me promise not to. Some of the very worst cases I have ever had to do with have turned out well — all her doing. She only pretended she was wicked. She was good — I know it. And she's good still — in spite of all; you can take my word.

'"Mary," I said to her once, — I've known her from a child, — "Mary, look into your own heart, and see if the works of Grace have not already begun." "Uncle Steve," she said, "my religion's the Future. We're building the Future, when there'll be no more slums, and no more people like Fanny Starr" — that was one of the cases I just referred to. "Mary," I said, "leave the Future to Him in whose hands it is, and attend to the present. 'Now is the day of salvation.'"

'It was not often I could get a little serious talk like that. But you'll admit, sir, that her remark showed a good heart — a heart ripe for the work of Grace. She saved others; herself she could n't save. Oh, it's a terrible danger to be a beautiful woman. If I had a beautiful daughter I'd never have a moment's peace. But it's the Lord who makes them beautiful, and the Lord will make allowance; depend upon it He'll make allowance. A vast number of these cases come under my notice — for my work lies largely among the fallen — and I've come to the conclusion that allowance *must* be made. You see a woman's face is like a *force*, — you can't control it, — you never know what it's going to do next, — *they* don't know themselves, — nobody knows; and is it reasonable to think that they'll be made accountable for all it does? No, sir. Allowance will be made — there's not a doubt of it.'

Thus the innocent creature continued to babble. When he had done, I went away comforted, and not without hope for Mary.

III

The experiences through which Mary had now to pass were not true to sample — what human experience ever is? The psychological diagram on which she had based 'The Fall of Polly,' and the gorgeous colors with which she had overlaid it, were not reproduced. The Manager of the Theatre seemed to have completely forgotten the whole scheme of stage-setting with which he had been provided. The scene-painters indulged in a reckless originality. Instead of the terrace at Monte Carlo they painted the Brompton Road. The dresses were all wrong. The scenes came on anyhow. The bishop did not apologize to the burglar. No American millionaire took the slightest notice of the offending couple. The relations of earls with their stable-boys remained unchanged. Hypocritical society did not confess itself unmasked. The detective was not outwitted, — on the contrary, he did his work with conspicuous success. The Uniformity of Nature, and the invariability of the psychological order, which had been so convincingly illustrated by two hundred and fifty successive performances, came completely to grief at the two hundred and fifty-first. The Reign of Law seemed to be suddenly invaded by confusion. In short, the whole thing was a surprise — an extremely un-

pleasant one to the persons principally concerned.

To begin with, the deserted wife did not accept her position, and her family showed not the slightest respect for the categorical imperatives of the New Morality. They set the law in motion, hypocrites as they were. And the law gave them all they wanted, — and was remarkably quick about it. Five thousand pounds was the sum which the erring Doctor was required to pay down immediately for the support of his family. Also, he was commanded to restore certain securities which he had somehow managed to withdraw from the custody of his wife's trustees. Both these demands were extremely embarrassing, for the Doctor was unable to fulfill either of them. So he borrowed a first instalment from Mary, and a further sum with which he proceeded to speculate on the Stock Exchange — on inside information. Most of this he lost in a month. Then Mary turned disagreeable; the Doctor reciprocated, and even went so far as to hint that it was she who had got him into this trouble. That made Mary more disagreeable than before. Had you seen Mary and the Doctor at breakfast six weeks after their return, you would never have suspected that they were kindred souls.

The deserted wife had an only brother in Western Canada. As this young gentleman's time was divided between the rounding-up of cattle, the clearing of forests, and occasional appearances as a heavy-weight boxer, he was naturally unable to keep abreast of the New Morality, and his education fell sadly into arrears. Hearing what had taken place, he resolved to come home and investigate matters, bringing with him no weapons save his fists. He felt sure he would be wanted.

The Doctor returning one night to his lodgings saw standing near the door a good-looking, fresh-faced youth, some six foot two in his stockings, with exceedingly broad shoulders, and with large violet eyes that moved slowly and glittered. The Doctor failed to recognize the giant, so the giant introduced himself. 'I'm Joe,' said he. 'Guess I've grown some since you saw me. Look here, Doc: you're too little to *hit*, so I'm just going to *slap* you.' And the Doctor stayed in bed for a week.

The duty of poulticing her wounded knight ought to have devolved on Mary. But this unnatural female by no means relished the task, and deputed it to the landlady. The landlady's poultices were always either much too hot or much too cold; and her manners were equally unsympathetic. The wounded man repeatedly summoned Mary to the sick-chamber: but Mary refused to come.

The position of this unfortunate man was one which even better men than he might be forgiven for sustaining with little credit; and I have often thought that to him also some extension is due of the principle which lay at the root of Old Stephen's philosophy — the principle that 'allowance will be made.' He was not a bad man, any more than Mary was a bad woman. I am sure of this; for, though I never knew him personally, a friend of mine who is a strong defender of his character told me a thing about him which carries conviction on the face of it. Once my friend had been robbed of all his money while traveling in Italy, and found himself together with his sick wife in a very embarrassing position. The Doctor, who happened to be in the same town, hearing of his misfortune, came over to the hotel where he was staying, and, without making any inquiries, promptly lent him forty pounds.

Had the Eumenides left him alone, I think that he would have managed in the long length to give a good account of himself — as good, at all events, as most of his judges are likely to produce. But disappointment had been his secret portion for many years; and the lot was all the harder to endure because its bitterness was not apparent to the outward eye. That marriage of his had been in very truth a tragedy; but a tragedy of which the full significance was from the nature of the case incommunicable, being entirely unsupported by outward evidence of one kind or another.

I hope the reader will not accuse me of lax morality when I say that the discovery in Mary of a person to whom he might tell the truth was, to this poor man, a temptation which might tax the integrity of an accomplished saint; and who can wonder that the effect of that communication was to force the pace in their relationship to a degree beyond all human foresight or control? It was as though a young horse had bolted. The intervention of the friendly policeman, who appears at the critical moment and seizes the dragging reins with the strong hands of moral tradition, might still have saved them; but, unfortunately, Mary and the Doctor had a theory about the police which forbade them to permit rescue from that quarter. Hence when they saw, as they actually did see, the blue-clad figure standing with outstretched arm to stop the race of death, they merely whispered to one another, 'This is the enemy'; and driving their chariot against him they rode that officer down. And now nothing could stop them.

As a thing in the doing, all this had been exhilarating, gorgeous, and absolutely novel. As a thing done, it was sordid, leaden-eyed, and stale as any piece of carrion-flesh. This view of it, which often lingers in the coming, had been forced on the Doctor by the experience of a few weeks; for the handling of the Furies had been rapid as well as rough. As he lay in his sunless room, an appalling sense of helplessness weighed him down. Physical force, in the person of Joe Sydenham, stood over against him; and the thought of it was humiliation. Fortune, ever against him in the past, had not responded to his last throw by changing the game. He had lost his money. Mary had turned the heel upon him. The rebel forces of society had not come to his support; they had left him to fight his own battles alone; and the stars in their courses were fighting against him. The desperate sortie against his limitations, by which he had attempted to break the leaguer of his life, had come to naught; they had beaten him back, and here he was shattered and shamed, deserted and perennially defeated; his moral resistance broken by bodily suffering; his mental vitality reduced to that woeful state of depression and enfeeblement when the microbes of devilish thought have things their own way.

In the subconscious deeps of the soul of a civilized man lie many things besides the intimations of God and Immortality. Some of the resurrections from that region are not of a kind to increase a man's respect for himself; at the best of times (and with the best of men) the gates of the prison-house are none too securely barred, and a close watch needs to be kept. And there are other times when, under the pressure of exceptional misfortunes in the upper regions, the gates below give way altogether, and the whole bestial population escapes. Then the work of the ages is undone. Down go the ill-built walls of self-restraint; the shops of philosophy are sacked; the house of argument is demolished; and the central citadel of the self, thinly manned and

taken unawares, is rushed by crowds of yelling fiends.

So it happened to our poor friend, the Doctor. There was a church-clock in the Brompton Road, whose chimes, as they rang the quarters, had a peculiar mocking sound which suggested the cheerful insolence of an idiot. At every stroke of this detestable clock, there came into the Doctor's soul a fresh uprush of subliminal infamy. His heart beat with a slow and ugly rhythm; the weight grew heavier on his chest; and sinister irritations began to prick and tingle along the cortex of his brain.

It was inevitable that the amorphous mass of conscious misery which now did duty for the Doctor's soul should sooner or later reconstitute itself in definite shape. A suggestion was all that was needed; and the suggestion was given by a chance remark of the sour-faced woman who attended to his hurts.

'Get out!' said this doughty representative of her sex, in response to some moan of misery from the Doctor's lips. 'Get out! You'll soon be all right. And then you can get your own back again.' From that hour the Doctor's thoughts began to turn on vengeance — it seemed the only pleasant thing to think about.

To revenge himself on the big brother was not easy; so he resolved to revenge himself on Mary. As soon therefore as he was able to walk downstairs, he gathered his forces together, flung himself into the sitting-room where Mary was trying to write a novel, and without more ado, dealt her a brutal blow. Then he rushed out of the house, bought a revolver, and, retiring to a neighboring bar, drank whiskey till he was intoxicated. Returning to the house, he found Mary crying by the fire. 'Take that,' he said, and fired three shots at the crouching figure. Fortunately, none of them took effect; seeing which the staggering wretch turned the weapon on himself — and died.

IV

Two years after these events I received a sudden visit from Mary.

'I want to consult you,' she said. 'I've had an offer of marriage. Read that.'

She handed me a letter written in a bold, firm hand. It ran as follows: —

R. M. D. No. 3,
Big Tree,
Alt, Canada.

Dear Mary, —

I have sold my quarter-section as I told you I should. It made 25 dollars an acre, though I asked 30. But 25 is all right when you remember that it was a free homestead to begin with. Since that I've bought a whole section on the Fish Creek, and I tell you it's good land. It's a sure thing too, because the C. P. is building a branch on a line of the Creek, so you see I'm going to make good. I've got some fine shorthorns and a pedigree bull, but I'm going strongest on horses. There's a grand range back of the farm, and the riding is first chop. Poultry pay fine here, only you must have the right sort. 46 acres were broken and we broke 56 more, that's 102, and we have a fine crop on breaking. The oats will make 80 bushels to the acre. So you see it's just a bit of real all-right. It's a first-class outfit except for one thing, there's no wife.

Mary, I believe you're just the one for me. And you need n't fear that I should ever let you down. I should n't, and if you write to the Revd. Mr. Poyntz, Presbyterian Minister, Calgary, Alt, Canada, he'll tell you I'm straight. I've been some in rows, but I never done anything

crooked, at least not to matter, and we know how to treat a woman out here. We don't keep them in cotton-wool, but that's not your way, and you're sure to like it. The only thing a lady might feel is the mosquitoes, but you soon get used to them; and the water in our well is a bit brackish, but I'll fix that before you come. It's a good house, frame built by Spragg of Lethbridge, and there's a little mare that you can have for your own. Don't be afraid of the winter, you'll never catch cold, not even when it's 40 below, and you'll feel better than you ever did.

Mary, I hope you've forgiven me for slapping that man. But look at the way he served Edith; and you know I was never against you even when all the rest of our bunch was. I want you not to be against me, but come out as I say, and I'll go East to meet you and we'll soon find some one to fix us. It's a grand country, and I'm up against a sound proposition. I always liked you, Mary, from the very first minute, and you can help considerable if you come. Send a cable if it's yes, and address Big Tree.

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
JOE SYDENHAM.

'Well?' said Mary, as I reread the letter, 'I observe a smile on the countenance of the sage.'

'Mary, you're up against a sound proposition.'

'Pooh! that's mere *business*. I want to know how it looks from the point of view of Art.'

'Joe Sydenham knows nothing about Art,' I said.

'No great artist ever did,' answered Mary.

'That's not true, but I'm glad you believe it. You did n't once: but now I see you're converted.'

'I don't feel in the least like a returning Prodigal, however,' said Mary, 'and I'm not bothering about my sins.'

'You're wandering from the point, Mary, as every woman does when there's no one to check her. You asked how this offer of marriage looked from the point of view of Art. And I'm going to tell you that in that respect also it's a sound proposition. Accept the offer and you'll create a surprise, which is what great Art always does.'

'But all the literary people will laugh — all except three,' said Mary.

'What will the three do?'

'Commit suicide, according to their own account; make up to the next pretty girl, according to mine.'

'Oho!' I said, 'that complicates matters. Well, how do the merits of the three compare with Joe's.'

'Joe's worth the whole bunch.'

'A suspicious Canadianism!' I said. 'Mary, you've made up your mind — why consult me?'

'A great artist is not above criticism. I want to know what the stupid British Public will think. So I come to you.'

'Thank you, Mary. You've done that before. And now is there anything else I can do for you?'

'Don't be offended yet,' said Mary, 'for I have n't nearly reached the point. Yes — there is something else you can do for me.'

'What's that?'

'Lend me half a sovereign — I'm desperately hard-up.'

'What do you want half a sovereign for?'

'To cable to Joe.'

'Mary, it's a gift,' I said, handing her the coin.

'Make it a sov. then,' said Mary, 'and I'll send him a longer cable. I want to test Joe on his own ground.'

We sat down and composed the cable together. After many rejected

alternatives, it finally ran: 'Yes: I have no money: send some. Sailing *Empress* 26 September.' I have never been engaged in a more difficult effort of composition.

'Looks sordid, indelicate, and all that,' said Mary, 'but it's a grand test. It'll show whether he trusts me.'

'Better than all the lovers' vows that have been breathed since the world began,' I answered.

Next day I received a note from Mary, enclosing a telegram. It was Joe's answer. 'Hurrah,' said the telegram, 'sending 500 dollars: more, if possible: will meet you Quebec: get fixed Montreal: loving Joe.'

V

To say that Mary and Joe were married and lived happily ever afterwards would be premature. They were married, indeed, four years ago; but the end is not yet. It is therefore quite open to any prophet of the New Morality to predict a disastrous issue to the enterprise. Mary's genius may rebel against its new environment, and she may run away with another kindred soul flung by chance onto a Canadian prairie. Joe may prove a stupid brute and take to drink. Personally, having made investigations on the spot, I don't think that any one of these things is likely to happen. However, I won't prophesy, but content myself with reporting that up to date developments have been satisfactory.

On a scorching day in August, 1909, I set out on horseback from Calgary to find Joe's 'location.' A journey of thirty-five miles, most of it through an Indian Reserve, lay before me. On the map the route seemed perfectly easy, and I accordingly rejected the suspicious offer of a 'real-estate man,' who had offered to ride with me and show me the way. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that all the real-estate men in Calgary had learned — how I know not — of my intended journey, and had developed an extraordinary concern for my welfare. Three of them, I heard privately, were watching the livery stables at which I had ordered my horse, and had their teams in readiness to follow me whenever I should happen to start. This led to my seeking an interview with the keeper of the stables, who, for consideration paid down, agreed to deliver me from my pursuers. My horse was accordingly brought round to the hotel at five in the morning, and I managed to get out of the city unobserved. I was subsequently informed that the real-estate men, in spite of all precautions, were apprised of my departure by seven o'clock, and actually started in pursuit. However, as I took the wrong way and they took the right one, we never met, and I had the pleasure of learning that they had been rewarded for their professional zeal by a night out on the plains.

I carried two big saddle-bags filled with presents from English friends — belated wedding-presents, for Mary had got herself 'fixed' in Montreal before the most of us knew what she was after. In one of these bags was a large brown-paper parcel which had been consigned to my care by old Mrs. Stephens, the wife of the slum-missionary. It came from a refuge for fallen women, and was a gift from certain of the inmates who had reasons for being grateful to Mary. This piece of baggage had caused me some trouble with the Custom House officials at Quebec, who, in the presence of my fellow passengers, truculently challenged me to explain what I was doing with a dozen baby's frocks. But there it was in my saddle-bag — and I reflected somewhat proudly on the fact as I loped along through the rolling land-

billows of the Indian Reserve, bathed in the vast silence of the wilderness.

From time to time I consulted the map, to ascertain where I was. But presently I reached a point of bewilderment when I might as well have consulted the Thirty-Nine Articles. That I was somewhere behind the Back of Beyond was evident enough, but where precisely, who could say? I had calculated that I should reach my destination in six hours; I had now ridden for seven; the sun was blazing, the vast distances were shimmering in the heat, and the tortures of thirst had commenced. My powerful horse, too, was beginning to flag. It was clear I had lost the trail. Two hours ago I ought to have passed out of the Reserve, but the tepees of Indians were still visible on the bluffs ahead of me. Another hour of weary riding, in which I steered by the sun, brought me to a wire-fence; this was the limit of the Reserve. Taking out a field-glass, I saw in the opal distance a yellow patch on the side of a vast sweep of rolling down. I jumped the fence, and made for the distant patch of yellow, learning by the way that a straight line is not always the shortest distance between two points. A black dot which had long been visible at the edge of the patch gradually assumed the shape of a man, and the patch declared itself a breadth of ripened oats. As I drew nearer, the man paused to watch my approach, his hand shading his eyes. Presently he hailed me in a mighty voice:—

'Want to buy my land?'

'No.'

'Are you real estate?'

'No.'

'Then who the — are you?'

'I've lost my way, and I'd give fifty dollars for a drink of water.'

'Great Snakes! You're an Englishman!'

By this time we were face to face. He was a brawny young man of about twenty-eight. What clothes he wore were rags. His chest was bare and as he jumped from the seat of his 'Massey-Harris' — he was working a binder — I noticed that one leg of his trousers was missing. He jumped, I say, to the ground, cut a caper, whooped and hollo'd, and then flung his old straw hat a prodigious height into the air. Catching the hat, he handed it to me and pointed to the faded ribbon, of which some fragments still remained.

'Clifton College,' I said.

'Sure thing!' he roared, 'would n't part with it for a wagon-load of dollar-bills. My name's Stockwell. Come right in to the shack.'

'Give me some water,' I gasped.

'The water ain't fit to drink. It's a mixture of Epsom Salts and Backache Pills. I'll make you some tea before you can say "skat" three times.'

When the tea was made—than which nothing more grateful was ever offered to the weary—I told him that I wanted to find Joe Sydenham.

'Sure thing!' he said. 'Ten miles behind the bluff. I'll go with you. Joe Sydenham!' and his roar of laughter shook the roof; 'Joe Sydenham! And Joe's wife! Wonder where Joe struck that girl! I'd swap the whole section for another such. Say, do you want to make a deal? Go back to the Old Country and send me one like Mary and I'll give you the land with the standing crops, the implements, the stock, and the shack, without a red cent between us.'

'Ah, but there is n't another Mary,' I said.

'Send me one half as good then!' he shouted.

'I'll think it over. But don't forget that I'm perishing of starvation.'

'Great Scott, and I'm out of stores!

There is n't a thing to eat in the shack but a sack-full of old bread and a bucket of raspberry jam.'

'I'm longing for old bread and raspberry jam.'

The fellow was boiling over with animal spirits and could not restrain himself. To all my questions he would first reply by a roar of laughter and a caper; after which he would make a feeble effort to be intelligible, breaking off in the middle with a whoop, or sometimes, I must confess, with a mouthful of tremendous oaths.

Presently, after tipping a second cupfull of raspberry jam on my tin plate, he clapped on his old hat and rushed like a mad thing out of the shack. For a few moments I heard him running about; there was a sound of ramming; a big laugh was smothered; a match was struck; and then suddenly, from just beneath the little window, there came a tremendous detonation which sent the few remaining panes of glass flying all over the room and shook both the shack and myself to our respective foundations.

'Great Heavens!' I cried, 'what's that?'

'I've fired the cannon. Guess it's startled you some. Well — that's my signal to the boys that I've struck an Englishman! If there's any of them riding within five miles they'll be here in half an hour.'

'Will Joe hear it?'

'Will if he's out on the range. Guess he may be to-day.'

With my companion I went outside, and we gazed forth into the surrounding wilderness. Westward, at an immense distance, the Rockies swam high in the liquid air — an immense congregation of peaks bounding the horizon. They were the Delectable Mountains, and the regions between us and them was the Land of Beulah. It rose in vast terraces, sweeping upward and upward as though to make a ladder to the sky. Earth, air, and sky formed, as it were, a continuous mass of opalescence, swimming with a kind of rhythmical movement in an ocean of light. Throughout the whole expanse, North, South, East, and West, not a living thing was stirring; not a human dwelling, not a human being, was visible.

'Guess I'll fire the cannon again,' said my host.

'Wait,' I answered, 'there's a moving speck on the sky-line yonder.'

Stockwell took the glass from my hand.

'By thunder,' he shouted, 'it's one of the boys. And there's another in the creek-bottom away to the left. They're coming this way. Here, take the glass and keep them in sight. I'll go and kill a veal. We shall have the whole bunch down on us for supper.'

While I watched the riders, the uproarious Stockwell whetted his knife and began to kill. The riders were converging toward a point in the valley which led upward to the farm. Presently they met, and raced up the valley side by side. As they drew nearer, I, continuing to watch them through the glass, became dimly aware that they were diversely habited — and a thought flashed into my mind.

'Stockwell,' I shouted, 'come here: there's a man and a woman.'

Stockwell instantly came out of the stable, his hands red with blood — and I heard something kicking inside.

'Give me the glass,' he said in a strangely hollow voice — and a moment after, 'By — ! it's Joe and Mary.' And something like a groan escaped him.

I was amazed at the sudden change in the man. His spirits had collapsed and his jolly face had become chop-fallen as that of any dweller in the twilight.

'Here you,' he said, 'go in and finish that veal' — and he gave me some directions, — 'I 'm sick — *real* sick. They'll be here in five minutes. *Tell* 'em I'm sick. They won't see *me!* I'm in that loft till they go — real sick, you understand!'

'What on earth do you mean?' I said, as Stockwell began to climb the ladder which led to his hay-loft.

'It's Mary,' he said. 'Can't stand it. Never could. Mary makes me feel that mean — mean as a yeller dog. Don't want to see 'em. She belongs to Joe. She can't belong to me. And Joe and me are good friends. So what's the good? See?' With these words, Stockwell plunged into his hay and drew back the sliding-door of the loft.

The calf was bleeding in the byre, and Stockwell (I could hear him) was blubbering in the hay. But Stockwell and the calf were alike blotted from my thoughts; for the two riders had leaped the fence, swung themselves from their saddles, and Mary, Joe, and I tumbled confusedly into one another's arms.

What words were first spoken I forget, — there was some incoherence. After a little we disentangled ourselves. Standing apart, I looked at the pair; and I laughed for joy, and shouted like a fool.

'The Superman,' I cried, 'and the Superwoman! You gorgeous beings! You make me sick — real sick.'

'Where's old Stock?' said Joe.

'Sick,' I said, 'real sick. We're all sick — except you. Civilization's sick; England's sick; America's sick. Joe and Mary! You make me feel that *mean* — mean as a yeller dog!'

Here there was an audible groan from the hay-loft.

'Is Stock up there?' said Joe, pointing to the loft.

'Yes,' I answered; and Joe and Mary laughed.

'He won't come down,' said Joe; 'we 'll have to fix things for ourselves.'

'There's a calf somewhere,' I said, 'which Stockwell had just begun to kill when his seizure came on. You'd better put it out of its misery, Joe.'

Joe departed, and Mary and I were left alone.

'Is it a sound proposition, Mary?' I said.

'Sound as the heart of the universe,' said Mary.

'The calf's kind o' dead,' said Joe, coming out of the stable. He went to the ladder of Stockwell's hay-loft and climbing a rung or two called out, 'Say, Stock, what'll you take for that veal?'

'Ten dollars,' said a rueful voice.

Joe thrust a ten-dollar bill under the door. 'Got it?' he said.

'Sure thing,' replied the voice.

'We'll take the veal home,' said Joe; and he descended the ladder.

'And now,' I said, 'tell me the latest news of the son and heir.'

'The latest news,' replied Mary, 'is that he's left at home with the two dogs to look after him.'

'We've trained 'em to do it,' said Joe. 'You shall see 'em. One on each side of him. Careful of him as though he was a pet pig.'

'That reminds me of something,' I said. 'Mary, I've two saddle-bags full of wedding-presents for you — and the boy.'

'I must see them at once,' said Mary. 'No, stupid, I can't wait. Give the horses half an hour's rest, and I will go into the shack and look at the presents. Oh, never mind Old Stock! Half an hour in the hay will improve his philosophy.'

We went into the shack, and the saddle-bags were emptied. Mary examined the parcels one by one — with shouts of delight. I kept to the last the

big package on which the Customs House had frowned so ominously.

'From whom does this come?' said Mary. 'Oh, here's a letter inside.'

Mary read the letter, which had seven or eight scrawling signatures at the end of it. She then folded her arms on the greasy table, and, burying her face in the crook of her elbow, burst into tears.

PLACE DE L'ÉTOILE

BY J. F. A. PYRE

HERE where the swerving motors weave and dart,
Here where this pompous arch yet breathes the spell
Of him who fought unwisely though so well,
One seems to see the city's very heart:
Louvre's ravishing array of ravished art,
The soaring column where the Bastile fell,
With Notre Dame between, and Sainte Chapelle,
And left, and like a purple stain, Montmartre.

One evening musing here above the Seine,
And wondering what was finished, what begun,
I wheeled to see the lights of sunset wane
Over the relics of Napoleon,
And saw — with rapt surprise — a monoplane
Swooping above the breakers of the sun.

THE DUSTLESS-DUSTER

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

THERE are beaters, brooms and Bissell's Sweepers; there are dry-mops, turkey-wings, whisks, and vacuum-cleaners; there are — but no matter. Whatever other things there are, and however many of them in the closet, the whole dust-raising kit is incomplete without the Dustless-Duster.

For the Dustless-Duster is final, absolute. What can be added to, or taken away from, a Dustless-Duster? A broom is only a broom, even a new broom. Its sphere is limited; its work is partial. Dampened and held persistently down by the most expert of sweepers, the broom still leaves something for the Dustless-Duster to do. But the Dustless-Duster leaves nothing for anything to do. The dusting is done.

Because there are many who dust, and because they have searched in vain for a dustless-duster, I should like to say that the Dustless-Duster can be bought at department stores, at those that have a full line of departments—at any department store, in fact; for the Dustless-Duster department is the largest of all the departments, whatever the store. Ask for it of your jeweler, grocer, milliner, or ask for 'The Ideal,' 'The Universal,' 'The Indispensable,' and you shall have it—the perfect thing which you have spent life looking for; which you have thought so often to have, but found as often that you had not. Yet you shall have it. For I have it. One hangs, rather, in the kitchen on the clothes-dryer.

And one (more than one) hangs in the kitchen closet, and in the cellar, and in the attic. I have often brought it home, for my search has been diligent since a certain day, years ago, — a 'Commencement Day' at the Institute.

I had never attended a Commencement exercise before; I had never been in an opera house before; and the painted light through the roof of windows high overhead, the strains of the orchestra from far below me, the banks of broad-leaved palms, the colors, the odors, the confusion of flowers and white frocks, were strangely thrilling. Nothing had ever happened to me in the woods like this: the exaltation, the depression, the thrill of joy, the throb of pain, the awakening, the wonder, the purpose, and the longing for it all! It was all a dream — all but the form and the face of one girl graduate, and the title of her essay, 'The Real and the Ideal.'

I do not know what large and lofty sentiments she uttered; I only remember the way she looked them. I did not hear the words she read; but I still feel the absolute fitness of her theme — how real her simple white frock, her radiant face, her dark hair! And how ideal!

I had seen perfection. Here was the absolute, the final, the ideal, the indispensable! And I was fourteen! Now I am past forty; and upon the kitchen clothes-dryer hangs the Dustless-Duster.

No, I have not lost the vision; nor have I faltered in the quest. The

search goes on, and must go on; for however often I get it, only to cast it aside, the indispensable, the ultimate, must continue to be indispensable and ultimate, until some day —

Some day? What matters how many times I have had it, to discover every time that it is only a piece of cheese-cloth, ordinary cheese-cloth, dyed black and stamped with red letters? The search must go on, notwithstanding the clutter in the kitchen closet. The cellar is crowded with them, too; the garret is stuffed with them. There is little else besides them anywhere in the house. And this was an empty house when I moved into it, just a few years ago.

As I moved in, an old man moved out, moved back to the city whence a few years before he had come, and he took back with him twelve two-horse wagon-loads of Dustless-Dusters. He had spent a long life collecting them, and now, having gathered all there were in the country, he was going back to the city, in a last pathetic, a last heroic effort to find the one Dustless-Duster more.

It was the old man's twelve two-horse loads that were pathetic. There were many sorts of things in those twelve loads, of many lands, of many dates, but all of one stamp. The mark was sometimes hard to find, corroded sometimes nearly past deciphering, yet never quite gone. The red letters were indelible on every piece, from the gross of antique candle-moulds (against the kerosene's giving out) to an ancient coffin-plate, far oxidized, and engraved 'Jones,' which, the old man said, as he pried it off the side of the barn, 'might come in handy any day.'

The old man has since died and been laid to rest. Upon his coffin was set a new silver plate, engraved simply and truthfully, 'Smith.'

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. But is it certain? One thing we shall carry out, or attempt to carry out, or try to find as soon as we are out. For we did bring something with us into this world, losing it temporarily, to be forever losing and finding it; and when we go into another world, will it not be to carry the thing with us there, or to continue there our eternal search for it? We are not so certain of carrying nothing out of this world, but we are certain of leaving many things behind.

Among those that I shall leave behind me is The Perfect Automatic Carpet-Layer. But I did not buy that. She did. It was one of the first of our perfections. I knew as I entered the house that something had happened; that the hope of the early dawn had died, for some cause, with the dusk. The trouble showed in her eyes: mingled doubt, chagrin, self-accusation, self-defense, defeat — familiar symptoms. She had bought something. She had bought a perfect something.

I knew the look well, and the feelings all too well, and said nothing. For suppose I had been at home that day and she had been in town? Still, on my trip into town that morning I ran the risk of meeting the man who sold me 'The Magic Stropless Razor Salve.' No, not that man! I shall never meet him again, for vengeance is mine, saith the *Lord*. But suppose I had met him? And suppose he had had something else than Razor Salve this time to sell me?

It is for young men to see visions and for old men to dream dreams; but it is for no man or woman to buy one.

She had seen a vision, and had bought it — 'The Perfect Automatic Carpet-Layer.'

I kept silence, often a thoughtful thing to do.

'Are you ill?' she ventured, handing me my tea.

'No.'

'Tired?'

'No.'

'I hope you are not very tired, for the Parsonage Committee brought the new carpet this afternoon, and I have started to put it down. I thought we would finish it this evening. It won't be any work at all for you, for I — I — bought one of these to-day to put it down with,' — pushing an illustrated circular across the table toward me.

ANY CHILD CAN USE IT

The Perfect Automatic Carpet-Layer

No more carpet-laying bills. Do your own laying. No wrinkles. No crowded corners. No sore knees. No pounded fingers. No broken backs. Stand up and lay your carpet with the Perfect Automatic. Easy as sweeping. Smooth as putting paper on the wall. You hold the handle, and the Perfect Automatic does the rest. Patent Applied For. Price —

— but let me forget that!

It was a weird hybrid tool, part gun, part rake, part catapult, part curry-comb, fit apparently for almost any purpose, from the business of blunderbuss to the office of an apple-picker. Its handle, which any child could hold, was somewhat shorter and thicker than a hoe-handle, and had a slotted tin barrel on its ventral side along its entire length. Down this barrel, their points sticking through the slot, marched the tacks in single file to a spring-hammer close to the floor. This hammer was operated by a lever at the top of the handle, the connection between the hammer at the distal end and the lever at the proximal end being effected by means of a steel-wire spiral cord down the dorsal side of the handle. Over the fist of a hammer spread a jaw of sharp teeth to take hold of the carpet. The thing could not talk; but certainly it could do almost anything else, so fearfully and wonderfully was it made.

As for laying carpets with it, any child could do that. But we did n't have any children then, and I had quite outgrown my childhood. I tried to be a boy again just for that night. I grasped the handle of the Perfect Automatic, stretched with our combined strength, and pushed down on the lever. The spring-hammer drew back, a little trap at the end of the slotted tin barrel opened for the tack, the tack jumped out, turned over, landed point downward upon the right spot in the carpet, the crouching hammer sprang, and —

And then I lifted up the Perfect Automatic to see if the tack went in, — a simple act that any child could do, but which took automatically and perfectly all the stretch out of the carpet; for the hammer did not hit the tack; the tack did not get through the trap; the trap did not open the slot; the slot — but no matter. We have no carpets now. The Perfect Automatic stands in the garret with all its original varnish on. At its feet sits a half-used can of 'Beesene, The Prince of Floor Pastes.'

We have only hard-wood floors now, which we treated, upon the strength of the label, with this Prince of Pastes, 'Beesene' — 'guaranteed not to show wear or dirt or to grow gritty; waterproof, gravel-proof. No rug will ruck on it, no slipper stick to it. Needs no weighted brush. Self-shining. The only perfect Floor Wax known. One box will do all the floors you have.'

Indeed, half a box did all the floors we have. No slipper would stick to the paste, but the paste would stick to the slipper; and the greasy Prince did in spots all the floors we have: the laundry floor, the attic floor, and the very boards of the vegetable cellar.

I am young yet. I have not had time to collect my twelve two-horse loads. But I am getting them fast.

Only the other day a tall lean man came to the side door, asking after my four boys by name, and inquiring when my new book would be off the stocks, and, incidentally, showing me a patent-applied-for device called 'The Fat Man's Friend.'

'The Friend' was a steel-wire hoop, shaped and jointed like a pair of calipers, but knobbed at its points with little metal balls. The instrument was made to open and spring closed about the Fat Man's neck, and to hold, by means of a clasp on each side, a napkin, or bib, spread securely over the Fat Man's bosom.

'Ideal thing, now, is n't it?' said the agent, demonstrating with his handkerchief.

'Why — yes' — I hesitated — 'for a fat man, perhaps.'

'Just so,' he replied, running me over rapidly with a professional eye; 'but you know, Professor, that when a man's forty, or thereabouts [I had been leaving forty now nearly a week], it's the nature of him to stouten. Once past forty he's liable to pick up any day. And when he starts, you know as well as I, Professor, when he starts there's nothing fattens faster than a man of forty. You ought to have one of these 'Friends' on hand.'

'But fat does n't run in my family,' I protested, my helpless, single-handed condition being plainly manifest in my tone.

'No matter,' he rejoined, 'look at me! Six feet three, and thin as a lath. I'm what you might call a walking skeleton, ready to disjoint, as the poet says, and eat all my meals in fear, which I would do if 't w'nt for this little 'Friend.' I can't eat without it. I miss it more when I am eatin' than I miss the victuals. I carry one with me all the time. Awful handy little thing. Now —'

'But —' I put in.

'Certainly,' he continued, with the smoothest-running motor I ever heard, 'but here's the point of the whole matter, as you might say. *This* thing is up to date, Professor. Now, the old-fashioned way of tying a knot in the corner of your napkin and anchoring it under your Adam's apple — *that's* gone by. Also the bib and safety-pin. Both those devices were crude — but necessary, of course, Professor — and inconvenient, and that old-fashioned knot really dangerous; for the knot, pressing against the Adam's apple, or the apple, as you might say, trying to swallow the knot — well, if there is n't less apoplexy and strangulation when this little Friend finds universal application, then I'm no Prophet, as the Good Book says.'

'But you see —' I broke in.

'I do, Professor. It's right here. I understand your objection. But it is purely verbal and academic, Professor. You are troubled concerning the name of this indispensable article. But you know, as well as I — even better with your education, Professor — that there's nothing, absolutely nothing in a name. "What's in a name?" the poet says. And I'll agree with you — though, of course, it's confidential — that The Fat Man's Friend is, as you literary folks would say, more or less of a *nom de plume*. Is n't it? Besides, — if you'll allow me the language, Professor, — it's too delimiting, restricting, prejudicing. Sets a lean man against it. But between us, Professor, they're going to change the name of the next batch. They're —'

'Indeed!' I exclaimed; 'what's the next batch going to be?'

'Oh, just the same — fifteen cents each — two for a quarter. You could n't tell them apart. You might just as

well have one of these, and run no chances getting one of the next lot. They'll be precisely the same; only, you see, they're going to name the next ones, "Every Bosom's Friend," to fit lean and fat, and without distinction of sex.

'Ideal thing now, is n't it? Yes, that's right — fifteen cents — two for twenty-five, Professor? — don't you want another for your wife?'

No, I did not want another for her. But if *she* had been at home, and I had been away, who knows but that all six of us had come off with a 'Friend' apiece? They were a bargain by the half-dozen. A bargain? Did you ever get a bargain — something worth more than you paid? No, you never did; but you shall, when you bring home a Dustless-Duster.

And I am bringing it home! Not all the years that I have searched, not all the loads that I have collected, count against the conviction that at last I have it — the perfect thing — until I *reach* home. But with several of my perfections I have never yet reached home, or, I am waiting an opportune season to give them to my wife. I have been disappointed; but let no one try to tell me that there is no such thing as Perfection. Is not the desire for it the breath of my being? Is not the search for it the end of my existence? Is not the belief that at last I possess it — in myself, my children, my breed of hens, my religious creed, my political party — is not this conviction, I say, all there is of existence?

It is very easy to see that perfection is not in any of the other political parties. During a political campaign, not long since, I wrote to a friend in New Jersey, —

'Now, whatever your particular, personal brand of political faith, it is clearly your moral duty to vote this time the Democratic ticket.'

Whereupon (and he is a thoughtful, God-fearing man, too) he wrote back, —

'As I belong to the only party of real reform, I shall stick to it this year, as I always have, and vote the straight Prohibition ticket.'

Is there a serener faith than this human faith in perfection? A surer, more unshakable belief than this human belief in the present possession of it? For certainly there never was a political Dustless-Duster more unmistakably of cheese-cloth than this one of the Prohibitionists; no, not unless it is that of the Socialists, or that of the Republicans — this last one not even dyed black any more!

Of course we have known honest, perhaps intelligent, Republicans who see it black, and who believe it 'chemically treated' to do its perfect work — a striking proof, once more, of the universal human faith in the existence of perfection, and all-too striking proof of the sombre belief that we actually possess it.

Thank Heaven, that there are a few of us who still trust in God and the Democratic party! who always have! who always will! Who believe that the tariff must be revised by its — *friends?* O Lord, how long!

There is only one thing deeper in the heart of man than his desire for completeness, and that is his conviction of having just attained it. He dreams of completeness by night; works for completeness by day; buys it of every agent who comes along; votes for it at every election; accepts it with every sermon; and finds it — momentarily — every time he finds himself. The desire for it is the sweet spring of all his satisfactions; the possession of it the bitter fountain of all his woes.

Apply the principle anywhere, to anything — creeds, wives, hens — and see how it works out.

As to *hens:* —

There are many breeds of fairly good hens, and I have tried as many breeds as I have had years of keeping hens, but not until the poultry show, last winter, did I come upon the perfect hen. I had been working toward her through the Bantams, Brahmas, and Leghorns, to the Plymouth Rocks. I had tried the White and the Barred Plymouth Rocks, but they were not the hen. Last winter I came upon the originator of the Buff Plymouth Rocks — and here She was! I shall breed nothing henceforth but Buff Plymouth Rocks.

In the Buff Rock we have a bird of ideal size, neither too large nor too small, weighing about three pounds more than the undersized Leghorn, and about three pounds less than the oversized Brahma; we have a bird of ideal color, too — a single, soft, even tone, and no such barnyard daub as the Rhode Island Red; not crow-colored, either, like the Minorca; nor liable to all the dirt of the White Plymouth Rocks. Being a beautiful and uniform buff, this perfect Plymouth Rock is easily bred true to color, as the varicolored fowls are not.

Moreover, the Buff Rock is a layer, is *the* layer, maturing as she does about four weeks later than the Rhode Island Reds, and so escaping that fatal early fall laying with its attendant moult and eggless interim until March! On the other hand, the Buff Rock matures about a month earlier than the logy, slow-growing breeds, and so gets a good start before the cold and eggless weather comes.

And such an egg! There are white eggs and brown eggs, large and small eggs, but only one ideal egg — the Buff Rock's. It is of a soft lovely brown, yet whitish enough for a New York market, but brown enough, however, to meet the exquisite taste of the Boston trade. In fact it is neither white nor brown, but rather a delicate blend of the two — a new tone, indeed, a bloom rather, that I must call fresh-laid lavender.

So, at least, I am told. My pullets are not yet laying, having had a very late start last spring.

But the real question, speaking professionally, with any breed of fowls is a market question: How do they dress? How do they eat?

If the Buff Plymouth Rock is an ideal bird in her feathers, she is even more so plucked. All white-feathered fowl, in spite of yellow legs, look cadaverous when picked. All dark-feathered fowl, with their tendency to green legs and black pin-feathers, look spotted, long dead, and unsavory. Now the Buff Rocks, because of their uniform warm tint, are flushed from their golden legs to their red-combed heads with the mellow melting tone of butter, made only the more mellow with every overlooked pin-feather.

Can there be any doubt of the existence of hen-perfection? Any question of my having attained unto it — with the maturing of this new breed of hens?

For all spiritual purposes, that is, for all satisfactions, the ideal hen is the pullet — the Buff Plymouth Rock Pullet.

Just so the ideal wife. If we could only keep them pullets!

The trouble we husbands have with our wives begins with our marrying them. There is seldom any trouble with them before. Our belief in feminine perfection is as profound and as eternal as youth. And the perfection is just as real as the faith. Youth is always bringing the bride home — to hang her on the kitchen clothes-dryer. She turns out to be ordinary cheesecloth, dyed a more or less fast black — this perfection that he had stamped in letters of red!

The race learns nothing. I learn, but

not my children after me. They learn only after themselves. Already I hear my boys saying that *their* wives —! And the oldest of these boys has just turned ten!

The trouble all began with Adam, though Eve has been responsible for much of it since. Adam had all that a man should have wanted in his perfect Garden. Nevertheless he wanted Eve. Eve in turn had Adam, a perfect man! but she wanted something more — if only the apple tree in the middle of the Garden. And we all of us were there in that Garden — with Adam thinking he was getting perfection in Eve; with Eve incapable of appreciating perfection in Adam. The trouble is human.

'Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Prythee quickly come to me!
For my wife, Dame Isabel,
Wants strange things I scarce dare tell.'

'And what does she want *now?*' asks the flounder.

'Oh, she wants to vote now,' says the fisherman.

'Go home, and you shall find her with an Australian ballot,' sighs the flounder. 'But has n't she Dustless-Dusters enough already?'

It would seem so. But once having got Adam, who can blame her for wanting an apple tree besides, or the ballot?

Now, don't forbid her the apple. Yes, she has you, but — But Eve had Adam, too, another perfect man! Don't forbid her, for she will have it anyhow. It may not turn out to be all that she thinks it is. But did you turn out to be all that she thought you were? She will have a bite of this new apple if she has to disobey, and die for it, because such disobedience and death are in answer to a higher command, and to a larger life from within. Eve's discovery that Adam was cheese-cloth, and her reaching out for something better, did not, as Satan promised, make us as God; but it did make us different from all the other animals in the Garden, placing us even above the angels,—so far above, as to bring us, apparently, by a new and divine descent, into Eden.

The hope of the race is in Eve, — in her making the best of Adam; in her clear understanding of his lame logic, — that her *im*perfections added to his perfections make the perfect Perfection; and in her reaching out beyond Adam for something more.

If there is growth, if there is hope, if there is continuancy, if there is immortality for the soul and for the race, it is to be found in this sure faith in the Ultimate, the Perfect, in this certain disappointment of not having yet attained unto it; and in the abiding conviction that we are about to bring it home. But let a man settle down on perfection as a present possession, and that man is as good as dead already — religiously dead, if he has possession of a perfect Salvation.

Now, 'Sister Smith' claimed to possess Perfection — a perfect infallible book of revelations in her King James Version of the Scriptures, and had lived by it for eighty years. I was fresh from the Theological School, and this was my first 'Charge.' This was my first meal, too, in this new charge, at the home of one of the official brethren, with whom Sister Smith lived.

There was an ominous silence at the table. Then Sister Smith began to speak. Everybody stopped eating. Brother Jones laid down his knife, Sister Jones dropped her hands into her lap until the thing should be over. Leaning far forward toward me across the table, her steady gray eyes boring through me, her long bony finger pointing beyond me into eternity, Sister Smith began: —

'My young Brother — what — do — you — think — of — Jonah?'

I reached for a doughnut, broke it, slowly dipped it up and down in the cup of mustard and tried for time. Not a soul stirred. Not a word or sound broke the silence about the operating-table.

'What — do — you — think — of — Jonah?'

'Well, Sister Smith, I —'

'Never mind. Don't commit yourself. You need n't tell me what you think of Jonah. You are too young to know what you think of Jonah. But I will tell you what *I* think of Jonah: if the Scriptures had said that Jonah swallowed the whale, it would be just as easy to believe as it is that the whale swallowed Jonah.'

'So it would, Sister Smith,' I answered weakly, 'just as easy.'

'And now, my young Brother, you preach the Scriptures — the old genuine inspired Authorized Version, word for word, just as God spoke it!'

Sister Smith has gone to Heaven, but in spite of her theology. Dear old soul, she sent me many a loaf of her salt-rising bread after that, for she had as warm a heart as ever beat its brave way past eighty.

But she had neither a perfect Book, nor a perfect Creed, nor a perfect Salvation. She did not need them; nor could she have used them; for they would have posited a divine command to be perfect — a too difficult accomplishment for Sister Smith.

There is no such Divine command laid upon us; but only such a divinely human need springing up within us, and reaching out for everything from dust-cloths to creeds in its deep desire.

But this is a life of imperfections, a world made of cheese-cloth, merely dyed black, and stamped in red letters — the Dustless-Duster. But a cheese-cloth world is better than a cloth-of-gold world, for the cloth-of-gold you would not want to dye nor to stamp with burning letters.

We have never found it, — this perfect thing, — and perhaps we never shall. But the desire, the search, the faith, must not fail us, as at times they seem to do. At times the very tides seem to fail, also, when the currents cease to run. Yet when they are at slack here, they are at flood on the other side of the world, turning already to pour back —

> . . . lo, out of his plenty the sea
> Pours fast; full soon the time of the flood-tide shall be —

The faith cannot fail us — for long. Full soon the ebb-tide turns,

> And Belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I know

that there is perfection; that the desire for it is the life of life; that the search for it is the hope of immortality.

I may be no nearer it now than when I started, yet the search has carried me far from that start. And if I never arrive, then, at least, I shall have had the wages of going on, wages which, when paid in full, may themselves be the thing — the Perfect Thing that I am seeking.

A CRISIS IN ROYALTY

BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE

I STOOD in my back garden one day last spring, looking meditatively upward at the roof. I like to do that on a sunny Sunday, while over the hills the distant peal of the church bells conveys to the soul a message of peaceful calm. There are long slits cut through the shingles on that roof on the east side, where the earliest rays of the morning sun strike in. Wooden ports frame them, projecting far enough, with a downward slant at their outer ends, to keep out rain; and above two of them a little cloud of insects danced like golden fairies in the sun — my bees.

High up in the air, safe from groundling enemies, the young bees were out in force, trying their wings and doing baby-stunts in aviation, as joyous and harmless as kittens. To watch them is hypnotic and always sends me off into meditative dreamland, as doubtless a cigar does one who smokes. Their hives were on benches in an attic room. To all intents and purposes their home was in the sloping summit of a cliff, and bees are great cave-lovers, always. So they were happy, and a constant stream of older bees whirled up across the housetop, bound for the western fields and woods; or, like bullets, shot downward easterly toward the market gardens in the little valley.

I had two hives up there: my original colony, and a young swarm from it of last year, with places provided for still further expansion; just enough for hobby-riding, not enough for 'work' in the matter of their care. Naturally, my interest was specially centred in Hive II: and right there, just then, my eyes were resting in time to see a phenomenon. From the wide entrance suddenly appeared a double bee, so to speak, which came down through the air in a long slant, alighted at my very feet, and separated into its component parts. One bee immediately flew away, with the air of a relief from an unpleasant duty done. The other one was dead, — very dead indeed. In a moment the whole occurrence was reënacted, but the bee which was left was living. Lifting it on my finger from the grass, it proved to be a young one, very scared and breathless but otherwise unharmed. In a moment it was able to fly back home.

That bee had got into the wrong hive, I mused, and being young and innocent was simply and considerately 'fired.' But the other was 'Barabbas,' caught red-handed, and so had received *haute justice.* Still — what were two bees doing in the wrong hive at almost the same moment, anyway? I gave a closer look, and lo! that swarm of dancing infantry all belonged to the parent hive. As they drifted somewhat in the wind I had supposed they belonged to both.

Evidently some catastrophe had occurred in Hive II, whereby its colony was weakened to the danger-point, and robbery was going on. Doubtless, had I been a professional beeman I should have seen signs of this before. As it was, I went up to that attic three steps at a time.

The tops of the runways leading from hive to outer world are covered with wire netting, expressly to permit observation. That of Hive I was all hurry and bustle. Old bees were going out on the dead run, often taking wing with impatient short flights. Others were coming home with thighs yellow with pollen. Young bees were everywhere; getting into the hustlers' way; clustering for rest against the netting. In Hive II matters were very different. The bees went in and out languidly. Only now and then one took wing. No children were there to work for. The very colony itself was reduced to hundreds where there should have been thousands. The mother-queen was dead!

Thinking it over, it seemed evident that this must have happened during the winter. Had it been in the spring when young bees were hatching, the colony would have repaired the loss by selecting one of them for a course of royal education suited to the case. Then, in due time, the state would have had its duly appointed head. As it was, only an outside providence might save it from extinction, and that rôle manifestly devolved on me.

Playing providence has an interest of its own. Unguarded, it tends toward self-conceit. But when tempered by the memory of a past failure or two, it gives one much the zest of discovery so familiar to the experimenter in strange chemicals and flying-machines. There is seldom anything halfway about it. The result is usually either blank or bonanza. So I hied me to the telephone.

Surely these are progressive days! Think of ordering an Italian queen by telephone as one does a sack of sugar! We may yet get a chat by wireless telephone with pope or cardinal. Meanwhile, I was promised my queen by an early mail, and received much good advice withal, so I returned to my attic encouraged.

Hive II was unhappy, that was clear. Its inmates needed responsibilities to think about, to stop their brooding over misfortunes. They needed children to give them new courage. Who knows how much the happy hum of childhood helps in hive-life as in other homes! Then came another thought: the new young queen would enter a depleted home. It would be many days before her own progeny would be old enough to take their share in the work for a coming winter. Right here was additional need for outside providence. So I donned net and gloves, opened Hive II and removed a brood-frame. The cells were empty, as I had expected. The dispirited bees paid me no attention whatever, so I closed the hive softly and laid the frame aside. 'Opening,' you will understand, meant simply lifting off the roof, and then a wire netting that rested on the top of the frames below.

Then I lighted my smoker, puffed some smoke into Hive I, waited a moment, and repeated the process again and again. By that time every bee in the hive had her head deep in the most available honey-cell, as far as the cells would go round, and was filling up with honey. It is a way they have when smoke-scared; and they then are too busy to think of stings. That done, I opened the hive.

I found a brood-frame nearly filled with cells already capped and sealed, each containing a young bee nearly ready to go out into the world, and act as nurse, etc., before being ready for field-work on its own account. Also, there were a few cells, each with its little white grub coiled in the bottom, — six-day old infants, just right for babying. Gently brushing off the protecting cluster of bees, I dropped the frame into the vacancy in the other hive and

slipped the empty frame into the vacant place thus left in Hive I.

I had another object in view right there. That hive was evidently taking measures toward swarming — which I wanted to prevent. Already a line of queen-cells hung like stalactites along the lower edges of the frames, each looking much like a wax thimble. In bee circles, only the drone and the humble worker are given horizontal cradles. It is the prerogative of royal infancy to hang like a bat, head downward. And it occurred to me that by cutting out those cells, and giving the queen a whole new frame to fill, she might find so much business ahead that it would change the current of thought into stay-at-home channels. The plan seemed good enough, in fact, to lead me a week later to exchange another pair of frames between the hives; and with the desired result. Hive I omitted swarming from its repertory that season.

Next day I looked into Hive II. There was an instant, angry buzz. Here was no more indifference! Up from both sides of that brood-frame boiled the bees, every one at the moment in the hive, ready to defend with life itself the children in their care. Other bees were coming home like streaks of sunlight from the fields, pollen-laden, and hurrying in along the runway as though going to a fire. So far, so good. That night the new queen came by mail, in her little cage of wood and wire, with half a dozen bees from her home to keep her company. I slipped the cage quickly in on the top of the brood-frame and dropped the netted cover down. An alert guardian made a dash for the opening to get at me, but was too late, and in a moment dozens of bees were trying to get closer to that queen through the wire-guarded openings of the cage.

Now, the theory is, that the bees must have plenty of time to get acquainted. A too-early introduction would result in the death of the queen, in regicide in fact, for bees have summary ideas regarding pretenders to the throne without credentials. Their motto seems to be, 'No Jacobite for me,' and most zealously do they live up to it. Therefore, the way out of that cage is through a tunnel plugged with candy. By the time the candy is eaten through, friendly relations with the candidate for post of house-mother are expected to be established by sight and scent through the protecting netting.

For some reason, tunneling proved unexpectedly hard. For fully a week they dug, butted against the wires, and dug again, yet the task was not ended. It was not well to wait longer, so I ripped off the netting and replaced the cage. In an instant the inmates were loose. For a moment I saw the young queen, gentle, dainty, and slender, making her way unnoticed across the top of the frame. Then she was lost to sight. I had done what I could for her. The result now lay on the knees of the gods.

For fully half an hour I watched the runway like a lynx, for indications. Then I spied a bee tugging lustily at a dead one, and shouldering it a-down the shute as unconcernedly as a dockman might roll along a cotton-bale. A moment later I detected another calmly walking forth with the slow and steady tread of a dray-horse, dragging at the end of her sting another bee, already as dead as Pharaoh. Then I saw two more. Evidently the inhospitable little wretches had slaughtered those attendant bees who had accompanied their little queen from a far country to this realm. What had they done to *her?*

Hive I was in the heart of the honey-flow. Full forty thousand bees were busy filling it; and on the morrow I must away for a two-weeks' vacation.

So I piled three supers full of honey-boxes on that hive, bound to give them at least all the room they could reasonably ask for, and went my way.

Vacation sped, as vacation will, — and my first act on returning was to go straightway to Hive II and ascertain its status. It greeted me with an enthusiastic buzz. In miniature it was quite as busy as the other. In several of the frames I found scores of tiny grublets already in the cells, proving that the young queen had been accepted, and that she was 'right on the job.' And all summer long the golden clouds of young bees dancing above both entrances were a joy to see. Thus had special providence saved another queendom.

The net results? Oh, well — remember that I said it was a hobby. At least, I intended to. But if you will be thus insistent, I will say that the parent hive, which did not swarm, but kept busy at its honey-gathering instead, gave me that autumn some seventy pounds of beautiful comb-honey, sixty pounds of which were in full boxes, the rest in combs partly filled.

A writer in a current mazagine cites a story of one who said, 'If I lived in the country I believe I would keep a bee.'

I have.

THE UNLIMITED FRANCHISE

BY MAX EASTMAN

Lately so much corruption has been uncovered in high places that our faith in the national ideal is impaired. Many of the men in politics have become half-hearted believers in the popular vote. And even among those who make a profession of preserving ideals, the old enthusiasm for democracy is rare. At a luncheon of the Republican Club in New York City I heard a preacher, amid general applause, stand up and appeal for a strictly limited franchise, and the rule of what he called 'Intellect.'

In these days preachers who exalt intellect in just his tone, reveal that they have not themselves caught the vital outcome of modern science — namely, that it is not *intellect* but *will* that is fundamental and, if we are to use the word, divine. And politicians who uphold, without hesitation and a sense of their own temerity, a proposal to retract the basic principle of our civilization because of vice in the seats of government, show themselves to have a limited sense of the social importance of a political system. It will therefore be profitable to dwell, in opposition to them, upon the true function of intelligence, and the main significance of a democratic form of government.

A realization of the primary importance of people's wishes is the chief contribution of modern philosophy to the wisdom of life. Modern philosophy is determined in its unique character by the theory of evolution, and that theory teaches us not to worship general intellectual judgments as the ancients did. It teaches us that those judgments are but the product of a thing

prior to them, namely, an organism with a wish — a spontaneous, arbitrary, whimsical, non-reasonable wish: the wish to live and go after the things that it likes. And the nature of that wish no thinking can determine. The organism likes the things simply because it likes them. Intelligence was subsequently developed, with other appurtenances, as a servant of that impulse. And judgments as to what is better or worse are still — at bottom — judgments as to what will enable each organism to attain the richest satisfaction of its voluntary nature. These judgments, therefore, are not true overhead, or abstractly, or eternally, but they are true for the individuals whose inmost wishes they ultimately serve.

Some wishes, to be sure, are common to almost all beings, and the judgments of right and wrong which rest upon those wishes we call universally true. But the majority of intelligent decisions demanded by the current of events cannot be made in general, and without taking account of the particular impulse of an individual concerned. In short, the function of intelligence is not to tell a person what he wants; its function is to tell him how to get it, or what to do about it, having first ascertained from the depths of him what it is.

If judgments of what is well or ill for individuals depend for determination upon the natural wishes of those individuals, surely judgments of what is well or ill for states depend upon the wishes of those individuals who compose them and for whom they exist. This fact is recognized in our ballot system — for, fundamentally, it is not an intelligent decision that we ask for upon election day, but the expression of a wish. If it were an intelligent decision, we should not ask the majority, we should ask an educated and experienced and not very busy man. But since it is the expression of a wish, we ask all except those whose wishes we can be sure are dangerous to the very existence of our society.

The uneducated have as keen wishes as the educated, and the wishes of the educated are as arbitrary and non-reasonable as the wishes of the unedcated. We therefore refer to both. And while we acknowledge that an intelligent man is the best judge of how to attain our ends, we beware of ascribing to intelligence the false function of determining what those ends are. We beware of letting educated people tell uneducated people what they ought to want. The very difference established by their education renders them unfit for this function. All the people, at some point in the political programme, must effectually express their desires, and only after that event is assured can we safely contrive schemes to bring it about that the most intelligent shall determine how in detail those desires are to be attained.

A popular sovereignty is thus but the expression in politics of what is a characteristic of the awakened in this age to express everywhere — in philosophy as a pragmatic tolerance, in art as a free individualism, in education a reliance upon interest as well as discipline, in religion a faith in feeling rather than authority, in homes the encouraging of women and children to lives of their own. The principle under all these changes is the recognition of the divine rightness of the individual, natural will of a man, and that it goes behind all judgments of value because the individual wills of men are what brought value into the world.

All this is exceedingly theoretical, and it would be smiled at by those practical politicians we spoke of. Perhaps it would be smiled at by that intellectually educated minister also, as containing an anachronism, because the democratic ideal appeared so long before the

theory of evolution or the new psychology. To these two smiles I should make the same answer — that I have been so theoretical deliberately, because I wish to show that the democratic ideal, which developed out of practical life, and not out of speculative science, acquires fresh support from the deepest conclusion of that science at the present day. And if nothing can give us courage to reinforce and renew what we call our faith in the will of the people, then let us by deeper thinking recognize that this is not really a question of faith but of acceptance. We are not required to believe that a low-class citizen has good judgment; we are required to acknowledge in practice what we cannot help believing in meditation, that the natural desires of a low-class citizen have just as imperial a right to satisfaction from the universe out of which they sprang as the natural desires of the children of fortune, and that no man or god but the citizen himself can decide what those desires are.

Once we have got full of that so-called theoretic truth, we shall approach the practical question of determining the franchise with a different mind. We shall see that it is a matter of choosing a way between two dangers — on one side the danger of letting some people tell the others what their interests are, and on the other the danger of letting those try to express their interests who have not enough understanding to perceive the relation between those interests and a public question. A glance at history and life will show that the first of these dangers is the more imminent and the more awful. Most of the troubles that arise when two people try to live together, arise not because their opinions diverge, but because one of them tries to tell the other what she or he wants. Moreover, if there is anything in the world that a man *can* be relied upon to understand, it is the bearing of a general question upon his particular desire. A little kitchen or backyard common sense, at least, is more apposite to such understanding than is any educational attainment which we might measure. Indeed, we cannot better conclude an estimate of the amount of respect due to intelligence than with an admonition that the intelligence to which respect is due is not identical with school education. It is a gift of nature evoked by experience. And it should be the pride of this republic to acknowledge, not only that those great minds which were peculiarly her own, Lincoln, Walt Whitman, and Mark Twain, were without formal schooling, but that much of the sinew of her collective good sense lies in the homely thought of lesser citizens of the same type.

Still more, however, should it be the pride of this and of every republic, that whatever increasing good sense it does possess shall be in truth collective good sense. It shall be social intelligence — that intelligenc which results from a free, sympathetic intercommunication of all kinds of people. From that source, and from that source alone, will arise political judgments that the future will call intelligent. And the equality in citizenship of all people is what will guard that source, and foster the growth of that sympathy and that communication, until there appears a true civic wisdom. It is for such purposes as that, more than for any direct gains through the suffrage, that democratic government will survive pure in the world. Its main significance is not, and will not be, political, but social and moral.

Were it only in what he achieves with his vote upon election day, indeed, that the common man's wish attains recognition in a republic, our en-

thusiasm for that form of government might well be mild. We cannot wonder that practical politicians, who see only the congregations at our capitols and how they employ themselves, thinking them to be the sole outcome of democracy, doubt its value. They doubt their own value. But they and their little meetings are not what democracy exists for; they are a necessary and in part an unfortunate incident in a great accomplishment. For my part I would be willing to do away with them, and all their bickering and thimble-rigging, and the whole tedious forth-laboring of an electoral system, and put the business in the hands of a few expert despots who would carry it on without bungling, if I could retain among the people every indirect benefit of a popular system of politics. For it is in results remote from the seat of government that democracy realizes itself, and the will of the common man receives its sovereignty.

Indeed, some of the supposed drawbacks of a democratic polity are, in the light of those results, not drawbacks at all, but of the essence of its success. The disorder, the indignity and irregularity, the scattered extravagance, squabbling, and mud-slinging, and general uncertainty, — all these aspects of our government which make it unsatisfactory to contemplate, — are signs that it is doing well. Democracy does not aim to produce a government as complete and regular and satisfying to the cultivated mind as possible; it aims to produce a government somewhat loose and dirty, in which the citizens are great as individuals. Remember that a republican government is a continuous education, and you will not expect to find in it the virtues of a graduation ceremony. You will expect to find the children kicking out upon all sides, overturning things the moment they begin to run smooth, forever putting up irrelevant questions, and in general making it appear that nothing is being accomplished. If there is anything in this world that looks like a complete failure, it is a successful kindergarten. And much the same thing is true of a successful experiment in self-government. The success is inside of individuals. It is happiness, and experimental knowledge, and moral independence, and humility.

By humility we mean no seventh-day self-abnegation, but that rarest of simple virtues, the tendency to listen with understanding and enter with readiness into the minds of others. We find among people nourished upon aristocratic traditions, both in remote history and now, a kind of aggressive self-hood, a tendency to be always informing others, asserting before others *their* persons, — whether small or great, — that is not accepted among us. And it is a pleasure to believe that the democratic culture and environment have been factors in the change. The ability to listen is a mark of the true children of democracy. And that habit of mind is more precious to the progress of happiness in the world than some public virtues about which we are now greatly exercised. In 1714, Bernard De Mandeville wrote a book called *The Fable of the Bees*, in which he set forth the belief that private vices are, or beget, public virtues; but it seems more necessary to say that public vices appear inevitable in the culture of the rarest of private virtues.

A habit of mind more obviously important than humility, and more certainly begot and sustained by democratic politics, is the habit of according equal physical, social, economic, and legal rights and liberties to all men. We are so accustomed, in theory at least, to honor this demand of every man for a fair chance, that we forget how recent and how precariously es-

tablished is that way of thinking. We little realize how much it depends upon its fixation in our national polity. Take away the political guarantee of a social attitude, and you take away the only overt support it has. We are equals once a year at the polls — rich and poor, armed and unarmed, educated and uneducated, known and unknown; and upon that occasion we announce to the world and to ourselves a high principle — a principle so high indeed above brute nature that without such annual certification it might soon exhale upward into the realm of inoperative sentiment.

'So act,' says Immanuel Kant, 'as to treat humanity, whether in thine own person or in that of any other, in every case as an end withal, never as a means only.' That is the principle we have laid hold of, and even wrought a little way into the frame of our national life. It is the principle most essential to the educating of men for mutual enjoyment. And while we might increase the perfection of the act of government, decrease the dishonesty that prevails in places of honor, and even elevate the average of honest legislation, we should never take a solid step forward toward that individual and social happiness which is the aim of all legislation, by taking a step backward from this fundamental principle of the art of living together.

We despair of democracy because we dwell upon current problems so much more than we read history. We fail to remember the wonders it has accomplished and sustains in the lives of the people. We cry that we are at the mercy of political bosses, and our votes — the symbols of personal dignity — are for sale to the highest bidder. And with our excessively political ways of thinking, we infer from these facts that the venture is lost. Politics has become unpleasant, and therefore democracy is a failure. But truly, nobody can tell whether or not democracy is a failure except by looking into the homes of the people. Whoever, with an historic sense, has looked there, will be able to face with faith the evils of bossism. He will not be ready to say that we have failed as a democracy until we have tried harder than we yet have to overcome those evils by measures not undemocratic.

Democracy will meet the problems it has produced, if we will but keep our pride in it, and if we will but remember that things human are never to be condemned by comparison with perfection, but by comparison with other things human that we might put in their place. We see in the agitation for direct nominations, and the short ballot, and the initiative and referendum and recall, only the first drastic attempts to mitigate the evils of bossism, not by limiting, but by perfecting the popular sovereignty. And we will not despair of that sovereignty until many such attempts have been debated and tried.

Not even the selling of votes, though it were habitual, could make lifeless all that we say of the divine will of the people. Go back into history, beyond the birth of these theories we have been expounding, and consider the practical troubles out of which the scheme of democratic politics arose, and we shall see that the corruption of voters is not a complete failure of that scheme. Democracy got its crude original momentum, I suppose, not out of any political speculations as to the voice of the people, but out of a gradually engendered conviction in the mind of the common man that he had a right to be somebody. Political status was only a vital expression and indispensable guarantee of the acceptance of that conviction. That expression and guarantee are not wholly abolished for him in the sale of his vote, nor in the loss of

his pride of citizenship is there lost all the dignity of character and ambition that political status conferred upon him.

It is a bad thing, the selling of votes, but it is not the worst that can be imagined. To be recognized as a man who has a power that cannot be taken from him even temporarily unless it be paid for, and that he will never sell for a cent less than he happens to think it is worth, is not the worst thing that can befall a man. A worse thing is to have rulers stand over him and hold him down and put a gag in his mouth by physical force. And that is the position out of which, by a thousand years of murder and self-sacrifice, the lowest of men has risen to the considerable dignity of being able to sell or withhold his vote. He must now be reckoned with. How cheap or often-soever he sells his vote, he has, what he never had under any other political system, a little of the personal dignity and sacredness of the sovereign. And from the standpoint both of immediate advantage and of educational possibility he is in higher standing. He is a man notable to his rulers and the powers of law. For my part, I value that standing of the poor man so highly, that I think it alone justifies a democratic polity. I think that the matter of commerce in votes, however it may give us despair of the human soul, has no bearing upon the question of democracy or no democracy. For, given bosses, it were better that they should reckon with the vote of the subjected classes financially — pay for it every time — than that they should not reckon with it at all.

The best system of government imaginable is, and will always be, a choice between different kinds of imperfection. And we shall fare best in an unsatisfying world if we make ours that kind of imperfection which results from following a deep truth through shallow places. Let us think the principle of popular sovereignty profoundly enough, and we shall turn a skeptical eye in advance upon every proposal to retreat, for little obvious reasons, from the universal franchise. And let us remember how much vaster is the achievement of democracy than anything to be contained in chambers and halls of government; we shall give to those societies and those politicians who aim to improve our republic by developing the too amateurish machinery of its mature principle, all our energy of reform. With every high leader in the history of our country we shall continue to be, in the face of our peculiar troubles, which are probably no greater than theirs, democrats to the heart.

THE CHEMISTRY OF SLEEP

BY FRED W. EASTMAN

I

'For here is shewed by what means sleepe is caused; that is by vapours and fumes rising from the stomache to the head, where through coldness of the brain they being congealed doe stop the conduites and waies of the senses, and so procure sleepe.' As fanciful as this three-hundred-years-old explanation of sleep may sound, we surely have in it something more solid than in the empty theories which have passed current for some time and assigned sleep to a self-evident 'torpor of the sensorium,' an obvious 'resting-state of consciousness,' or a vague 'rise of stimulus thresholds.' Although scientists have, until comparatively recently, avoided the subject as one for so-called psychologists to spin their webs about, happily, with the advance of physiological chemistry, sleep is being studied under the microscope and in the test-tube, with the result that the investigators are now able to give us a much truer idea of what it really is.

This interesting condition is no longer indefinitely considered a wandering abroad of the soul, but is now known to be a temporary poisoning of the brain-cells by the waste products resulting during the day from the activity of the body-cells in general. Thus when a muscle-cell or a nerve-cell acts, nutritive material stored within its walls is broken down into substances that are of no value and merely impede further action of the cell unless removed. Normally these waste products are washed out by the blood-stream which at the same time provides new cell-food, and is finally itself purified by the excretory organs, — the lungs and the kidneys. In the course of the day, however, production is in excess of removal, and then the clogging effect of these substances is manifested by fatigue in muscles and brain, the extreme degree of which results, in the latter organ, in the inability to act which we know as sleep. The third of our time thus spent out of commission is therefore really due to the inadequacy of the excretory organs for purifying the blood; and if for the word 'stomache' we substitute 'body,' it is interesting to note that the above ancient quotation very closely foreshadows, in a figurative sense, the circumstances as we understand them to-day.

That there is a close relation between fatigue and sleep is superficially evident to every one who has felt the difficulty of keeping awake after strenuous exercise, and noted the greater depth of sleep following such fatigue as compared with the light sleep when not previously tired. What the conditions are under the surface at such times has to some extent been made clear by microscopical examination of the nerve-cells of pigeons, sparrows, and bees, when fatigued at night and when rested in the morning. At night there was a marked shrinkage of the cells, particularly of their nuclei, in which the shrinkage varied from eight to seventy-five per cent of original volume, while the

protoplasm still in the cell was riddled with empty spaces. In the morning the normal appearance and size had been regained. This striking evidence that fatigue is accompanied by loss of cell-material needs no comment. That such visible changes are accompanied by chemical reactions is also certain, for the fatigued cells stain differently from the non-fatigued ones; staining with different substances being a regular laboratory process of demonstrating chemical changes in cells.

If a small muscle, like that from the calf of the leg of a frog, is artificially stimulated at regular short intervals by an electric current of constant strength, we find that its contractions grow gradually shorter and shorter and soon cease altogether, — the muscle is asleep. It is no longer sensitive to a current of this strength, and can only be aroused by a stronger one. Now, however, if we pass a nutritive fluid through the blood-vessels of the muscle to supply new cell-material, and, what is of much greater importance at this period, to wash out its waste products, we find that the muscle again awakes and is sensitive to the original strength of stimulus. Thus normally in the body when we are exhausted, the muscles have acted under the stimulation of the will until so clogged with this waste material that they can no longer respond to nerve-impulses, and must rest until their normal condition is again restored by the circulation. One third of the respiratory act is rest; and even the heart, which we usually consider an organ that never rests, sleeps six hours in twenty-four, for one fourth of the time to make one beat and begin another is spent in inaction and repair.

That the waste products resulting from such action in muscle and nerve-cells, or fatigue-products as we may now call them, can really cause sleep and are not merely an incidental accompaniment of it, is proved by the experiment of injecting the blood of an exhausted dog into a normal one, which then exhibits all the symptoms of fatigue and falls asleep. The injection of the blood of a non-fatigued dog into a normal one has no effect, because it has not been saturated with these toxic waste products from the cells. Also tending to prove that sleep is due more to the accumulation of waste than to the exhaustion of nutritive material in the cell, is the experiment of the bloodless frog. As the blood was removed from this animal there was substituted a very dilute salt solution, of no nutritive value whatever. This fluid removed the waste from the cells, however; so the frog lived for several days, and during the first ten or twelve hours was difficult to distinguish from normal frogs.

But still the most satisfactory proof that these fatigue-products are the direct cause of sleep lies in an individual examination of some of the principal ones, such as carbon dioxide and lactic acid. As is well known, carbon dioxide is the poisonous part of expired air. It is produced in large quantities in nervous and other tissues, but in the main by muscular action, for it has been found that, during a day in which muscular work is done, a man expires nearly twice as much carbon dioxide as during a resting day. The amount of its output is also very much diminished during sleep, when the muscles are not in action. It is known by laboratory experiment to have a clogging effect upon the action of muscle-tissue, but for us it is of greater interest to know its effect upon the brain-cells, which it reaches through the blood and affects in conjunction with that already formed there.

Here carbon dioxide acts by exclusion of oxygen, the presence of which

is always so necessary to vital action; all movement, digestion, and even thought, being due to chemical processes in which oxygen plays a most important part. The temperature of the gray matter at the surface of the brain has been found to be at times higher than that of any part of the body, and this would indicate that this tissue is the seat of more active chemical processes than any other, since heat in the body is also always due to chemical action. The brain therefore requires a relatively greater supply of oxygen than the other organs do, and is correspondingly more sensitive to its lack.

With reference to the possibility of this gas producing sleep, or at least of the lack of oxygen doing so, we have, besides the familiar instances of its extreme effect of suffocation in ill-ventilated prisons or other places, the experiment of breathing from a closed vessel and counting aloud. With a certain low per cent of oxygen and a corresponding increase of carbon dioxide, the counting ceased and unconsciousness occurred, although, as in sleep, the other functions of the body were not altered.

Lactic acid, the other important fatigue and sleep-producing substance, is also produced by muscular and nervous activity. In the familiar occurrence of the souring of milk it prevents its own production by interfering with the action of bacteria which produce it from sugar of milk. A similar process occurs in muscle, the cells of which when in activity produce lactic acid from a kind of sugar stored in them; but the accumulating acid is unfavorable to this process and therefore retards muscular action. That it can lower the activity of brain-cells to a point below consciousness has been determined even on man, in whom doses of it have been shown to produce fatigue and finally sleep. Perhaps it is this agent to which the well-known sleep-producing effect of milk is due.

II

Besides these direct proofs that sleep is produced by toxic waste products whose removal does not keep pace with their formation, there is much interesting indirect evidence that it is due to the same influence. Thus it is known that the brain is one of the first organs to feel the effect of a diminished amount of blood or of a depraved quality of this fluid, and hence, in old age, or under the influence of a deficient quantity of food, or through the action of some exhausting disease, there is generally more sleep than when the physical health is not deteriorated. In many diseases, such as malaria, diabetes, and chronic inflammation of the kidneys, a most prominent symptom is an unusual amount of sleep. In all three of these diseases, either on account of toxins secreted by bacteria or of trouble with the excretory organs, the system becomes saturated with various poisonous products, and a common termination of them is coma. This is a sleep from which the patient either cannot be aroused at all by any form of stimulation, or only with great difficulty, according to the depth of the coma. This fact of itself suggests the milder toxic nature of normal sleep.

Certain forms of neurasthenia are accompanied by a disposition to inordinate sleep, and fatigue with its toxic products intensifies this tendency. In sleeping-sickness the patient, over a period of six to eighteen months, develops the tendency to sleep more and more, until he will not feed, and ultimately dies. This is a disease peculiar to parts of Africa, and is caused by a parasite introduced into the blood by a variety of fly. The chief seat of de-

velopment of this organism, however, is the cerebro-spinal fluid, which fills the cavities within the brain and spinal cord. Here it produces a toxin which directly affects the nerve-cells and produces the characteristic sleep and death. Indeed there is much evidence that natural death in old age is due to lack of resistance to an accumulation of normal waste products, and death in many diseases is undoubtedly due to lack of resistance to unnatural toxins produced by bacteria or pathological processes, and thus we have its relation to sleep — 'that ape of death.'

In this connection we must also note that sleep may be produced by compression of the carotid arteries; a process which reduces the amount of oxygen in the brain by the simple process of diminishing the amount of blood which carries it there. But the important point for us is that a certain degree of compression is much more effective in the evening than in the morning, as if at this time the brain-cells were less irritable on account of the accumulated waste of the day, and could therefore not so well endure a suspension of the blood-supply.

Finally, with the indirect evidence it is to be mentioned that the tendency to sleep after meals has recently been ascribed to the effect of the first products of digestion, which it is claimed are similar in their action to fatigue-products. The condition, however, is no doubt to a great extent due to the withdrawal of blood from the brain to aid digestion; for the amount of blood in the body does not seem to be sufficient to satisfy all the demands made upon it at the same time; hence it must be distributed to the best advantage with the surplus where needed most. Indeed, there has developed a wonderfully delicate and elaborate nervous mechanism known as the vasomotor, or blood-vessel-moving system, whose sole function is to control this distribution of blood to the various organs.

This matter of blood-supply, so evident in the lethargy after meals, is indeed of importance in producing and maintaining all normal sleep. By toxic waste products the irritability of brain-cells is lowered, even to a point below consciousness for some centres; and this condition is then made general by a diminution of the blood- or, more directly, the oxygen-supply, to all the brain. That this diminution really obtains during sleep has been established beyond a doubt. It has already been noted that the compression of the carotid arteries, the most important vessels by which blood is supplied to the brain, produces an artificial sleep. Also the fontanelle of the baby, the opening in the top of the skull where the bones have not yet grown together, rises when the baby is awake, and sinks during sleep. This rise and fall can be due to nothing but a corresponding change in the volume of the brain caused by an alteration of the blood-supply. The famous experiment of a man on a balanced table which sank at the head end when he was thinking, and rose when he was mentally inactive, or asleep, is very much to the point. Fainting, with its production of a state so similar to deep sleep, is due to the increased amount of blood in the vessels of the abdomen and a corresponding loss in the brain.

Similar observations to those made upon babies have been made upon adults with defects of the skull due to accident or surgical operation, and the additional data obtained by the proper apparatus, that during sleep the volume of the arm or leg increases on account of the expansion of the blood-vessels at the surface of the body in general. The sleepiness following exposure to heat or cold is no doubt due to this derivation of the blood from

the central organs of the body to the surface, in order to cool or warm it as the occasion may demand. It is also important to note that the increase of blood at the surface and corresponding diminution in the brain, follows pretty closely the course of intensity of sleep. Thus it has been determined, by making noises of different height, and by different degrees of electrical stimulation, that the first two hours of sleep are by far the deepest, and it is during this period that there is the least blood at the head. It will be of interest now to know why this anæmia of the brain occurs at the time of sleep.

III

The vasomotor system for controlling the distribution of the blood is ruled by a definite centre, or collection of nerve-cells, at the base of the brain. From here nerves go to all parts of the body, and control the size of blood-vessels by action on the muscles in their walls. As occasion arises for an increased supply of blood to a particular organ, the condition of the organ at the moment originates a message to the vasomotor centre, which then increases the size of the vessels supplying the organ, and its particular function, such as secretion by a gland, results. This centre is not only busy with the demands of the internal organs, but it is also subject to the influence of the special senses. Thus, through their effect upon this centre, sensations of heat, cold, or pain in the skin cause an increase of blood-supply there, for protective purposes. Even recognition of sounds, objects, odors, and tastes receives attention in this busy office. This was demonstrated for several of these sensations by the experiment in which the varying volume of the arm was determined during sleep. On this occasion the sound of a music-box, though not sufficient to awake the sleeper, did affect this centre, which caused a considerable diminution of the volume of the arm as the blood was returned to the head in this unconscious act of attention.

It is evident that, busy all day long with unceasing attenton to organic and special sensations, this must be one of the first centres to become fatigued; or at least, because of the clogging effect of its own waste products, it must be one of the first to feel the effect of those produced in other tissues and brought to it by the blood: a theory with which we must credit Professor Howell of Johns Hopkins University. Since this centre acts by maintaining the arteries at all times in a condition of construction, except as different organs make demand for more blood, when it is fatigued and loses control, the arteries will automatically expand all over the body, and a part of the blood of the brain will naturally gravitate into them. As experiments on animals indicate that the blood in the brain and spinal cord is only one per cent of that in the entire body, no great variation in the size of blood-vessels is necessary to reduce considerably the amount of this fluid in the brain.

Usually, however, there is not complete exhaustion of the vasomotor centre. When sleepy we withdraw ourselves as far as possible from external stimuli, and, if wise, have avoided any excess which would cause unusual internal sensations. Then this centre, no longer subject to the stimuli whose tonic influence has caused it to maintain the arteries in general in a constricted condition, is in a situation as helpless as that due to extreme fatigue. As in the latter case, the blood-vessels in the lower part of the body automatically expand, and sleep at once results from diminished blood- or oxygen-supply to the brain.

Naturally, sleep continues until the blood and the brain-cells are restored to normal condition, or until some unusual or intense stimulation affects the vasomotor centre, and awakes us by causing a premature return of blood to the head. For the above reasons it is apparent how we may go to sleep at times without noticeable fatigue; but because of the greater sensitivity of the vasomotor centre then, on account of lack of fatigue-products, such sleep must necessarily be light.

As proof that wakefulness depends upon ever-present and ever-varying stimulation, we may cite a case reported by a famous German professor of an idiot boy who could receive no other sensations than those to be had through one eye and one ear. When these entrances to nerve-centres were closed, the boy always went immediately to sleep, and remained so until aroused by the removal of the barriers to stimuli. It may also be mentioned in this connection that prisoners in solitary confinement, unless they find a source of mental activity in some external stimulation, spend an unusual amount of time in sleep. Personal experience of sleepiness in dull weather, dull society, solitude, or under the unvarying stimulation of a monotonous sound, are too common to relate.

IV

It may seem that the condition of brain anæmia, or lack of blood, is not one well adapted to restore the cells to normal activity. But it should be borne in mind that the condition is only relative, and not by any circumstance absolute. Moreover, less blood at this time really seems natural if we remember that during inaction there is no demand for supplies to carry on the function of the cells, but only to replace the comparatively small amount of material not restored during activity. Likewise, there is not so great a demand for the removal of waste products as when they are being continuously produced.

But if cell-restoration during sleep is a task so relatively small compared with maintaining the normal condition of the cell during action, the question arises whether, in order to complete this restoration, it is necessary for us to spend as much time in sleep as we do. Perhaps, on account of popular opinion and personal habit, we waste much time in this jelly-fish condition that could be more profitably spent in active pursuit of our ambitions. The answer of course depends on the nature of our occupation. If there is much muscular effort involved, with a correspondingly large amount of waste in the cells and blood, eight hours or more are probably necessary. But if our work is of a sedentary nature and mainly of the brain, there is naturally a smaller quantity of accumulated waste, and less time is required for its removal. Many are the instances of great men, past and present, who have lived healthfully and worked unceasingly and strenuously on only four or five hours of sleep, or half the laborer's portion. Surely we are not to suppose that those men were or are physically different from others, but rather that by inclination or necessity they have developed a habit of sleeping *intensely* for a short period, instead of lightly for a longer period, with resulting gain of time and efficiency.

Depth of sleep and degree of restoration go hand in hand. We have already mentioned the fact that, as determined by sounds and by electrical stimulation, the first two hours of normal sleep are by far the most intense, and the remaining period is a state very near consciousness. The mere fact that all through this latter period of

five or six hours we are sensitive to stimuli very many times weaker than those necessary to affect us in the first two hours, proves a greater, almost complete, restoration of sensitiveness, or physiological irritability, at the early period of intense sleep. Bearing directly on this point are recent reliable experiments, in which exact tests were made of muscular strength and other conditions, that show that after long loss of sleep in man, — ninety hours, — the amount of sleep necessary for complete recovery was only from sixteen to thirty-five per cent of that lost. This low figure, although partly due to restoration in waking hours, certainly speaks in no hesitating manner for the possibilities of sleep-concentration.

The above considerations would therefore invite us to spend only that time in bed in which sleep is deep and dreamless and really valuable. If nine or ten hours are spent in bed every night, it will be the personal experience of most persons, unless they have engaged in considerable muscular exercise previous to sleep, that much of this time is spent in getting to sleep, and in repeated waking and dozing and dreaming during the morning hours. Therefore about a third of the time is wasted, for about this proportion of it is spent in an inert condition in the morning that is not true sleep in the sense that there is necessary repair being made, but is merely a condition of suspended animation due to lack of sensory stimulation, toward which the conditions of the bedroom are so favorable, and which we have seen greatly aided in producing sleep in the first place. That even after a night of most refreshing sleep a considerable degree of stimulation is necessary to bring one out of the above condition, is evident from the common experience that, even after habit or an alarm has caused one to rise, one is still half-asleep. We must yawn, rub our eyes, and stretch for some time, and are not fully awake until after the stimulation of the bath or the morning coffee has sufficiently returned the blood to our heads.

Irregularity of sleep is one of the greatest evils of present conditions. Work or pleasure demands our attention for several nights, and sleep is neglected until exhaustion compels us to resort to it for recovery. But such overstrain, as we shall see more clearly later, is laying the foundation for insomnia, with its keen annoyance and grave injury. If we concentrate our sleep into short and intense periods of strict regularity, the results will in every way be more satisfactory. Just as resistance to muscle-fatigue, which is due to the same products as sleep, is established by short regular periods of intense exercise alternating with complete rest, which break down the cells of the muscle to an extreme degree and rebuild them in a manner increasingly better adapted to resist these toxic waste products, so a resistance to sleep, or the extreme effect of the same products on brain-cells, is also established by periods of intense activity and complete repose. Exact experiments have often shown that artificial increase of oxygen before and during athletic activity greatly increases efficiency, and that proper regard for diet also wonderfully improves physical endurance. Hence a vigilance with regard to sanitary conditions and maintenance of the most complete health will greatly facilitate resistance to sleep and also its concentration.

Just as the intensity of our every-day muscular movements is a matter of personal habit and environment, so is the intensity of sleep subject to the same influences, and it results in corresponding individual efficiency. Thus the savage, with his lack of interests

and of necessity for the great activity imposed by the harder fight for survival among civilized people, sleeps much and often. Our early forefathers, for lack of artificial light, slept as do the animals, from sun to sun. There are still traces of a related influence in rural districts to-day where the evening excitement of town life does not exist and the retiring hour is very early. In the long dull winters of Russia the stolid peasants hibernate as truly as do our own bears. But in general the tendency in evolution and civilization has been to concentrate sleep-periods, and make them shorter in total time and more regular. Such a tendency can be due only to individual improvement, however, and for the healthy normal human being of sedentary occupation to indulge in siestas or to spend much more than a fourth of his time in sleep, is lazy neglect of his duty to himself and the race, and a reversion toward the stage of the amœba. Rest there must always be, on account of the mode of action of living matter; but with increasing cell-efficiency it may not in the future have to be of the extreme type that we know as sleep.

V

Having now gained a bird's-eye view of the nature and causes of sleep and some notion of its relativity, or its changing intensity from moment to moment, let us see how this information will aid us in understanding a few of its variations, such as dreams, somnambulism, and insomnia.

Dreams usually occur in the morning, and are normally a product of light sleep, representing the gradual reinstatement of consciousness after the earlier and more profound slumber. Observations made upon patients with cranial defects show that when we are dreaming, the brain is greater in volume than in deep sleep, and less than when we are awake. Thus this intermediate volume of blood would indicate that dreams are an intermediate stage between unconsciousness and wakefulness, and their incomplete and irregular intelligence would indicate the same thing. This increased circulation is usually due to sensory stimulation affecting the vasomotor centre and causing a return of blood to the head, with resultant increased consciousness. That these stimuli may so affect the individual without waking him was proved by the experiment in which the varying volume of the arm was determined during sleep; for, as already indicated, this volume and the corresponding amount of blood in the brain were affected by all sorts of stimuli from without and within. Thus we see how exposure of a portion of the limbs may cause one to dream of taking a cold drive; and tickling the lips or nose may cause dreams of agony. The discomforts of indigestion are usually the cause of the more intense dreams known as nightmares.

It is evident that, contrary to popular belief, dreams in themselves do not contribute to light or broken sleep in which they are present. Such a condition is due to the ever-present stimuli which, according to their strength or the degree of irritability of the cells, maintain even in sleep a varying degree of consciousness of which the dreams are merely a manifestation. Therefore the fatiguing effect often also attributed to dreams is not due to them, but to the lighter degree of sleep and less complete cell-restoration which they accompany, and which are due to some irritation.

In certain cases these stimuli may only affect the spinal cord and cause reflex actions. Thus, for instance, if the feet become cold they are drawn up to a warmer part of the bed, or the arm

may be used to brush away flies, or if the position of the sleeper becomes irksome it may be changed. In still other cases, however, the stimuli may be so powerful, or the cells so irritable, that the brain-centres for voluntary movement are aroused to action. The individual may then make journeys during his sleep or even perform hazardous adventures, ultimately returning to bed and not remembering them on awaking. Thus we have the phenomena of somnambulism as other phases of the relativity of sleep, or degree of effective stimulation and blood-supply. Habitual busy talking in sleep is usually a forerunner of this condition. Perhaps the next phase is that represented by a soldier sleeping while standing on duty, and this is followed by the phase in which an individual walks or keeps his position on horseback while asleep. In other instances apparently conscious actions, such as solving a mathematical, legal, or other problem, and even writing out the solution during sleep, would indicate that certain centres higher than those for voluntary actions, such as that involved in journeys, were also being exercised, while at the same time many others, under the influence of toxic waste or lacking in local blood-supply, were asleep.

Such actions of somnambulism are usually performed under the influence of a 'fixed' idea, which means that during waking hours the sleeper had been thinking much of the action or question involved. Under such an influence the continuous presence of excess of waste products, or alteration in their character, seems to increase rather than to lower the irritability of the cells. Such a condition is well expressed by the term 'irritable weakness,' and is not unknown in muscular tissue. There is also an alteration of the blood-supply. We have shown that in acts of attention to sensations there is a general return of the blood to the head even in sleep, for under the conditions of nature such stimulation, especially when painful, demands alertness and increased activity on the part of the animal. But, furthermore, it has been pretty well established that attention, even when not directed toward any particular region of the body, is accompanied by local increased blood-supply to the particular brain-centres involved. This better condition for activity in these centres, as compared with that in others, would explain how, in concentration of attention and its often amusing phases of absence of mind, or even in hypnosis, we are oblivious to many sensations which at times of general attention, or of blood-supply, would be very striking. Now, when a 'fixed' idea takes possession of one, it is most probable that this condition of local increased blood-supply continues over into sleep on account of exhaustion of the muscles controlling the size of the blood-vessels. Somnambulism, therefore, is a local insomnia. This circumstance of varying blood-supply for different centres, besides explaining the various phases of somnambulism, makes clear the related condition in which mother, nurse, or physician may be sound asleep even to loud noises, but wide awake to the slightest change in their charges.

This conception of the relativity of sleep is further supported by the fact that the senses go to sleep in a definite order. Thus sight is the first sense lost, even when the eyelids have been removed or on account of disease cannot be closed. As is to be inferred from preceding passages, the other senses are not altogether abolished; their acuteness is simply lessened. But, within this limit, taste is the first to fade, and then smell; touch follows, and hearing is dulled last of all. We thus have an

indication of the most favorable point of attack at which to arouse a sleeper. In awaking, the senses return in reverse order. The sequence in which the muscles lose their power is in general also well marked, and bears a distinct relation to the importance of their functions. Thus the muscles which move the arms and legs become relaxed before those which support the head, and the latter before those which maintain the erectness of the back.

Bearing still further on the question of the depth of sleep is the general condition throughout the body at this time, in which — as in the case of the special senses — the functions of the various organs are not completely suspended, but only diminished in activity.

VI

Just as we have seen that normal sleep varies in depth according to the degree of irritability of the cells and of intensity of ever-present stimuli, it is evident that, by a sufficient degree of irritability or stimulation, sleep may be prevented altogether. Thus, as instances of this condition, we may mention the wakefulness due to hunger, heat, cold, heavy covering, over-eating, or over-fatigue. In the summer, intense heat at night is out of the ordinary routine of sensations. Then a succession of restless nights may engender a fear of sleeplessness which keeps the brain congested and so encourages the cause of the fear; for we have seen that in sleep there is less blood in the brain. Also at such times humidity may interfere with the perspiration, and that part of the toxic waste which is normally removed by this route, accumulates — producing all sorts of discomfort, and even serious conditions.

There are, however, more serious and permanent conditions of insomnia. We have shown that in somnambulism under the influence of a 'fixed' idea, there may be a local insomnia on account of an irritative toxic condition and a continuous increased blood-supply at particular centres. So under the influence of overwork of the brain, or a powerful emotion such as sorrow or worry, irritative toxic conditions or chronic increased blood-supply may be more general, and any degree of sleep whatever is prevented. Just as a muscle after extreme exercise may exhibit a condition of 'irritable weakness,' manifested by cramps and irregular contractions due to excess of waste products which under certain conditions of kind and amount are irritative in their action, so brain-tissue under constant irritation from such a condition and almost excited into action, is over-sensitive upon the addition of ordinary stimuli. Thus we have a sort of 'hair-trigger' arrangement, which makes the ever-present stimuli from skin and internal organs effective enough to maintain wakefulness. This condition is intensified by the continuous increased blood-supply due to the fatigue of muscles controlling the size of vessels which are kept overdistended by the worry or other mental activity. By a similar action, wakefulness is produced by certain substances used as food or medicine, but which are irritating in their local action or increase the frequency of the heart's beat, such as alcohol, tea, or coffee.

Naturally, with continuous insomnia the brain-cells have no rest, are not restored, and serious conditions arise. Their gravity is indicated by the fact that dogs kept from sleeping die at the end of the fourth or fifth day, and their brain-cells show the changes characteristic of extreme fatigue. With man, the tired brain is unable to supply the proper innervation for other organs,

and there appear such signs of nervous trouble as irregular heart action, dyspepsia, and other digestive disturbances. Any tendency to unusual involuntary loss of sleep should therefore receive the immediate attention of a reliable physician.

In conclusion, we would emphasize the fact that sleep is only to a certain extent a necessary evil, and that it is due to shortcomings of the body that are only a matter of degree and show possibilities for improvement. As already indicated, the only factors that limit human endeavor—fatigue, sleep, disease, and death—are all due to the inability of the organism to deal with excess of chemically definite toxic products, more or less the same in each case and varying mainly in amount. The possibilities for improvement in these lines have been demonstrated by the establishment at will of a greater resistance to fatigue, by a wonderful diminution of disease through artificial increase of the natural protective processes of the body; and even death itself has been stayed by such natural methods of prolonging life as those of Metchnikoff.

Sleep should offer no greater difficulties to this pleasant possibility of its removal, and indeed we have shown that the evolutionary tendency is to a shorter period. Being due to a comparatively low resistance of the brain-cells to waste products that are not neutralized rapidly enough in the blood or removed by the excretory organs, the opportunity for improvement is as great as in a muscle, in which fatigue, or its sleep, is due to exactly the same conditions. Therefore the same method is to be employed, namely, periods of intense activity followed by complete rest, which in this case is intense sleep. Thus the brain-cells are broken down to an extreme degree, and rebuilt in a modified form that is increasingly less susceptible to the action of fatigue-products, while at the same time the excretory functions are correspondingly improved by greater exercise. Finally, as considerable effort of the will is necessary to maintain the routine of muscular training, so the tendency to mental inactivity in unnecessary repose is to be met by a firm habit which concentrates and intensifies sleep and affords us more available time, with corresponding greater efficiency and progress.

OUR PRIZE PRODUCT

BY ATKINSON KIMBALL

As we lie in our hammocks and look upward, our gaze is arrested by something more precious than the sky. Extrinsically, it is only an apple; intrinsically, it represents the sole product of three years of pruning and spraying our apple trees. Furthermore, it is the only apple we know of on a stretch of road four miles long. Some day, when it has got heavy, but before it ceases to be hard, we shall momentarily forget it while dozing off in our hammocks; and that apple will fall, knocking into our heads the indubitable truth that our corner of New England is not a flourishing fruit country.

It is not a flourishing vegetable country, either; but every section has some crop of which it can be justly proud; and we are justly proud of our crop of old men. They dignify the old houses; they animate the old farms; they redeem the old roads from incursions of the modern motor-car. With old men so ubiquitous, it would seem easy to find the recipe for old age; but it is not as easy as it seems.

Some of our old men ascribe their longevity to unremitting toil; others, according to their neighbors, have been preserved by lives of unadulterated idleness; several consider temperate living their panacea; but an equal number are religious in their conviction that the Fountain of Youth is nothing more nor less than New England rum. Our halest patriarchs, who have buried as many wives as monogamy allows, have suffered from old-fashioned consumption all their lives long; and at last we thought we had found the sovereign cure for untimely death. But where can one catch old-fashioned consumption nowadays?

In the end, the reason for our crop of old men remains as inexplicable as the potato crop of Maine or the peach crop of Delaware. Instead of wondering about causes, we are grateful for the crop.

Almost every morning, Giles, well past threescore and ten, hails us in his hearty voice as he goes by with his ox-load of seaweed, doing what only the most reckless youth would dare to do — riding on the tongue. Often we visit ancient Calvin over the hill, now the mildest of men, who in his adolescence committed a couple of murders, mere peccadilloes of the blood, venial as compared with a sin of the spirit, such as insincerity. Everywhere are magnificent specimens of old men; but if we were to select our prize specimen to send to the Brockton Fair, I feel sure that the unanimous choice of the community would fall on Preservèd Fletcher.

Preservèd was not always so popular in the community. He was not sagacious enough to select our village for his birthplace; and if a person be not born among us, he remains an outlander all his days. Besides, as a young man, after a brief period of teaching school in our village, Preservèd incontinently wandered away into parts unknown, so that it was difficult even to identify him on his return. Worst of all, it looked for a time

as if he might become a charge on the community. Our town has no poor-farm; and it looked as if we should have to treat Preservèd the way we treat all our sporadic paupers: go to the expense of hiring a carriage to take him over the line, there to abandon him to the bewildered mercies of the next town, which has a poor-farm.

It soon transpired, however, that Preservèd, during his wander-years, had borne arms in defense of his country. Gentle Calvin's two unauthorized murders had been to him a source of inconvenience; from an authorized, unlimited slaughter by the equally gentle Preservèd, there accrued a slender remuneration that was sufficient for his needs. He was living on the interest of his investment in the dead.

I once asked him how many rebels he thought he had killed in the war; and he answered, 'Not over five hundred with my musket, and not over three hundred with my pistol and sword.' This, I imagine, was an estimate rather than an actual count. The legalized, respectable massacre of eight hundred men was far less romantic than the slaying of a couple of individuals in private warfare by my old friend Calvin. I could only wish, for the sake of his heightened repute and possibly an increased pension from a grateful government, that Preservèd had killed thousands with his bare hands.

There is still something remotely warlike in his appearance. With his long hair, aquiline profile, moustache, and imperial, he resembles a benign replica of Buffalo Bill, in miniature. He's as spry as a cricket, and with his whisking step and high-pitched, eager voice is somewhat suggestive of that insect. If any of our villagers think that age has affected him as it does poplar trees, at the top, they mistake his simplicity for simpleness.

It was probably the slight tie of his youthful school-teaching days in our village that brought him back to it in his age. The youngsters he had taught and corrected were now as old as he; after fifty years teacher and pupils met again under the elms that flourished in the same green antiquity that threw its cool shade over them when they all were young. A strange meeting, full of the dramatic possibilities that did n't take place! The rudiments of education that Preservèd had given his pupils had sufficed them in carrying on their business, and in partaking of their pleasures — such as they were. They had married the girls of their choice, or, at worst, the girls of their second choice; they had begotten children, and lost the due proportion of them; and there was nothing to be said about it. Besides, it is from the traveler that one expects tales; but Preservèd, unlike most old men, was not given to reminiscences. His face was turned toward the future, and not toward the past.

For an infinitesimal sum, he bought an infinitesimal plot of ground by the roadside, with just room enough in which to plant his foot and a little garden; and on this plot, the youth of almost eighty built a new home. The house Preservèd built would have been called a wattled hut if it had been built in Old England instead of New England. We called it a shanty, and were scandalized by the sight of such a shiftless-looking dwelling, right on the public road. It is undoubtedly the most noticed, if not the most admired, of our structures. Preservèd had selected one of the best building-sites in the village, a site no one had thought of building on since the village was settled over two hundred years ago.

His hut, simply a lean-to against a hillside, roofed with sods, supported by bean-poles, and entirely open to the east, so that Preservèd, like Memnon,

can be greeted by the rising sun, offers a wide prospect of the upper reaches of the river, which here dwindles to a blue creek, meandering in vast, mysterious marshes, succulently green, fretted with a thousand unsuspected pools and runnels, enlivened by a million grotesqueries of vegetable and animal life. Beyond the marsh, the solid shore rises in a rounded bluff, covered with a grove of safe, sane oak trees; and, to the northward, one can see the white houses of the village, as safe as the oak trees and possibly as sane. A stone's throw southward are a wharf and storehouse, the latter fallen into a desuetude which is not innocuous, as the smell of fertilizer testifies when the wind blows from the right, or rather, from the wrong direction.

Sometimes a tiny schooner creeps up the winding channel, stubbed out with oak saplings that look dispirited in their alien element. The arrival in New York Harbor of the Lusitania is less of an event. With the swiftness of the rural telephone, the electrifying intelligence goes all through the countryside that the coal has come. In every kind of vehicle, with all kinds of implements except coal-shovels, the farmers assemble in a frenzy of happy haste.

There must be something cabalistic in coal, for I have never seen the farmers so animated on any other occasion. Coal and persiflage are cast about with a quick, metropolitan dexterity; sweat makes white channels in the rural cheek; coal-dust endows the rural eye with something of the bigness and brightness of the eye of a professional beauty; and, dominating all, presides the skipper, traditionally bustling and big of oath, lording it alike over the farmers and his crew of a single individual, who constitutes in himself as many official entities as if he were the survivor of the wreck of the Nancy Bell.

I never could understand why coal called for so much hurry. The tide is given as the excuse; but I have known schooners, after unloading, to remain weeks at the wharf. Perhaps the value of the cargo is what engenders haste; probably the skipper feels anxious, like the bearer of a Rajah's diamond which has been the cause of many crimes. After he has delivered the precious jewel, he can loaf, doffing his fierce responsibility as a garment. The schooner becomes familiar at the wharf, then almost a landmark. Smoke curls from the galley-chimney as peacefully and hospitably as if the schooner were a house, as if it were some friendly, amphibious vessel, as much at home on shore as on the sea.

Alone of the villagers, Preservèd takes no part in the harvest festival of coal. He is too contemporaneous to burn fossilized ferns from the Carboniferous period; he is too busy to join the idle group of spectators who greet with a loud laugh the empty jest. Where most men of his age and antecedents would smoke the pipe of indolence, or fleet the time carelessly with the surreptitious glass, Preservèd is indomitably active from morning till night: working in his garden; gathering for its sustenance the scant manuring of the public road; fraternizing, outdoors or in his hut, with the hens that thoroughly understand him, and probably regard him as a sort of super-rooster.

His vegetables understand him as well as his hens do; no one has such early peas. Most men selfishly forswear tree-planting after fifty; but Preservèd has surrounded his house with a grove of miniature junipers and maples that thrive as lustily as his pea-vines. I confess that in sowing his vegetables and planting his trees, Preservèd has used a system of landscape-gardening entirely his own. All things grow for his delightful use with an irregular,

picturesque profusion, as they may have grown in Eden.

He is not an insipid mass of monotonous virtues. He has pride; he has prejudices. Nothing could change his abhorrence of male cats, female dogs, and stewed tomatoes. I hesitate to mention his sole vice. It is so unusual that it may be new; and I should hate to spread the knowledge of a new vice in a world so full of vital old ones. Preservèd is a debauchee of butter. As always happens, the ravages of excess are apparent to the most casual observer. There is an unctuous precipitation of butter all over his person; and this, in the wood-smoke from his open fire, has coagulated, so that in appearance he is suggestive of a golden statue and a sugar-cured ham.

This patine of butter and wood-smoke is very serviceable when he goes swimming. No swan's neck or fabled dolphin's back was ever more impervious to moisture. Swimming is one of the things in which Preservèd takes pride; and surely no man ever swam as he does. His method of propulsion is mysteriously invisible; unexpected portions of his body project from the water; a stranger, after a hasty glance at him, might fancy that our river had been invaded by a submarine, with a conning-tower forward and another amidships.

If Preservèd is at home on land and water, in his garden, and among his hens, he is equally at home in the world of men. Welcome and unabashed, he mingles in the social life of the village; and I have even known him, at a public gathering, to recite a poem of his own composition in which he achieved a rhyme with the word *Roosevelt*, almost as difficult a feat as getting a rhyme for *Timbuctoo*.

On Sunday afternoons, in a cutaway coat a world too wide for him, with a short staff in his hand as full of life as himself, Preservèd makes a short journey of the four-mile walk to our nonsectarian chapel. None so learned as he in the law and the prophets; and by some sort of miracle, his buttery, wood-smoke, earthy smell has disappeared. The only odor he exhales in the chapel is the odor of sanctity. After the service, fresher than ever for the walk home, he reappears with his staff, a queer, tripedal figure seeming, in its activity, to spurn stone walls.

I do not know his creed, but I do know that it embraces works as well as faith. Early last spring, a neighbor of Preservèd's, a man with all of life before him, was stricken to death by one of those strokes of fate that remain inexplicable even in the light of the most revealed religion. His widow was left with a family of young children; and to her host of household chores, she was forced to add the host of her husband's outdoor chores. Already the garden he had planted showed sad lack of the husbandman's care. While the village was still debating the widow's case, trying to make out who could help her in a community where labor is scarce and high, and each man has his own work to do, Preservèd stepped in and flung the burden on his own shoulders. It was not long before the widow's hens and vegetables were flourishing in friendly rivalry with his own. He performs this supererogatory duty as if it were the greatest pleasure in the world; he says he understands at last why the Lord sent him to our village.

Although Preservèd has not given us the recipe for old age, he has taught us by example rather than precept what to do with old age when we attain it. We should not be purse-proud of our years; one's age should be as imperceptible as one's manners, or the setting of a jewel.

Last Independence Day, an inexorable time-table caused us to rise as

early as many of our neighbors rise habitually. Dawn was just breaking as we reached Preservèd's hut on the outskirts of the village. From the ridgepole, a cheap, printed flag of our country stood out in the still air, proud and stiff with patriotism and sizing. Beyond the rounded bluff of oak trees, the saffron of the sunrise ran up into luminous blue; wisps of vapor hung on the face of the water as if the river itself were celebrating Independence Day. Preservèd stood in his grove of miniature junipers and maples, presenting his delicate profile, while he took careful aim along the barrel of a musket as venerable as himself. An instant later, a sonorous roar woke the echoes of the valley and ushered the Fourth into our village before the youngest boy had fired the smallest cracker.

THE LITTLE PINES

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

Dear, once in a clearing, high in the snowy wood,
The bearded lumbermen, filing with axe and cart,
Wherever the saplings shot up straight and good,
Hacked at the boles and crashed them down and apart;
And long, O lover of little pines, you stood
Mute on the hillock, watching, and sick at heart.

And when on pitiful hurdles, death's poor dower,
The innocent felons lay under cords unblest,
And oxen, welding in one their deep-breathed power,
Upheaved the burden grandly, with no arrest, —
For the ended beauty of little pines that hour
Tears in your eyes, and anger in your sweet breast.

But now a wondrous sight in the Bay below,
A grove of masts, all winged aërially!
'Twixt wave and cloud so thrillingly fair they go,
So busy, so spirit-bright, who would not be
Glad for your little pines? That overthrow
Is life, is laughter, along the illumined sea.

THE STEPMOTHER

BY JULIA D. DRAGOUMIS

A babe asleep with flower-soft face that gleamed
To sun and seaward as it laughed and dreamed.
— SWINBURNE.

I

UNDER the olives, on an old knitted shawl that had once been red, little Yannaki lay asleep. He looked hot and flushed. Andriana, bending over him, pushed her hand under the black curls at the back of his neck, to see whether he were at all feverish again. No, the skin was quite moist. The child, however, had been restless all night and fretful all morning.

His elder sister, Marika, aged ten, never knew how to keep him quiet and amused, and their father had sworn at both the children for their noise, and at his wife for not keeping them in order; though he would have done more than swear, if she had occupied herself with them instead of preparing his food.

Andriana had not attempted to excuse the child's peevishness to her husband. She had long ago learned the uselessness of words. But when he had left the house, and Marika had started for school, instead of sitting down to her loom and letting Yannaki play about the courtyard as usual, she had tied a white kerchief over her head, thrown the old shawl over her shoulder, and lifting the boy in her arms set out with a rapid step toward the narrow beach.

He, an easy weight for his four years, clung round her neck pleased and chattering. As soon as he caught sight of the sea he clamored to be put down. There on the shore he would willingly have spent all the afternoon running to meet the little waves and throwing pebbles into the water, but Andriana took his hand and led him resolutely on. Though already November, the sun was still hot so early in the afternoon, and she wanted to get to the trees.

Past the rocks she led him, past the little white-walled cemetery with its tall cypress trees, up to the broad Monastery Road that follows the coast, winding up amongst the pines. Then over the bridge, turning to the left off the white highway on to the thyme-covered slopes. Past the lemon orchards, where the big dogs barked at them through the aloe hedge, the small hand holding more tightly to the larger one, till they were out of hearing. Then over a low wall right into a field where the olive trees grew gray and twisted out of a carpet of purple and rose anemones.

The child dropped on his knees in their midst, plucking them with both hands as fast as he could and gurgling with delight. Andriana seated herself on the ground, leaning her tired back against the trunk of an olive tree, and reveled in the boy's enjoyment. He would fill his arms with the purple flowers and fling them all away again for what seemed to him larger or brighter ones a little farther on. Then there were little cries of joy at the rare surprises of the rose-violet double anemones which he carried to her in triumph.

Soon, however, he wearied. The stones lay thickly over the red earth, and the heavier ones had to be pushed out of their places with a great effort for his small arms when he wanted to get the longer-stemmed flowers which curled under them. Yannaki gradually crept close up to Andriana's knees, and there he soon went off to sleep, his little earth-stained fists, still full of purple flowers, tucked under his chin. Andriana slipped the old red shawl under him and brought one end over his legs. After all, it was November, though a warm day, and the first rains had fallen nearly a month ago.

Few Poriote women would have thought of bringing the child out here. They would have laid him down on a bed in a hot dark room, and then wondered that he did not sleep, or if he did, that he should awake peevish and tired; but Andriana had been nurse in Athens to children of good families, and she remembered how often, after a bad night, her little charges had fallen asleep in their pretty white carriages, in the cool green shade of the royal gardens.

Here, too, under the olives there could be no angry shouts to awaken the boy trembling and crying, no blows to follow the tears. Andriana winced and her eyes hardened, softening again as they fell on the child beside her. He was not her own; but as she told herself every day, it was just the same as if he were. Nothing could have made him any dearer to her.

II

Very little had been known in the island about Andoni, the widower; and the Poriotes, who have never cared for strangers, looked askance at him and his two children, though he had taken up his abode in Poros for over a year before Andriana married him. He had come there with Yannaki still in swaddling clothes, and only Marika, a thin, red-eyed child of six, as nurse and general helper. Of his first wife he never spoke. She was dead, he had answered shortly, when questioned; had died when the boy was born. It was not even precisely known whence he had come. Piraeus, some said; while others talked of Patras, adding a confused story of some ill-doings there which had necessitated a precipitate departure. But there was nothing definite. He was a joiner by trade, and a clever workman when he chose to work, which was not often.

Why Andriana had married him, and cheerfully accepted the burden of his household and the two small children, no one in the island had quite understood. Even the women round the fountain in the evenings had not given a definite opinion. It was true she had been over thirty at the time, and her age they agreed may have had something to do with her decision. Still she was not entirely dowerless, and might, they thought, have found a husband among the islanders, instead of this stranger. She possessed a few olive trees and a small vineyard, which had been the pride of her father's heart. He, an honest sea-captain, had died many years ago while Andriana was still quite young. Her mother she could not remember. An elder sister of her father's had taken Andriana to live with her after his death, as a matter of course. This old aunt of hers lived with a widowed daughter-in-law and her five little children. There were consequently many mouths to fill besides Andriana's, but these women did not for a moment hesitate about taking the orphan in, nor even think better of themselves for the act. It was an evil stroke of Fate, that was all. Blood counts for something in Greece, and no child, though entirely destitute, will

ever be left to public charity if there be even a second cousin to claim kinship with it, who may have a loaf of bread, a handful of olives, and a mattress to share.

When Andriana grew old enough to work, however, as she had a mind to see the world, no one opposed her leaving Poros to take service in Athens. There, being strong, capable, and hard-working, she had prospered, and had even been as far as Constantinople for some time. After twelve years, she had been taken with the longing, so well known to all Poriotes, to revisit the island. There was no one she particularly wished to see, but still they were her own people, and it was her own country; and the sound of a Poriote voice in the Zappion Gardens one day made her suddenly feel very homesick.

So she returned with a fair amount of savings, and was civilly, if not effusively received. She had not changed much in these years of absence, having always been a tall thin woman with a quiet voice, and never having had much freshness of youth or color to lose.

Andoni, the widower, had rented a little house near her aunt's, and day after day, as she sat on the little wooden balcony with her work, she saw him passing underneath. A fine man she thought him. He had a pale face and a soft brown beard, and being young still, could hardly help looking rather a pathetic figure, with an infant carried awkwardly in unaccustomed arms, and an older child walking beside him. Andriana, who had lived long with gentlefolk, noticed his scrupulous cleanliness, the town cut of his coat, his silky, well-brushed beard, and white hands, and contrasted them with the rough clothes and unshaven cheeks of most of the Poriote men.

One day, while he was absent, she persuaded the girl Marika to run out to play, leaving the babe to her. She looked long at the little child, held it close, put her face against the downy black head, watched the tiny hand close over her rough work-worn finger, and let it creep surely into her heart, to stay there always.

So when the eldest of her cousins came to her, half-laughing, with the news that this widower, this stranger from no one knew where, had sent messengers to him, as the only male representative of her family, with proposals of marriage for her, she astounded them all by accepting. After all, they were not sorry she was to go to a home of her own; therefore few difficulties were made, and still fewer inquiries as to the man's antecedents. One old woman only, Kyra Sophoula, who had known Andriana's father well, told her aunt that Andoni was to be seen over-often at Sotiro's tavern, and that she had many a time taken in the children after dark till the father should return; ay, and had even kept them all night when he was not in a fit state for the little girl to see him. But her warning was unheeded. What would you, said Kyra Phrosyni, the old aunt; when a man is alone can he be a saint or a hermit? There would be no reason for all such little excesses when he had a wife at home to look after him. Andriana herself only smiled, stitched away at her wedding-clothes, and kept little Yannaki almost entirely with her.

She married Andoni, and before the *kourambiedés* that had been baked for the marriage-feast had all been eaten, she knew she had made a mistake.

He was an incorrigible sluggard, to begin with, having been all his life content to earn barely sufficient to keep a loaf on the shelf, a mattress on the floor, and decent clothing on his own back. The personal cleanliness and fastidiousness which had attracted Andriana were, strange to say, almost his only

good qualities. They did not, however, affect his children, for the poor little things were in tatters until their stepmother began to make and mend for them. He worked on an average three days out of the seven. The rest of the time he spent partly in bed, combing his beard or reading the newspaper, and the afternoons at Sotiro's tavern, slowly imbibing more *ouzo* than he could well carry, or occupied with other keen politicians of his own sort in setting the government right on all points.

Andriana worked for him and for his children from early dawn till long after the neighbors had put out their lights. No one ever saw him or them with holes in their clothes; nor had they often, except on washing-days, to sit down to uncooked food. At worst, Andoni had always a piece of white touloumi cheese set out on a vine-leaf to eat with his bread, even if she and the little ones had to eat theirs dry.

He never attempted to disguise from his wife that his sole object in marrying her had been to procure some one, who would not require payment, to look after the children. He probably calculated that the income from her small vineyard would also be likely to come in useful when work was slack, or he was more than usually disinclined for it. Grapes, however, even in Greece, will not ripen year after year if left entirely to nature. When the mildew came, he swore at his bad luck and did nothing. In vain poor Andriana told him that at the agricultural station he could get a certain powder which if regularly sprinkled on the leaves would save the crop. Stamo, the richest landowner of the island, had saved all his vines by using it two seasons ago. Andoni declared he had no mind to try new-fangled plans. He would cross over to the mainland day after day, stroll aimlessly around, stand looking down at the sickly leaves riddled with the tiny mildew holes, scowl at them, and come home to swear at his wife and terrify both children nearly into fits; but beyond this he did simply nothing. The little vineyard gave no fruit that year, and in a fit of disgust, he sold it for what it would fetch.

Andriana said nothing. Would words have brought back the vines her father had loved and tended? Besides, she had got so used to his laziness and incompetence. Somehow she thought and felt differently from most of the island women. The money-earner was not everything for her. She would have condoned the indolence if only he had left her a few of her first illusions. If only she might have heard a kind word from him now and then!

But even when the world went smoothly for him his habitual speech was of the curtest and roughest, and when he was in a bad temper, it was appalling in its brutality and filth. Andriana was a woman of the people, she had from her childhood upward mixed with the lower classes, whose speech is not delicate, but she had never even dreamed of the possible existence of some of the curses this man used freely. She would shudder at first, as though their very violence might call down evil on the house, and would clasp little Yannaki closer to her. Later on she became used to them.

Marika was a silent, stolid child, seemingly cowed into a half-idiotic condition, but experience had taught her when to keep out of her father's way. She soon learned that food and help came from her stepmother, and went to her for them; otherwise she seemed to take little interest in anything.

But the joy and comfort of Andriana's life was the boy. The neighbors noticed with wonder that she was never seen without the little one. When

she worked at her loom he lay on a folded red shawl, a relic of Athenian days, at her feet. She took a small pitcher to the fountain, so that, whether full or empty, it could easily be carried on one arm, leaving the other free for Yannaki.

She had to trudge there and home again oftener, in consequence, and her back was very tired at nights; but what of that? When the boy began to walk he was always clinging to her skirts, and if she ever had to leave him his cries for his 'little mother' were heard all over the neighborhood.

'Manitsa, Manitsa, take 'Annaki, take 'Annaki with you, Manitsa.'

She had even taken him to church with her once or twice, but the attempt had not been a success. Once, in fact, in answer to a whisper of Andriana's, he had scandalized the worshipers by exclaiming at the top of a shrill little voice, 'Why does the priest talk in church, then, Manitsa?' So that Pappa Thanassi had begged her not to renew the experiment; with the result that she stayed away herself.

He was a pretty, winning child, with a little round face and soft black curls. But never very strong, taking colds and fevers easily, and sometimes going into convulsions of terror at his father's violence. So Andriana was glad the child should have this quiet sleep out there under the olives.

An hour later she was returning along the Monastery Road, the boy held in her arms, wide awake now, and chattering. He had been running along the road, chasing stray kids and gathering sprigs of thyme for 'Manitsa's oven,' he said; but where the low stone wall had crumbled away over the cliffs she had picked him up, fearful of a false step.

It was about an hour before sunset, and long shimmering bands of transparent green came slowly stealing over the opaque blue of the bay. The gulls wheeled and circled over the surface of the water with harsh cries and sudden flashes of white wings. A peasant woman in her rough frieze coat, her back bent under a load of thyme, passed her, and wished her good-evening. She was a stranger to Andriana.

'Are you from these parts?' the latter asked.

'No, from Damala, but I brought my child in to Poros two days ago to show her to the doctor, and we return to-morrow. To-night I am bringing some thyme down from the hills for my cousin where we stay, and who keeps the girl while I am away.'

'Was it fevers?' inquired Andriana, interested.

'Yes, for months now. She is as yellow as a Good-Friday candle, poor little maid.'

'This little one has had fevers also.' Andriana covered Yannaki's legs in the shawl as she spoke. 'But I give him quinine, and he is better.'

'May the Holy Virgin keep him so.' And the woman smiled at the little face that gazed at her open-eyed. 'He is like you,' she added, wishing to please. And Andriana, proud and happy at the mistake, never set her right.

'Ah, but you are well off here in the island,' continued the stranger. 'What life do you think it is for us poor mothers at the village over there? To think no doctor can be found to come like a good Christian and do his work with us, but we must take our poor children in our arms burning with fever, three hours' walk through the sun-blaze, for the doctor to see them just once. As for quinine, what they sell down at Damala is half flour, and they make us pay as though every grain were of gold.'

'Have you other children?'

'One big boy, and a little one who just walks.'

'May they live for you,' said Andriana.

'Thank you. I had another boy, the first, but he quarreled with his father one day and in an evil hour went off with the sponge-divers. Six months after, he returned with his legs paralyzed and useless; you know how it is; and little by little all his body was taken the same way, till only the head and one hand remained free. In a year he died. Just twenty he was, and a fine lad. But I was glad when he died. Yes, glad. Is it a life to lead? If only my Yoryi does not go the same way! His father beats him too much, and he has threatened more than once to run away. And those sponge-captains, the dogs, are always prowling about to tempt the likely lads with their money and their fine promises.'

'They are bad men,' Andriana agreed, 'with no heart for the poor boys whom they cripple, and the mothers who have to see such things. Is your man a hard one then?'

'Eh,' sighed the woman, 'can you expect a woman's patience from a man? And mine is not a bad one when things go well. What are they to do, where can they turn for help when times are bad? Have we poor people any ready money to live on? And who can fight against God? When the South wind spoils the olives, or when for our sins cold comes in April and burns up the grapes at their bloom, then our men get wild and curse us and beat the children for nothing. Eh, well, poverty begets hard words. Who does not know that?'

Andriana sighed, but said nothing. Then, after a pause, 'I must get home, it is late. Good-night, Kyra, and keep up your courage; your daughter will soon be quite well.'

'May it go from your lips to God's ear,' answered the woman gratefully; 'good-night to you.'

III

Andoni had been at home some time when Andriana arrived with the child. Work it seems was slack that day, and finding the house empty he had had time and opportunity to work himself into a more than usually bad temper. He said nothing, however, while Andriana busied herself about the room and prepared the supper; only sat out on the little balcony, smoothing his beard with his limp white hand. But after he had finished eating, just as she was carrying the child into the inner room for the night, he burst into a storm of violent abuse. Where had she been gadding about? Honest women kept indoors, and so should she, or he would flay the skin off her if she showed her ugly face across the threshold again.

Andriana looked at him for a moment — at the scowling brow, and the mouthing lips that were too red in a face that was too pale; and then passed into the other room without a word.

He followed her, kicking in the door furiously.

Marika crouched behind the low bed, and Yannaki began to whimper in Andriana's arms. She bent over him.

'Hush, my little bird, no one shall hurt you.'

'Stop talking to the child and answer when I speak,' cried her husband savagely. 'Where did you go?'

'Out with the little one.'

'But where out?'

'To the olive grove off the Monastery Road.'

'Likely story, you went so far. I tell you I will not have my child taken out as an excuse or a shield. You went on some filthy business of your own, and the child comes in convenient.'

'That is a lie.'

'Silence!' Andoni shouted.

'I will not be silent when I have something to say, and you know it.

The child is often ill, the fever returns every week now. He requires more fresh air and quiet than he can get in the house, and he shall have it.'

'You make your reckoning without the landlord. The child will be all right if you leave him alone. Fresh air! rubbish! Those are town notions. When he is older he shall come out with me. You will stay in and look after your house a little better, do you hear?'

She looked at him a moment before she answered. 'I hear, but when it is necessary I shall take him out all the same.'

In two strides he was up to her and was shaking her violently, furious at this unexpected opposition. The terrified child in her arms screamed loudly, and was roughly flung upon the bed by his father.

'Ah, you will take him out all the same, will you, you filthy slut?' And as he spoke he struck her repeatedly on the head with his closed fist.

Andriana had been forced on to her knees, and her black hair escaping from the kerchief fell over her face.

'Yes, I will,' she repeated wildly; 'half the times you will not know it, and when you do, you can only beat me when I get back. The child will have been out all the same.'

He let go his hold of her suddenly, so that she fell back across an old chest and lay there looking up at him defiantly.

'So that is what you will do, is it? Only you see' — and his voice became dangerously mild — 'I am afraid so much outing with the child and the care of the house all together may be too tiring for you; so that if I hear you have been out again it will be better I should send the boy to Patras. I have a sister there who will take him in and bring him up. It is a very healthy town, you know, Patras — there are no fevers there. So if you prefer this, why not? It will be less noise in the house too, and one less to feed.'

Andriana rose to her feet shivering. 'You cannot — you cannot.'

'And why cannot I, pray? Is not the child mine to do as I will with? As for the neighbors, I have but to say that the child was a new toy at first, but now you have wearied of him. You are only a stepmother after all; they will find it quite natural. Well,' as she remained gazing at him with wide-open eyes, 'well,' and he thrust his pale face close to hers, 'cannot I do as I like? Cannot I send him anywhere I choose? Is there anything on earth to prevent me?'

A wave of terror passed over her face. Her fingers worked at her apron.

'No,' she said very slowly, 'no.'

He laughed. A loud, cackling, discordant, triumphant laugh. 'Then see that you do as I tell you, or he shall go before you can say "Amen."'

In grim silence he took off his clothes, shook them, folded them carefully, and lay down on the bed beside the boy, throwing one arm ostentatiously round him as though to emphasize his proprietorship.

There is no privacy for the poor, even for tears. Andriana lay down on the floor-mattress beside Marika, and stuffed the coarse sheet between her teeth to break the violence of her sobs.

In the middle of the night the little girl touched her shoulder. 'He is snoring,' she said, 'you can cry now, Mana, if you like.'

It was dark; Andriana could not see the child's face, but she took fast hold of her hand. 'Sleep, sleep, you are a good girl.'

Toward dawn, she fell asleep herself.

The next day she went about the house in a dazed, listless fashion. Her head ached from the blows she had received, but she would not have minded

that, if only all interest had not seemed gone out of her work. What need now, or ever, to hurry to get it done early, since the time so gained could be of no good to the child.

She thought of all she must give up, and her heart turned sick. No more long sunny afternoons under the pines, knitting stockings while the boy rolled over and over in the soft pine-needles beside her; no more strolls along the shore beyond the naval school down to Barba Nicola's little coffee-house where Yannaki always stopped to stroke the white cat or her new little kittens. No more errands to carry fresh eggs to the red house on the hill where the little ladies would make much of Yannaki, carry him about, feed him with cakes, making Andriana promise never to cut off his curls till he was quite a big boy. No more rides for Yannaki on old Barba Stathi's donkey when they met master and beast returning laden from the hills. Even in the cold rainy days of late autumn no more runs across to Kyra Sophoula's little house, with Yannaki so well wrapped up that only his black curls and round black eyes showed above the old red shawl. No more feasts of *koulouria* and dry figs that Kyra Sophoula always kept for him. No more wonderful boats carved out of vegetable marrows by Metro, the one who afterwards became a schoolmaster. No more long quiet hours of play for the child on the covered terrace while the two women talked or sewed.

All this was over and past. Any disagreeable consequences to herself, Andriana would have quietly put aside, but Andoni had been clever enough to use the one threat which most effectually prevented her from stirring out of the house with the child, except as far as the fountain for water. Even when oil or flour was needed she would send Marika for it after school hours.

IV

Andoni took to returning to the house at unexpected moments, between an odd job and a long rest at Sotiro's, or even between two rests, to make sure his orders were obeyed. But he never found her absent with the child. He had frightened her too badly.

The days went by, and the weeks. Andriana worked harder than ever, and talked less. The house they lived in was situated in one of the narrowest of the little steep streets of the island, far from the sea. Its courtyard was surrounded by bare walls, and under the windows the refuse-heaps of the neighbors rotted quietly in the sun. The child, deprived of the pine breezes and the sea air, wasted and got visibly thinner week by week. Andriana broke through her usual silence to call his father's attention to his condition fiercely once or twice, but he only laughed or turned on her with a curse, according to the humor of the moment. Paternity had been simply an accident of nature with him, and in this country where the tie of blood is so powerful even to the third and fourth degree, he only seemed relieved when the child grew less and less noisy.

One evening Andriana appeared alone at the fountain.

'And the little one?' asked Kyra Sophoula, 'how fares he?'

'Ah, Kyra Sophoula! all day and yesterday too he had fever, even in the early morning. Quinine seems to do him no good any more. There is also a sore on his little leg, that runs. I have tried pounded rice with honey, and even a plaster of cow-dung, but it will not heal.'

'Have you shown it to the doctor?'

'His father will not let me bring the doctor. On my knees I have begged him, and he will not. I cannot understand it. I cannot. Is not the child his

own blood after all? Does not his heart ache for him? Help me, Kyra Sophoula; you are a wise woman and you know men well. Tell me what I can do to rouse his interest.'

'How can you rouse what never existed, my poor one? It is as though you went to an empty bed and strove to awaken the sleeper who was not there.'

Nevertheless the next morning, when the child awoke hot and heavy-eyed, and pushed away his food with fretful cries, Andriana made another attempt.

'Andoni,' she said, as her husband was combing out his beard before leaving the house, 'I must fetch the doctor for the boy to-day; it is necessary.'

'Go to the devil with your doctors!' shouted Andoni furiously; 'how many times must I repeat a thing before your thick head will take it in. When I say no, it is finished. You would have a strange man in the house to talk sweet words with, that is what you want.'

'That is evil talk,' said Andriana quietly; 'let me speak. You would not have the doctor for Marika last summer, and the girl was very long getting well; now I wish him to come for the little one. He has fever every day, and I showed you yesterday the wound in his leg how it runs.'

He turned on her with a curse. 'I am the master here, and once for all no doctor shall put his foot in my house. If you bring one here with his new-fangled notions, and his medicines that cost good money, I will smash his face for him, and you may know it. The child ails nothing. Some one has cast the evil eye on him, and the small sore has become a large one. Get some old woman to make an ointment for it, or a cataplasm of healing leaves. Women are all fools, and a torture sent to us for our sins; but for a small matter like this, an old woman's medicine is all that is needed. When you go to the fountain bring Kyra Marina back with you to see the child. She knows many cures.'

'I shall not go to the fountain to-day, and if I did twenty times over, I would not bring that old shrew near the child. She is a wicked woman.'

'Wicked, is she?' Andoni tipped up the earthen pitcher leisurely, and took a long drink of water, wiping the drops carefully off his beard afterwards. 'Wicked, eh? You are such a saint, of course you cannot condescend to her. Well, I go. If you will not hear reason, look after the child yourself. And should he get worse the sin will be yours, not mine. But a doctor in my house — to play the master — to say, "This you must do, and this you may not do," — *never*.'

Andriana bit her lower lip. 'I have a few lepta left from my spinning, you will have no medicine to pay for.'

'That is enough words. I have said no, and I mean no. It is finished.'

Then as she kept silence, he asked, furiously swinging the door in his hand, 'Do you hear?'

'I hear.'

'Then mind you remember'; and he banged the door loudly behind him.

The child, startled out of a fitful sleep, cried pitifully from the inner room. Andriana was beside him in a moment, patting and soothing him.

'Sleep, my golden one. Sleep, my little bird. To-morrow you will get up well and go out to play. Sleep, my little heart.'

Then she tore up one of the few remaining linen handkerchiefs, which had been given to her as a New Year's gift in Athens, to make a fresh bandage for the sore leg.

'Nevertheless,' she whispered as she drew the old red shawl over the child, 'the doctor *shall* see him.'

But that evening and the next day,

and the next after that, he seemed better, and she waited. The third night, however, the child could not rest. Andoni twisted and turned on his bed, cursing his wife, and threatening to get up and throw the pitcher of water over both of them if she could not succeed in stopping the child's cries. At last she lifted the boy up, wrapped him in the old shawl and carried him into the dark outer room, where she walked up and down holding him close to her and trying to soothe him. Once she threw the wrap aside, for the sore leg was so hot that she felt the heat on her bare arms through the thickness of the wool. But soon came the little fretful wail, —

'Oh, Manitsa, the shawl, I want my red shawl, Manitsa.'

And she picked it up again. Indeed it seemed to be only the leg that burned, for the boy shivered continually.

Once he said, 'When Babba wakes up, will he take my red shawl?'

And she answered under her breath, 'No, my little bird, he shall not.'

He held one of the folds close to him in a thin hot little hand, and closed his eyes, reassured; but more than once when the grasp relaxed he would fancy he had lost it and cry out in fear, 'My shawl, Manitsa, my red shawl.'

'It is here, my little golden heart, my soul, it is here. See, I fold it round warmly — so. Now sleep, sleep that you may awake well to-morrow. Sleep, my little bird. Lie still and sleep.'

He slept at last, a heavy sleep, but when the morning came and he awoke he did not know Andriana, and his moans were such that Andoni made haste to leave the house to be out of hearing.

Andriana left the child for a few moments to the care of Marika, and ran, half-distracted, to her old Aunt Phrosyni's house at the end of the street.

It had rained in the night, and the fresh sweet odor of damp earth was in the air, but Andriana only knew that the stones were wet and slippery, and that she could not run as fast as she wished up the steep incline.

The house, blue-washed and green-shuttered, stood at the top of the slope near the church, and a fat old woman at the window was watering pink carnations planted in a battered old petroleum tin.

Andriana caught her hand and the water from the pitcher spattered all over her.

'Aunt,' she cried, without stopping to wipe her face, 'save me! the child, Yannaki, awoke worse just now, all his little body is one fire, and he talks wild words. Come with me quickly, now, and bring some money with you, aunt, for all I had is taken, and may you live to enjoy your own children. Bring some, and then you can stay with the child while I run for the doctor and for medicines; my man can do what he likes to me afterwards.'

The old woman came out into the street at once.

'I will come, my daughter, yes; but what else can I do for you? If a few lepta remain they must be kept to pay for the digging of the vine, or else what will happen to us when the vintage comes?'

Andriana had already turned to retrace her steps, muttering, 'Then the doctor must come for the good of his soul.'

Her aunt followed as fast as her bulk would allow, talking as she went.

'What help will the doctor be, my poor one? Do you think they know so much, these doctors? And this one here, such a boy, his moustache has scarce darkened his lip. My daughter-in-law would bring him last winter for the girl Anneza, who was thin and coughed all night. We told him the evil eye had

been cast on the child as we all knew, for ever since the strange lady who came in the steamer from Piraeus admired her lovely color, she had never seen a good day. But he, the doctor, laughed out loud, the young fool, and told her mother it was more likely the maid had taken cold the day she brought down the branches from the hills when the north wind blew so hard. The eve of St. John's it was, I remember, as the wood was wanted to bake the *kourambiedés* for Yanni's name-day. As though the doctor with all his learning could know more about the girl than her own mother. Bah! what can the doctor do for you?'

Two hours later, when the young doctor stood in the crowded room bending over the moaning little figure and looking at the purple swollen limb, he repeated the same words.

'What can I do for you, my poor woman? Three, even two days ago, perhaps I might have done something, but now —' Then to Kyra Sophoula and the old aunt he added, 'It will be over soon; the child has death in his throat already. Keep the room empty if you can, and give him air. He will die easier so.'

But none of the neighbors would move. To Kyra Sophoula's entreaties they returned indignant answers. Had they the heart to leave poor Andriana alone in her trouble? Or did Kyra Sophoula imagine she was the only one who knew about sickness? After all, were doctors gods, to be never wrong? This neighbor knew of a remedy which had worked miracles, and the other of an ointment that had saved her own brother when he had been in a far worse state than the child.

So they stayed and filled the small white plastered room, and blocked up the narrow windows and whispered and went in and out, fetching this or that, and pounded strange-smelling substances and concocted various plasters and ointments, and as a last resource burned incense before the icon of the Holy Virgin.

Andriana let them try everything, but toward sunset they lost hope.

Andoni, when he appeared, grumbled at a pack of women filling his house, declared the child was no worse than it had been all these days, and when night came swore at his wife for not carrying his mattress away from the inner room down to the lower floor where he kept his lathe, and some old tools, and where the ceaseless moan of the sick child could not reach him.

However, toward dawn he was able to sleep undisturbed. The moaning had ceased.

V

The next day, after Kyra Sophoula and Kyra Phrosyni had done all that was needful, the neighbors returned in even greater numbers than before. No one ever willingly missed a funeral in Poros.

The windows of the room were darkened by squares of thin black cloth pinned across them, and a loose piece of the same material covered the only existing sofa. The little white coffin rested open on two straw chairs. Three yellow candles, in tall iron candlesticks brought from the church, stood, two at the head and one at the foot, the flame alternately flaring and flickering and throwing dark shadows over the little white face with the sunken eyes. A slender wreath of lemon blossom was twisted in the black curls, and the tiny hands were crossed and tied together with a white ribbon. Sprigs of sweet basil and a few carnations were strewn all over the-coffin; also sugared almonds such as are used for weddings, in token that the boy was now a little bridegroom of the Church.

Andoni, not daring in common de-

cency to absent himself, stood awkwardly at one side of the coffin, unconsciously smoothing and stroking his beard.

As for Andriana, her first stunned stupor had after many hours given way to the violent grief of the poor, which is scarcely ever silent or speechless, and yet is none the less sincere for the outpouring of words that would never come at a calmer moment.

She knelt at the other side of the coffin, her arms stretched over it, and her face sometimes hidden between them and sometimes thrown back. It was entirely disfigured by long weeping, and almost unrecognizable. The features were swollen and the lips lead-colored and trembling. The long moaning sobs seemed to be wrenched from the depths of her chest, and the flood of words rushed forth, now in loud screams, and now in confused mutterings.

'Oh, my child! my little, little child! Was it for this I took you into my heart and loved you? Oh, my God! my God! why did this evil find me? My child, my child, if I could only die also! Oh, my life, my little heart, my soul's comfort! I want to lie with you to keep you warm there where they will put you. There is no life for me now. I have done with the world.'

Here the uncontrollable sobs threatened to choke her, and the woman who sat nearest rose and brought her a glass of water. But Andriana pushed it aside and burst forth again, swaying backwards and forwards, one hand clasping her throat.

'He suffered so yesterday, my little bird. All day he suffered and did not know me. One whole day have I lost — one whole day. Oh, that day! I must have that day. Ah, God owes me that day — one day more — just one — and I will let him go. If God is just, he must give me that day. He must' — in a voice rising hysterically higher and higher — 'He must — He must! or else' — with a wild scream — 'or else He is not a God, He is a Devil — yes, a Devil!'

A low murmur of shocked horror arose, and Pappa Thanassi, the priest, came forward in grave remonstrance.

'Hush, you are a good Christian, do not blaspheme.'

But she never looked at him, nor answered, only threw her arms once more across the little coffin, making it tremble under her weight. And again the long moans rose and fell, the moans that carry irreparable, agonizing loss in their sound, which no other pain of mind or body ever brings forth. And between them the ceaseless refrain, —

'My child! Oh, my little, little child!'

There was a stir amongst those standing nearest the door, and Kyra Sophoula stooped to whisper to Andriana that the little ladies from the red house on the hill had come with their governess to see her and the child, the little ladies who had been so fond of the boy.

The words reached her brain and she rose to greet them, with the innate courtesy of the Greek peasant.

When they spoke to her in hushed tones, awed at the signs of the unfamiliar grief on the familiar face, her sobs broke forth again, but not so wildly.

'Yes, you loved him, my little Yannaki, my little boy. And all his pretty curls — see — do you remember you told me when I brought him to your house to be sure not to cut them off, he looked so pretty with them — and I did not. But now' — her voice broke, — 'now the earth will be scattered over them! Oh, how can I leave him alone in the dark; such a little one as he is? Where shall I find him when my heart cries for him?'

Here, her old aunt came bustling up.

It was bad for the little ladies, she said, to see such sights and to hear such grief; it was not fit for their years. So she hurried them out after they had placed the few roses they had brought over the little crossed hands.

When the moment came for the tiny coffin to be taken away, one mercy was granted to Andriana. She lost consciousness. So while the crowd of mourners filed out after Pappa Thanassi in his robes, a few of the older women stayed behind with her, dabbing her face and hands with vinegar while she went from one long faint into another.

VI

It was more than a month after the little funeral procession had gone along the Narrow Beach to the white-walled cemetery by the sea, that Kyra Phrosyni came one day toward dusk to visit Andriana.

It was chilly, and she found her crouching over the *manghali*, having just ended a long day's washing. Marika was playing outside with other children. Andoni was out as usual. The only difference the boy's death seemed to have made to him was that he kept away from the house, if possible, more than before. He could not stand Andriana's face, he said.

Besides, who ever heard of such a fuss made, and the child not even her own!

Kyra Phrosyni, seated on a low stool in front of the *manghali*, eyed her niece critically, while the latter cowered down, holding her hands over the lighted coals. Her cotton skirt was wet in patches where she had leaned against the wooden washing-trough, her fingers were wrinkled from the long hours in the hot water, and her hair escaping from the black kerchief fell about her face.

'You have been washing from the morning?'

'From dawn, yes, there were many clothes.'

'I am too old and too fat to do much washing now; Calliope and Anneza do it all. But when I did, these long days at the washing-trough used to kill me. Does not your waist feel broken in two?'

'Broken or not, the work must be done.'

'And the girl? Does she not help?'

'She is too small.'

'Or too lazy, perhaps, being her father's child? Eh, but she is like him, as like as one rook to another.'

'Her face is like him; that is not her fault. She is a good child, and a quiet one.'

'And where may Andoni be?'

'Do I know?' with an uplifting of the bowed shoulders.

'He never tells you?'

'Neither do I ask him, neither does he tell me.'

'You should try to find out. Because it is not good for a man to feel too free: not to be a little afraid of his wife's tongue. I am not for loud words — Holy Virgin, no! "Better a cabbage in peace than sugar with strife," as the saying is; but if you swallow everything and never open your lips, he will go to the bad entirely.'

'Let him go.'

'These are not wise words, my daughter, and the hour will come when you will repent them; your man needs looking after. Pericli, the fruit-seller — you know Pericli? Calliope's cousin?'

'I know him.'

'Well, he told me yesterday, and he counts his words, does Pericli, that he saw Andoni not two days ago, standing, after dusk, inside the dark arch down near the market-place, with Olympia, that tall girl of Barbar Manoli's, the one with the yellow hair, and he was holding her hand, Pericli said, and talking sweet words to her!

and Pericli heard that it was not the first time either.'

'I am sorry for her.'

Kyra Phrosyni got up in offended dignity. This was not the way she had expected her news to be received.

'Come to your senses, my daughter,' she said at last; 'what will it profit you to go your own way in silence and let your man spend all his money out of his house, and on strange women? Now that he earns more, you should try to control him a little and make him put some aside.'

'Who says he earns more?'

'Why every one, of course. Have you just awaked, my poor one? It is days now that he has paid all his old wine score at Sotiro's, and treats every one who sits with him. Why, on Sunday he had a whole lot of men drinking to his health. They told me he gave Sotiro ten drachmas to pay for three okes of *retsinato* when he got up to go, and told him to keep the change; it was too much trouble, he said, to wait for it.'

Andriana's eyes changed. 'I know nothing of all this, aunt. There has been no money in the house, and we owe for oil and flour since last month.'

'These are strange doings, then, very strange, and if I were you I would make haste to find out what they mean.'

'Yes,' said Andriana slowly, 'I will.'

VII

It was three days later, in the early dawn after a stormy night. The rain had ceased, but a damp chilly air came through the chinks of the shutters. The room in the dim light had a bare empty look; its few pieces of furniture had been pushed back against the wall. The boards had been freshly scrubbed, and on a shelf near the table was an untouched loaf and a small covered pan. An old painted wooden chest near the door had been pulled out of its place and the lid thrown back.

Andoni sat on the edge of a high stool, fully dressed, but pale and disheveled, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands and his fingers clutching nervously at his beard. He stared at Andriana with bloodshot, furious eyes. She stood opposite to him, with her back to the wall, dressed in a dark woolen dress, a black kerchief tied over her hair, holding in clenched hands the old shawl which had once been red.

'Suppose,' said her husband, speaking suddenly, 'that I were just to kill you where you stand, to strangle you with my two hands and have done once for all with your "I will," and "I will not." Have you thought of that in all your plans?'

'No,' said Andriana quietly, 'you would be found out, and that would be worse than the other thing.'

'There is no other,' he blustered.

'There is. I have searched, and I have found. I know now why you were obliged to leave Patras secretly in the night. And if only that were all! But I know also where the money came from that you have been spending lately — now, these last weeks. I know all. And what I know, others can learn — even the prefect of the police — if I like.'

His face grew almost gray.

'A bad year to you!' he screamed savagely; 'and who will listen to your tales, do you think?'

Then as she stood silent, he swallowed once or twice and lowered his voice. 'Come, now, you are not a stupid woman, come to your senses. What will it profit you to go away but to be badly spoken of? Come, leave all this folly, and stay quietly in your own house.'

She shook her head. 'I have stayed four years,' she said. 'I have risen early, and slept late; nor have I wasted

your money or aught. I have worn cotton in winter, and I have fed scantily. I have worked, as I never did for strangers — worked as a mule at the well.'

'And now?' he sneered.

'Now, I cannot do it any more. I have borne much, for you, and from you. Poverty, that you might have prevented, hard words, neglect, curses, even blows. But shame! no! no, that I will not bear. Put it out of your mind that I ever will. If my father lived, he would take me from you. So I will not sleep another night in your house.'

'*You* will not?' shouted Andoni in a frenzy of rage.

'*I* will not. I have borne everything. A bad heart I knew you had; now that I find you are not even an honest man, that you can steal from a widow and an orphan, that is all over. I am glad, yes, glad, that the little one is gone, that he should not grow up to know his father.'

There was a pause. The man looked at her open-mouthed, his arms hanging down limply beside him. Then in a quieter voice she continued, —

'I have left the house clean and in order, and food cooked for to-day. There is nothing owing but the flour for the last baking, and three okes of oil. You will find some one to look after you. For me, I shall go — as far away as I can — perhaps to Constantinople, or to Alexandria. I shall tell no lies, but I am strong, I can always find work enough to keep myself and the girl.'

Andoni started forward. 'The girl!' he gasped, 'the girl! you are mad, is she yours?'

'No, she is not mine, but I must take her. Her mother will thank me if she knows. You will not care. What would you do with her? She is too small to work for you, and would be only a trouble.'

'Where is the girl?' he asked suddenly; 'where have you hidden her?'

'Nowhere; she slept at Kyra Sophoula's last night. I told her to wait for me there.'

'*You* told her!' He strode up and seized her shoulder. 'Are you the master?' he asked savagely; but his teeth chattered as he spoke.

She wrenched herself free with a sudden movement. 'Let me be,' she said; 'let me be, now and always, and no harm shall come to you, from me at least. But try to keep me or the girl by force, and I go straight to the prefect. I swear it on the soul of the little one.'

He pushed his open palm toward her with the fingers wide apart, than which there is no greater sign of contempt.

'*Nah!*' he said, '*nah!* take the girl and go to the Devil if you like. I shall be well rid of you. After all, if ever I want the girl I can send for her.'

'You need not, she will not come.'

Before he could gather together his bewildered wits to answer her, she crossed over to the door and drew the bolt.

She paused a moment and looked back into the dark room.

Then, with the old shawl that had once been red hanging over her arm, she passed out, closing the door behind her.

Andoni never saw her again.

LEE AND HIS ARMY

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

WHAT we have to study in Lee's relations with his army, as in other matters, is the character of the man: how he contrived to hold for three years — and long after — the absolute devotion of scores of thousands of soldiers. Other generals have led loyal and enthusiastic armies from victory to victory. This general held affection and confidence unshaken through defeat, disaster, and final ruin. And the army that loved him was an army to be proud of, 'the best army,' says one of its generous opponents, 'which has existed on this continent.'

Lee built up his army before he commanded it. During the early months of the war he was busy at Richmond getting the troops ready for the field, and it was he more than any one else who transformed a chaotic afflux of volunteers into the semblance of an organized force, which beat another semblance at the first battle of Bull Run. Even those who long doubted Lee's ability as a commander admitted his gift for extracting order out of confusion, his patient industry, his clear system, his tact in smoothing rough tempers and harmonizing wills that jarred. 'In the space of two months,' says Colonel Long, 'he was able to equip for the field sixty regiments of infantry and cavalry, besides numerous batteries of artillery, making an aggregate of nearly 50,000 men.'

With this constructive experience behind him, Lee continued throughout the war to treat his army, not as a mere fighting machine, but as a human body which must be fed and clothed, — or ought to be, for even his efforts could not accomplish the impossible. He enjoins upon his subordinate officers care for the well-being of their men. 'Do not let your troops run down, if it can possibly be avoided by attention to their wants, comforts, etc., by their respective commanders.' His constant appeals to the Richmond authorities for provisions, with graphic statement of the soldiers' sufferings, are pathetic in their earnestness. Submissive as he was to superior officials, he resented at once any indication that his men were being sacrificed to other commands elsewhere. 'I have been mortified to find that when any scarcity existed, this was the only army in which it is found necessary to reduce the rations.' The best evidence of his care is that the soldiers trusted him, and were willing to starve, if he bade them. It is recorded that a private once wrote saying that he could not do his work on his rations, and asking if the general knew what they were, as, if he did, it must be that the scarcity was unavoidable and the men would do the best they could. Lee made no direct answer, but explained the situation in a general order. 'After that there was not a murmur in the army.'

So with the less pressing, but not less serious, need of clothing. Near the end of the war, Lee writes that the men 'were greatly exposed in line of battle two days, had been without meat for three days, and in scanty clothing took the cold hail and sleet.' It was on a

passage similar to this that Davis noted characteristically, 'these things are too sad to be patiently considered'; but I am not aware that he rose up in wrath and made somebody consider them. Frequently Lee is obliged to allege the utter destitution of his troops as a reason for not making a forward movement, and in doing so he expresses his admiration for all they have been able to accomplish. 'Nothing prevented my continuing in his front but the destitute condition of the men, thousands of whom are barefooted, a greater number partially shod, and nearly all without blankets, overcoats, or warm clothing. I think the sublimest sight of the war was the cheerfulness and alacrity exhibited by this army in the pursuit of the enemy under all the trials and privations to which it was exposed.' And it is with the grief of a mortified parent that he expresses his surprise at finding some of his followers ready to take advantage of the necessities of others. 'It has also been reported that some men in this army have been so unmindful of their obligations to their comrades, and of their own characters, as to engage in the occupation of purchasing supplies of food and other things, for the purpose of selling them at exorbitant prices to their fellow soldiers.'

It was indeed always as a parent, not merely as a military superior, that Lee believed in controlling and disciplining his army. This attitude led to a certain freedom of discipline which did not wholly satisfy those accustomed to European methods. 'Two defects as a general were ascribed to him personally,' says a German critic, 'an indifference to discipline, and a too kindly consideration for incompetent officers.' And even Davis remarked that 'his habit of avoiding any seeming harshness was probably a defect.' Yet if the object of discipline is to make troops efficient and enthusiastic, it can hardly be said that Lee failed. An eye-witness, by no means uncritical and writing on the spot, says, 'In Lee's army everything is reduced down to the smallest compass, and the discipline and obedience of the officers and men is perfect.' While Hooker, an enemy who had felt the results if he had not watched the processes, testified: 'With a rank and file vastly inferior to our own, intellectually and physically, that army has, by discipline alone, acquired a character for steadiness and efficiency unsurpassed, in my judgment, in ancient or modern times. We have not been able to rival it, nor has there been any near approximation to it in the other rebel armies.'

Some good observers, notably Mr. Eggleston, do not agree with Hooker as to the original quality of Lee's soldiers. Undoubtedly the best intelligence and education of the South went right into the ranks; but this element was naturally outbalanced by poverty and ignorance, and the average Southern soldier was less common-schooled than the Northern, because the same thing was true of the average Southern citizen. In any case, it was a popular army, composed of American freemen; and from the point of view of discipline, Lee, with his perfect human sympathy, at once seized this fact in all its bearings. 'There is a great difference,' he said to Colonel Long, 'between mercenary armies and volunteer armies, and consequently there must be a difference in the mode of discipline. The volunteer army is more easily disciplined by encouraging a patriotic spirit than by a strict enforcement of the articles of war.'

This does not mean that Lee overlooked the absolute need of severity in dealing with refractory soldiers or was foolishly averse to it. 'You must establish rigid discipline,' he writes to a sub-

ordinate at the very beginning of the war. He insisted everywhere on order and cleanliness. 'Colonel,' he said to an officer who begged for a visit, 'a dirty camp gives me nausea. If you say your camps are clean, I will go.' He endeavored, so far as possible, to repress camp vices, especially gambling. 'The general commanding is pained to learn that the vice of gambling exists and is becoming common in this army . . . it was not supposed that a habit so pernicious and demoralizing would be found among men engaged in a cause demanding the highest virtue and purest morality in its supporters.' The strictness of his orders in regard to pillage during his invasions of the North is well known; but they were not only strict in form, but were carried out in fact, as is proved by the testimony of his enemies, to the lasting glory of both army and commander. Violation of these orders provoked Lee's wrath more than anything except brutality, and when he himself detected one soldier in theft, he ordered him shot at once. He was equally ready to inflict the death penalty in cases of desertion when they became too frequent, and had again and again to urge the necessity of rigor upon the Richmond authorities. 'I hope I feel as acutely as any one the pain and sorrow that such events occasion, and I am sure that no one would more willingly dispense with them, if they could be avoided; but I am convinced that the only way to prevent them is to visit the offense, when committed, with the sternest punishment, and leave the offender without hope of escape, by making the penalty inevitable.'

Yet withal he was lenient, perhaps too lenient, and longed, as a father would, to work by persuasion rather than by violence. 'This is a case,' he wrote in one instance, 'where possible error is better than probable wrong'; and doubtless he applied the rule in many instances. When an angry officer wanted to disband a whole company for cowardice, Lee defended them: 'For the bad behavior of a few, it would not appear just to punish the whole.' And always his method was to get work done by kindly urgency, by playful rallying, by sympathetic encouragement, rather than by the spur or the lash. 'General Lee, taking his daily ride about the lines, came on me while the working parties were digging and spading. His greeting was, "Good-morning, my young friend, I feel sorry for you." "Why so, General?" "Because you have so much to do," answered the commander, the gleaming white teeth showing his pleasant humor. . . . He generally had some such words to let one know he expected a lot of work out of him.'

Discipline of officers is a more delicate matter than discipline of soldiers, and requires an even finer tact, sympathy, and divination of character. Here also Lee always remembered that he commanded an army of American freemen, accustomed to vote, and to criticize everything and everybody. He let them say their say, asked their advice often, and occasionally followed it. Yet it is sometimes difficult to reconcile their free-and-easy ways with any idea of military subordination. Take, for example, that hard fighter and true-hearted gentleman, James Longstreet. I do not wish here to discuss his conduct at Gettysburg. But when I consider that conduct in the light of various passages in his letters to his chief, I feel myself more in a position to understand it. What would have happened to Ney or Soult, if he had addressed the first Napoleon in this wise: 'I am pleased at all times to have any suggestions that you may make'? or again: 'There are several little points upon which you should be posted

before the interview, and I do not see how I can well do this by writing'? Longstreet patronizes his great commander as he would a budding subaltern. 'I wrote a note to General Lee . . . and cautioned him to make his arrangements to return that night.' With men of this stamp, discipline was not always a simple matter; witness some of Jackson's experiences.

The summary methods of Jackson did not appeal to Lee, who, instead of the guardhouse, employed tact as soothing as it was inexhaustible. The hot-headed Stuart demands justification against some criticism. Lee writes to him, 'I prefer your acts to speak for themselves, nor does your character or reputation require bolstering up by out-of-place expressions of my opinion.' It becomes necessary to dismiss Early from command, in spite of good service, because he has lost the confidence of his troops. Lee dismisses him, but states the facts so sympathetically that he loses no jot of Early's affection, who could say after the war, 'It is difficult for those who did not know him personally to understand the wonderful magnanimity of character which induced General Lee often to take the chances of incurring censure himself rather than run the risk of doing possible injustice to another.'

Not that Lee could not rebuke, and sternly. When the Confederates were flying from Five Forks, he turned to a general officer and ordered him, with marked emphasis, to collect and put under guard '*all* the stragglers on the field,' showing that he meant to include many of his officers as well as men. On another occasion he said to a dilatory commander, 'General, I have sometimes to admonish General Stuart or General Gordon against being too fast. I shall never have occasion to find that fault with you.'

But usually he gave his criticism some turn of sympathetic suggestion, or even of kindly laughter. It is to be noted that the success of this method depends upon the person who uses it, and there are times when one prefers a straight-out, sharp order, to a would-be pleasant insinuation. I confess that Lee's amiable rebukes sometimes suggest to me Xenophon's remark about Proxenus, that 'he was fit to command the good; but he could not instill fear into the soldiers, and it seemed that he had more consideration for those he commanded than they had for him.' Proxenus could not have won the battle of Chancellorsville, however; and it appears that something in Lee's manner did instill fear, for all his mildness. 'I believe all his officers feared him,'says Major Ranson. 'They loved him as men are seldom loved, but they feared him too.'

As to the reprimands, the best-known instance is that of the officer with the condition of whose lines Lee was far from satisfied. As they rode together, the general remarked, 'That is a magnificent horse, General ——, but I should not think him safe for Mrs. —— to ride. He is entirely too spirited for a lady, and I would urge you by all means to take some of the mettle out of him before you suffer her to ride him again. And, by the way, General, I would suggest to you that the rough paths along these trenches would be admirable ground over which to tame him.' Another interesting case — made a little suspicious by the profanity — is that of the staff officer who took the liberty of altering orders to meet circumstances. Lee made no comment at the time, but later at dinner he told the story of General Twiggs whose staff was always altering orders until he finally remarked to one of them, 'Captain, I know you can prove that you are right, and that my order was wrong; in fact, you gentlemen

always are right, but for God's sake do wrong sometimes.'

Among Lee's greatest difficulties in dealing with his officers was, of course, the question of promotion. Apparently every man in the Army of Northern Virginia felt himself perfectly competent to be commander of it except the man who had the honor of filling that office; and Stuart is said to have remarked sarcastically of the troops in general, 'They are pretty good officers now, and after a while will make excellent soldiers too. They only need reducing to the ranks.' 'In an army,' says Dumas, in his rollicking fashion, 'everybody, from the second in command to the rawest recruit, desires the death of somebody.' This is quite legitimate. What is not so is to spend time and temper, not your own, in complaining, fretting, and repining. Too many high Confederate officers, J. E. Johnston among others, showed a sensitiveness and pettiness on the subject, which was as unbecoming as it was thoroughly human.

Lee himself at all times absolutely disclaimed any eagerness for advancement. 'I think rank of trivial importance so that it is sufficient for the individual to exercise his command.' Again and again he offered to serve wherever and however his superiors thought he could be useful. To say this is easy. To convince others of the truth of it is less so. But I am not aware that any one has ever seriously questioned Lee's sincerity. There was that about him, in manner and still more in action, which proved that he thought only of his country and his duty. Testimony is hardly needed, but Stiles offers a bit, which is impressive, if somewhat astounding. 'I never but once heard of such a suggestion [that Lee acted from other than the purest motives], and then it so transported the hearers that military subordination was forgotten, and the colonel who heard it rushed with drawn sword against the major-general who made it.'

Nor does there seem to be much disposition to accuse Lee of favoritism. He certainly had no hand in the advancement of his own sons, who rose steadily by their merit. He refuses a friend's application for a staff position, because 'persons on my staff should have a knowledge of their duties, and an experience of the wants of the service, to enable me to attend to other matters.' It is indeed alleged that he was partial to Virginia, notably in the case of A. P. Hill; but the charge comes from sources too prejudiced to deserve much attention. Even those who complain bitterly of the jealousy and narrowness of the West Point tradition do not seem to include Lee in their animosity. Thus Tyler writes to Price: 'I have found myself laboring under the odium of the little West Pointers in Richmond, and their partisans. They oppose me in the War Office at all points in regard to any and every wish.' But in the same letter he says of Lee: 'Without parade, haughtiness, or assumption, he is elevated in his thought and feeling, and is worthy of the cause he represents and the army he commands.' One thing is beyond dispute: no personal consideration was allowed to enter into his decisions. When he urged the promotion of a certain officer, it was pointed out that that officer had been very free about criticizing the general. Lee answered, 'The question is, not what he thinks or is pleased to say about me, but what I think about him.'

It would be impossible to estimate the time, the strength, the nervous energy, that must have been expended in counseling patience, in soothing injured vanity, in forestalling complaints, and in urging the sacrifice of personal gain, credit, and advantage to the cause

which all were bound to serve. He writes to one officer — and the letter is typical: 'Recognizing as fully as I do your merit, patriotism, and devotion to the State, I do not consider that either rank or position are necessary to bestow upon you honor, but believe that you will confer honor on the position. In the present crisis of affairs, I know that your own feelings, better than any words of mine, will point out the course for you to pursue to advance the cause in which you are engaged.' Without the power to make promotions himself, and obliged even in suggesting to exercise the utmost consideration toward a jealous and sensitive superior, Lee, like Washington, was forced to have recourse to infinite resources of tact and sympathy in order to harmonize the claims that conflicted about him. But he seems to have been more fortunate than Washington in that at least his officers did not conspire and intrigue against himself.

If they did not quarrel with him, they sometimes quarreled with each other, however, and so added to his troubles. Jackson's repeated difficulties with A. P. Hill have been already discussed at length in connection with Lee and Jackson. But among all these high-spirited young men dissensions and jealousies were almost inevitable; and, with no tradition of discipline to restrain them, they were perpetually breaking out, to the detriment of the service and the extreme discomfort of the general. An officer very close to Lee writes: 'I have myself heard a major-general send a message back to army headquarters by a staff officer of General Lee, that he did n't see why his division should be expected to abandon the position they had fought for just to accommodate General ——, whose troops had fallen back where his had driven the enemy.' In Lee's early days of command he had to reconcile the animosities of Wise and Floyd. He did it in words as noble as they are simple. 'You have spoken to me of want of consultation and concert; let that pass, till the enemy is driven back, and then, as far as I can, all shall be arranged. I expect this of your magnanimity.' Later the bellicose A. P. Hill quarreled with Longstreet over the praise accorded to their respective commands by newspaper correspondents, and it is even said that a duel had been arranged; but Lee's patience and tact averted such an extremity.

The most fruitful source of all these differences was of course the incurable human disposition to put the blame for one's failures on somebody else. No doubt Lee's noble example in constantly refusing to do this himself had a wide influence on others. It is reported that after the war he told a publisher that he could not write his memoirs, because to do it honestly would ruin too many reputations. This does not ring quite true to my ear; but we know that after Gettysburg he wrote as follows to Pickett with reference to the latter's official report of the battle: 'You and your men have crowned yourselves with glory, but we have the enemy to fight, and must carefully, at this critical moment, guard against dissensions which the reflections in your report will create. I will, therefore, suggest that you destroy both copy and original.' And Pickett did it.

As to Lee's personal relations with his officers, I doubt if any of them ever felt entirely at ease with him. They were mostly younger men than he; but even in his early days he seems to have had few intimate associates, and age probably softened his natural dignity and gravity rather than increased it. Not that there was any stiffness about him, or any pretense. I imagine that in his secret heart he envied the young fellows their careless ways, their idle

jests, their trifling laughter. He liked Stuart's rollicking nonsense, liked to listen to the Irish banjo-player, Sweeny. One night when the singing was unusually uproarious, he stepped out of his tent and noted with a smile a black jug perched on a boulder. 'Gentlemen, am I to thank General Stuart or the jug for this fine music?' He liked occasionally to pass a quiet joke himself. Still, he was no talker, no story-teller, knew nothing of the fine art of being idle; and even in the midst of a hundred thousand men who loved him I think he was very solitary.

This does not mean that he secluded himself, or kept apart, absorbed in his own thoughts. He discussed his plans freely with those in whom he had confidence, and would ask a young officer's advice on great questions with a frankness as winning as it was sincere. 'Colonel Long,' he is reported to have said before Gettysburg, 'do you think we had better attack without the cavalry? If we do, we will not, if successful, be able to reap the fruits of victory.' Also he was constantly attentive to the comfort of those about him. On the retreat from Pennsylvania he rebuked his aide, Colonel Venable, for telling bad news too loudly. Venable was high-spirited and did not like it, nor did a kindly invitation to drink buttermilk entirely soothe him. Shortly afterwards the aide, worn out with running and watching, lay down to sleep in the mud and rain. When he awoke, he found that the general had spread his own oilskin over him.

As to the ease of approaching the commander-in-chief on matters of duty accounts differ. Grant understood that he was 'difficult of access to subordinates.' Tyler, in his invaluable letter to Price giving an account of Lee's army, says the commander is 'almost unapproachable, and yet no man is more simple, or less ostentatious, hating all pretension.' Unapproachable—yet 'the scouts compared him [Jackson] with Lee. The latter was so genial that it was a pleasure to report to him.' The explanation of these contradictions is simply that Lee mistrusted his good nature. He knew that a complainant, once admitted, would waste his time, his strength, and his nerves; and he trained his aides to do needed snubbing vicariously. As Colonel Venable writes, 'General Lee had certain wishes which his aides-de-camp knew well they must conform to. They did not allow any friend of a soldier condemned by a court-martial to reach his tent for personal appeal. . . . He said that, with the great responsibilities resting upon him, he could not bear the pain and distress of such applications.' And when officers came to find fault in regard to their promotion, he would turn them over to an aide, with the old-fashioned phrase, 'Suage him, Colonel, suage him.'

By these methods Lee kept a certain remoteness, which did not hurt his popularity, and helped his dignity. Men loved to gaze on him. 'It is surprising to see how eager the men of this army are always to get a good view of General Lee, for though a person has seen him a hundred times, yet he never tires looking at him,' is the naïve comment of a correspondent of the *Richmond Despatch* in 1863. On the other hand, the element of distance is most happily suggested by an officer's remark to Mrs. Pickett: 'Lee was a great soldier and a good man, but I never wanted to put my arms round his neck, as I used to want to do to Joe Johnston.'

Yet when occasion brought him into close contact with even the common soldier, his manner was absolutely simple, as of equal to equal, of man to man. Once in a crowded car a wounded private was struggling to draw on his coat over a bandaged arm. An officer,

seeing his difficulty, came forward and tenderly assisted him. It was the commander-in-chief. At another time Lee had sat down to rest in the shade of a great tree. A busy surgeon wished to establish his headquarters there. 'Old man, I have chosen that tree for my field-hospital, and I want you to get out of the way.' Then he discovered his mistake. But Lee gently relieved the embarrassment of the situation: 'There is plenty of room for both of us, Doctor, until your wounded are brought.'

Even when they knew him, the soldiers sometimes took incredible liberties. On the hottest of July days one of them left the ranks and approached the general. The staff tried to stop him, but Lee put them aside and asked what he wanted. 'Please, General, I don't want much, but it's powerful wet marching this weather. I was looking for a rag or something to wipe the sweat out of my eyes.' 'Will this do?' said the general, handkerchief in hand. 'Yes, my Lordy, that indeed!' 'Well, then, take it with you and back quick to the ranks; no straggling this march, you know, my man.'

In more serious matters Lee was equally ready to show the most democratic feeling. A devout Christian himself, he thought of every man in his army as a soul to be saved, and in every way he could encouraged the mission and revival work which went on all through the war with constantly increasing activity. Even in the midst of urgent duty he would stop and take part in a camp prayer-meeting, and listen to the exhortations of some ragged veteran, as a young convert might listen to an apostle.

One thing doubtless helped his hold on the soldiers, as it helped Napoleon's: an extraordinary memory for names, faces, and characters. The value of this in dealing with his officers was, of course, inestimable. 'Lee knew his army man by man almost, and could judge of the probable results of the movement here announced by the name of the officer in command.' With the privates the advantage gained was less direct, but quite as solid. 'I have frequently seen him recognize at once some old soldier whom he had barely met during the war, and who would be as surprised as delighted that his loved commander had not forgotten him.' Lee himself is reported to have said that 'he had never been introduced to a soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia whose face and name he could not instantly recall.' This I doubt, in view of his not too courteous remark to Grant, at the time of the surrender, that he had frequently endeavored to recall his features from their acquaintance in Mexico, but could never succeed in doing so; and from another anecdote, to the effect that he was extremely annoyed at not recognizing a man who was introduced to him after the war. 'I was really much ashamed at not knowing the gentleman yesterday; I ought to have recognized him at once. He spent at least an hour in my quarters in the city of Mexico just after its occupation by the American army [*twenty years previous*], and, although I have never seen him since (and had never seen him before), he made a very agreeable impression on me, and I ought not to have forgotten him.'

What is of most general interest in this business of Lee's memory of individuals, is his own assertion that it was not a special gift, but purely a matter of attention, which recalls Lord Chesterfield's theory that attention is the most exquisite element of courtesy: 'Want of attention, which is really want of thought, is either folly or madness. You should not only have attention to everything, but a quickness of attention, so as to observe, at once, all

the people in the room, their motions, their looks, and their words, and yet without staring at them and seeming to be an observer.' Only Lee would have completed Chesterfield's idea of courtesy by that other element, love, which Chesterfield knew nothing about.

Again, like some other great commanders, and unlike others, Lee won the hearts of his soldiers by living as they did. He managed the business of his position with as little fuss and parade as possible. Foreign officers were struck with the absolute simplicity of his arrangements. There were no guards or sentries around his headquarters, no idle aides-de-camp loitering about. His staff were crowded together, two and three in a tent, and none were allowed to carry more baggage than a small box each. Tyler writes to Price: 'Your own headquarters are more numerous and bulky. He rides with only three members of his staff, and never takes with him an extra horse or servant, although he is upon the lines usually from daylight until dark.' His ordinary dress was of the simplest, though neat and tidy; no braid or gilding, nothing but the stars on the collar to indicate his rank. He was perfectly Spartan as to his abiding-place, almost never leaving his tent for solid walls; and he was especially particular that there should be no intrusion upon peaceful citizens for his comfort. On one occasion Colonel Long had established the headquarters in a yard, but the general insisted on moving lest they should annoy the residents. Long thereupon, rather vexed, picked out another spot that had little to recommend it; but Lee was perfectly contented. 'This is better than the yard. We will not now disturb these good people.' At another time Colonel Taylor made everything as agreeable as possible, but sighed over his chief's indifference: 'It was entirely too pleasant for him, for he is never so comfortable as when uncomfortable.' This same Colonel Taylor ventured to rally the general a little on the subject. It seems that Lee had the best bedroom, while his aide was obliged to put up with the parlor. '"Ah, you are finely fixed," remarked the great soldier, as he looked in upon his subordinate. "Could n't you find any other room?" "No, but this will do." He was struck dumb with amazement at my impudence, and vanished.'

The table was as simple as the dwelling-place. Neat tin camp-dishes answered for the service, and the food was plain as well as the table-ware. Very frequently there was actual scarcity; for the general was not willing to have special effort made for him when the soldiers were starving. The dinner often consisted of cabbage boiled with a little salt. Sweet potatoes and buttermilk were luxuries, and when the commander-in-chief offered his luncheon to a major-general, it was found to consist of two cold sweet potatoes, of which Lee said he was very fond. Even when better was provided, the general refused it, sending delicacies to the hospitals, perhaps not always to the contentment of his young and hungry staff. On the last march to Appomattox Mrs. Guild writes: 'When we would camp near a house, they would prepare their best for General Lee; but he would sleep in his tent or on the ground with his staff, and say that I must go and have what was prepared for him.'

That Lee was beloved by his army it is, then, hardly necessary to say; immensely beloved, beloved as few generals have ever been. In the first place, officers and soldiers trusted him. They trusted him in victory, knew that he would spare their toil and spare their blood as much as was possible, would make no move for barren glory, but only for their good and his country's.

What is far more, they trusted him in defeat, knew that he would do everything that could be done, and would save them from further damage if human skill could contrive it. They trusted him after Gettysburg. 'We've not lost confidence in the old man, this day's work won't do him any harm.' 'Uncle Robert will get us into Washington yet; you bet he will.' They trusted him in the dark days of the Wilderness, and in the darker days of Petersburg. If he could not help them, no one could. Even the hard-headed and critical Longstreet believed that Lee was the man. 'We need some such great mind as General Lee's,' he writes from Tennessee. When the final disaster came, the universal trust was still unshaken. What he decides is right, what he says is the thing to do must be done. One of the coolest of Confederate authors writes of the surrender: 'Men fairly raved with indignation, and declared their desire to escape or die in the attempt, but not a man was heard to blame General Lee. . . . On the contrary, all expressed the greatest sympathy for him, and declared their willingness to submit at once, or fight to the last man, as he ordered.'

An army may trust the general without loving him, however. This army loved him. I have sought far and wide for expressions of jealousy, of hostility, of lukewarmness and criticism. They are rare indeed. In the early South Carolina days some disaffection appears. 'I do not know if it prevails elsewhere in the army,' writes Governor Pickens to the President, 'but I take the liberty to inform you that I fear the feelings of General Ripley toward General Lee may do injury to the public service. His habit is to say extreme things even before junior officers, and this is well calculated to do injury to General Lee's command.' Occasionally an individual frets over some disappointment or hindrance, as G. W. Smith in North Carolina: 'What I mean to say is that General Lee in command of an army at Fredericksburg is not in the same point of view, and evidently does not see things precisely as they appeared to him when General Johnston commanded that army'; or the petulant A. P. Hill in the Wilderness: 'It is arrant nonsense for Lee to say that Grant can't make a night march without his knowing it. Has not Grant slipped round him four times already?'

But these mild and scattered notes of discordance are completely lost in the general chorus of love and loyalty. The officers, high and low, vie with each other in their expressions of enthusiasm, none being more complete and touching in pregnant brevity than that of Longstreet. 'All that we have to be proud of has been accomplished under your eye and under your orders. Our affections for you are stronger, if it is possible for them to be stronger, than our admiration for you.' But to me the simple and almost inarticulate devotion of the common soldiers is even more beautiful than that of their superiors. The loving, familiar nicknames, the quaint anecdotes, the eagerness to see, and to hear, and to obey, mean more than volumes of eulogy.

Curious testimony to the quality of the feeling of the soldiers is furnished by several independent observers. 'When he appeared in the presence of the troops, he was sometimes cheered vociferously, but far more frequently his coming was greeted with a profound silence which expressed more truly than cheers could have done the well-nigh religious reverence with which the men regarded his person.' This is, I think, a phenomenon somewhat rare in the psychology of crowds. Another interesting bit of out-of-the-way evidence is furnished by a writer in the Richmond *Examiner* in August, 1864.

It had been proposed to offer a one hundred dollar bond to all old soldiers who had served faithfully; but this correspondent, writing from the army, says, 'The soldiers would prefer a strip of parchment in the shape of a certificate, setting forth their good conduct and soldierly qualities, signed by General R. E. Lee. This would be indeed a treasure to keep in after years.'

If we seek the cause of this extraordinary personal devotion, we shall be told that it was magnetism. Doubtless there was some intangible element in the matter, something in the man's bearing, something in his words, something in his lofty and passionate appeals, which won hearts and held them. A concrete instance of this power appears in General Alexander's account of his desire to persuade Lee into keeping up a guerilla warfare at the time of the surrender, and of the effect of Lee's answer. 'I had not a single word to say in reply. He had answered my suggestion from a moral plane so far above it that I was ashamed of having made it. With several friends I had planned to make an escape on seeing a flag of truce, but that idea was at once abandoned by all of them on hearing my report.'

I think, however, the general explanation of the soldiers' love for Lee is much simpler, elementary, in fact, and is contained in the nursery rhyme recording the adventures of Mary and her little lamb. Lee loved his men and trusted them. It is curious to read Wellington's expressions of disgust and contempt for his Peninsular army, and then to turn to the words, ever varied, in which Lee declares over and over again his confidence in his soldiers and affection for them. After Gettysburg he says to them, 'You have fought a fierce and sanguinary battle, which, if not attended with the success that has hitherto crowned your efforts, was marked by the same heroic spirit which has commanded the respect of your enemies, the gratitude of your country, and the admiration of mankind.' Without rhetoric, writing privately, he says of them, 'History records but few examples of a greater amount of labor and fighting than has been done by this army during the present campaign.' And again, 'I need not say to you that the material of which this army is composed is the best in the world, and if properly disciplined and instructed, would be able successfully to resist any force that could be brought against it. Nothing can surpass the gallantry and intelligence of the main body.'

His soldiers were his children, and he mourned their loss with a parental passion of grief. 'The loss of our gallant officers and men throughout the army causes me to weep tears of blood, and to wish that I could never hear the sound of a gun again.'

Is it any wonder that his men loved him, or that their love grew with years, and that after the war they haunted him with offers of service, offers of protection, offers of actual food, touching and pathetic, even when they were mixed with ill-timed drollery. Of all the numerous anecdotes bearing on this point, one in especial is full of tragic significance. Lee was riding alone through the woods on his beloved Traveler, when he met an old Confederate. 'Oh, General,' said the fellow, 'it does me so much good to see you that I'm going to cheer.' The general protested the utter inappropriateness. But the man cheered just the same. And as the great soldier passed slowly out of hearing through the Virginia forest, it seems to me that his heart and his eyes must have overflowed at the thought of a high cause lost, of fidelity in ruin, and of the thousands and thousands who had cheered him once and in spirit would go on cheering him forever.

THE BRIGHT DAY

BY SAMUEL McCOY

> It is vain for you to rise up early,
> To sit up late,
> To eat the bread of sorrows:
> For so he giveth his beloved sleep. — PSALM CXXVII.

AFTER a little space,
Mary, his dearest daughter, covered up his face
And stayed her tears.
For her own task it was, she knew, to face the years,
And live life through as he had always led —
The life whose every thread
Made part of the plain cloak called Sacrifice;
A coat without device,
But one which many, many hearts have blessed
For its warm love, and pressed
Its rough folds to their lips and wept.
For she remembered how her hand he kept
Within his own, and with her walked afield
And watched the sunset its last glory yield.
All this came back to her,
All little things that were,
And every dear remembrance on her heart
Laid its rich sorrow and its mortal smart,
Too exquisite bereavement to be borne.

Yet, after the long night the austere morn,
Smiling upon her, said with gentleness: —

I am the living, and I am no less
The dead. *For they have entered into me:*
To-day, not yesterday, is their eternity.
Your past must die with him you loved so much,
He is a part of me, and you must touch
My hand with the warm love of a young child.
For I, the living world, am reconciled

To God's unpitying plan; and all my hours,
My tasks, my needs imperative, and my bright flowers,
Are fashioned from the souls of those who worship God.
Nothing God made is underneath the sod!
I am To-day, my daughter, and I need your love!
Look up above —
The sky is leaden, and the cheerless rain
Makes its own misery and pain.
But you and I can only bear to hear,
Deep in our hearts, the joyous, clear,
Brave music of the soul that sings
Of coming day and living things!

THE LONELY SEAS

BY ADA CAMBRIDGE

'Voyaging strange seas of thought, alone.'

THE poem this fragment belongs to is lost to my memory, but the line stands complete in itself, with its great conception, as adequate an image of the indescribable as could be made of words. It must have detached itself at once, in order to have come home to my mind as an idea of my own that had found its fitting expression, for it will picture to me the conditions of the spiritual life as long as I have conscious existence.

Schiller has a line of like significance, evoking a vision of what we darkly feel, and know —

'Freedom is only in the land of dreams.'

But *that* does not suggest space sufficient for the soul at large to range in. Dreams are not all your own, but often visitors from you-know-not-where, and land is a term connoting things and people, that beguile and coerce and obstruct and hem you in; also gods that are not God, but idols made with hands, in Christendom as in Heathendom, presenting the features of archaic man. Whereas Wordsworth's metaphor of the Lonely Seas, where nothing comes to you, but you yourself go forth, untrammeled, independent, to voyage where you will, — far and wide in the quiet sanctuaries of thought, with only the god you know for God, Spirit of the illimitable Universe, without form, but not void, nay, living in every breath of air, every pulsing wave, every shining star, — a still, deep, surrounding Sympathy, beyond the definitions of human sense, — this answers satisfactorily to the name of freedom, if any figure of speech can do so.

Not dreams, but thoughts, sane and

real and reasoned out — your own, that have cast off reserve and cast out fear; and the beaten tracks are not yet for them, nor the common ear and understanding. They must sail alone on the seas of silence, in the liberty of solitude, which still is not solitary, because of the One Who knows All. Him — It — the Something that has no shape and needs no name, supreme above us — only in that company, and away from all other, can you be yourself, which is surely to serve the end of your being in the one legitimate way.

Out in the open — analogous to the sea which forever defies the ingenuity of man to bind it — there you know, or you think you know, that the secret of right living is just one thing only, *personal sincerity*, no more, no less. Not that each of us may be a law unto himself (in the sense commonly read into the phrase), but that the law for you, the ultimate law, the fulfilling of all law, is the law of Truth as your private conscience puts it. Your private conscience may not be infallible; it may have received in the rough-and-tumble of its career unsuspected warpings that all the long years have not been long enough to straighten out; but it is still your divine-born light of knowledge of good and evil, the only lamp to steer by, within yourself, and not without in the hands of others.

But, O Heaven! what it costs to arrive at this! It is the delusion of the unthinking, who have never slipped their moorings, that the deep-sea voyager is but a careless runaway from home and duty, a shirker of sacred obligations, just everything that he particularly and peculiarly is not. He gets used in time to these shallow misjudgments, and very early in the day he learns the futility of attempting to combat them; but they are amongst the sore difficulties of the lonely course, hard indeed to bear when it is his own nearest and dearest with whom he must live, spiritually, an utter stranger. But a bitterer trial is the long, long passage through the twilight of the awakening mind, when he cannot himself see whether he is a renegade or not.

What years and years, and what agonizing years, for me! I smile now, looking back from my place of peace, at the passionately devout girl who flung aside housework and everything to go twice a day to church and district-visit the poor between the services — to think what an immense time it took to cure her of the wild longing to be as that soul in bonds again! 'Indifferent' (the brand of the orthodox upon the unorthodox) I knew I had not grown in growing from girlhood to maturity, but I did not know, as I know now, that it was the same religious spirit that drew me on which turned me back. 'Except ye be as a little child' — how the immemorial voices reproached me! How I suffered in my involuntary apostasy, wailing inwardly night and day, 'If I could only believe and trust and pray as once I did!' How gladly, how slowly, how painfully, the old kinks of conscience get even loosened, not to say straightened out!

It is the first question that does it. And when you are born with an inquiring mind and an inclination to be truthful, you are bound to ask it sooner or later. In my case, strange to say, it was a venerable archdeacon who inserted the thin end of the wedge destined to break my allegiance to ecclesiastical authority. He was a cultured reading man, who paid me, not half his age, the compliment of making me an intellectual companion; and in one of our discussions he showed me how the legends on which our church was based — he did not call them so, but legends they

became from that moment — had their counterparts in, and probable derivations from, the scriptures of more ancient peoples, faiths that had flourished before ours was born; thus presenting the Bible to my mind, for the first time, as not a holy thing that had come straight down from Heaven, but just a book, a most valuable old book, but historically inferior to certain older books — heathen books at that — of which it was more or less a plagiarism. Poor man! He bitterly regretted his unprofessional candor. Each time that I met him subsequently and we fell into serious talk, he was more and more distressed and exasperated to find how I had followed up his clue. At our very last meeting before his death he tried to scold and lecture me back into the fold, losing his temper over it. But it was too late.

For, as the church itself will tell you, to 'doubt the Bible' is to pull the corner-stone from under everything. To me it was an experience too dreadful for words. I went out from the fatal colloquy stunned, ruined; made an excuse to go to bed early (I was visiting at his house), and cried all night. And then it became a matter of life and death to dispel or substantiate that doubt.

So I thought and read, and read and thought, pursuing the inevitable course. All sorts of sign-posts stretch back along the road: Greig's *Enigmas of Life* in the far distance, John Morley's treatise, *On Compromise*, Mill *On Liberty*, Huxley's controversies with the Duke of Argyll and Dr. Wace in the *Nineteenth Century*, heart-to-heart talks with the already emancipated, and so on, and so on. It is not necessary to trace the steps of this pilgrimage, since it is only the first that counts.

Suffice it that here I am, with almost nothing in the way of a religion to swear by, except the religious spirit that has driven me hither, with its one clear call to be sincere at every cost. My body still in subjection to the governments under which it lives, constrained by the 'weak brother,' who is so overwhelmingly strong, to such sacrifices as can be made without overt hypocrisy, my soul is at large on the Lonely Seas, and has been so long that now it could not breathe elsewhere. And profoundly at peace.

I know that must seem incredible to the dweller in tabernacles, for whom the door has never opened to invite him forth. A faith that has 'no hope' is to him a contradiction in terms. It is useless to ask him what he means by hope, for he does not know himself; it is something provided for him which is never, so far as one can see, of any service to him as a sanctification of life; yet he holds it indispensable. He makes what he thinks is the conclusive reply — 'a belief in a future state' — and does not perceive that he leaves the matter totally unexplained. What sort of future state? And how 'believe' in it? Never mind.

If that is as far as he can go, he is as honest as I am. None could have been more sincere than a beloved friend of mine, who, horrified at my suspected unorthodoxy, warned me with tears that a time would come when I should find out my mistake. 'In the hour of death, if not before, you will come back,' said she; meaning back to the point of view of my inexperienced girlhood, beyond which she had never traveled, and probably never would. '*Then* you will know the truth.'

As to that last prophecy, so I did. What was to all intents and purposes the hour of death came to me twice when my brain was awake to know it, so that my negative faith was put to the great test. On the last occasion I was in a private hospital, apparently failing to rally from a severe operation. My

family was far away, unaware of my condition at the moment; and the head of the institution, daughter of a dean and a D.D., did her best to cope with the crisis on my behalf. She bent over me as I lay, almost powerless to lift a finger, but otherwise as acutely alive as I had ever been, and said, in the hushed, sick-room voice, 'Mr. —— is here.' This was the clergyman whose business it was to be there when patients were dying or dangerously ill, and whose 'consolations' every such person was supposed to need. I understood, and at the same moment, instinctively, without stopping to think about it, called upon all my strength to repel the invader. 'Oh, no, no! Don't let him in!'

Though it were my last breath, I had to use it to defend my soul's sanctuary at such a solemn time. I remember wondering if I could prevail against a church-woman's sense of duty, my desperate fear that I could not; but I did (by appeal to the sordid argument that it was my private room by right, and he an uninvited person), and was left unmolested. My soul was out on the Lonely Seas, with the One Who knows All; and never did official religion, with its complicated dogmas and impossible demands, seem more purely official, more unreal, and out of place.

On the earlier occasion I was brought suddenly to the brink of the grave by one of those accidents to which expectant mothers are liable while pursuing the business of life as usual in my own country home; this illness, by the way, accounting for the other, although there were several years between them. I was really and truly at the point of death. Our bush doctor, who had worked over me all day, had given up the effort to save me and gone home. Vitality was so low that I was past speech and movement, but I was as 'sensible' as I could be, singularly awake to the situation in all its bearings. And yet I never bothered myself for a moment about my soul and the future state — never thought of them; all my concern was to keep my exhausted body going, if the will could do it, to fight for the next breath and the next, so faint and elusive, to hold on anyhow, until I could work back the power to fill my lungs again; with the subconscious knowledge that it was here and with my family that I belonged and should remain. But a still more significant circumstance was that a clergyman watched by my dying bed and did not bother about my soul and the future state either. Had I been an ordinary parishioner he might have prayed my life away, but I was his wife, representing the real thing amid all the shadows and make-believes, and so he sat on my pillow and fed me with drops of brandy-and-water instead.

Although the doctor had given me up, he continued the struggle to keep that life, that mortal life — which in church he might persuade himself to despise as worthless — in its house of flesh and its home of earth, and out of the 'hands of God' into which the parson at the hospital would unhesitatingly have commended it; nothing else mattered to him any more than to me. Of course not. And so — because I could not have held on through the collapsing crisis without the brandy-and-water which I was unable to ask for — I owe it to him that I am not 'in bliss,' but still inhabiting (to the satisfaction of us both) this miserable vale of tears.

Blessings on the inconsistencies, the unconscious inconsistencies, of professing Christians! They know what true religion is in the time of need — or, I should rather say, what it is n't — just as much as they tell us we do.

But there is a sharper test even than the hour of death, as now I know.

What about the hour when you find yourself in the sixties, an old man — far, far worse, an old woman? To have to consider yourself 'out of it,' as regards all the most interesting affairs of life; to realize that you have had your day and ceased to be, as a necessity or a power or a treasure of the world; that your place is on the shelf, with old-fashioned, outworn, discarded things; that you have eaten your cake to the dry crumbs and can expect no more — nothing but to grow daily feebler and uglier and more obsolete and superfluous, declining to that death which at last is inescapable — what an awful pass to come to! So I used to think in my young days, as the young still do; aye, and those that are neither young nor old, but at forty or thereabouts, still see a future beckoning to mundane delights. It is the time when the society queen, her prestige and beauty gone, retires to a convent; when religion, whatever the patterns of it may be, is called upon to justify itself once and for all. In those popular oleographs which depict Faith as a woman clinging to a cross in a raging sea, the figure should have been that of an old hag and not a fair young girl, for it is when all else fails that the church offers itself as the last, only, and sufficient buttress against despair.

> All our woe and sadness
> In this world below,
> Balance not the gladness
> We in Heaven shall know.

I often wonder, in the company of my contemporaries, how many, who profess what I cannot profess, find the substantial support in the eternal hope that they say they do — how many, who seem to accept its paper vouchers as infinitely more than full value for golden money spent, are really satisfied that the investment is sound.

However, it is not for me to question the *bona fides* of a cause for which the noblest of men and women have sacrificed and suffered all. If in these liberal times their intellectual descendants, themselves acknowledging that the age of martyrdoms was in some sort exclusively the age of faith, show a consistent reluctance to practice what they preach, and particularly to anticipate the bliss and glory of the future state which they profess in hymns and prayers to pine for, that proves no more than that human nature is indestructibly human and natural, willing spirit in weak flesh.

I speak only for myself. No, not only for myself, but for those others of my way of thinking who are or soon will be in my place — personally at the end of all things, so far as we know. Does nerve fail and heart sink at this tragic result of keeping conscience clean and honest? All our lives it has been dinned into us that we live in vain unless we live forever, and I have quailed myself, many a time, at the desperate temerity of stepping into the eternal dark without the eternal hope to cling to — which to a mother means, first of all, the recovery of her lost children. But, O comrades, it is all right! Never, in the years that lie behind me, have I been more absolutely convinced of it. Far from fulfilling the prophecy of my old friend and wishing myself back to the point of view of my inexperienced girlhood, I do not regret a single step that has led me away from it, every one having been taken, not willingly but of necessity, in obedience to what, for me, has been the divine call. The divine call may have notes for others which I cannot hear; indeed, I do not doubt it. But I am entirely satisfied that I did not mistake my own. Out on the lonely seas it has come to me, straight and clear, nothing to deflect the message or confuse my ears — 'Be true.' It is my course laid down, and

whither it leads is no business of mine. I do not know — I cannot know — I do not want to know. It does not matter in the least.

Because in this immensity you get out of yourself as well as out of other thralls. With such a sweep of vision, you perceive something of the relative proportions of things, and, amongst them all, your place.

How this vastness dwarfs to nothing the absorbing interests of narrowed minds — financial and social success, and all the rest of it! How in this solemn apprehension of the whole, the commotions in the little parts — the particles of the little parts, and the warring nations are no more — exhibit their pitiful paltriness! In these large perspectives how incredibly valueless the Religion commonly spelt with the capital R, the religion of the 'vicious circle' that begins and ends in self! How supremely important the high, elemental loyalties of man to man, of men to their trust of life, whereof the Religion of the capital R takes so little cognizance! But, above all, how utterly insignificant — apart from these forgotten obligations to make our world worthy of the celestial company it keeps — how preposterously overestimated ourselves and our affairs, in presence of the majesty here unveiled, the Power that gave us being and is our fate!

The brief day is ending, but one can float into the night, if without hope, without a thought of fear. If I perish, I perish — that is all. Evening falls and the shadows deepen, and in all this immeasurable expanse no saving cross is visible sticking up out of the waves. But waves are calm under the darkening sky, and the voyager does not feel himself drowning. Too long has the soul been sailing open water to be afraid of it now. The 'Ocean of His Love' has become its home, and no place could it find less lonely. Everywhere, everywhere, — in every breath of air, every pulse of sea, every glint of star, — lives the Spirit of the illimitable Universe, the One who knows All, never missed or lost.

Possibly it is they who have thought and sought for themselves, the technical unbelievers, who have 'fought the good fight' and 'kept the faith,' who have got 'religion' and 'found God.'

THE GERMAN DRIFT TOWARD SOCIALISM

BY WILLIAM C. DREHER

THE German Reichstag passed a law in May, 1910, for the regulation of the potash trade, a law which goes further in the direction of Socialism than any previous legislation in Germany. It assigns to each mine a certain percentage of the total production of the country, and lays a prohibitory tax upon what it produces in excess of this allotment. It fixes the maximum price for the product in the home market, and prohibits selling abroad at a lower price. A government bureau supervises the industry, sees that prices and allotments are observed, examines new mines to determine their capacity, and readjusts allotments as new mines reach the producing stage.

This legislation breaks sharply with our inherited views of private property. The American law for the regulation of railway rates is not a parallel case, since the State exercises its right of eminent domain to create the railway for public purposes. The railway begins its existence encumbered with a public obligation. The owner of a potash mine has no such obligation. He is absolute owner, and the State has no right to interfere. He may sell his mine or any part of its product, in such quantities and at such prices as he may choose. That is the orthodox doctrine of private property as the world has held it for thousands of years. Such is also the doctrine of Germany in respect to all other property than potash mines; and, indeed, it prevails in respect to these, too, provided an owner wants to sell or even give away his mine; only, he must not sell potash except within the limits prescribed by the State. In other words, he is both owner and not owner at the same moment.

But the radical features of the law are not complete in the foregoing description. The bill having reduced potash prices, the mine-owners threatened to recoup themselves by reducing wages. But the members of the Reichstag were not to be balked by such threats; they could legislate about wages just as easily as about prices and allotments. So they amended the bill by providing that if any owner should reduce wages without the consent of his employees, his allotment should be restricted in the corresponding proportion.

Such is this remarkable innovation in law-making. And yet it would be easy for a foreign observer to overestimate its significance. He might easily assume that traditional beliefs about property are breaking up in Germany, and that the time is not far remote when the fragments may be reassembled and shaped into the *Zukunftsstaat*. Such an inference, however, would not be justified by the potash law, or by the other factors involved. While the law is indeed decidedly socialistic in tendency, it is not yet Socialism. It hedges private property about with sharper restrictions than would be thought justifiable in countries where, as in the United States, the creed of individualism is still vigorous; and yet it is, in effect, hardly more than a piece of social-reform legislation, though a more radical one than we have hitherto seen.

Certainly the men who voted for it had no intention — with the exception of the Social Democrats — of taking a step to hasten the coming of the Socialist's millennium. Curiously enough, some of its extreme features originated with the Conservatives, who are dominated by the 'country squire' element, the sheet-anchor — in Germany as well as in other countries — of traditional beliefs. But the Conservatives are the least inclined of all the political parties of Germany to abandon the individualistic view of property. This was shown by their course in 1909, when they produced a convulsion in the internal politics of the country and forced the retirement of Bülow through their stout opposition to a small tax on the inheritances of direct heirs, — certainly a most reasonable tax from the standpoint of social obligation. In explaining their course, the Conservatives said that they could not think of submitting their property to the mercies of a Reichstag chosen by popular suffrage. In other words, they dreaded future encroachments upon their property rights through the advance of Socialism. The willingness of the Conservatives to throw away their principles in the case of the potash law is therefore without significance, so far as radical Socialism is concerned; they were legislating about other men's property, where it is always easy to make a show of altruism.

But the potash law is significant of one thing at least, — it registers in a striking way how far the German people have lost faith in the system of free competition. Legislation, education, commerce, manufacturing industry, the activities of the working classes, — all bear witness to the rapid decline of that faith. In Germany, 'the individual withers,' and the world of State and Society, with its multifarious demands upon him, 'is more and more.' This is, of course, a socialistic tendency, but the substitute that the Germans are finding for unlimited competition is not radical Socialism, but organization.

It is astonishing to what an extent the Germans have gone in organizing life in all its activities. The individual is everywhere learning that his independent strivings are ineffective both for himself and society, that as a unit he counts for little. The working people long ago learned that they could better their position only through organization; and as united labor became more self-assertive in presenting its demands, the great employers of labor, the manufacturers of the country, organized themselves for the special purpose of protecting themselves against those demands. Now both employer and employee have surrendered their individual position, committing their rights to the organization, which acts in its collective capacity in the interests of its members; it fixes the wage-tariff and the length of the day's labor, it settles strikes and lock-outs by treaty with the opposing organization, and in a hundred ways it absorbs and discharges the functions of the individual in his own behalf. Combinations and syndicates of manufacturers facilitate the marketing of goods, make or dictate prices, assign allotments to each factory of the amount of goods that it may produce, in many cases handle all orders for goods and treat the individual manufacturer as merely their agent.

The State, of course, takes hold of the individual life much more broadly, with more systematic purpose. The individual's health is cared for, his house is inspected, his children are educated, he is insured against the worst vicissitudes of life, his savings are invested, his transportation of goods or persons is undertaken, his need to com-

municate with others by telegraph or telephone is met — all by the paternal State or city.

The police system is put at the service of the humblest citizen. The police regulations of Upper Bavaria, for example, contain the following provision regarding the sleeping accommodations for house-servants, apprentices, and similar dependent folk: 'The bed-straw must be held in a sack, and must be changed as needed, but at least twice a year.' Will anybody say that this is paternalism carried to extremes? But who is to see else that the young man has a decent bed? Now he has his paragraph, and he can appeal to it with effect; and he believes the State is his protector.

But the best work of the paternal German State for the individual consists, not merely in protecting him, not merely in seeing that his physical wants are provided for. It takes hold of his life in a larger, more positive way; it treats him as a constructive social force to be developed and directed. The public schools have in recent years adopted the practice of giving directive advice to their pupils in regard to their life-calling, — advice based upon ascertained physical and mental capacity; and thus much waste of individual effort, much loss of health and happiness through ill-chosen work, is avoided.

Moreover the State does not leave the young man to his own resources after he has left school; the compulsory continuation trade-school carries on and specializes his training after he has taken up his life-work, — training designed and directed toward making him most efficient for his own particular task. There are now about 375,000 pupils in the continuation schools; in 1884 there were 58,000. Twenty-five years ago the Prussian Government was spending only about $13,500 a year on trade-schools; now it is spending above three million dollars on more than 1300 schools.

The railway, as is well known, is almost wholly a State institution in Germany. The Prussian system, with its more than 400,000 laborers and officials, is the largest employer of labor in the world; and this vast business is administered with remarkable honesty and efficiency. Cases of embezzlement or other crime are extremely rare; relatively few persons are killed or maimed through accident; and the railways are kept quite aloof from politics. American writers were accustomed up to about twenty years ago to regard the Prussian roads as much inferior to American ones; but much less is heard of such unfavorable comparisons now, for the Prussian roads have made great improvements. Freight rates, indeed, are considerably higher than the average American rates, but the bulk of the passenger traffic is carried at lower prices than in America. Bismarck's purpose to use the railway wholly in the interests of the people, as declared when he nationalized the roads, has not been fully carried out, since rates have been kept at a high enough figure to make them the largest source of revenue for the State, besides paying interest on the capital invested. On the other hand, shippers have the great advantage of absolutely fair treatment; there is no discrimination among them, there are no rebates, secret or other. Another great advantage consists in having a single system to deal with, as well as simplified tariff schedules; before the nationalization there were 63 railways, with 1357 different tariffs.

The moral success of the system of State ownership — which is the most important matter, after all — is complete; now there is absolutely nobody in Germany who would discard it for

privately-owned railways. The success of the railways is so evident that the Socialists like to point to them as a demonstration of the feasibility of Socialism in general. Non-believers in that system of thought, however, see no reason for such a sweeping conclusion, since the operation of such huge undertakings, having almost of necessity a monopolistic character, is a very different problem from the State ownership of farm, factory, and mine. Moreover, it must be admitted that the Prussian railways supply an illustration of what has often been pointed to as a necessary consequence of practical Socialism — its suppression, namely, of the individual. The railway employees are not allowed to organize labor-unions for protecting their interests; they must submit absolutely to the decisions of the State's representatives at the head of the system. Among the officials, indeed, there is promotion for merit; but the common laborer can never pass into that charmed circle. Picturesque careers, as where a man rises from brakeman to railway president, can never occur in Germany, as they sometimes do in America. But this is to be set down, not specifically as the result of State ownership, but rather as due to the fixity of social classes here, and the rigid bureaucratic system that prevails in all German administrative organizations.

The Prussian State has also long been an extensive owner of coal, potash, salt, and iron mines. In 1907 a law was passed giving the State prior mining rights to all undiscovered coal deposits. In general, however, it must cede those rights to private parties on payment of a royalty; but the law makes an exception of 250 'maximum fields,' equal to about 205 square miles, in which the State itself will exercise its mining rights. It has recently reserved this amount of lands adjacent to the coal fields on the lower Rhine and in Silesia. The State had already about 80 square miles of coal lands in its hands, from which it was taking out about 10,000,000 tons of coal a year. Its success as a mine-owner, however, appears to be less marked than as railway proprietor; experienced business men even assert that the State's coal and iron mines would be operated at a loss if proper allowances were made for depreciation and amortization of capital, as must be done in the case of private companies. The State also derives comparatively small revenues from its forest and farming lands of some 830,000 acres, which were formerly the property of the Crown.

The principle of State ownership has worked so well with the railways that Prussia is about to make a modified application of it on the capacious canals that it is now building. On these it will have a traction monopoly, while the barges will be privately owned. Some features of the Imperial postal system, going beyond American practice, must also be mentioned here. With its admirable package-post, the German system does all the business that we leave to our express companies, and does it much more cheaply. A package weighing eleven pounds is carried to any point in the Empire for 12 cents; and corresponding cheapness is maintained to the maximum weight of 112 pounds. This cheap service is used in a thousand ways that would seem novel to Americans. Many families in Berlin receive weekly packages of meat and other supplies from distant parts of the country, where prices are low; special shops in the big cities do an enormous package trade; army officers often send home their linen by post to be laundered; and the summer tourist, wanting to do a part of his itinerary afoot, sends his baggage by post to any desired point. The post-office also has

a monopoly of the telegraphs and telephones, and supplies a cheap service with both. A charge of only 12 cents is made for delivering a ten-word telegram in any part of the country; transmission seldom requires as long as two hours, and usually much less. Even small towns have long-distance telephone connection; and the German telephone system also communicates with many foreign cities.

A few years ago the post-office established a banking department, designed more to facilitate payments than to take care of savings. It is a system of open accounts, on which moneys are paid in and out upon order slips, — an admirable method for making collections. The system has already become very popular; in 1910, only the second year of its existence, the department effected payments amounting to $4,400,000,000. It is operated in connection with the Reichsbank, with which its balances are deposited. The Reichsbank itself, the great central note-issuing institution of the Empire, is a splendid example of what is done in Germany through efficient government administration. While its capital is owned by private persons, its administration is wholly in the hands of the Imperial Government; and a large part of its profits, often more than half, falls to the Treasury by law. With above 500 branches in all sections of the land, with an annual turnover of above $85,000,000,000, with a note-circulation approximating at times $500,000,000, this great institution performs an incalculable service to the people. Its elastic note-circulation, sometimes expanded by more than $125,000,000 in a single week, wholly prevents those money famines that have often proved disastrous to American business interests. Another semi-public financial institution is the Prussian Central Coöperative Bank (*Genossenschafts-Kasse*), whose function is to extend cheap banking facilities to the numerous coöperative societies that have sprung up in Prussia; its capital of $9,000,000 is supplied by the State, and its administration is under the supervision of the Finance Minister. The *Seehandlung*, which is the Prussian State bank, is the largest lender of money in the Berlin market. Nearly all the savings-bank business in Germany is also done by public institutions, — only about eight per cent of the total deposits in savings banks being with private institutions. At the end of 1907 there were above 2700 municipal and provincial savings banks, with 6600 branches; and their deposits amounted to more than $3,000,000,000. At that time, above twenty-eight persons in every one hundred Germans held an account with a savings bank. Such is the extent to which semi-socialistic banking has taken hold of the German people.

The German system of State insurance for the working classes grew out of modern industrial conditions. The twin ideas of a maximum of liberty for the individual and a minimum of State interference, born of the French Revolution, denoted a great advance for civilization over the aristocratic and autocratic systems that they superseded. In time, however, machinery was invented, great factories were established, and men were drawn together in multitudes who had nothing to offer society but the labor of their hands, and who became dependent upon the factory-owner in ways scarcely less obnoxious to personal liberty than under the old régime. The modern city came into being, with its large dependent population, and its new problems of housing and sanitation. The joint-stock company, a necessary creation of the new era of machinery and financial consolidation, displaced the older personal re-

lationship between employer and employed, and reduced the labor contract to a purely monetary transaction. There was war between capital and labor, and the latter was usually the loser in the struggle. Socialism came, and greatly complicated the situation with its radical political and economic programme.

Under these changed conditions it was inevitable that men should lose faith in the efficacy of the doctrine of *laisser-faire;* indeed, that faith would have died even if Karl Marx and the other Socialist writers had never lived. The economists of Germany were among the first to abandon it, and to demand a larger activity for the State in the presence of the new social struggle; and it is the merit of the German Government that it was the first to recognize the fact that the new conditions demanded, not merely palliative and restrictive measures for the protection of the working classes, but an elaborate and systematic plan of positive action to secure their permanent well-being. Thus the system of State insurance for workingmen was established.

The motives that determined the German Government to adopt that system were mixed. The humanitarian motive undoubtedly was a strong influence, but a stronger one was the growing danger of the Socialist movement for the State. The Anti-Socialist Law had greatly embittered the working classes, and the Government thought it wise to try to allay their discontent by extending to them the kindly hand of the State; and it was even hoped that Socialism could in this way be checked. A still more everyday motive was to lighten the poor-law obligations of the local authorities. Bismarck frankly avowed this motive before the labor-insurance laws were framed; and that fact should be remembered in estimating the financial results of the insurance systems; a part at least of the big sums paid out should be set down as public charity.

Nevertheless, the value of the system has been proved beyond dispute. The authorities several months ago celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its establishment; and the Reichstag is now occupied with a voluminous bill to codify the various insurance laws and extend their application, thus giving its final verdict of approval to the entire plan. When the old age and invalid insurance law was passed in 1889, the Socialists voted against it because it did not go far enough, and the Radicals because it was not in harmony with their creed of individualism; but when the law was revised and extended in 1899 both parties voted for it, — so rapidly had the system borne down opposition through its influence in practice.

There are three distinct kinds of insurance, — sick, accident, and invalid insurance. The last also includes old-age insurance, which is available for workmen upon reaching their seventieth year. The sick insurance embraces more than 23,000 local organizations, and insures 13,385,000 persons, of whom 5,700,000 received sick aid in 1908. This form of insurance protects the laborer for six months, after which he becomes a charge upon the invalid system. The expense of sick insurance is borne by employer and employee, the former paying one third, the latter the rest. The accident system, adopted in 1884, makes employers liable for accident-injuries to their men, and compels them to organize themselves into coöperative societies for insuring them. There are 48 such companies for agricultural labor, organized by provinces or states; and 66 for industries and trades, partly national and partly district organizations. The assessments vary in the different organizations ac-

cording to the danger-risk in the trade they represent; payments to the injured averaged $37.60 for each case. The companies send their inspectors into every factory under their jurisdiction, to see that regulations for protection of life and limb are carried out, and they may impose heavy penalties for failure to observe them. The invalid and old-age system, which was adopted in 1889, insures 15,444,000 persons. It pays pensions averaging about $36 for old age, and $40 for invalidity. The insurance fees are paid in the form of stamps, pasted weekly upon a card issued by the Government for each laborer. The expense is borne equally by employer and employed.

Now, something as to general results. The aggregate revenues of the three systems in 1909 were $210,000,000, and they paid out $165,000,000 in pensions and indemnities. They owned invested funds in 1908 amounting to $496,000,000. The contributions in the three systems have been estimated by a careful statistician at 6.75 per cent of the wages received by the insured, of which the employers pay 3.68 and the employed 3.07 per cent. The insurance payments have a serious effect upon finances of employers. Thus the famous Krupp Company in 1908 paid $807,000 in insurance money, which was in the ratio of $13.60 to $100 of net profits. With another great iron company this ratio exceeded $22, and with a third it was nearly $47. Of course such expenses, in addition to heavy general taxation, must prove a serious handicap to German industry; and it is not to be wondered at that the feeling is gaining ground among manufacturers that they are doing enough for their help. Yet there is no indication that social-reform legislation is to be checked. The bill before the Reichstag, referred to above, extends sick insurance to farm laborers and household servants, a change which will raise the burden of this system for employers from $24,000,000 to $36,000,000. The bill also provides for pensioning the widows and orphans of insured laborers at an estimated additional expense of about $17,000,000. The Imperial Government has also just published a bill for establishing an entirely independent insurance system for the protection of persons not included in the labor systems; it will apply to practically all employed persons having a salary less than $1200.

A better result of the insurance systems than the modest pensions and indemnities that they pay is to be found in their excellent work for protecting health and prolonging life. Many offices have their own hospitals for the sick, and homes for the convalescent. Excellent results have been achieved, in particular, through the timely treatment of tuberculosis, — against which the insurance offices are waging a systematic warfare. Treatment is partly at home, and partly in special hospitals, which are usually located in healthy country districts. Houses or apartments in which tuberculosis develops are thoroughly cleansed and disinfected by the insurance office; above 60,000 such disinfections are undertaken yearly. In many cases where it is not necessary to segregate a patient, the office protects the other members of the family from too close contact with him, and secures him proper warmth and rest by giving him a new bed. All these protective measures have already told effectively upon the death-rate for tuberculous diseases. In the three years ending with 1908, deaths from pulmonary tuberculosis dropped from 226.6 to 192.12 per 100,000.

The accident system has also had a powerful effect in stimulating among physicians and surgeons the study of special ways and means for treating

accident-injuries, with reference to preserving intact the strength and efficiency of the patient. The insurance system has also given a strong stimulus to legislation for securing sanitary conditions in factories and other places of work. Before the era of social-reform legislation set in, sanitary conditions in German factories were extremely bad. Dangerous chemicals were handled without precautions for protecting health, ventilation and light were badly supplied, floors were filthy, and there were no legal restrictions upon the length of the work-day for adults, while even young children often had to work from ten to fourteen hours a day. Now all that has been changed, to the great improvement in health and comfort of the working people.

Something must be said, before leaving this subject, about the moral results of the system. Have the insurance laws had any substantial effect in promoting pacific relations between capital and labor? Are the laboring classes better contented with their economic position, more reconciled to the existing social order? The goal of the whole system, as announced by Emperor William I in the Imperial Rescript of November, 1881, was to 'give the Fatherland new guarantees of internal peace.' The present Emperor evidently had the same goal in mind, when, speaking to Bismarck of the Socialists, about the time when the old-age and invalid insurance law was adopted, he said, 'You leave them to me, — I shall dispose of them alone.' Now, if we judge of the effects of the insurance laws from both these standpoints, the social and the political, it must be admitted that the goal set by their imperial sponsors has by no means been reached. On the contrary, social peace seems farther off than thirty years ago. Strikes and lockouts have grown more frequent, as well as of greater dimensions. In 1910, a lock-out covering the whole nation was ordered by the builders' organizations. The relations between employers and employees also appear to have grown more strained, and even embittered. Influential Socialists say that the insurance laws themselves have had the effect of even intensifying the opposition of the working classes to the capitalistic order of society, owing to the very inadequacy of the pensions paid. Herr Sydow, the Prussian Minister of Commerce, has expressed himself in a similar strain: speaking recently of conditions in the coal trade, he said, 'The more that is done by legislation and by the private initiative of the mine-owners for the welfare of their laborers, the further removed we appear to be from our goal of good relations between employers and employed.'

The growth of the Social Democracy certainly indicates that the discontent of the working classes has deepened and spread. The number of Socialist votes has increased threefold since William II ascended the throne; and his embitterment against the Socialists over his failure to make good his rash promise to Bismarck, is itself one of the serious factors in the social-political situation of to-day. Notwithstanding the unfavorable opinions just quoted as to the moral effects of the insurance system upon the workmen, however, there are grounds for believing that counterbalancing good results have been attained. The system has certainly deepened the feeling of solidarity among the working people themselves; and not a few observers say that they have become more accessible to considerations of public interest, more amenable to public opinion, in dealing with labor matters.

The moral effect of the insurance system upon the employers is less open to doubt. It has evidently given them

a keener sense of their responsibility for the welfare of their workmen. Their standard of social duty has been raised by the regular payment of the insurance tax; they are less inclined than formerly to treat all labor matters from the standpoint of hard cash. They certainly take more readily to improved methods of constructing factory buildings; it has almost grown to be a rule with German manufacturers to go even beyond the requirements of law in building for the best sanitary results. Just as with the laborers, too, manufacturers and other employers have been drawn together by the insurance system. The compulsory organizations for accident insurance gave them a new feeling of solidarity, and acted as a powerful stimulus toward the formation of trade combinations, which have become more numerous in Germany than in any other land.

But German society does not regard its duty to the working classes as exhausted with the insurance systems already described. In many other ways the State, the municipality, and private organizations, extend a helping hand to the laborer. Bismarck once, in a speech in the Reichstag, explicitly recognized the laborer's right to work. Some twenty German cities have given practical effect to his words by organizing insurance against non-employment; and the governments of Bavaria and Baden have taken steps to encourage this movement. Under the systems adopted, the laborer pays the larger part of the insurance money, and the city the rest; in a few cases money has been given by private persons to assist the insurance.

A fine example of what German municipalities and other bodies are doing in behalf of the working classes is presented by the public employment offices. These are well organized, succeed in keeping up close communication between all classes of working persons and possible employers, and have thus become an important factor in the economic and social life of the country. An Imperial law for their regulation and promotion went into effect in October, 1910. An annual convention of the various employment agencies has been held for some six years, at which methods of work and other matters of special interest to the managers are discussed. The good work accomplished by the German agencies has stimulated a similar movement in other countries. The Scandinavian states and Switzerland have passed laws and organized employment agencies after the German model; and in 1909, England passed a law under which over one hundred agencies have been organized. A year ago the French Minister of Labor recommended to the municipalities that they establish agencies like those of Germany.

One of the latest tendencies of legislation in Germany is to place in the hands of the laboring classes the means for protecting themselves. Several years ago a dreadful disaster causing a heavy loss of life occurred in a coal mine of Westphalia. The miners believed that the explosion could have been prevented by more frequent and thorough inspections of the mine, and they thereupon began a general agitation in favor of a law authorizing them to elect supplementary mine-inspectors from among themselves. Such a law was passed within a year. The miners at each colliery elect their own inspectors, who must examine safety conditions underground at least once a month, and at the owner's expense.

Just now the Reichstag is occupied with a bill of similar tendency, providing for the establishment of so-called Chambers of Labor. To make clear to the American reader what this means, attention must be called here

to the difference between the German and the American chamber of commerce. Such a body is in America a voluntary, self-pepetuating organization; it represents the broad commercial interests of the city only in so far as its members are public-spirited business men; but the merchant community itself has no means in its hands to enforce its views and interests within the chamber of commerce; hence independent organizations spring up in cities where the merchants believe that their interests are not adequately looked after by the chamber of commerce. In Germany this is different. The chamber of commerce is elected under the law by the entire body of merchants, for stated periods; thus all classes can secure representation in it, and the membership can be changed from time to time to meet the wants of the community. Moreover, the chambers of commerce thus organized are the legal organs of advice to the governments, national, state, and municipal, on all matters pertaining to commercial interests. In the same way the farmers of the nation have their legal voice in many chambers of agriculture, having a central organization which represents the farming interests of the entire nation.

The Chambers of Labor are designed to bring together the laborers and the employers of each industry by districts, in organizations in which each shall have equal representation. Their functions shall be to assist in fixing the terms of the wage-tariff where men are employed under a collective contract; to further the establishment of employment agencies under the joint auspices of employers and employed; to take part, when called upon, in the settlement of strikes and lock-outs; and to collect information by circular or otherwise regarding labor matters in their territory. The bill for establishing these chambers has passed its second reading in the Reichstag; but there is still some doubt as to its ultimate fate. The Reichstag amended it by extending its provisions to the State railway employees, and by making the secretaries of labor-unions eligible to membership in the chambers — changes which the Government declared that it would not accept. Whatever becomes of the bill, however, it is highly significant as showing the willingness of the Government to recognize the equal position of the working men along with their employers in the adjustment of labor interests. It is worthy of mention, too, that working women have an equal voice with men in voting for representatives in the Chambers of Labor.

Of course, organized means for preserving peace between employers and their men have not been neglected in Germany during all these years. Courts of arbitration after the English model were established many years ago, and these have been developed and improved from time to time through new legislation. They are for the most part organized under municipal auspices; and an official, usually of the municipality, presides over them. The four other members are elected equally by the employers and the employees. Their duty in cases of labor difficulties is first to try to effect a settlement by putting forth conciliatory proposals; but if these fail the court has then the right to adjudicate the matter. The arbitration courts have at present only a local jurisdiction; but, in view of the wide extent often reached latterly by strikes and lock-outs, it is growing evident to all concerned that a national court of this kind is needed to deal with them.

Systems of taxation in Germany have been influenced by the social-reform movement to only a limited extent. The Imperial revenues are still

derived almost wholly from indirect taxes, which are always, from their very nature, a relatively heavier burden upon the poor than upon the rich. The German import duties are only in part graduated with a view to lightening the tax on cheaper goods. The worst feature of protection in Germany is that it greatly enhances the cost of bread and meat to the people; and in the internal revenue system are included such 'unsocial' taxes as the sugar, the salt, and the match tax. But the principle of sparing the poor man is better recognized in the State and municipal systems of taxation. The most important State tax is that on incomes, which is in all cases graduated down to a very low rate on the smallest income; in Prussia there is no tax on incomes less than $214. The cities also collect the bulk of their revenues from incomes, using the same classification and sliding scale as the State.

A highly interesting innovation in taxation is the 'unearned increment' tax on land-values, first adopted by Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1904, and already applied by above 300 German cities and towns. It is based upon the sound social-reform idea of recovering to the community a part of new value that a growing population gives to land. It is a fact strikingly proving the popularity of the new tax that the Reichstag adopted with practical unanimity a resolution favoring it in the summer of 1909, at a moment when that body was hopelessly divided as to all other forms of taxation; and a law on the subject has just been enacted.

The position and influence of the Social Democracy throughout all this movement, together with its future prospects, call for a few concluding remarks. It has already been said that the hope of conciliating the working classes and winning them away from radical Socialism was one motive leading to the adoption of the insurance laws. The same hope, accentuated certainly by grave apprehensions as to the growing power and confidence of the Socialists, has also been a strong incentive with the governing classes for undertaking other social-reform measures. But at times, it cannot be doubted, the Government has also been held back from undertaking reform measures by the policy of the Socialists, who avail themselves with avidity of every opportunity placed in their hands for building up their party's strength, and tightening their hold upon the working classes. They elect mining inspectors, members of insurance boards, and other representatives of labor on public boards, on grounds of party expediency only. Hence not a few of the friends of social reform deplore the Socialist movement as a hindrance to many good measures which were else feasible and would receive the support of the governing majority.

For the moment the prospects of the Socialist party appear very bright. They had lost half their voting strength in the Reichstag at the elections of January, 1907, but during the past two years they have elected their candidates in nearly every by-election in which they made a contest, and their votes have heavily increased. It is now expected in all quarters that they will make great gains in the general election to be held this year. Such a result would probably quicken the pace of social reform on the part of the Government. But it is to be regarded as very doubtful — looking further into the future — whether the Socialists will be able to continue their onward march. It is a well-known fact that, for some years, many voters have been helping them who by no means subscribe to the Socialists' creed, — doing so as the most effective means of protesting against the general policy of

the Government. It is equally certain that a large part of the regular Socialist membership is composed of discontented men who have but a lukewarm interest in collectivism, or believe that it can ever be realized.

The best propaganda work for Socialism is done by the Government and its immediate supporters. To them the common laboring man is not an equal, but an underling; he has no political rights which they would be willing to concede except under stress of circumstances. Germany is committed to democracy in form only, not in spirit. That is shown in hundreds of ways, — most of all by the refusal of suffrage reform in Prussia. The working people know, too, that the whole social-reform movement has been largely tainted by an undemocratic, condescending spirit; by a willingness to give money, but not more precious things than money. If a change should come over Germany, if Prussia should get rid of its plutocratic suffrage law and give real ballot reform, if the protective duties should be reduced in the interests of the poorest class of consumers, — it may be safely assumed that the tide of Socialism would soon begin to ebb. That is the conviction of a growing number of the intelligent people of Germany.

THE TWO LOOKS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

THE old Director of the 'Yew Trees' Cemetery walked slowly across from his house, to see that all was ready.

He had seen pass into the square of earth committed to his charge so many to whom he had been in the habit of nodding, so many whose faces even he had not known. To him it was the everyday event; yet this funeral, one more in the countless tale, disturbed him — a sharp reminder of the passage of time.

For twenty years had gone by since the death of Septimus Godwin, the cynical, romantic doctor who had been his greatest friend; by whose cleverness all had sworn, of whose powers of fascination all had gossiped! And now they were burying his son!

He had not seen the widow since, for she had left the town at once; but he recollected her distinctly, a tall, dark woman with bright brown eyes, much younger than her husband, and only married to him eighteen months before he died. He remembered her slim figure standing by the grave, at that long-past funeral, and the look on her face which had puzzled him so terribly — a look of — a most peculiar look!

He thought of it even now, walking along the narrow path toward his old friend's grave — the handsomest in the cemetery, commanding from the topmost point the whitened slope and river that lay beyond. He came to its little private garden. Spring flowers were blossoming; the railings had been freshly painted; and by the door of the grave

wreaths awaited the new arrival. All was in order.

The old Director opened the mausoleum with his key. Below, seen through a thick glass floor, lay the shining coffin of the father; beneath, on the lower tier, would rest the coffin of the son.

A gentle voice, close behind him, said, —

'Can you tell me, sir, what they are doing to my old doctor's grave?'

The old Director turned, and saw before him a lady well past middle age. He did not know her face, but it was pleasant, with faded rose-leaf cheeks, and silvered hair under a shady hat.

'Madam, there is a funeral here this afternoon.'

'Ah! Can it be his wife?'

'Madam, his son; a young man of only twenty.'

'His son! At what time did you say?'

'At two o'clock.'

'Thank you: you are very kind.'

With uplifted hat, he watched her walk away. It worried him to see a face he did not know.

All went off beautifully; but, dining that same evening with his friend, a certain doctor, the old Director asked,

'Did you see a lady with gray hair hovering about this afternoon?'

The doctor, a tall man, with a beard still yellow, drew his guest's chair nearer to the fire.

'I did,' he answered.

'Did you remark her face? A very odd expression — a sort of — what shall I call it? — Very odd indeed! Who is she? I saw her at the grave this morning.'

The doctor shook his head.

'Not so very odd, I think.'

'Come! What do you mean by that?'

The doctor hesitated. Then, taking the decanter, he filled his old friend's glass, and answered, —

'Well, sir, you were Godwin's greatest chum — I will tell you, if you like, the story of his death. You were away at the time, if you remember.'

'It is safe with me,' said the old Director.

'Septimus Godwin,' began the doctor slowly, 'died on a Thursday about three o'clock, and I was only called in to see him at two. I found him far gone, but conscious now and then. It was a case of — but you know the details, so I need n't go into that. His wife was in the room, and on the bed at his feet lay his pet dog — a terrier; you may recollect, perhaps, he had a special breed. I had n't been there ten minutes, when a maid came in, and whispered something to her mistress. Mrs. Godwin answered angrily, "See him? Go down and say she ought to know better than to come here at such a time!" The maid went, but soon came back. Could the lady see Mrs. Godwin for just a moment? Mrs. Godwin answered that she could not leave her husband. The maid looked frightened, and went away again. She came back for the third time. The lady had said she must see Dr. Godwin; it was a matter of life and death! "Death — indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Godwin: "Shameful! Go down and tell her, if she does n't go immediately, I will send for the police!"

'The poor maid looked at me. I offered to go down and see the visitor myself. I found her in the dining-room, and knew her at once. Never mind her name, but she belongs to a county family not a hundred miles from here. A beautiful woman she was then; but her face that day was quite distorted.

'"For God's sake, Doctor," she said, "is there any hope?"

'I was obliged to tell her there was none.

'"Then I must see him," she said.

'I begged her to consider what she

was asking. But she held me out a signet ring. Just like Godwin — was n't it — that sort of Byronism, eh?

'"He sent me this," she said, "an hour ago. It was agreed between us that if ever he sent that, I must come. If it were only myself I could bear it — a woman can bear anything; but he'll die thinking I could n't come, thinking I did n't care — and I would give my life for him this minute!"

'Now, a dying man's request is sacred. I told her she should see him. I made her follow me upstairs, and wait outside his room. I promised to let her know if he recovered consciousness. I have never been thanked like that, before or since.

'I went back into the bedroom. He was still unconscious, and the terrier whining. In the next room a child was crying — the very same young man we buried to-day. Mrs. Godwin was still standing by the bed.

'"Have you sent her away?"

'I had to say that Godwin really wished to see her. At that she broke out: —

"I won't have her here — the wretch!"

'I begged her to control herself, and remember that her husband was a dying man.

'"But I'm his wife," she said, and flew out of the room.'

The doctor paused, staring at the fire. He shrugged his shoulders, and went on: 'I'd have stopped her fury, if I could! A dying man is not the same as the live animal, that he must needs be wrangled over! And suffering 's sacred, even to us doctors. I could hear their voices outside. Heaven knows what they said to each other. And there lay Godwin with his white face and his black hair — deathly still — fine-looking fellow he always was! Then I saw that he was coming to! The women had begun again outside — first, the wife, sharp and scornful; then the other, hushed and slow. I saw Godwin lift his finger and point it at the door. I went out, and said to the woman, "Dr. Godwin wishes to see you; please control yourself!"

'We went back into the room. The wife followed. But Godwin had lost consciousness again. They sat down, those two, and hid their faces. I can see them now, one on each side of the bed, their eyes covered with their hands, each with her claim on him, all murdered by the other's presence; each with her torn love. H'm? What they must have suffered, then! And all the time, the child crying — the child of one of them, that might have been the other's!'

The doctor was silent, and the old Director turned toward him his white-bearded, ruddy face, with a look as if he were groping in the dark.

'Just then, I remember,' the doctor went on suddenly, 'the bells of St. Jude's close by began to peal out for the finish of a wedding. That brought Godwin back to life. He just looked from one woman to the other with a queer, miserable sort of smile, enough to make your heart break. And they both looked at him. The face of the wife — poor thing — was as bitter hard as a cut stone, but she sat there, without ever stirring a finger. As for the other woman — I could n't look at her. He beckoned to me; but I could n't catch his words, the bells drowned them. A minute later he was dead.

'Life's a funny thing! You wake in the morning with your foot firm on the ladder — One touch, and down you go! You snuff out like a candle. And it's lucky when your flame goes out, if only one woman's flame goes out too.

'Neither of those women cried. The wife stayed there by the bed. I got the other one away to her carriage,

down the street. — And so she was there to-day! That explains, I think, the look you saw.'

The doctor ceased; and in the silence the old Director nodded. Yes! That explained the look he had seen on the face of that unknown woman, the deep, unseizable, weird look. That explained the look he had seen on the wife's face at the funeral twenty years ago!

And peering wistfully, he said: —

'She looked — she looked — almost triumphant!'

Then, slowly, he rubbed his hands over his knees, with the secret craving of the old for warmth.

THE TRAIL OF THE ARGONAUTS

BY CHARLES M. HARVEY

I

On a January day, apparently only one more of a series of monotonous days, in a place where he had been working for months, James W. Marshall, superintending the building of a sawmill, picked up some yellow dust from the excavated earth in the tail-race of his mill, and counted the first sands of a new era in his own life, and in the history of the world.

The day was January 24, 1848. The place, which belonged to John A. Sutter, was near the present little town of Coloma, in Eldorado County, on the South Fork of the American River — a stream which, forty miles to the southwest, flows into the Sacramento at what was then Sutter's Fort, but afterwards became the city of Sacramento, the capital of California. The yellow dust was gold.

From the days of De Soto and Coronado, three centuries earlier, thousands of adventurers had sought that metal in many places within the present area of the United States, and some obscure and sporadic 'finds' of it had been made. Marshall's, however, was the first real gold discovery, the first to be registered in the story of his country.

At the very hour which sounded the new fortune of California and of the United States, down at Guadalupe Hidalgo, a little suburb of the City of Mexico, twenty-five hundred miles away, the American and Mexican commissioners were arranging the terms of the treaty of peace which was to end the war between their respective countries. In that pact, signed nine days later, Mexico ceded California and New Mexico, including the present Nevada, Utah, Arizona, and parts of Colorado and Wyoming, to the United States. But at that moment nobody in either nation dreamed of the treasure thus transferred, or of the significance of that discovery near the foothills of the Sierra.

Even in the absence, however, of railroads, telegraphs, and steamboats, in that wilderness on the sunset border of the newly acquired lands, the secret could not long be kept by Sutter, Marshall, and their men. It penetrated to

other settlements in California, made its way to San Francisco, and thence by ship to Hawaii, Australia, China; to the Hudson Bay Company's posts in British Columbia; to Mexico, South America, and round Cape Horn to the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, and to Europe. Some of Sutter's Mormon employees, journeying to the newly established Zion of their sect in the Salt Lake Basin, told it there. Government couriers crossed the Sierras and Rocky Mountains, carrying the news eastward and telling it, as they went, to the west-bound immigrants whom they met on the Oregon Trail.

A tale it was of lands of gold
That lay toward the sun. Wild wing'd and fleet
It spread among the swift Missouri's bold
Unbridled men, and reached to where Ohio
roll'd.

A prose translation of these lines is to be found in a letter dated from Monterey, at that time the capital of California, August 29, 1848, and published in the New York *Journal of Commerce*: —

'The people are running over the country and picking gold out of the earth here and there, just as a thousand hogs, let loose in a forest, would root up ground-nuts. Some get eight or ten ounces a day; the least active get one or two. . . . There is one man who has sixty Indians in his employ; his profits are a dollar a minute. The wild Indians know nothing of its value, and wonder what the pale-faces want to do with it. They will give an ounce of it for the same weight of coined silver, or a thimble-full of glass beads, or a glass of grog. And white men themselves often give an ounce of it, which is worth at our mint eighteen dollars or more, for a bottle of brandy, a bottle of soda-powders, or a plug of tobacco.'

But prose itself becomes poetic in an article on 'The Age of Gold,' attributed to Horace Greeley, and printed in the New York *Tribune* in November, 1848: —

'It is coming — nay, it is at hand — there is no doubt of it. . . . We are on the brink of the Age of Gold. . . . And after the earth shall all be washed (and we don't believe one half the gold is secured by the rude methods of washing in vogue in California), we have still the mines untouched, of which the gold thus obtained is manifestly but the waste — the overplus — the superabundance — cast about, as some lucky gambler might throw away a handful of change in stepping out of the room where he had won a vast fortune. The mines are in the solid earth, — amid the rocks and crags of the Sierra Nevada, — they are clasped by jealous walls of granite, and run radiant and priceless down to the earth's centre. . . . We look for an addition, within the next four years, equal to at least a thousand million of dollars to the general aggregate of gold in circulation and use throughout the world.'

And even the unemotional President Polk, in his message to Congress on December 5, 1848, says in referring to a report made to the War Department by Col. R. B. Mason, the military commander in California, 'The accounts of the abundance of gold in that territory are of such an extraordinary character as would scarcely command belief were they not corroborated by the authentic reports of officers in the public service who have visited the mineral district and derived the facts which they detail from personal observation.'

By this time, in the sailing-vessels of the period, bands of adventurers were beginning to cross the Pacific from Hawaii, Australia, and China; hordes from New York, Boston, Baltimore, London, Havre, and other ports on the west and east side of the Atlantic were starting for Cape Horn, thence to sail northward along the big Western sea;

and ships were landing their loads at Mexico, Nicaragua, and Panama, to cross to the Pacific side of the continent, and make their way California-ward either by boat or on foot. All roads led to San Francisco. Along the coast, companies and battalions of soldiers abandoned their posts, sailors deserted their ships, and whole towns were virtually depopulated.

More than two hundred vessels left the Atlantic and Gulf ports of the United States in the winter of 1848–49 alone, and the ports of Europe and Asia contributed to the procession. In one day in September, 1849, sixty-six vessels passed in through the Golden Gate. Into the valleys and foothills of the Sierras poured representatives of all the colors — white, black, red, yellow, and brown — into which the sons of Adam had divided themselves, speaking more tongues than Babel ever heard.

By far the larger portion, however, of the immigrants to California crossed the United States overland, and of course most of these were Americans. Proximity gave Oregon the precedence in sending them, and among the earliest of them we find a man whom we met in the pages of this magazine a few months ago.[1]

II

'Next morning we left for the Yuba; and, after traveling eight or ten miles, we arrived at noon overlooking Long's Bar. Below, glowing in the hot sunshine, and in the narrow valley of this lovely and rapid stream, we saw the canvas tents and the cloth shanties of the miners. There was but one log cabin in the camp. There were about eighty men, three women, and five children at this place. . . . It was the first mining locality we had ever seen, and here we promptly decided to pitch our tent. We drove our wagons and teams across the river into the camp, and turned out our oxen and horses to graze and rest. . . . No miner paid the slightest attention to me, or said a word. They were all too busy. At last I ventured to ask one of them . . . whether he could see the particles of gold in the dirt; . . . and, taking a handful of dirt, he blew away the fine dust with his breath, and showed me a scale of gold about as thick as thin paper, and as large as a flaxseed. This was entirely new to me.'

These were the words of Peter H. Burnett. The camp which he mentions was in the present Sutter County, California, near the Yuba, a tributary of the Feather River, which is one of the branches of the Sacramento; and the date of his arrival was November 5, 1848. In the five years since we saw him, when he was one of the leading spirits in the great column of immigrants which left Independence, Missouri, in the spring of 1843, for the valley of the Columbia, he had assisted in organizing the Territory of Oregon, and had been successively a member of its legislature and a judge of its supreme court.

Burnett makes his appearance in 1848 as the head of a wagon company which journeyed down from Oregon City, by the Willamette, and was the first regularly organized party of prospectors to enter California from the outside.

As a gold-miner on the Yuba, as the first governor of the state (1849–51), as a member of its supreme court (1857–58), and as one of its leading bankers, Burnett, for many years, played an important rôle in the life of California.

Many of the Oregon gold-seekers followed Burnett's route, leading by way

[1] See 'On the Road to Oregon,' in the *Atlantic* for May, 1910, page 636.

of Lake Klamath, Goose Lake, and the upper waters of Pitt River. It had already been partly blazed by Peter Lassen, a well-known Oregon and California character of those days, who was overtaken by Burnett. But most of the immigrants came from east of the Rocky Mountains, some from the Atlantic seaboard, but a majority from the Mississippi Valley. They heard of the gold discoveries later than the Oregonians, and were behind them in starting, besides having a longer way to go.

These overland companies, with many of the sea-voyagers of the earlier inrush, constituted the famous 'forty-niners,' who made such an indelible impress upon the social and political life of California during the era preceding the Civil War.

For a large part of the distance to the gold diggings the overland travelers had two thoroughfares to guide them. These were the Santa Fé and the Oregon trails, both of which were well marked by 1849, each having still its starting-point near Independence, Missouri. The conveyances ranged from the heavy prairie schooner, which had for many years been a familiar vehicle in the trade between the Missouri and the capital of New Mexico, to the light wagon, the cart, and the pack-animal. In these migrations were many entire families, with household furniture and utensils.

Those who went by way of Sante Fé distributed themselves along several routes westward from that town — on that traversed by the army of General Stephen W. Kearny on its march to the conquest of California in 1846; on that followed by the Mormon battalion, under Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, on the same errand and in the same year; and on the more northerly course called the Old Spanish Trail. By all those routes the travelers reached the coast not far from Los Angeles, and thence proceeded northward to the Sacramento Valley.

The main current, however, of overland immigration to California in 1849 and subsequent years surged along the Oregon Trail. Starting from either Independence or St. Joseph, Missouri, the caravans reached the Platte, a hundred and fifty miles west of Omaha, at a point now on the Union Pacific Railway; followed the river for many miles, passing Chimney Rock, Scott's Bluffs, Fort Laramie, and Independence Rock; crossed the continental divide at South Pass, and pressed onward to Fort Bridger and Fort Hall, the former in southwestern Wyoming, on Black's Fork of the Green River, one thousand and seventy miles from Independence, and the latter more than two hundred miles beyond, near where the Portneuf flows into the Snake River, in Idaho.

At Fort Bridger most of the gold-seekers diverged southwestward from the Oregon Trail, and followed the course taken by Brigham Young, Orson Pratt, Heber C. Kimball, and the rest of the Mormons, in the exodus from Nauvoo in 1847, which led them to Salt Lake. Those who went by way of Fort Hall traversed the valleys of the Snake and Humboldt rivers, and each track crossed the Sierras at one or another of the passes discovered by the fur-traders or, later, by Frémont and Kit Carson.

And they were in numbers such as were never seen in any gold hegira before or since, not even in the wild rush for the Klondike in 1897. As soon as the grass began to peep out of the ground in the latter part of April the advance parties started from the mouth of the Kaw, and as early as the middle of June there was an almost continuous procession from that point to South Pass. By the Fourth of July

some of the earlier voyagers had reached Fort Bridger.

Except when small parties drifted away from the main course, their numbers protected them from molestation by the Indians: but a far more formidable foe was on their trail. Asiatic cholera, which ravaged many cities in the East, and along the Mississippi from St. Louis to New Orleans, in the summer of 1849, overtook the later immigrants before they left the Missouri, spread through the caravans before they reached high ground at South Pass, and scored several thousand victims. When midsummer came, the heat, fatigue, lack of verdure and of water, and diminution of the food-supply, brought other thousands to the verge of death; and scores did die from these causes, from July till November, when the snow closed the mountain passes, and the stream of forty-niners poured into the valley of the Sacramento.

If we had made a survey of the gold diggings by the end of that year we should have found the settlements of Bidwell's Bar, Coloma, Spanish Flat, Tuolumne, Table Mountain, Horseshoe Bar, Dry Diggings, Diamond Springs, and many other camps with whose strange denizens of a few years later Bret Harte has made the world familiar.

With so great an influx, the necessity for establishing stable and effective government among the heterogeneous elements of its population was so imperative that California was knocking for admission as a state before the authorities at Washington had time to organize it as a territory. Its admission was one of the features of the Clay Compromise of 1850; it had Burnett as its first governor, and Frémont as one of its first Senators.

And what reward did fate extend to the original gold-discoverers? Disaster. In the mad scramble of a horde of treasure-seekers, Sutter and Marshall were thrust aside. 'My grist-mill never was finished,' said Sutter, in his *Personal Reminiscences.* 'Everything was stolen, even the mill-stones. My men all deserted me. I could not shut the gates of my fort and keep out the rabble. There was no law.' Saved from actual want in his latter days by a pension granted to him by the State of California, he died in Washington, D. C., in 1880, aged seventy-seven.

Marshall's end was still more pathetic. Threatened with hanging by casual adventurers when he failed to repeat for them his original discoveries; having his 'claim' appropriated by others when he chanced to make a 'strike'; unable to seize any of the opportunities which were creating millionaires — Ralston, Crocker, Flood, Fair, Huntington, Mackay, Sharon, Stewart, and dozens of others — in many parts of California and in many fields of activity, Marshall passed the latter part of his life in poverty, dying in 1885, at the age of seventy-three, within sight of the spot where he had made the first of that series of 'finds' by which California by that time had added more than a billion dollars to the gold stock of the world. Counting from Marshall's discovery to the end of 1910, it has produced gold to the amount of $1,573,000,000.

III

In the spring and summer of 1858, just as California had lost its distinctive aspect as a mining community and had developed activities of a more stable character, a few parties of Cherokees and whites, prospecting in the foothills of the present Colorado, struck gold in several spots. The most important of these discoveries was made by William Green Russell and three

or four associates on Dry Creek, seven miles south of the site of Denver. A diary kept by Russell fell into the hands of another prospector, D. C. Oakes, who printed it with some embellishments of his own in Mills County, Iowa, in the early winter of 1858–59, under the title of *Pike's Peak Guide and Journal.*

This and other publications issued about the same time, all of them studded with exaggerations, spread the story of the new gold field through the country. Pike's Peak, the most conspicuous landmark in that region, gave its name to the whole locality.

The spring of 1859 saw the scenes of 1849 repeated, and the prairies of Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska alive with pack-animals and all sorts of vehicles, all heading for the valley of the Platte, and all bound for Pike's Peak. It is estimated that one hundred and fifty thousand people started for Colorado in the spring, summer, and early fall of that year, but fifty thousand of these were turned back by the adverse reports of discouraged miners who had left the diggings.

On the canvas covers of many of the wagons in that westward current of immigrants was inscribed 'Pike's Peak,' sometimes with a facetious remark attached. The story of the 'Pike's Peak or Bust' wagon was a true one. When the wagon brought its disappointed owner back toward the Missouri, its inscription had the addendum: 'Busted by Thunder.'

But George Jackson, on May 7, 1859, and John H. Gregory, on May 10, made discoveries which, as soon as they became known, checked the homeward movement, and encouraged prospectors to extend their search through the mountains. Jackson's was on Clear Creek, near Idaho Springs, about forty miles west of Denver, while Gregory's was a few miles farther west, on the North Fork of Clear Creek, and was the richest gold 'find' ever made in Colorado until the Cripple Creek discovery a third of a century later.

Before the aforementioned prospectors were born, gold had been found by an American adventurer named James Pursley, or Purcell, on the South Fork of the Platte, near the centre of the present Colorado. When Captain Zebulon M. Pike, on his exploring expedition of 1806–07 along the western verge of the Louisiana Purchase, wandered into Spanish territory in the southern part of Colorado, he was carried a prisoner to Santa Fé, and there he met Purcell. 'He assured me,' said Pike, in his report, 'that he had found gold on La Platte, and had carried some of the virgin mineral in his shot-pouch for months, but that, being in doubt whether he should ever again behold the civilized world, and losing in his mind all the ideal value which mankind had stamped on that metal, he threw the sample away. He had imprudently mentioned it to the Spaniards who had frequently solicited him to go and show a detachment of cavalry the place; but, conceiving it to be in our territory, he had refused, and was fearful that the circumstance might create a great obstacle to his leaving the country.'

This refusal was probably fortunate for the United States. Had Purcell led the Spaniards to South Park, where he had found the gold, the riches of the Pike's Peak and Cripple Creek region might have gone to another race than that which obtained them many decades later, the territory from the western verge of the Rocky Mountains to California might have been prospected by its Spanish owners, and the subsequent history of our present Southwest have been a wholly different one. As the record stands, however, the real gold-producing era of Colorado begins

with the discoveries by Russell, Jackson, and Gregory. Denver, Central City, Golden, and other towns in the state, date from 1858. William N. Byers began the publication of the *Rocky Mountain News* in Denver on April 22, 1859, when that place had about five hundred inhabitants. Colorado was organized as a territory in 1861, and admitted as a state in 1876.

But the supremacy of gold, undisputed till 1871, was shaken in 1876 by the rich silver discoveries, beginning with those in the San Juan country, followed in the same year by others in the vicinity of Leadville, and later by the opening up of silver-mines in the Gunnison Country, in 1879, and near the present town of Creede, in Mineral County, in 1889. To each of these districts in succession there was the familiar rush of prospectors and adventurers from all over the country.

Then came another turn in Fortune's wheel. One day in 1891, in a region which had been trodden by hunters, trappers, soldiers, explorers, and argonauts ever since the time of Purcell and Pike, and used for years as a pasture ground for cattle, where no one had dreamed of the treasure lying underfoot, Robert Womack, a cowboy, made the famous Cripple Creek discovery which opened up the richest gold deposits of the United States. Beginning with a yield of $200,000 in 1891, which had reached $7,000,000 in 1895, and $22,500,000 in 1900, Cripple Creek quickly sent Colorado to the front among the gold-producing communities of the country, a rank which she maintains to this day.

IV

'You've struck it, boys.' Thus said Henry Paige Comstock to Peter O'Riley and Patrick McLaughlin, who were his fellow prospectors in a search for gold in Six-Mile Canyon, near the present Virginia City, the capital of Nevada. The date was June 10, 1859, just a month after John H. Gregory, six hundred miles to the eastward, discovered the gold-bearing ledge which helped to make Colorado's fortune.

In that remote spot in the American wilderness, by these three obscure men, a discovery was made that day which was destined to affect the current of American politics for many years, and to have for long a disturbing influence on the world's finances. The thing which was 'struck' on that June day of 1859 was the vein covering what came to be known as the Comstock Lode, in which were hidden the richest deposits of silver ever found anywhere on the globe. Their development, years afterward, simultaneously with that of the silver-mines of Colorado, started the downward flood in the price of silver, which broke the old ratio between the money metals; changed the monetary system of the leading nations from the double to the single gold standard; incited the movement, beginning in 1877, under the leadership of Richard P. Bland, for the reopening of the mints to silver on the same terms as to gold; led hence to the passing of the Bland-Allison limited silver-coinage law of 1878, and to that of the Sherman silver-bullion-deposit act of 1890; and was the issue which split the two great parties and made havoc among the smaller ones in 1896, resulting in the act of 1900, which gave statutory recognition to the gold standard in the United States.

In some respects, Nevada repeated the experience of California and Colorado. Several unimportant discoveries of minerals had been made there before the one with which history concerns itself; the news of this 'find' of 1859 brought columns of adventurers from all over the country; and the original discoverers profited comparatively

little by their good fortune. Lacking the money with which to work their mine, and believing that the deposits would be exhausted in a year or two, the partners sold out in a few months, and dropped again into the obscurity from which they had just emerged. With eleven thousand dollars as the entire product of his interest in the mine, Comstock drifted to Oregon, then to Idaho and Montana, turning his hand to several sorts of employment, with but little success, and committed suicide in Bozeman, Montana, in 1870.

At the time Comstock made his discovery, Nevada had as its population only a few hundred adventurers scattered through its wide spaces. In 1861, when it was organized into a territory, it had about 7000 inhabitants, and the number had increased to 20,000 by 1864, when it was admitted to statehood. Its great days as a mining community, however, came later. For several years after it got fairly into operation the Ophir, the first mine on the Comstock Lode, yielded an annual average of about $4,000,000 in gold and silver, chiefly the latter, a sum which might have supported its discoverer and godfather, had he remained in the region.

But the 'strike' which made Nevada's fame was still to be made. It came in a group of mines near the Ophir, and on the same lode, which were merged in 1867 under the title of the Virginia Consolidated, purchased for $80,000 in 1869 by James G. Fair, John W. Mackay, James C. Flood, and William S. O'Brien. Fair and Mackay were practical miners, Fair being also a man of considerable learning and of some mechanical skill. He was one of the Senators from Nevada in 1881–87. Flood and O'Brien were liquor-sellers in the mining regions, and were admitted to partnership with the other two because of the money which they contributed, a large cash outlay being necessary in all quartz-mining, especially in a formation like the Comstock reef. All were natives of Ireland except Flood, who was born in New York, of Irish parentage; and all were about thirty-five years of age when they purchased the Virginia Consolidated.

After spending an additional $200,000 for the development of the mines, the new owners had their hour of triumph in March, 1873, when a fifteen-foot stratum of ore was reached, milling thirty-four dollars to the ton. The vein grew richer and larger as the months passed, until it touched a breadth of four hundred feet. This was the great 'bonanza.' About this time the owners purchased an adjoining mine, likewise on the Comstock reef, named the California, which became a marvelous producer. Stocks of these mines were listed on the exchange in San Francisco, and went up to high prices.

From $645,000 in 1873, the output of the Consolidated went up to $5,000,000 in 1874, to $16,700,000 in 1875, fell back to $16,600,000 in 1876, dropped to $13,700,000 in 1877, and was down to $8,000,000 in 1878. The yield of the California advanced from $453,000 in 1875 to $13,400,000 in 1876, and to $19,000,000 in 1877, but shrank to $10,000,000 in 1878. After that the decline was swift, and the boom collapsed. As a consequence the population of the state decreased from sixty-two thousand in 1880, to forty-five thousand in 1890, and to forty-two thousand in 1900.

But Nevada's fortunes are again improving. Gold and silver discoveries, chiefly the former, in the past ten or fifteen years, the richest being in the Goldfield, Tonopah, and Rhyolite districts, on the southwestern verge of the state, have materially increased

its mineral yield, and have aided in diversifying its activities. Scattered through its vast vacant spaces on the map of to-day are more dots than were there a few years ago. Its gold production in 1909, $14,000,000, was seven times as great as in 1900, while its silver output, $4,657,000, was two and a half times as large as in the earlier year. It is now fourth on the list of the gold-producing communities of the United States, being preceded only by Colorado, California, and Alaska. Montana, Utah, and Colorado are the only states which go beyond it in output of silver.

V

At this stage of the chronicle of the days and deeds of the Argonauts the Missouri River and its tributaries come into view as highways to the mineral fields. The discoveries by Russell, Jackson, Gregory, Comstock, and their associates in Colorado and Nevada in 1858 and 1859, heightened the ardor and largely increased the number of the prospectors, and scattered them through the Rocky and Sierra Nevada ranges, and their outlying spurs, principally to the northward; and in the next few years the rich 'finds' in Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, and South Dakota were made.

By carrying the gold-seekers and their supplies to the eastern terminals of the Santa Fé and Oregon trails, to Independence and Westport (the site of the present Kansas City), or by conveying them to Leavenworth, the Missouri rendered great service in the earlier migration to California. In the rush ten years later to Pike's Peak it was sometimes used to great advantage as far up as St. Joseph. But in the gold-mining and in the general development of the Northwest the Missouri and its navigable affluents bore a yet larger and more important part.

The advent of the steamboat on the Missouri took place in 1819, when the Independence ran up that stream a few hundred miles. In 1831 the Yellowstone, owned by Astor's American Fur Company, the first steamboat to appear on its upper waters, went as far as the site of the present Pierre, the capital of South Dakota. That company's Chippewa and Key West reached the head of navigation at Fort Benton, far up in the present Montana, in 1860. Thus the Missouri stood ready to lighten the labors of the gold-seekers of the Northwest by the time that the first of the more important discoveries in that region were made.

With a few associates, E. D. Pierce, a trader among the Nez Percés, struck gold at several points along the Clearwater River and Orofino Creek in 1860, creating a stampede in 1861 from the diggings in Colorado, Nevada, and California, and also from points along the Missouri. In a few weeks a line of settlements was planted from Lewiston eastward to Pierce City. This was in western Idaho, on the sunset side of the continental divide. Steamboats began immediately to run up the Snake River to the western verge of the Idaho mines, carrying prospectors and supplies.

Discoveries along the Salmon, John Day, and Powder rivers shortly afterward, and on the upper waters of the Boisé in 1862, by George Grimes and a party of prospectors (Grimes being killed by the Shoshones later in that year), sent in a sufficient number of persons to oblige Congress to organize Idaho as a territory in 1863. Before that time, communication had been opened between the headwaters of the Missouri and the mines. Four steamboats arrived in 1862 at Fort Benton from St. Louis, all of them carrying prospectors and supplies for the Idaho diggings.

For diggings nearer and richer than those of Idaho the Missouri was now to be pressed into the service. William Fairweather and other prospectors, on the trail of another party of gold-seekers, being captured and robbed by the Crows in the southwest corner of the present Montana, were turned back, and thus accidentally struck gold on Alder Creek, near which immediately rose Virginia City and other settlements. The place was two hundred miles south of Fort Benton, and four hundred miles north of Salt Lake City. The date was May 26, 1863. On July 21, 1864, John Cowan and a few others struck gold in Last Chance Gulch, at which point rose Helena, now the second largest town in Montana, and its capital.

Many gold and silver discoveries were afterwards made in different parts of Montana, some of them of greater richness than were known elsewhere except for the gold of California and Colorado and the Nevada silver. In 1864 copper was found near the present Butte, which is the largest city in Montana to-day, and the centre of the copper-mining industry there. On an appeal from the miners, Congress gave a territorial government to Montana in 1864.

Strangely enough, the great thoroughfare from the central West to the Pacific slope was for many years inhospitable to the prospectors. Father DeSmet, the Jesuit, who passed through our present Wyoming as early as 1840, on his way westward to establish a mission station among the Flathead Indians, said he saw traces of gold there, but that his object was the saving of souls and not the acquisition of earthly treasure. A quarter of a century later gold was struck there (the Cariso Lode) by a group of men — Harry Hubbell, Noyes Baldwin, Henry Ridell, and others — who were not above wanting and looking for it. This was in the spring of 1867, on the upper reaches of the Sweetwater, near South Pass, the principal natural gateway through the Rocky Mountains before the advent of the railroad. Before the end of the year other deposits, placer and quartz, were found in the same locality. As a consequence, South Pass City and other hamlets sprang up with the usual rapidity of mining towns, while to the southward, the Union Pacific Railroad, pushing west to meet the Central Pacific, which was moving east, laid the foundations of Cheyenne, Laramie, and other towns along its course. By the creation of the Territory of Wyoming in the summer of 1868 the miners wrote their work into the statutes.

VI

What was the Indian doing while the gold-hunters were so busy in the land in which he was born, and of which he supposed himself to be the owner? In California the tribes were comparatively peaceful when the first of the Argonauts reached there. Thousands of their members worked in the diggings, some of them independently, but most of them as employees of white men.

In the hegira to California in 1849 and to Colorado in 1859, the whites were protected, as was said above, by their numbers, though in each migration detached parties were often attacked and many of their members slain. Moreover, at the outset many of the Indians probably thought that the passage of the gold-seekers would be only temporary, like the incursions at an earlier day of the hunters and trappers belonging to Manuel Lisa's Missouri, to Ashley and Henry's Rocky Mountain, to Astor's American, and the other fur companies.

But the Indians quickly roused themselves to their peril and struck back. They annihilated Colonel Fetterman's command of ninety soldiers and a few citizens near Fort Philip Kearny, on the eastern base of the Bighorn Mountains, in Northern Wyoming, in 1866. They fought the track-layers of the Union Pacific Railroad until after they had crossed the Rocky Mountains to join the Central Pacific in Utah. They murdered Agent Meeker and all the other white men at the White River Agency in Colorado in 1879, and carried off the women; then they proceeded to kill Major Thornburg and many of his soldiers, and besieged the remnant of his command for six days, until a large body of troops went to their rescue.

But the most terrible attack made by the red men in the whole history of Indian warfare west of the Mississippi, took place a few years earlier than the Meeker massacre, and a few hundred miles farther north.

Gold had been found near Harney's Peak, in the Black Hills (how vividly that name comes to the mind of the reader of the frontier fiction of a quarter of a century ago and earlier!), in the present South Dakota, in 1874, but the danger from the Sioux, then very troublesome, impelled General Sherman to shut out immigration until 1875, when the Indian title to that region was bought by the government. In the wild foray of adventurers which followed, further gold discoveries were made, chiefly in Deadwood and Whitewood gulches, and Deadwood and many other towns within a radius of forty or fifty miles were laid out at once.

For the protection of the gold-seekers and settlers in the Black Hills and the rest of the region east of the continental divide, a great expedition marched against the Sioux in 1876, in several columns, under Generals Crook, Terry, and Gibbon, Colonel Custer and the Seventh Cavalry being a part of the latter division. Coming upon the Indians, in unsuspected numbers, under Crazy Horse, Rain-in-the-Face, and Sitting Bull, on the Little Bighorn, in southern Montana, on June 25, Custer and five troops of his regiment charged them, and met the fate described by Longfellow in his '*Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face*': —

> Into the fatal snare
> The White Chief with yellow hair
> And his three hundred men
> Dashed headlong, sword in hand;
> But of that gallant band
> Not one returned again.

THE CROOKED STICK

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

In nearly every young orchard is at least one tree whose main stalk, instead of directly seeking the zenith like its neighbors, is disfigured by an inclination at a certain point, making a hip or a knuckle. Sometimes Nature seems to realize that, having permitted this tree to acquire a surface blemish, she owes it due compensation; and, whether it be fact or imagination, I have heard more than one farmer boast that he could depend on the 'crooked stick' in his orchard for surer bearing and better fruit than the average of his straight, symmetrical trees. Yet if you were looking for a sapling to buy, you would take a straight one in preference to this.

We seldom find a large family without its human crooked stick. I do not mean a monstrosity, incapable of bearing normal blossoms or fruit; or a scamp, who is like a tree rotten at the core; or a ne'er-do-weel, who has the chronic weakness of a tree from which every wind whips off a branch or two. The human crooked stick may be as sound inside as the best member of his group, but simply different from the rest. Their ambitions are not his, or their points of view, or their methods, or their tastes. If you ask him why, he cannot tell you. All he will say is that he and they are not interested in the same things, and there your hope of persuading him into conformity runs up against a dead wall.

The most salient characteristic of the crooked stick may be, in one case, a calm contempt for the conventions; in another, a secretive tendency; in a third, an amiable irresponsibility; in a fourth, lack of the social quality, or absorption in some subject which does not attract others of the same age; in a fifth, an ascetic disposition to self-punishment for trifling misdeeds, or morbid self-pity. A different mode of handling may be needed for each of these types; but before we attempt any, it is well to inquire into some of the antecedent conditions.

If you have watched the crooked stick in your orchard from the seed-leaf period, you can pretty surely tell at what stage of its growth the stalk was diverted from the perpendicular, and by what circumstance. Perchance, when you marked the spot where you had planted your seed, you did not drive your marking-stake far enough to one side, and the tender young shoot, crowded out of its course, took a bend in order to escape an obstacle it was not equal to wrestling with. Or a stone may have rolled out of the fence, and settled right in the treelet's pathway toward the upper air. Or the first winter's blizzard may have dropped a branch from an adult tree where its infant neighbor, after the snows were melted, had this weight to lift with every inch of its own growth, though still too puny for such a burden. In short, since the law of its being requires it to press straight upward, no sapling ever left the perpendicular save through some external influence; and it behooves the parent who discovers a crooked stick in his family to reflect

that this young replica of himself may be only paying vicariously the penalty of his mistakes or neglect.

Take Alice as an example. She is the only one of a houseful of girls who revolts against the conventions which hedge about her sex; and I sympathize with her, not because I disbelieve in the conventions, but because I know that Alice was forced in childhood to obey a lot of rigid rules for which she could see no reason, and for which, to tell the truth, there was n't very much. What she needs now is a stimulant for her intelligence. Release her from peremptory obligations as far as practicable, and encourage her to look into the origins of the generally accepted social canons, and to figure out what would happen if they were expunged to-morrow. It is no answer to her protests to say, 'These rules were adopted a hundred years before you were born'; for she will probably retort that by the same token we ought still to be depending on the tallow-dip and the stage-coach. The subject is hard to debate, because you are bound to confess that institutions like chaperonage, for instance, though starting as measures of protection against real perils, have mostly shrunken to mere forms. Still, a form may serve good purpose as a danger-signal. We lock the door at night under no illusion that it can keep out a skilled burglar; but the turning of the key gives notice that we wish to be left in peace, and that any intruder will take his fate in his hand. So, when we throw even the most flimsy safeguard around girlish ignorance, we warn the minions of scandal to keep their distance.

Often an explanation like this will appeal to the common sense of a girl on whom bludgeon-logic or acrid sarcasm would be wasted. On her strictly feminine side she might be approached with a reminder that she bows every day to unwritten laws of custom no deeper-rooted than the law of chaperonage. Why does she not wear a tailor-made costume when she dines out, or a dinner-gown on the street promenade? Because her modesty revolts at the idea of making herself conspicuous by an act of bad taste. What she needs to learn is the relation between 'must not' and 'better not' — that public opinion is only the raw material of which the statute is the finished product. With Alice, moreover, it might not come amiss to counterpoise your defense of harmless conventions by condemning mere idolatry of forms, emphasizing the fact that the girl who would not, in a genuine emergency, face perils to body or reputation without flinching, deserves as little admiration as one who would wantonly flaunt her contempt for such things when there is no need. Finally, make her see that all of us have to submit, in the cause of the common weal, to restraints which we do not require, because we are only individual units in a great aggregation of which the majority are the better for a little curbing, and the laws have to be made to control all, not to fit the few.

The peculiarity of John, the crooked stick in another family, is non-communicativeness. From all I can learn of his habits, he has nothing unworthy to conceal; but whereas Will and Helen and Amy lack even prudent reserve in their self-expression, no one is sure what John thinks about anything. To the stranger, his inscrutability would appear temperamental; but we who remember him as a little fellow know that his volubility then was often so embarrassing as to call forth sharp rebukes from his elders. At first this wrought no outward change; as he passed, however, from the elasticity of babyhood and became an uncommonly sensitive boy, he felt such treatment

not the less keenly because of his belated consciousness that he had brought it upon himself. Here was his mother's mistake. With her diplomatic gift, she might have diverted, instead of strangling, his ill-timed deliverances, and, by later seeking occasion to give him a full hearing in private, have encouraged him to come to her alone when he had personal problems to settle or judgments to pronounce. The irritation caused by repeated public admonitions to 'talk less and think more,' simply crystallized into a chronic indisposition to speak his mind about anything.

To his parents he is respectful in demeanor, and of his obligations toward his brothers and sisters politely observant; but he enters little into their counsels, and has formed his own circle of friends apart from theirs. Somebody proposes an expedition, and all the family except John are enthusiastic over the plans: he finds that he has 'an engagement' — nature unspecified — which will prevent his taking part. A bit of news about a neighbor is announced at breakfast; and, while all the rest are bristling with eager comment, John excuses his lack of an opinion by saying that he 'does not know all the facts.' There is no tartness in his tone, no covert reflection on the others for founding conclusions on premises insufficient for him, yet his colorless response throws a damper upon the vivacity of every one else.

Albeit his uniform negativity offers no clear ground for reproach, his mother is painfully conscious that John's position in the household is more that of a guest than a member. She wonders what she can do to overcome this. It would be fruitless, madam, to try argument, for he would deny that he cherished any but the kindest feeling toward all, and you have no tangible proof to the contrary. A change in your manner toward him, if in the direction of coolness, would only intensify the situation you now deplore; whereas any additional warmth would so plainly be forced that you would risk arousing his distrust. Your best course for the present is to ignore the difference between John and the others and go on as you have been going. When opportunity offers to become acquainted with any of his special friends, cultivate them, to the end of attracting them to the house, where they can get a little of the society of Will and Helen and Amy. Make it, in brief, as easy as possible for John to have the companions he likes without going too far afield to find them, and thus cut away one of the excuses which he is probably making to himself for his subtle estrangement from the inner life of the home.

Meanwhile, keep up your spirits. Conditions which separate a healthy, clean-hearted boy from his own are not natural, and therefore not everlasting. The day will come when not everything will go so smoothly with John: he may fall ill; he may form an unprofitable business connection; he may lose the girl he had hoped to marry. Whatever its source, his trouble doubtless will make a breach in his defenses of reserve, opening a way for you to put in your claim to his confidence and a closer personal bond. Don't brood over by-gones, whether the mistakes were his, or yours, or evenly divided between you: remorse is the poorest investment ever made by one who has anything to live for. You know that the past is past; so does John; therefore drop it. Prove to him, by your mode of approach rather than by any form of speech, that you never were really away from his side for an hour, even when the invisible barrier seemed to thrust itself most persistently between you.

Warm him with your unobtrusive sympathy. Grant his mishaps and disappointments all the weight that he gives them, even though they may seem less momentous to one of your wider experience. Remember that his is only a boy's soul in a man's body, and that, till age has hardened us, our griefs are liquid, and flow at a light touch; let him pour out his without check. Damming a stream does not dry up the springs that feed it. When the flood is spent, your soothing words can avail much. Admitting the seriousness of what he has suffered, show him how many worse things might have happened, and how much it helps to turn a brave face toward fate. Remind him that the general who converts defeat into victory does not waste time counting his dead between fights. When inward quiet is restored in John, you will observe that, no matter how stiff may be his self-reliance, he will still like to keep his hand where it touches yours. And, having found something in you whose presence he had not before recognized, the new love he gives you will be all the more intense because mixed with the joy of discovery.

Negative faults in the young, though sometimes hard to deal with, do more than positive faults toward curing themselves, because contact with the world makes up many of the deficits left by nature. The little child, toddling cautionless about the highway, will learn, after being knocked down once or twice, to keep out of the way of moving objects larger than itself; so the youth who at the outset ignores the obligations resting on him, comes to a lively sense of them after enough of his ethical oversights have brought their punishments.

Edward, a boy who inherited a really bright mind, was at the age of nine still wholly irresponsible. He was not trusted to dress himself, because he was liable to leave off any of his most important garments. At school he regularly forgot what lessons had been assigned him, and in a reading exercise he was the only pupil in his class who invariably lost his place. Advised to wean him of his habitual untidiness by giving him some dainty decorations for his room, his mother embroidered a cover for his bureau-top; but he used to light his matches where their live embers fell upon it and dotted it with holes, and one day, experimenting with his button-hook to see whether it would heat white in the gas-flame, he laid the incandescent metal down on the cloth and finished the work of destruction.

When sent with a bank-note to make a trifling purchase, he would come home without his change, and quite unable to remember whether the shopman gave him any. To impress upon him the value of money, his parents made him a small weekly allowance to spend as he chose, at the same time establishing a system of petty fines for acts of carelessness; but the fines soon ran up so much faster than the allowance that the account had to be closed in consequence of the hopeless insolvency of the debtor. With no malicious intent, he amused himself one idle Sunday afternoon bedaubing with mudballs the windows of a neighbor who had gone out to walk; but, when told that this was a real offense, of his own accord he hastened to call upon his victim and apologize.

The uniformly good behavior of his brothers and sisters made Edward's derelictions seem heinous by contrast, and the friends of the family generally set him down as an incorrigible. They erred. Put early upon his own resources, some concepts of accountability were driven into him by blows so hard that they hurt; and the orderly evolution of the sense followed, till, while he was

still a very young man, I found him filling an important position in a big manufacturing plant, won in competition with colleagues who had begun life under auspices far more promising than his.

The trouble in his case undoubtedly was neglect at an age when no one thought of him as yet trainable. His parents were so occupied with the education of their older children that they did not notice how Edward was shooting up. Since no one guided or guarded his expansion, his precociously active mind was bent according to whatever happened to get in its way; and it did not resume a continuously straight growth till the pressure of certain practical needs forced it into normality and kept it there.

In one case I knew, the warp of unsociability was given to a young mind through excessive benevolence. Wallace, a little boy with a preternatural memory, an unadjusted imagination, and a very languid reasoning faculty, was thrown by circumstances into constant contact with a household of adult relatives who were satisfied, by his ability to rattle off rhymes and assimilate long words, that he was an intellectual prodigy. What he needed at that stage of his career was a tonic for one part of his mind, a vigorous kneading for another part, and rest for a third. He received none of these.

A childless aunt took his education in hand. She was a good woman, but a sentimentalist; and her dominating impulse was to make the gifts of her nephews a force for the moral advancement of the race. She began by playing on his emotional nature. Most of the books she read aloud to him had pathetic endings. The few glints of humor that filtered through her mind into his were of the evasive sort used to lighten up 'addresses to youth' on sober topics. In their talks she would personify the objects of nature, to make them contribute toward his apprenticeship in philanthropy. He ought not to break the branches of the trees, she told him, because it made the trees weep; it was cruel to knock off the heads of the field flowers with his stick, because the Baby Daisies would feel so badly when they saw Father and Mother Daisy lying dead on the ground; it would be a pity to kill the mosquito that haunted his bedchamber, because all it was doing was to sing a little song, the only one it knew; and so forth. As a consequence, this boy was seen, at the age when most boys are semi-barbarians, to halt in his walk through the streets and shed tears over a defunct beetle he found on its back with its claws lifted tragically skyward.

Did Wallace grow into a leader of humane movements, or a poet of nature? On the contrary, his respectability to-day is due to his inheritance of a moral constitution robust enough to resist the pernicious influences of his infant environment. In the common boy-world he presented a queer little figure, pitiful indeed in its isolation of thought and motive. He looked at everything through the medium his aunt had artificially tinted for him. Other boys, accustomed to view life in its own crude colors, had scant patience with his oddities. A few, who were fond of his brothers and who recognized his good native traits, held open for him a share in their intimacies and pleasures, but, finding him unresponsive, let him alone.

Being human, he could not help realizing the cause of all this remoteness; and, as his reason slowly ripened and he began to see things as others did, he became soured at the thought of the false start given him. This is an unfortunate state of mind for a boy: it makes a pessimist of

him at a time when his outlook ought to be only bright and hopeful. The emotions which nature gave him as resources to be drawn on when some real joy or sorrow came his way having been exhausted by premature and unwholesome excitation, he sees nothing left of life except a juiceless routine. So he lives mainly to himself, like one who has lost the sense of sight or hearing; and it is well for him if a subject offer itself in which he can bury and busy himself to the exclusion of the introspective habit.

Introspection, viewed in the large, is a valuable thing, but much of its virtue lies in its discreet use. Let it become a fixed habit, and heaven help its victim! He is almost sure to grow into a crooked stick of the ascetic or morbid class. Our internal analysis ought to be carried only so far as to convince us that our ethical judgments and our self-esteem are not all solid, but partly gaseous. When it proceeds to the separation of these constituents, have a care; for as soon as the fluid elements are forced out, the residuum will weigh down our spirits in proportion to its loss of leaven. That is what is the matter with us when our complaint is popularly diagnosed as New England conscience.

Laura, before she turned seventeen, had the introspective habit so fastened on her that sometimes she would abstain half a day from legitimate pleasures with her young friends because she felt constrained to punish herself for a passing mistake, and spend the remaining half in pitying herself because nobody interfered to prevent her martyrdom. Here were vanity, selfishness, and hypocrisy, masquerading as conscientiousness: vanity, because she ascribed importance to a misdemeanor of her own which she would not have condescended to notice in any one else; selfishness, because she reveled in ostentatious suffering, even at the cost of discomforting all her family; hypocrisy, because in her innermost heart she knew that the whole performance was a sham.

Laura's parents were long undecided whether she ought to go to college. Whenever they seemed averse to the notion, she became most anxious to go, and this gave her self-pity plenty of exhilarating exercise. When they finally concluded to send her, she lapsed into sluggish indifference, as who should say, 'Pray don't consider *me* in the matter. I am nothing but a sacrificial offering on the altar of discipline.' Her shifting attitude doubtless gave her a keen morbid enjoyment, since it held for her the centre of the stage.

Her mother's chief misgiving had been lest Laura, being thrown among a number of girls with no ties of kindred or old association to stir their charity for her, might be humiliated by their treatment of her tantrums. And so it proved. As soon as the novelty of her unfamiliar environment had worn off, she began the self-punishing and self-pitying business. On the first occasion a few soft-hearted fellow students, older than she, were touched by her dispirited condition, which they attributed to homesickness. By the second time, only one had failed to see through her; and at the next recurrence she had not a single sympathizer, but was obliged to nurse her morbidity in seclusion. This aroused her resentment; but, as there was no home audience to play to, and the college audience had no taste for such comedy, she found herself disregarded almost as if the earth had opened and swallowed her. A fourth fit of the same sort was so mortifying in its sequel that a fifth never got fully under way. The needed remedy had been found; but she might have lived to a ripe old age in the bosom

of her family without obtaining what was best for her soul.

The way out is not always so plainly marked. The unsociable and the self-absorbed may find some rational occupation for their solitude, and get along; the morbid may drop their morbidity when compelled to seek sympathy from strangers or nobody, and develop into genial companions. But there is grave danger to be faced in the case of a Wallace, or of a boy with Laura's bent, if he has passed his most plastic years away from his brothers and sisters and in the company of adults. A career without a childhood is as unnatural as a day without a dawn; and when a lad who has been thus bereft takes his place among others who have not, they find him like an alien, unable to share their thoughts or speak their language. Too many a young man, thus waking to the discovery that he has been cheated into leading an unreal life, resolves to make up for it by plunging into a real one, consisting chiefly of excesses. Though he may not be vicious by nature, he has been bent so far in one direction that the backward swing carries him equally far over in the other; and before the equilibrium is restored he has been irreparably hurt. Pride forbids his seeking the society of his equals as long as they show no especial desire for his; so he takes up with inferiors, distilling from their adulation a salve for his wounded sensibilities. Of all the paths into which a young man's feet may stray, none leads so directly downward as this.

In such a situation, the easiest course for the parent is to sit still and say, 'Ah, boys must have their fling! When these wild oats have been sown, he will come to himself!' A harder one, but more common, is to read the transgressor a lecture on the outrageousness of conduct which is killing his father and mother by inches. An extreme course, when the culprit continues to misbehave after due warning, is to banish him from home and cut him off with a shilling. There are serious objections to any of these methods. The first has the sound of worldly wisdom without its substance. The father who reasons that, because so many other sons survive the dissipation of their powers, his is safe to do so, might as well say that, because pneumonia is not invariably fatal, he will not call in the doctor when it attacks a member of his household. He may shirk his responsibility with a verbal formula satisfactory to his ears, but it will not satisfy his soul or deceive any one into believing him sincere.

The second alternative is both tactless and selfish. If your boy is acting outrageously, he knows it; the more you declaim, the less temperate you will grow, unless you have a superhuman control over your temper and your manners; and the effect of anything like an outburst will be to irritate him further, and give fresh poignancy to the very feeling which led him into trouble, the sense of detachment from those with whom nature meant him to affiliate. Your protest, moreover, would be in behalf of yourself, your own rights, your own pride, your own comfort, instead of his manhood, his potential worth, his self-respect. Even worse, if possible, would be the third plan, which contemplates severing the last tie that had bound him to his place in the scheme of things.

No. Two ideas should underlie whatever you do: first, that your boy's case needs tonic and not drastic remedies; next, that you are only trying to help him help himself. Convince him that every leverage within reach will be used to keep his moral system up to its work while it is undergoing treatment, but take for granted that he is a rea-

soning being and a free agent. Deplore frankly and sympathetically the causes which led to his morbid condition of mind, but appeal to his common sense in as sanguine a spirit as if you were trying to restrain him from throwing good money after bad in an impolitic business investment. Your hopefulness will insensibly infect him. Demonstrate your faith in his inherent manliness so that he cannot harbor a suspicion that he has sacrificed your love because you dislike the disorder from which he is suffering. Hold fast to him at any cost to your own self-complacency.

I am not advising you to play the weakling; do not mince phrases when the situation calls for strong ones, or skim lightly over critical conditions. But remember always that you are attacking the disease and not the patient. Beware of choosing inopportune times for your discourses, or misplacing your emphasis when you speak: there is always a psychological moment when your lightest word will find its mark, and nothing so impoverishes an argument as magnifying its negligible factors. To straighten a bent sapling, you would not tie it to a stake with a cross crack in the middle; you would not use gauze for your thongs when you could get stout leather; you would not watch for results in the autumn or winter, but in the growing season. Study the case of your crooked stick of a boy with at least the sagacity you would use in your tree-plantation.

The straightest trees, of course, are those which stand close enough together to form a grove. Here is a fine exemplification of the competitive principle in inanimate nature. Every young tree is reaching up after a larger share of the sunlight than its neighbors enjoy. Its top may prosper while its lower members are smothering to death; but its perpendicular attitude is perfectly preserved throughout its growth, because there is no lateral expansion to distract the forces which make for height. Go into a close-growing forest and you will note, too, that as a rule one trunk differs from another of the same variety only in size, the uniformity being most pronounced in the case of those trees which furnish the standard lumber of commerce.

Leave the forest for the open. Here stands an oak or a walnut tree with a body big enough to shelter yours from the wind and rain, and generous arms outstretched to protect your head from the sun. You can hide in the forest as you could in the crowd of a city street; but the lone tree, by the special friendliness of its proffered refuge, and the sense of trust with which its unbolstered stability inspires you, attracts you more fondly than the cluster. Though it may be far from straight, its shape is its own, whose very gnarls and twists impress your memory and spur your imagination. Its scars record the storms through which it has passed. Its slight leaning indicates the direction whence the worst gales came during its youth. You could use its variegated bark as a compass. In a word, your isolated tree has a distinctive character not possessed by the trees which interlace their boughs; which help support each other, yet persist in competing for the largest measure of light and warmth; which through close and constant contact acquire a regularity of habit that gives joy to the lumberman, but lacks inspiration for the philosopher or the poet.

Does this contrast appeal to you as fairly symbolic of the difference between the human being who stands by himself, and his contemporary whose identity is partly merged in the mass? Look among your own friends, and contrast the characteristics of those who are rooted in the social forest, and those who stand out in the sun-burned

and storm-swept field. So far as life can be reckoned in terms of quantity and units of subsistence, the forest products will make the better showing. In their length, breadth, and thickness, you can read their density and weight, and the uses to which the timber in them can be put. On the other hand, you may not be so sure of what the isolated tree had in it till its fall enables you to apply your scaling instruments at leisure; and for the present the business eye will see chiefly its non-conformity. Yet who will deny that an unsymmetrical tree here and there holds a more grateful place in the associations of his past than any of the smooth growths he has been taught to respect as the merchantable standard?

So, if all your efforts to straighten out your crooked stick of a child prove unavailing, console yourself with the reflection that humanity owes a heavy debt to its eccentrics. Every outward swing of the pendulum of progress takes its impulse from the hand of some one who is not afraid of being adjudged a lunatic. When he succeeds, we cannot speak too well of him; but, long before that, he will probably have been marked as peculiar, and with an unflattering characterization. Linnæus wore out his father's patience by his contempt for the conventional studies of his day. At Audubon, as a lad, friends wagged their heads to think what a fool he was. Young Darwin was so absent-minded that on one of his lonely tramps he walked off an embankment and narrowly escaped being crippled. Watt was scolded for his indifference to the books and sports which interested other boys, and the fascination he found in his aunt's steaming kettle. Trollope, who gave to literature its best portraits of English social life in his era, was at school so destitute of the social gift that he was everybody's butt and nobody's companion. Moses and Demosthenes were stammerers, Cæsar and Napoleon epileptics, Goldsmith was a sloven, Thoreau a crank, Emerson a mystic dreamer. These men overcame their handicaps of physique or temperament as Lincoln, Burritt, Dickens, and Carnegie surmounted the barriers with which poverty had threatened to hem them in.

Underneath the unusual exterior of your child may lie equally unusual qualities of mind and heart, which the world will one day wake to find itself admiring. Heroism, genius, prophetic insight, are as far from conformity to the ways of the multitude as those modes of speech and action at which we sneer as eccentricities. The power to command men is rarely combined with a faculty for mingling with them; the best writers are seldom glib talkers; the profound thinker often must seek a quiet place in which to do his thinking. The hero does not make a calling of his courage: it is revealed by some accident which exposes the deficient mettle of other men. Your crooked stick may never astonish the world by the brilliancy of his intellect or by his moral grandeur; you may never be able to eliminate the one early kink in him which has stiffened with the passage of time. Still, you can keep him from growing zig-zag, or becoming weak and punky. And if, thanks to your patience, your tact, and the everlasting faith in him which is born of your broad optimism, you bring him through his most perilous period with a sound heart and a generally upward purpose, your work will need no apologist.

TAKING OFF ONE'S HAT

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER

In parodying the ballad form, Dr. Johnson made that memorable couplet,

> I put my hat upon my head
> And walked into the Strand,
> And there I met another man
> Whose hat was in his hand.

Nor did he see, as Stevenson would say, how highly he was praising the art of hat-lifting.

Taking off the hat, — its manner, method, gesture and generosity, style, swing, and symbol, truly show the man. (For Providence forbid that I should venture to speak here of the feminine process!)

As a man progresseth in removing his hat, so is he in his heart. First it is, 'Take off your hat to the lady, my son.' And then by leaps and bounds it becomes the low bow of fashion, the eager but bashful sign of love, the cold convention of civilization, or the patient attitude of reverence.

There be seven stages of removing the hat, and they are the seven ages of man.

First, he pulls at his strings and yells lustily while Mother looks up and down the street, wondering if the whole neighborhood sees and hears. 'Oh, dear; why won't he leave his bonnet alone; was ever such a child born?' Yes, madam, every mother's son of them, save in Africa, where lace-frilled baby-caps trouble not the sensitive gifts of heaven.

Secondly, he flings his hat across the dining-room when he comes in from school, or leaves it in all manner of places in the house: in the coal-bin, or on sister's bureau. He loses it just at church time, and spoils the spirit of family reverence and piety. As the family enters the church the anthem is being sung, and the disgrace of being late again is laid on the innocent head-piece clutched in the hand of the small boy who has already forgotten the confusion of which he was the cause twenty minutes ago. In this stage also one's hat is removed on the way to school by the hand of one's bosom friend, passed down the line of surrounding boon companions, stuffed into others' pockets, while dire thoughts of ultimate loss hold one in their grip, and the reckoning to be paid at home wraps the world in tragedy.

In the third stage, reached at about the age of fifteen, the burning problem is how to get one's hat off gracefully. The whole world that one passes on the street is but a huge moving audience come out to see if I, the growing masculine, the unsophisticated amateur, the germ of a man that is to be, have yet learned the art of greeting — especially the art of greeting that feminine half of the world which never removes its hat in the street. I see her coming! She approaches! She looks at me, already in expectation! The one supreme gesture that shall declare me a man must be made! The inevitable does not turn down a side street, as I had hoped. It has come! I must salute; must someway, somehow, anyway, anyhow, get that hat off my head. I must make the great surrender even now, when still the superiority of the other

sex is an unsolved question in my mind.

I make my preparation. I try to raise my hand; it sticks fast in my pocket, until, just as she passes me, I look helplessly across the street, cast down my eyes, sullenly drag my hand forth, and — She has gone by me! I come to my senses by feeling my numb fingers foolishly pulling at my hat as if it were fastened on with nails! The whole thing is an ignominious failure, shattering my self-respect for many days. Ah, well, I will do better next time; but who knows what destiny has been overturned, what life-plan thwarted, by this defeat? When will she pass me again? And will she give me another chance when she does so? Who knows? In a dim way it seems to me then that something, said to be made in heaven, has been forever spoiled by a failure to connect between my fingers and the rim of my hat.

But in the fourth stage I rise triumphant over this. Supremely confident as Beau Brummel himself, I have now learned to execute one long swing with my right forearm. Looking dazzlingly in front of me, I utter a clear 'Good-afternoon!' I lift my hat from my head in a majestic sweep as the sound of a dress goes by me; and low, down to my very knees, in a beautiful circle, goes my hat; then back again to my unruffled hair, — by which time I have gained the next tree or lamp-post in the street, and pursue my even way. The smile fades from my lips, and satisfaction reigns in my being. There is also just a tinge of pride at mastering the great game of mutual deception with the one who disappears in the distance behind me.

In the fifth stage I do not know how I took off my hat. Perhaps it came off of its own accord. At any rate there it is, lying on the grass under the trees. It is forgotten and out of mind, even as the woodland all about me is forgotten. The June sun is setting, but it is a long twilight and there is no need to hurry. The face beside me is content to be careless of time, too, for her hat is in her lap. The even-song of the birds matches our unspoken words, and our music is the harmony of the brook there just below us. In the presence of the sacred choirs we had unconsciously taken off our hats; and, because of the due reverence we paid them, their tones were echoed in our spirits. As she and I at last rise to go homeward and out of the woods, I carry my hat in my hand, never again to remember how I took it off that day, never again to replace it over cold companionless thoughts, but over the spaces of a mind changed by the music of love. Strange, very strange, this utterly unconscious removal of a man's hat after so many years of skillful practice! Neither she nor I can remember just how it occurred that day.

The sixth stage is when I remove my hat exactly as all other men do. There in my office is my peg, here at home is my hat-rack, and in between the two I find no difficulty in taking off my hat to those I chance to meet. Without emotion I lift it, seldom varying the manner of the doing. I lift it in tune with habit, citizenship, tradition, convention, too, if you please. Yet this is a noble thing in its way. Bare-headed now and then I stand before the turning mysteries of routine even as one stands at Niagara's roar. The waters do not change their sound, there is nothing new to come from the ageless stream. Yet still I lift my hat. I lift it to brotherhood, duty, friendship, success, failure, and hope; to all the worn-out platitudes that still have strength to hold mankind together. I lift it to the men who have gone down in the race as truly as to those who have moved in an ascending scale; to those who are dead, and 'to the next man who dies.' I lift it both

to age and youth, and it is a cause of rejoicing in this stage that my world is a double world, having in it many who have come through changes and yet have remained unchanged, who have seen theories rise and fall, yet themselves remained original men and women. To the gray hairs I lift my hat as to a crested peak whose snow keeps pure in spite of the village improvements, factories, and social revolutions that go on at its base. I lift it to the changelessness of man's heart and to the substantial things that abide, like sunshine and rain and bread-making and smiles and tears.

It is here, in the sixth stage, that I learn of renewal going on beneath routine, lasting values beneath changing forms, and the tireless spirit alive under the tiresome way. Before this I stand bare-headed, for it is one of the marvels of the world. If one day a gust of wind uses my hat as a plaything, and I must pursue it across the street, to the undignified delight of the onlookers, let me soothe myself with this thought: Had I been less absorbed in my air-castles and more intent on my routine, on the walk to my office, the air would not have dashed my castles in ruin. Forgetting to hold my head erect before the commonplace, the kindly wind stepped in and removed my hat for me. And thereby she simply meant to say, 'Next time don't forget.'

Seventh, last stage of all, — I seldom put my hat on now. The thing which it has taken me all my life to learn is useless to me. I shall no more be criticized for the awkward lifting of my hat. I sit by my low-burning fire, and as a lingering sportive flame shoots up, I remind myself with a smile that my bill for hats has gradually decreased to the vanishing point. And was it really I who only yesterday ran over the house shouting in knickerbocker tones, 'Where's my hat? Who knows where my hat is, anyhow? Can't a feller lay his hat down 'thout losin' it?' It must have been I, yet, if you will believe it, I have not even needed my hat for a week, although I am told that the weather is quite cold outside. And, if you will believe it, no one in the house is much troubled to know where my hat is, and those who once were troubled have left an easy duty to their heirs.

Yes, it must be I, for I do not myself know where my hat is at this minute. What further proof would you have of my identity? Did I not lose it then, and have I not lost it now? If I have changed every seven years, still some small particle of my being has gone on and on, refusing the slavery of the hat, entering a lasting protest against covering the glory of man that looks toward heaven. The loss of my hat at seven and at seventy is one and the same thing. One complete circle is marked out plainly, and I return to myself, through the labyrinth, by means of many hats, ranging from bonnet-strings to a dull soft black which lasts long because seldom worn. As I look at my low-burning fire I do not doubt my identity, for when one loses his hat he finds himself.

This is simpler, far simpler, than St. Paul's theories about hats. For he wrote in the days of turbans and caftans. I cannot imagine him in anything else, scarcely even in a turban. And as for taking off one's hat, I do not suppose he would care one mite for what I have said about it. It would be Greek to him!

As the fire goes out I see more than the seven stages. The little hillock of ashes there does make an eighth. Familiar words of an ancient litany come to my ears. The carriages make their way through crowded city streets to a hillside that I have often visited for

a friend's sake. Mourners crowd the green turf, and a bird sings in the fir tree near by. Human kindness and heaven's sunshine meet here. No matter how keen the winter storm may blow on that day, no matter how bare and fruitless the life of this soul has been, all men lift their hats in gracious tribute. So happens it to every man once in his course to have all the world lift its hat to him. It is but fit return to a man, thus to receive a diploma from a world which took so long to instruct him in the noble art of uncovering before its joys and its habits and its love.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SOME ADVANTAGES OF BEING A PHILADELPHIAN

WHY need we pretend to ignore our advantages? Let us rather endeavor to live up to them.

I think it is Sherlock Holmes who says that he cannot agree with those who rank modesty among the virtues, because, to the logician, all things should appear exactly as they are; and it is Mr. Chesterton who has discovered that, 'All that is the matter with the proud is that they will not admit that they are vain.' Let us admit that we are both proud and vain, not indeed by our own merit, but by right of being born so, for being a Philadelphian is like being a Jew, — you cannot *be* one unless you *are* one; you cannot hope to become one; — and it has this at least in common with being a gentleman, that you have to begin several generations back.

There are those who have been born in my city, and who are called by her name, who yet, in some of the most ordinary affairs of life, betray the blood of an alien ancestor. For instance, your true Philadelphian is cautious in money matters, but dislikes to appear so. He has not that unfailing ability to extract a dollar's worth for a dollar, which savors of the commercial rather than of the professional spirit. He can travel with frugality, and often does so, but he scorns to haggle. He will take a back room on the third floor, but it is beneath his dignity to dicker with the landlord. Not so a charming friend of mine with whom my happy lot was sometimes cast. I would turn a discreet and unconscious back to the hotel desk, while she interviewed the clerk; and I own that I would unblushingly accept the palatial accommodations (bath included) which resulted from her bargaining. Yet her very success betrayed the lurking taint: a New England grandfather! 'Yankee' was the opprobrious title by which we christened her, even while enjoying the free picnic luncheons which she convinced the landlord it was his duty to provide.

Then again, a genuine Philadelphian has a solemn and dignified sense of the responsibilities of hospitality. When you meet a charming hostess who welcomes you and your next of kin to dinner at a half-hour's notice, or who throws wide her hospitable doors, for weeks at a time, to your daughters on their vacation, you may know that she is not the real article. *Her grandmother came from South Carolina.* A person of that easy-going nature might be guilty

of dark meat in the salad, or of veal in the chicken croquettes, or she might even be capable of not serving those delicacies at all.

In the matter of things to eat, I think that a Philadelphian's advantages are so well known as to be generally conceded. Do not 'Philadelphia squab,' 'Philadelphia capon,' figure on *menus* from New York to San Francisco? and among the delicacies, mind you, not the vulgar fare, like, shall we say, Baked Beans? In fact, when I consider the case of dwellers in other cities in respect to good eating, I see that it is questionable indeed. Suppose you live in Chicago, or Cleveland, or even Pittsburg, your oysters shall not be above suspicion, and your soft-shell crabs will figure so frequently at your company feasts as to prove that you consider them a delicacy. If you are a New Englander, your clams will be of a tough and uncanny variety, gruesome things with tails to them; if you live in Baltimore, you may be guilty of serving terrapin with white sauce; and if you are a dweller in San Francisco, you will probably eat shrimp salad. You may even eat it every day. I have an aunt (by marriage) who claims the doubtful advantage of being a New Yorker by birth, but who annually returns to her native flats, laden with two pounds of butter and a White Mountain cake. It was a friend and co-citizeness of hers who, upon a visit, was once heard to murmur that *she missed her condensed milk!* O haughty Gotham!

Your true Philadelphian is a person of forethought and precision. He prefers to take no chances. Such an one I once knew, who, planning a picnic, rode carefully beforehand over the route on horseback, and had the chickens for the sandwiches cooped up two weeks ahead, to be fattened.

The advantages of our manner of speaking the English language are not always recognized by our fellow countrymen. Last summer I met an old man from Providence. He was not a pleasant old man. I did n't like him. 'People from Philadelphia,' he announced, 'say "Kiarr" for "Cah."' He was oblivious of the fact that he said 'Philadelphier.' A gentle Brooklyn lady wished to save my feelings. 'Why, I don't think *you* talk like a Philadelphian,' said she. She meant it for a compliment! For those who may be ignorant of the fact, I would explain that we, in Philadelphia, speak the English language in a plain and dignified and Doric manner, giving to each letter its full and proper value. We speak it without needless prettinesses; we do not, so to speak, quirk our little finger over the tea-cup, but grasp it boldly and solidly by the handle; and I defy any one not to understand what we mean. We speak the language, I repeat, plainly, clearly, and may I add, grammatically? We do not say, 'Up to Portland,' or 'Standing back *to*,' as do the dwellers in a certain pleasant town in Maine. We do not 'Stop by for you,' as our Louisville friends have been known to do; and although dwelling near Mason and Dixon's line, we do not say 'You all.' A German friend consulted me lately as to the latter phrase. 'Is it a Western expression?' he asked; 'I found it in a book of Jack London's.'

It has not been our custom to parade our advantages. 'Why, where do your rich people live?' asked a Western friend, surveying our discreet exteriors, with manifest leanings toward North Broad Street. So it is with our best silver, which we habitually keep at the bank, and even with our art treasures. It is not in New York that you hang your Botticellis in the back entry, and your Raphaels in the bathroom. Delightful people as many of you are, your

goods are in the shop-window, you put the best foot foremost, we feel that we know all about you. Now, you never know all about us. We always keep a little something in reserve.

We have been reproached in the past with a too great interest in ancestry, and twitted with a lack of proper parallelism with present-day affairs. I would merely gently remind you that it is not in Philadelphia, but in Boston, that a daily paper runs a column of genealogies, presumably as items of current news.

Even in matters in which certain localities are supposed to excel, I have been struck by the easy supremacy of my native town. On a visit to New Orleans in the month of May, I naturally expected to see roses, but a cursory inspection of the gardens revealed nothing more interesting than sweet peas and nasturtiums, the mark of the lazy gardener all the world over. (I grow them myself.) No roses were to be bought, but a kind and attentive friend, hearing of my desire, returned triumphant with some magnificent carnations. 'Where did they come from?' I demanded. 'From Philadelphia,' he admitted, crestfallen.

So, my fancy likes to picture us, seated upon the Keystone of the Arch, smiling gently down at those in less fortunate situations. I knew at least one man who was thus conscious of his advantages. At the time of the Chicago Exposition, when asked why he did not go to it, his reply was, to what purpose? He had seen the Centennial. Behold the Keystone attitude! And there — as a distinguished gentleman might say — we are.

ON MAKING AN EFFORT

'Now really, Fanny, my dear, I shall have to be quite cross with you if you don't rouse yourself. It's necessary for you to make an effort. . . . This is a world of effort. . . . Come! Try! I must really scold you if you don't.'

Thus spoke Miss Louisa Dombey, standing by the bedside of her pale sister-in-law, while that unfortunate lady drew her last fleeting breaths. — Miss Dombey's example has not been lost upon a heedful generation. Everywhere I note, amid the general relaxation of New-England consciences among the well, a growing tendency to proffer counsels of perfection to the sick. The modern invalid has fallen on evil days. In and out of season he is reminded what a drug on the market he and his once interesting ailments have become. 'Nobody wants to hear,' he is delicately reminded, 'how many things you are forbidden to eat. Nobody wants a chart of your rheumatism mapped out on his back and shoulders.' Invalids are expected to be rather witty and sparkling in their conversation. Their friends have not come in to amuse *them*, — perish the thought! — they have come to be amused.

And when invalids awake in the morning, they must begin the day with cheerful thoughts and speeches. Even when they know they are worse, they must think they are better. They'll never get well so long as they admit that they are ill. 'Christian Science is the thing for *you!*' 'Try auto-suggestion.' 'I'll send you the latest bulletin of the New Thought.'

Ten to one, the visitor shrewdly guesses, they don't really want to get up. They actually like lying in bed, he does believe! The invalid protests in vain, and vainly winces at the stab of truth in what his robust friend is saying. He really *does n't* want to get up. He discovered that on about the fourth day of his illness. He has been privately wondering, for a week or more, why people like being up and dressed, and especially why they dote on going out

in the raw cold air. When the doctor says that perhaps he can get up on Friday, he makes a hollow-sounding exclamation of joy, but in reality he would rather put it off for a day or two.

I think of having cards printed for invalids, uniform with Dr. Channing's 'Symphony,' and 'The Footpath To Peace.' They shall express with terse elegance the indignant sympathy now burning in my breast. 'Be True To Your Symptoms'; 'Don't Be Bullied Out of An Honest Ailment,'

> 'Dare to be a sick man,
> Dare to stay in bed,'

and (with a new and more literal meaning) 'Take Your Medicine Like A Man.'

I am in favor of turning over all the counsels of perfection to the well person. Let *him* make an effort. Let him make a great effort of the imagination, and think how differently from himself must feel the person who is content to dwell within that narrow room or bare white ward. Let him make an effort to take along some black Hamburg grapes, or a bottle of wine. Let him make an effort to vote for housing reform, and employers' liability. Let her make an effort to join the Consumers' League. Let her pack a box for the Sunshine Society, or hold a bazaar for the Fresh Air Fund.

Effort is, I think, our only moral property, the only talent we can put out at interest. Virtues that 'come natural' to us are surely entailed on the next generation. For the *Atlantic's* readers to be financially honest and law-abiding citizens, is but to dwell in an apartment courteously placed at their disposal for a term of years by the real owner, — the person who first learned not to appropriate a war-club even when no one was looking, and to submit his blood-feud to the decision of the braves in council. It is not thus that one can build a mansion for one's self on the Street of the Many Mansions.

'There is no effort on my brow,' cries Nature in Matthew Arnold's poem, 'Mortality.'

> 'I do not strive, I do not weep;
> I rush with the swift spheres . . .
> And when I will, I sleep.
> Yet that severe, that earnest air,
> I saw, I felt it once — but where?
> . . . . . .
> 'T was when the heavenly house I trod.'

Effort is, I think, the conservation policy, the perpetual Arbor Day, of the soul. It is the training-table, the scrub-game, the practice-field, of our big University. It is the camp and drill of the (real) National Guard. In such environment the invalid seems out of place. He seems entitled, rather, to a shaded room, long dozes, oranges, hammocks, and sea-voyages. We may trust the fierce ambition of the newly recovered. They will be in the midst of the scrimmage next week. O spare them a little, that they may recover their strength!

— Excuse me, gentle reader, while I glance through this note which has just been brought to me. It is from the Amalgamated Order of the Shut-In. It seems to be somewhat in the nature of a protest. Is it possible? Yes — they object to the awnings and oranges which we have just been ordering for them. They particularly object to being told off to doze while the Colonel is making speeches in the West. Do I read aright! Yes — they call upon me for an apology!

Epithets are applied to me, in this communication, which I would scorn to repeat. Mollycoddle is the most polite of them. They close by challenging me to a battle of ice-bags and ammonia.

Perhaps these Knights of the Pillow are, after all, the best judges of their own affairs. Perhaps they but accept the order of the universe. Is it, then,

always the handicapped who lead the sortie, and the able-bodied who sit ensconced behind the breastworks and look on? St. Paul had a thorn in the flesh. Nelson, dizzy and fainting, won the battle of Trafalgar. Sidney was prostrate when he achieved his immortality.

There is some comfort in all this for you and (especially) for me, gentle reader. We, who have been (*unberufen!*) such long strangers to illness and to toil, may now cease to vex our consciences over our easy and self-pleasing way of life. What the gods ordain is just! Let us continue to sequestrate fine fruit, and to indulge in naps on summer afternoons. Here is the latest magazine. Will you have a cigar? Hang out the hammock, please, and bring along the palm-leaf fan.

QUATRAINS

JANE WELSH CARLYLE

If you could live your life again,
Despite all pain
You'd choose to be his wife again,
Would n't you, Jane?

BOSWELL

What would our Johnsons be
Without such fellows?
Mute as an organ, sure,
Wanting the bellows.

THE RUBÁIYÁT

The pleasures of the vine, alas!
But sung with such consummate art,
That clergy and girl graduate
Have got the deathless song by heart.

SAINT BRIDGET'S DAY

A Sister's days were sweet at Rydal Mount,
Yet had I given them for just one other: —
A rare and cloudless day at Mackery End,
With the incomparable Brother.

QUOTER'S EVIL

The faculty of memory sits in a compact chamber of the brain, where, at the pressure of suggestion, person or date, apt line or verse, springs automatically from its neatly ticketed drawer. One speaks of that walk across the meadows from Winchester to St. Cross, and out pop data regarding early editions of the *Angler*. A grove of birches whispers the schedule of its botanical variety, — *betula lenta, lutea, populifolia, nigra.*

This is as it should be; yet some of us, alas, are served by no such methodical workman. Our memory is, rather, an enchanter who hands us the key of a playground vast and vague, wherein Richard Cœur-de-Lion may swing Scheherazade to his saddle-bow, and Petrarch pass the time of day with Beatrice. In the distance, fair dim ladies of the past melt into the misty lowland, and out here in the sun a conjuror keeps his six balls whirling in the air, while no word of his limerick reaches our ear. We may envy other minds their careful accountant, yet we would not take him for the magician who knows the open sesame to our garden of delight. For here, when we will, we find all the familiar dears, from Alice in her ankle-ties to sweet white Milly Thaw, judging exquisitely the best part of love. We may not recall what they said then, and then; but we have lived with them so long that we guess what they may be thinking.

Or, again, it is as if we recalled a delightful person we may have met last year, whose estate and place have gone from us: we have him, not his appurtenances. Then, as the throng passes and dissolves, we know that we have walked with friends. What was that name? Where did we meet? How long since, — this year, or centuries ago? Who shall say! But we see them, and the

picture of their lives: the dear women who have been companions of many an hour, the adorable children one would play sedately with through a summer afternoon, the man who wins us to a delightful stage of half-in-love which invites no disillusionment, the villain one can safely cheer behind the barrier of printed page. We have known them as intimates, — their individual repellence of charm, the fragrance of their personality. Their talk or precise adventure? Not a vestige remains. We can only say what such a one might do at any given moment. He is thus and so, therefore will he so think and act.

And so our pictures come and go. What pale girl is that who makes votive offering to her star shining dimly through the London night? All her life was she swept back and forth on the restless sea of temperament, dragging anchor in every port, until, the worn slave of warring passions, she was cast upon the shore. And then we look through the twilight of virginal New England springs, when the smell of fresh-turned earth summons elemental life, and man and maid melt to love in a purity as moving as the latent savagery of wild English moors. There, clear above all, stands the great Wizard who fashions men and women, low, high, bad, good, humorous, demure, real as if they were living in the next county, and then turns to make such sweet music of the fields that the melody must flow forever in all hearing ears. And beyond, the immortal Spirit of Greek verse chants of unconquerable fate, or sings of the love of shepherd lads at dawn in soft upland meadows, and of the beauty of blue Ægean seas.

For we are divided into two camps: those who remember with precision, against those who treasure pictures and the cadence of a verse. And what dismay smites the second company when, in their dim recalling as of a dream, a quick sensation as of something lived before, they are pulled up short by the incisive, apt quotation, the easy allusion to character or scene, of the facile men of the first camp. Then the pleasure of meeting an acquaintance stiffens into the apprehension which waits upon his darting memory; and as he neatly caps the moment with its counterpart in some book which has been the friend of years, we meet his word with a blank demeanor shrieking ignorance. We recognize the person, the familiar chime of the sentence, the setting of the scene. But who, and when, and where? What players walk upon the stage we know so well? And while our wits are wool-gathering, that sheep is clipped, and other business is in hand; yet the hesitating smile which had accompanied the performance was not the pretension it had seemed: it meant only that we saw the affair by another light.

But let that ready quoter beware, for he stands in peril of the pitfall digged by his own prideful memory, and he may quote too much. Then it is that the thud of the expected makes us wince, and a commonplace person who merely chats about his day may give us more genuine pleasure and even variety; for his babble is spontaneous, his day is real and human and fits into a general scheme of things more convincing than a simile; and his gift of relaxation is more precious than the neat parcel delivered by the man who presents us with an analogue in exchange for some light word and rouses in us only a dull resentment at his readiness. Our living must be richer than our learning or the pattern of such culture will be out of focus, as if we drew too much without the model; and a 'prehensile memory,' as it has been called, may be only the development following upon feats of conscientious agility, when we may have wondered

at a display which called for no originality, but only an amazing cleverness in swinging from other people's trees. As his muscles decline in strength, such a one may even fall upon a middle-aged degeneration of 'Well, what's the good word?' or 'The sun is pleasant; it is pleasant to see the sun.'

With just enough of learning to misquote

may be our sad estate, envy may point the finger of our scorn; yet it is a question not so much of the cultivation as of the texture of the mind, and we hug our memory that can hold a picture and personality, that can recall the pace of clever talk and the flow of verse, even though word or circumstance evade us: for ours is a joy made for no practical use under heaven, a luxury, a largess of delight; and not for any orderly inclosure would we exchange the dear secret playground which is all our own. Here we remember just for fun, and here we shall find the precious charm of a character, a thought, the shifting lights of many a lovely day.

BALANCED RATIONS

How far have we departed from the antique virtues! A 'practical' farmer, writing to my agricultural mentor, requires 'an idea of what class of food farm-hands can be fed, and the approximate quantity which they require. Do they require meat three times a day? If you can give me suggestions for a weekly menu, I should appreciate it.'

Shades of Hiram! Is the farm-hand of to-day an animal, nourished on balanced rations? Is a muzzle placed on him who treadeth out the corn? Not thus was it in my consulship of Plancus, when, as a small boy, I snatched a fearful joy in contemplation of Hiram, my fellow boarder, *parem inter pares*,—Hiram, my guide, philosopher, and friend,—as his knife safely transported a carefully 'balanced ration' of peas to the rear of that portentous orifice in his face. Who but Hiram could surmount a bastion of griddle-cakes as high as that behind which his ancestors, the embattled farmers, stood?

No question as to the 'class of food' perplexed Hiram. It was the class received by all of us, except mother, who, cumbered by too much serving upon us,—and Hiram,—pretermitted eating till the baskets full of fragments were collected. But as to quantity,—there Hiram shone, differing from us minor denizens of the Milky Way as one star differeth from another in magnitude. 'It takes coal to run an ingine,' was his classic remark, as he stoked in his fifth doughnut; to which father, only a lap behind, was wont to respond antiphonally, 'Well, Hiram, food's meant to be e't, I cal'late.' No Fletcherism or Parsimony in Nutrition could disturb the calm of such applied Calvinism.

And now Hiram is no more and Ivan Rincsievicz, his successor, sniffs about the kitchen like a hungry hound, awaiting his scientifically balanced ration to be doled out in carefully calculated amounts. For does not my mentor say, 'I have never seen a "stuffer" who was worth much.' Shades of Hiram,—Ichabod! Thy glory has departed.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1911

THE LONG INHERITANCE

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

I

My niece, Desire Withacre, wished to divorce her husband, Dr. Arnold Ackroyd — the young Dr. Arnold, you understand — to the end that she might marry a more interesting man.

Other men than I have noticed that in these latter days we really do not behave any better than other people when it comes to certain serious issues of life, notably the marital. 'We' means to me people of an heredity and a training like my own, — Americans of the old stock, with a normal Christian upbringing, who presumably inherit from their forbears a reasonable susceptibility to high ideals of living. I grew up with the impression that such a birth and rearing were a kind of moral insurance against the grosser human blunders and errors. Without vanity, I certainly did

> Thank the goodness and the grace
> That on my birth had smiled.

It puzzled me for a long while, the light-hearted, careless way in which some of the younger Withacres, Greenings, Raynies, Fordhams, and so on (I name them out of many, because they are all kin to me) kicked over the traces of their family responsibilities. I could understand it in others — but not in them.

It was little Desire Withacre who finally illuminated the problem for me. I am about to tell what I know of Desire's fling. If it seems to be a story with an undue amount of moral, I must refer the responsibility of that to Providence. The tale is of its making, not of mine.

I am afraid that, to get it all clearly before you, I shall have to prose for a while about the families involved.

I am Benjamin Stubbins Raynie, Desire's bachelor uncle, and almost the last of the big-nosed Raynies. My elder sister, Lucretia Stubbins Raynie, married Robert Withacre, one of the 'wild Withacres' in whose blood there is a streak of genius and its revolts. The Withacres all have talent — mostly ineffectual — and keen æsthetic sensibilities. All of them can talk like angels from Heaven. By no stretch of the imagination can they be called thrifty. We considered it a very poor match for Lucretia. The Raynies are quiet people, not showy, but substantial and sensible; with a certain sentimental streak out-cropping here and there, especially in the big-nosed branch; while the red-headed Raynies are the better money-makers.

I know now that Lucretia secretly believed her offspring were destined to unite Withacre talent and Raynie poise. She prayed in her heart that the world might be the richer by a man-child of her race who should be both gifted and sane. But her children proved to be twin-girls, Judith and Desire. Queer little codgers I thought them, big-eyed, curly-headed, subdued when on exhibition. Lucretia told long stories, to which I gave slight attention, intended to prove that Judith was a marvelous example of old-head-on-young-shoulders, and that Desire, demure, elfin Desire, was a miracle of cleverness and winning ways.

In view of Desire's career, I judge that these maternal prepossessions were not wholly misplaced. As a small child she captivated her Uncle Greening as well as her aunt (our sister, Mary Stubbins Raynie, married Adam Greening of the well-known banking firm of Greening, Bowers & Co.). The Greenings were childless, and Desire spent much of her early life and nearly all her girlhood under Mary Greening's care and chaperonage. I confess to fondness for a bit of repartee with Desire now and then, myself. Perhaps I had my share in spoiling her. I take it a human being is spoiled when he grows up believing himself practically incapable of wrong-doing. That is what happened to Desire. Approval had followed her all of her days. How should she know, poor, petted little scrap, anything about the predestined pitfalls of all flesh?

Of course the Robert Withacres were always as poor as poverty, and of course our family was always planning for and assisting them. Fortunately both the twins married early, and exceptionally well. Judith became engaged to a promising young civil engineer when visiting a school-friend in Chicago. He said she reminded him of the New London girls. He was homesick, I think. At all events the engagement was speedy.

But our little Desire did better than that. She witched the heart out of young Arnold Ackroyd.

Do I need to explain the Ackroyds to any one? They are one of those exceptional families whose moral worth is so prominent that it even dims the lustre of their intellectual stability and their financial rating. They are so many other, better things that no one ever thinks or speaks of them as 'rich.' And in this day and generation that is real achievement.

Desire's marriage gratified me deeply, and for a wedding present I gave her the Queen Anne silver tea-set I inherited from Great-aunt Abby. I believe in the Ackroyds, root and branch. They have, somehow or other, accomplished what all the rest of us are striving for. They have actually lifted an entire family connection to a plane where ability, worth, accomplishment, are matters of course. Nobody has ever heard of a useless, incompetent Ackroyd. Their consequent social preeminence, which possibly meant something to Mary Greening and which certainly counted with Desire, is merely incidental to their substantial merit. They are prominent for the rare reason that they deserve to be. They are the Real Thing.

Unless you happen to be in touch with them intellectually, however, all this is not saying that you will always find all of them the liveliest of companions. The name connotes honor, ability, character; it does not necessarily imply humor, high spirits, the joy of life.

Desire herself told me of her engagement. I don't, somehow, forget how she looked when she came to tell me about it — shy, excited, radiant. She fluttered into my office and stood at

the end of my desk, looking down at me. Desire was very pretty at twenty-one, with her pointed face and big expressive eyes, her white forehead shadowed by a heap of cloudy, curling, dark hair. Palpitating with life, she looked like some kind of a marvelous human humming-bird. It did not surprise me that Arnold Ackroyd found her

All a wonder and a wild desire.

For all her excitement she spoke very softly.

'Uncle Ben, mother wants me to tell you something. I have n't told anybody else but her.'

'What is it, Desire?'

'I — why, Uncle Ben — I've promised to marry Arnold Ackroyd!'

'Well, well,' I said inadequately, 'this is news!'

Desire nodded wistfully.

'It seems a little curious, does n't it? We're not a bit alike,' she said. 'But he is splendid! I'm sure I shall never meet a finer man, nor one I trust more.'

'Very true, Desire, and I am glad you are going to marry such a man,' I observed, arising slowly to the occasion and to my feet, and offering a congratulatory hand.

'Mother says it 's a wonderful thought for a young woman that her future is as secure as the cycle of the seasons,' returned Desire, with her hand in mine, 'and I suppose it is, but that is n't why I love him. Uncle Ben, he's really wonderful when you find out what he's thinking behind those quiet eyes. And then — do you know he's one of the few really meritorious persons I ever made like me. I've been afraid there was something queer about me, for freaks always take to me at once. But if Arnold Ackroyd likes me, I *must* be all right, must n't I? It 's such a relief to be sure of it!'

I took this for a touch of flippancy, having forgotten how long the young must grope and wonder, hopelessly, before they find and realize themselves. It was, I think, precisely because Arnold Ackroyd helped that vibrant temperament to feel itself resting on solid ground that he became so easily paramount in Desire's life at this time. However it may have been afterward, during their brief engagement he was all things to my niece, while she to him was a creature of enchantment. I shall always maintain that they knew young love at its best.

Desire was wedded with more pomp and circumstance than Lucretia and I really cared for. That was her Aunt Greening's affair. Mary Greening always did like an effect of pageantry, and was willing to pay for it. They went abroad afterwards, and I remember as significant that Desire enjoyed the Musée de Cluny more than the lectures they heard at the Sorbonne. On their return they lived in dignity and comfort. They had a couple of pretty, unusual-looking children, who were provided with a French nurse at twenty months, and other educational conveniences in due season, more in accordance with the standards of Grandmamma Ackroyd than with the demands of the Withacres and Raynies.

They were certainly as happy as most people. If Desire had any ungratified wishes, I never heard of them. I dined with them frequently, but now see that I knew absolutely nothing about them. I took it for granted that they would always walk, as they seemed to be doing, in ways of pleasantness and peace.

It never entered my head that anybody of my own blood and a decent bringing-up could do what Desire did presently. I had a simple-minded notion that we were above it. Which brings me back to my premise. After

all, we of a long inheritance of upright living do not always behave better than other people.

II

Lucretia was first to come.

The winter it all happened, I was house-bound with rheumatism and had no active part in the drama. By day I was wheeled into the little upstairs study and sat with my mind on chloroform liniment and flannels, while my family and friends came to me, bearing gifts. Sometimes they sought the house to amuse me, sometimes to relieve their minds.

Lucretia's burden was heaviest, so she was first.

The November morning was raw and hideous. There were flakes of snow on my sister's venerable and shabby sealskin. She laid back the veil on the edge of her little black bonnet, — she had been a widow for two years, — brushed the snow from her slightly worn shopping-bag and sat down in front of the fire, pulling nervously at her gloves.

Lucretia is thin, sharp-featured, ivory-skinned. Her aspect is both fatigued and ardent. Nothing that Mary and I were ever able to do for her lifted in the least from her own spirit the weight of her poverty-stricken, troublous, married life; and in her outer woman she persists in retaining that aspect of carefully-brushed, valiantly-borne adversity which is so trying to more prosperous and would-be-helpful kin.

I made a few comments on the weather, which Lucretia did not answer. Realizing suddenly that she was agitated, I became silent, hoping that the quiet, comfortable room, the snapping fire, and my own inertness, would act as a sedative. It did not occur to me that any really serious matter could be afoot. I had ceased to expect that life would offer any of us anything worse than occasional physical discomfort.

Having regained her composure, my sister spoke without preface.

'I am in great trouble, Benjamin. Desire has made up her mind to leave her husband, and nothing I say has the slightest effect.'

'Good Heavens! Lucretia! What do you mean?'

'Just what I say. Desire declares she is n't "satisfied" as Arnold Ackroyd's wife. So she proposes to put an end to the relation. I judge she intends, later, to contract another marriage, though she is n't disposed to lay stress on that point.'

I continued to look at Lucretia wide-eyed, and possibly wide-mouthed. The things she was saying were so preposterous, so incredible, that I could not accept them. It was as if I had received a message that the full moon was not 'satisfied' to climb the evening sky.

'Lord! Lord! Little Desire!' I muttered.

'She is a woman of thirty, Benjamin.'

'What does she say?' I exploded. 'What is wrong in her married life? People don't do these things causelessly — not the people we are or know.'

'She says a great deal,' returned her mother dryly. 'Did you ever know a Withacre to be lacking in words, Benjamin? Desire is very fluent. I might say she is eloquent.'

'But what does it all amount to, anyhow?' I demanded impatiently. Dazed though I was, my consciousness of being the head of the family was returning.

Lucretia lifted her left hand, which was trembling, and checked off the items on her fingers. Her hands were shapely, though dark and shrunken, with swollen veins across the back. The firelight struck the worn gold of her wedding ring.

'She demands a less hampered life; a more variegated self-expression; a chance to help the world in her own way; an existence that shall be a daily development; the opportunity to give perpetual stimulus and refreshment to an utterly congenial mate. Oh! I know her reasons by heart,' said Lucretia. 'They sound like fine things, don't they, Benjamin?'

'Who is the other man?'

'Fortunately, none of us know him. He is a Westerner with one of those absurdly swollen fortunes. Desire would n't have thought it a wider life to marry a poorer man. Such women don't.'

'I wish you would n't put Desire in a class and call her "such women," Lucretia,' I protested irritably.

My sister looked at me strangely.

'You, too? Can money buy you too?' she said.

She rose and steadied her trembling arms upon the low mantel. She stood, a black-clad figure, between me and the glowing hearth, looking down into the heart of the fire as she spoke. I had begun to perceive, vaguely, that here was no sister I had ever known before. In a way she was beside, or rather beyond, herself.

We Raynies are self-controlled people. Lucretia had always been a silent woman, keeping her emotions to herself. But they say earthquakes, vast convulsions of regions beneath the lowest seas, will sometimes force up to light of day strange flotsam from the ocean-bed. Things that the eyes of men have never seen, nor their busy minds conceived, float up to face the sun. From Lucretia's shaken soul arose such unimagined things.

Her words came forth swiftly, almost with violence.

'Benjamin, my daughter proposes leaving for Reno, Nevada, next week to procure a divorce. — I'm not saying that plenty of divorces are n't justified. I know they are. Plenty of remarriages too, I make no doubt. I've lived long enough to know that extremes are always wrong, and the middle course is almost always right. I will admit, if you like, that every case is a thing apart, and stands on its own merits, and that only God and a woman's conscience are the judges of what she should do. But Desire's case has no merits!

'I know Arnold, and I know Desire; he is a busy man and she is an indulged woman. She might have entered into his life and interests if she had chosen; the door was as much open as it can be between a man and a woman. I don't claim it is ever easy for them to see clearly into each other's worlds. But they do it, every day. Here is Arnold working himself to death, reducing fractures and removing appendixes, and trying to make the people who swarm to him into whole and healthy men and women. That's a good way to help the world if you do it with every ounce of conscience there is in you. Here is Desire, fiddling with art and literature and civics and economics, and wanting to "uplift the masses" with Scandinavian dramas and mediæval art and woman-suffrage. If she really wants to enrich life for others, and she says she does, why, in Heaven's name, does n't she hold up Arnold Ackroyd's hands? There is work that is worth while, and it would take more brains and ability then she owns to do it well! It is *her* work; she chose it; she dedicated herself to it. Now she repudiates it — for a whim.'

'How do you know it is just a whim, Lucretia?' I interrupted rather shamefacedly. 'Might n't it be — er — a very violent attachment?'

Lucretia shook her head.

'These women nowadays are simply crazy about themselves. Are self-

centred people ever capable of great passions?'

I made no protest, for I had thought the same thing myself.

'When they have dethroned their God and repudiated their families, what is there left to worship and work for but themselves?' she demanded grimly. 'Half the women I meet are as mad for incense to their vanity as the men are mad for money.'

'Lucretia,' I said with all the firmness I could muster, 'I do not think you ought to allow yourself to take this thing in this way. It is regrettable enough without working yourself up to such a pitch of agony.'

She looked into the fire as if she had not heard me, and went rapidly on: —

'Sixty years ago such things were unheard-of; forty years ago they were a disgrace; twenty years ago, they were questioned; to-day they are accepted. And yet they say the world advances! With all my troubles, Benjamin, I am just learning why men call death gracious — and my daughter is my teacher. Desire is at the restless age. I have seen a good many women between thirty and forty try to wreck their lives and other people's. You see, the dew is gone from the flowers. They have come to the heat and burden of the day. And they don't like it.'

'You mean,' I said, laboriously trying to follow her glancing thought in my own fashion, 'that they miss the drama of early romance, and resent the fact that it has been replaced by the larger drama of responsibility and action?'

'That is a fine, sonorous way of putting it,' she said bitterly, 'but there are more forcible ways.'

She laughed unpleasantly. I could feel the cruel words trembling on her lips, but she checked herself.

'Oh, what is the use of talking,' she cried, 'or of casting stones at other women? It does n't help me to bear Desire's falling away. Benjamin, I would have known how to forgive a child who had sinned. I don't know how to forgive one who has failed like this! Desire is throwing away a life, not because it is intolerable, not because it is hard, even; but just because it has ceased to be exciting and amusing enough. But it is *her* life that she throws away. She cannot make a new one that will be real and her very own. She says she has "ceased to love." They always say that. But love comes and goes always. There is no such thing as perpetual joy. Love is the morning vision. We are meant to hide that vision in our hearts and serve it on our knees. Good women know this and do it. That is what it means to be a wife. The vision is the thing we cherish and live for to the end. Desire is no cheated woman. She had young love at its best; she has her children's faces. There is such a thing as perpetual peace; life gives it to the loyally married. She might have had that too. But she throws it all away — for novelty, for new sensations. My daughter is a wanton!'

'*Lucretia!*'

The energy of my ejaculation, the sight of my surprise, brought my sister back to her normal self. She dropped into her chair again, looking wan and shocked at her own violence of expression.

'You see how it is,' she said humbly. 'I am not fit to trust myself to talk about it. I ought to apologize for my language, Benjamin — but that is the way I feel.'

I had regained somewhat of my poise and my authority.

'See here, Lucretia, if this thing is to be, you must n't be so bitter about it. Desire is your daughter. She belongs to us. She has always been a

pretty good girl. We must n't be too hard on her now, even if she does n't conform to our ideas. Everybody must live their own lives, you know.'

Lucretia threw back her head; her deep-set eyes were burning, and the color suffused her face again.

'No!' she said sharply. 'That must they not. Decent people accept some of the conclusions of their forbears and build upon the sure foundation reared by the convictions of their own people. You say she belongs to us. That is the worst of it! You childless man! Can't you guess what it would mean to bear, to nourish, to train — to endure and endure, to love and love — and then to have the flesh of your flesh turn on you and trample on all your sacredest things? It is the ultimate outrage. God knows whether I deserve it! God forgive me if I do!'

There was silence in the room. I had nothing more to say. I recognized at last how far Lucretia in her lonely agony was beyond any trite placation of mine.

After what seemed an age, she spoke. She was herself again. The violently parted waves had closed over the life of those far gray depths, and she offered her accustomed surface to my observation.

'I did not sleep at all last night, Benjamin. Desire was with me during the afternoon and we talked this thing out. I ought not to have seen any one so soon, but I came here with the intention of asking you to reason with her. I see it would do no good if you did. Things are as they are, and I must accept them. I will go home now. I am better off there.'

She rose, put down her veil, drew on her gloves, and picked up the shabby shopping-bag, quietly putting aside my hesitating protestations and suggestions of luncheon.

At the door she turned and proffered a last word of extenuation for herself. 'You ought to understand, for it is our blood in me that rebels. I never thought when I married a Withacre that I might bring into the world a child that was n't *dependable* — but I might have known!' she said.

III

Lucretia, departing, left me tremulous. The flame-like rush of her mind had scorched my consciousness; the great waves of her emotion had pounded and beaten me. I shared, and yet shrank from, her passionate apprehension of our little Desire's failure in the righteous life. For I was, and am, fond of Desire.

I spent a feverish and most miserable day. There were so many unhappy things to consider! The gossip that would rack the town apparently did not concern Lucretia at all. I am hidebound, I dare say, and choked with convention. Certainly I shrank from the notoriety that would attach itself to us when young Mrs. Arnold Ackroyd took up her residence in Reno, as a first step toward the wider life. Then there was the disruption of old ties of friendship and esteem. It would be painful to lose the Ackroyds from among our intimates, yet impossible to retain them on the old footing. I already had that curious feeling of having done the united clan vicarious injury.

Toward five o'clock my sister Mary, Mrs. Greening, tapped on the door.

Mary Greening and I are good friends for brother and sister. As children we were chums; we abbreviated for each other the middle name we all bore, Mary calling me Stub, and I calling her Stubby. We meant this to express exceptional fraternal fealty. It was like a mystic rite that bound us together.

She came in almost breezily. For a woman in late middle life Mary Greening is comely. There is at the bottom of her nature an indomitable youthfulness, to which her complexion and movements bear happy witness.

'Well, Stub, has Lucretia been here?'

'Come and sit down, Mary. Yes, Lucretia has been here. Very much so,' I answered dejectedly.

Mary swept across the room almost majestically. Quite the type of a fine woman is Mary Greening, though perhaps a thought too plump. She threw back her sable stole and unfastened her braided violet coat; she prefers richly embellished garments, though they are thought garish by some of the matrons in her set.

'You keep it much too warm in here,' she said critically.

I made a grimace.

'Your hat is a little to one side, Stubby, as usual.'

She put her hand up tentatively to the confection of fur, yellow lace, and violet orchids.

'I don't think Lenore ballasts my hats properly,' she said plaintively. 'It can't be my fault that they slide about so. But I did n't come to talk about hats.'

I sighed. 'No, you came to talk about Desire. Mary, how long have you known about this deplorable affair?'

'Oh — ever since there has been anything to know! Desire has always talked to me more than to her mother. You know, Ben, one would n't choose Lucretia as a confidante in any kind of a heart-affair.'

'Don't put on that worldly air with me, Mary Greening,' I said crossly. 'Lucretia is a little austere, but it seems to me that austerity has its advantages. For instance, it keeps one out of the newspapers. Am I to infer that you sympathize with Desire?'

'Not at all,' she protested. 'You may not believe me, but I have suffered and suffered, over this thing. I can't count the nights I have lain awake thinking about it. At first it seemed to me I simply could not have it, and I thought I was going to influence Desire. But nobody ever influences people in matters of the heart. Of course this is an affair on the highest possible plane — so I thought they might be more reasonable. But I don't observe that they are.'

'On the highest possible plane,' I mused. 'Mary, be candid with me. I would like a good woman's point of view on this. If a game of hearts ends in the courts, breaking up a home and smashing the lives concerned to flinders, do you really think it matters whether that affair is on a high plane or a low one? Does it seem any better to you for being the finer variety?'

'Certainly it does,' returned Mary Greening promptly; 'though,' she added reflectively, 'judged by results, I see it is illogical to feel so.'

She cogitated a little longer.

'You put the thing too crudely. Here is the point, Ben. The devil never makes the mistake of offering the coarser temptation to persons of taste. You could n't have tempted Desire to break up her home with any temptation that did n't include her intellect, her spirit, and her æsthetic instincts. And when one gets up in that corner of one's nature, people like you or me or Desire are so used to regarding all the demands emanating from there as legitimate, as something to be proud of, to be satisfied at almost any cost, that it takes a very clear sense of right and wrong to prevent confusion. And nowadays, hardly anybody but old fogies and back numbers and people who have lived the kind of life Lucretia has, possesses a clear sense of right and wrong. It has gone out.'

'What became of Desire's married happiness, Mary? I thought there was so much of it and that it was of a durable variety.'

'Oh, it leaked away through small cracks, as happiness usually does. It is hard to explain to a man, but if Arnold were a woman, you might almost say that he nagged. He is too detailed, too exact, for Desire. If, for instance, she said in May, "I believe I will have a green cloth, embroidered, for a fall suit," about the first of November you might expect Arnold to remark, "I don't see that green cloth suit you said you were going to have. What made you change your mind?" Desire delights to say things she does n't mean and lay plans she does n't expect to carry out, so a constant repetition of such incidents was really pretty wearing. I have seen her when she reminded me of a captive balloon in a high wind.

'"A woman in your position ought not to make unconsidered speeches" was one of his pet remarks. He is scientific, she is temperamental — and each of them expected the other one to be born again, and born different by virtue of mutual affection and requirements. Arnold will go on wondering to the end of his life why Desire can't be more accurate, more purposeful. As if he did n't fall in love with her the way she is! And then along comes the Westerner —'

'Where did they meet?'

'Bessie Fleming introduced them — at some silly place like Atlantic City. It was after Desire had that nervous breakdown two years ago. I know they were both in wheeled chairs at the time, and they rode up and down together, talking, like long-separated twin souls, about the theory of æsthetics and kindred matters. They did n't require diagrams to see each other's jokes, and that is always a strong tie. He was a man used to getting what he wanted, and when he became bewitched — can't you see how it would all work together? I know Lucretia thinks there is no excuse for Desire. But I see this excuse for her. None of us ever trained her to know she could n't have everything she wanted. Of course, we never expected her to want anything but the finest, the highest. But she is human, and when she found a most wonderful thing in her path that she wanted more than she had ever wanted anything before — she put out her hand to take it, as she has taken other things when we were all applauding her choice. And I will do her the justice to say that I don't believe she has the faintest notion Arnold will really fight to keep the children. You see, she still thinks the world is hers.'

'Perhaps it is,' I offered. The comfort of Mary's presence was beginning to rest and appease me, and I was a little less conscious of my aching conscience. 'The Westerner — is he — is he —'

'Perfectly presentable. Quite a scholar. Collects pictures. Has all kinds of notions. He and Desire are ideally congenial. Very properly he is keeping himself at long distance and entirely out of it. No one but ourselves surmises that he exists. And it really is an enormous fortune. I can imagine Desire doing all kinds of interesting things with it.'

'Do you know what Lucretia said to me, Mary?'

She shook her head.

'*You too? Can money buy you too?*' I quoted. 'I shall never forget how Lucretia looked as she said it.'

'Stub — the world moves. It may be moving in the wrong direction, but if we don't move with it, we are bound to be left behind.'

'Mary Greening,' I retorted, 'do you really mean that you detect in yourself

a willingness to have an unjustified divorce and a huge, vulgar fortune in the family, just because they are up to date?'

'Benjamin Raynie, if down at the bottom of my soul there is crawling and sneaking a microscopical acquiescence in the muddle Desire is making of life, it is probably due to the reason you mention. I am just as ashamed of it as I can be! I ought to be plunged in grief, like Lucretia. And I *am*—only—well, I want to help Desire, and I can't help her if I let myself feel like that. I suppose you'll think I'm an unmoral old thing, but I see it this way: if these affairs are going to happen in one's very own family, one might as well put them through with a high hand. I intend to stand by Desire. Of course the Ackroyds will do the same by Arnold. Desire will never be received in this town again with their consent. They are entirely in the right. But I shall have to fight them for Desire's sake, just the same.'

'Stubby! Stubby! There is n't a particle of logic as big as a pin-head about you, and I don't approve of you at all — but I do like you tremendously!'

Mary Greening rose abruptly, crossed to the window, and stood looking out for a time. Then she came back and, dropping awkwardly beside my chair, buried her convulsed and quivering face in the woolly sleeve of my jacket, while the tears dripped fast from her overflowing eyes.

'Stub,' she brought out jerkily, between her sudden choking sobs, 'I did n't make a long face and tell Desire "whom God hath joined" — I — I tried to appeal to her common sense. Irreligious people often do have a great deal of common sense, you know. But — I am the child of our fathers, too. I wish — I *wish* she would n't do it!'

IV

I certainly expected that Desire would come to me before she went away. I don't know what good I thought it would do. But we had always (or I supposed so) been such friends, this niece and I, that I could not believe she would take such an important step without an effort to gain my approval — my toleration would be more accurate. I—well, I thought she cared for my approval. But it seemed she did n't.

Of course, when one came to think it over, she could hardly enjoy such an interview. No doubt she was already sore in spirit from interviews she could not shirk, — with her mother, for instance, not to mention her husband. And my views on promiscuous divorce are as well known in the family as are those of South Carolina. They are simple, those views, and old-fashioned, but also, I may add, cosmic; they run about as follows: it is hard that John and Mary should be unhappy, but better their discomfort than that society should totter to a fall, since all civilization rests upon the single institution of the marriage-tie. I will admit that my bachelor state doubtless helps to keep my opinions uncomplicated.

When I came to think of it in the light of these convictions, it was n't remarkable that Desire stayed away. And yet the foolish old uncle in me was hurt that she did so. I felt that she ought to come and take her medicine. Did n't thirty years of affection and indulgence give me some rights in her life?

Perhaps Mary Greening told her how I felt. At all events, in place of a call I received a letter: —

DEAR UNCLE BEN, —

The reason I'm not coming to say good-by to you is that I think you'll

love me better if I don't. My self-control is wearing quite thin in spots, and I'm so tired of explaining myself (when there's nothing to explain except that I am doing what seems right in my own eyes) that sometimes I think I shall just die before I get started.

Uncle Ben, did n't you ever long for a life that fitted you exactly, — a life that was the flexible, soft garment of your very Self? I am laying aside a life that is somewhat cumbrous for me, and going to one that fits me like a glove.

And it is n't as if my case were like other people's, or as if Arthur Markham was n't the finest of the fine. He is as good in his widely different way as Arnold is. I think myself a highly fortunate woman that two such lives are offered me to choose from — but I must choose the one that belongs to me. Temperament is destiny. I am following mine. I am doing what I wish to do. But I don't like the way people hinder me with arguments that have nothing to do with the real content of the matter. So I am saying good-by at arm's-length to the dearest old make-believe cynic of an uncle that ever lived. Because you know, Uncle Ben, that if you had me there you could n't help preaching to me, and I am tired of preaching. It does n't get one anywhere. And it does n't keep one away — from Reno, Nev.

I suppose it's a queer thing to say, but, really, you'll like Arthur just as well as you do Arnold — if only you can bring your mind to it!

I am always, even in Nevada,

Your loving niece,

DESIRE.

I turned this letter over curiously in my hands, half expecting it to impart to me the secret of how it was that people could think and feel as if the very universe wheeled, glittering, about them and their desires. Also, how could Desire be so guiltless of all the thousand scruples and delicacies that were her birthright? How could she exhibit such poverty of spirit, bravely and unashamed? How did it happen that she, of all people, showed herself so ignorant of the things that cannot be learned?

V

That evening as I drowsed over the hearth after dinner, still holding Desire's letter in my hand and pondering over it, the card of young Dr. Arnold Ackroyd was brought up to me.

I awoke myself with a start. An interview with Desire's husband was the last thing in the world I wanted. The feeling that I had vicariously injured the Ackroyds was still strong upon me, and I shrank childishly from facing a man whom I could not think of otherwise than as a maimed and wantonly injured creature.

Feeling this, I naturally welcomed him with a mixture of embarrassment and effusion. Dr. Arnold smiled dryly, with perfect comprehension, and took his seat beside the fire in the same winged arm-chair that had sheltered Lucretia and Mary previously. A fancy seized me that the cumbersome, comfortable piece of mahogany and old brocade might indeed be a veritable witness-seat, a Chair of Truth, that in some fashion impelled its occupant to speak out from the heart the thing he really thought. An apprehensive glance at Arnold's grave, clear-cut, sallow face reassured me. It held no threat of hysteric protest. Whatever he might say, I need not fear that he would break the inmost silence of a deeply-humiliated man.

'It is a matter of business that I want to see you about, Mr. Raynie,' he said easily. 'There is no one but you who can manage it for me.'

I expressed my desire to serve him.

'You see, it is just this: if Desire insists upon divorcing me the enterprise must be properly financed. I prefer to pay her expenses myself. I am not going to have her hard up or — depending upon any one else.'

'Desire would never take money from any one but Mrs. Greening or me, Ackroyd.'

'No — I suppose not. Still, you never can tell how these confounded modern women are going to invert things in their minds. She'd not do it unless she could make it look high-minded and self-sacrificing, of course. But I would rather she ran no risk of doing it. And, if you don't mind my saying so, I would also prefer at present that even you and Mrs. Greening kept your hands out of your pockets. You see, Desire is my wife until she ceases to be so. It is unquestionably my right to provide for her, even in Reno, if I choose. Of course, she would say that, having left my bed and board, she had renounced her claim upon my bank-account — that is, she would say it if she thought about the matter at all. But she is so heedless she will probably not question the source of supplies, certainly not if they come through you. Will you do me this favor, Mr. Raynie?'

There was nothing for me to do but assent, but I did so a little irritably. It seemed to me at the moment that it would be excellent discipline to let the winds of heaven beat harshly upon Desire's delicately guarded head, for a short time at least. I intimated as much.

Arnold Ackroyd shook his head.

'It is too late for that kind of discipline to be effective,' he said. 'I have meant that Desire should have everything that a man can give, but there is one point I will never yield. She shall not have my children!'

He took out his check-book and his pen, and, writing on his knee, filled out a check rapidly and neatly. As he handed it to me I noted that the sum was surprisingly large, — enough for a divorce *de luxe*.

'Pardon me, but are n't you overdoing your generosity, Arnold?' I suggested.

He moved his shoulders very slightly, and I saw his fine, surgeon's fingers stir as though he were involuntarily washing his hands of the whole question of money.

'Desire is accustomed to beauty as well as to comfort,' he said. Then he dropped his head on his chest and stared gravely into the fire. 'Mr. Raynie, what do the women want? What do they expect in this world, anyhow? If the sun had dropped out of the sky, it would n't have surprised me more than this thing has.'

'Nor me,' I confessed.

'I have been wondering if I unconsciously neglected Desire? People say that sometimes causes them to fly the track. I am a busy man. I work hard in an exacting profession. But, as I understand the marriage-contract, my work is a part of what I endowed her with. It is my life, myself. We are not children. One does not marry for a playmate, does one? But perhaps women do. Do you think I can have been at fault in this matter?'

My only answer was an impatient snort of protest.

'I supposed she desired companionship with me as I am. Certainly that was what I thought I asked of her. She has such a way of making life seem vivid and interesting that her companionship was good to have,' he said.

Something clutched at my heart-strings as I saw the look of inextinguishable longing in his eyes.

'We spoiled her between us, I suspect,' he said. 'On our heads be it,

for it is spoiled that she is. Mr. Raynie, I think of Desire as undisciplined, wayward — not as wanton. — Well, I have a dozen patients yet to see tonight. I must say good-night, and thank you.'

As he closed the door, I spoke aloud to myself and the witness-chair.

'There goes a gentleman,' I said. 'It seems they still exist. Confound that niece of mine!'

VI

After Desire departed for Reno, the winter dragged along, heavy-footed.

Mary Greening heard from her often, and brought me the letters. She rented a cottage in Reno, and began housekeeping bravely, but, presently, the servant question drove her temporarily to a hotel.

Very shortly we saw in the papers an account of a fire in the same hotel. This was followed by a telegram from Desire to the effect that she was as right as possible, and had only suffered the loss of a few garments.

A week later as I sat in my usual place, the wheeled chair by the study-fire, I heard a carriage stop at my door. It was ten o'clock of a wild January night, furious with wind and snow. There were voices in the hall below; surprised ejaculations from Lena, the house-maid; at last a rap on my door, which swung inward to admit — Desire!

'Will you take me in, Uncle Ben?' she inquired cheerfully. 'It is such a frightful night! The cabman won't try to get me to Aunt Mary. He wanted to leave me at a hotel. But this was no farther — and I wanted to talk with you, anyhow.'

I said the appropriate things, consumed meanwhile with wonder as to what this reappearance meant. Desire threw off her long wrap and her furs, vibrated about the room a little, then settled, like every one else, in the winged chair across the hearth, and smiled at me tremulously.

'Uncle Ben, something has happened to me.'

'I judge it is something important, Desire.'

'A big thing,' she said gravely. 'So big I don't understand it. I can only tell you how it is.'

I waited quietly, but there was that in her voice which made me catch my breath.

She seemed to find it hard to begin.

'I hated Reno,' she said at last, abruptly. 'The streets were so full of plump, self-satisfied blonde women, over-dressed and under-bred. The town was overrun with types one did n't like. It was — horrid! But it didn't concern me, so I stayed in the little house and wrote a great many letters to Aunt Mary and — Arthur Markham, and read, and amused myself as best I could. Then I lost my maids and moved to the hotel until I could arrange matters.

'You heard about the fire? The hotel was a wooden building with two wings, and my room was in the wing that burned. It was all very exciting, but I got out with my valuables and most of my wardrobe, tied up in a sheet, and they put the fire out.

'The rest of the building was unhurt, so the occupants opened their doors to the people who had been burned out. The manager asked me if I would accept the hospitality of a Mrs. Marshall, "a very nice lady from up north!" I said I would be thankful for shelter of any description, so he took me to her door and introduced us.'

Desire paused reflectively.

'I'd like to make it as clear as possible to you, Uncle Ben, if you don't mind my talking a lot. This Mrs. Marshall was just a girl, and very good-

looking indeed in a way. She had well-cut features, a strong chin, blue eyes under dark lashes, and a great deal of vitality. So far as looks went, I might have met her anywhere.

'The big room was strewn with her things, for she had expected to be burned out too; but she began to put them away at once, offering me closet-room, and talking excitedly as she moved about.

'The place was full of department-store luxury, if you know what I mean. Her toilet-table was loaded with silver in a pattern of flamboyant, curly cupids, — I've often wondered who bought such things, — and there were gorgeous, gaudy garments lying about. Her belongings, all but a few frocks, were expensive and tasteless to the last degree. So much extravagance and so little beauty! It seemed so strange to me that it was interesting.

'She talked a good deal, showing me this and that. Her slangy speech had a certain piquancy, because she looked finer than her words. She was absolutely sure of herself, and at ease. I made out that this was because she was conscious of no standards save those of money, and there, as she would have said, she could "deliver the goods." Were n't the evidences of her worth right under my eyes?

'I talked, too, as effusively as I knew how. I tried to meet her half-way. She was evidently a perfectly well-placed and admired person in her own world. I was excited and tired and lonely. It seemed good just to speak to some one.

'Presently the room was cleared, and we began to think of sleeping. I have n't forgotten a word of the conversation that followed.

'"It's very good of you to take me in. I hope I shan't disturb you very much," I said.

'"Oh, I'm glad to have somebody to talk to. I think this living in Reno is deadly, but it seems to be the easiest way to get results," she answered. "How long you been here?"

'I told her.

'"Well, I'm a good deal nearer my freedom than you are. Don't it seem perfectly ridiculous that when you want to shake a man you can't just *shake* him, without all this to-do?" she said. "It makes me so mad to think I've got to stay down here six months by myself, just to get rid of Jim Marshall! Say, what does your husband do?"

'What could I say, Uncle Ben? It seemed sacrilegious to mention Arnold in that room, but I was her guest and dependent upon her for shelter and a bed.

'"He is a doctor," I said.

'"That so? Jim's superintendent of a mine. Up in the mountains. It's the lonesomest place you ever saw. Twenty miles from nowhere, with just a little track running down to the railroad, and nothing worth mentioning when you get there.

'"Jim was awfully gone on me. Put up a spiel that he could n't live without me, and all that. That was two years ago, and I was young and tender-hearted. Father had just dropped a whole bunch of money, and I thought, "Well, if any man wants to pay my bills as bad as that, I guess I'll let him." It looked like easy meal-tickets to me. Say! There's no such thing as a soft snap in married life. You got to work for your living, whoever he is. And I got so bored up in the mountains I did n't know what to do. Any man's a bore if you see too much of him. Jim's awful soft — wants to be babied all the time. Thought I did n't love him unless I looked just so and talked just so. Jerusalem! How can you love anybody when you're a hundred miles from a matinée? People have got to have

what they're used to, even if they are married, and that's a cinch. I used to go down to the city by myself once in a while to visit Jim's sister, but there was n't anything in that. She and I did n't get on. She never took me to a show once all the time I was there. These in-laws are always looking at you through a microscope. Ain't it awful? I don't claim my complexion will stand that scrutiny. Did you have any in-laws?"

'"A few," I said, thinking how Madam Ackroyd would look if she could hear this conversation.

'"Well, anybody can have mine!" she said. "Gee! How I hate to be bored! I guess I'd be up on that mountain yet if it had n't been for that. Last spring the son of the man who owns the mine took to coming up to see about the output. I had him going in forty winks. I was just amusing myself, but Jim got frightfully jealous. "See here," I says, "I ain't going to let no mining man dictate to me, see? I'll tell you that right now!" I was sore. To think he could n't let me have a bit of fun, after the stupid winter I'd put in, frying his bacon. It seemed plain selfish. So things ran along, and I got huffier and huffier. Finally, when Joe volunteered he'd like to put up for me to take this trip to Reno, I packed my suit-case and came away. It served Jim right for being such an old grouch. What d' you think?"

'I just opened my mouth and gasped. I could n't help it. Such callousness!

'The girl looked at me queerly when I did n't answer. "What's got *you* that you did n't stay put?" she demanded. "Here I've had a rush of words to the mouth and told you all I know — and I don't know a thing about you."

'I found my voice sufficiently to tell her my case was very different.

'"Huh!" she said, "I may n't know much, but I'm wise to this; the folks that have real reasons for a smash-up don't have to come to Reno. They mostly can get their papers on the spot. I guess we're all in the same boat out here. We're just taking what we want."

'I felt as if I had been struck with a sledge-hammer when she said that, and her eyes seemed to be boring through me like gimlets. I thought I should scream if she said another word.

'"Let's talk about it in the morning," I said, "if you'll excuse me. I'm so tired I simply can't keep my eyes open."

'That was n't true. She went to sleep almost instantly, and slept like a baby. I lay beside her, wide-awake for hours. What she was, and what she said, had turned a key in my brain. A host of thoughts I did n't know I had came trooping out of some hidden room, and they marched and countermarched across my mind all night.'

Desire got up and began to walk about the room restlessly in her absorption as she recalled all this.

'It was wonderful, Uncle Ben. I wish I could make you understand. First of all, I recognized that what she said was absolutely true. I said to myself, "Desire, you are a civilized, cultivated, mature, distinguished-looking person, well-born and well-reared — but what has it all done for you? It has, precisely, conducted you to Reno, Nevada. This girl beside you is uncivilized, uneducated, crude, young, clearly of very common clay. And what has it all done for her but conduct her to Reno, Nevada — where she finds you, daughter of the Pilgrims. Well met, sister!"

'It was very bitter to think that of myself,' said my niece, stopping by my chair. 'It may sound foolish, Uncle Ben, but my friends have always insisted I was a *schöne Seele*. I, a beautiful soul! I, a soul at all! A white

light that I could not shut my eyes against seemed to beat down into my brain. I saw that I was just like the girl beside me in her incredible callousness, — even like the fat, self-satisfied blonde women I had seen in the town. Oh, those common, common people! I had thought myself as fine as silk, as tempered as steel, yes, and as pure as flame! But, I, too, was a brute.

'I thought and thought. I thought of Arnold, Arthur, and myself; we are all proud, we are all fastidious, yet we had come to this. We had drifted on the rocks. Pride had n't saved us, nor training, nor intelligence. I had lived in and for these things, and they had not prevented my doing the commonest things like the commonest creattures. Uncle Ben, I seemed horrible to myself — I can't tell you.

'More doors opened in my mind, and I began to think of you, and mother, and Aunt Mary, and of all the stories you used to tell me of the good Raynies and the bad, the weak Withacres and the strong ones, and what good fighters there were among them. And it seemed to me that I could see and feel — like the flight of wings in the dark over my head — the passing of the struggling generations of my fathers, each one achieving a little more; going from decency to good repute, and from repute to renown, keeping faith with one another and with God, from father to son.

'And all at once I saw that the dignity of my race did not consist in its honors, nor even in its character, but — forever and always — in its fight for character! It was the struggle that had made us. And I had never struggled — so — I was not made. I was still unformed, shapeless — and a cheaper thing with all my pretensions than the girl asleep beside me.

'Then there came on me a great desire to be one with my own people. One life is nothing — somehow I saw it very clearly. Families build righteousness as coral insects build a reef. I felt the yearning to be built into a structure of honesty and honor. Even as I wished this, I saw, in that fierce light beating down upon my brain, that there was something deep within me that forbade me to do the thing I had been planning. It lay at the core of being, dark and stern; it said *No* to my desires. And I knew it for the strength of every *No* my fathers ever uttered. It was my inheritance. And as I looked, it seized my will. It shook me free from my longing for Arthur, free from my impatience with Arnold, free from my wish to have my way!

'So — I have come back. It was strong enough to bring me back; it is strong enough to hold me here. I don't care what happens to me after this. *I don't care.* I may not be happy, but I don't seem to want to be happy: I want to do the seemly, fitting things, the decent things. I don't care if they are stupid; I don't care if I am bored! I wish just what I say. I want to be one with my race. It is they who have brought me back. They held up the torch. I let it fall. Uncle Ben, do you think it has gone out? Suppose one of my children's children should stumble and then say, "It is not my fault. I inherited this. There was Grandmamma who went her willful way so long ago!" I know my dust would shiver in the ground. I can't add any more to the weaknesses and follies that will crush them down. Having my own way costs too much when they must pay. That's it. I have n't the price. I refuse to let them pay. — Will you help me, Uncle Ben? Will you ask Arnold to let me try again? I will be good. I will be humble — almost! For I must have my children if only that I may pass this on. The thing is to abolish our complacency. Why — it's

what the old religionists meant when they talked about getting down in the dust before their God! It really, really, is the thing we have to do. And — my children will never learn it here, among you, where everybody is so happy and self-satisfied. They will never learn it even from the righteous Arnold. If they know it, they will have to learn it from me — for I am the only repentant sinner of us all! So — I have come back.'

Desire's words stirred me strangely. I had sometimes suspected that I allowed my modest pride of descent to feed complacency rather than effort. As she talked, I, too, saw the long procession of the valiant men and women of my race moving forward through the years; I saw how I had lightly arrogated credit to myself for their hard-won excellencies, and reckoned myself a finer gentleman for the battles they had fought. Where were my battles? Where my victories?

Then — I remembered that the Withacres always could talk like angels from Heaven. But I looked into Desire's eyes, and that thought shriveled before the flame in them. They met mine exultantly, as steel meets steel. This was no lip eloquence. She was eager for her battles.

'So,' I said with wonder, 'you have capitulated — to Them.'

'Yes — to Them. Oh, it is n't needful, Uncle Ben, that to show my kinship I should work as they did, live as plainly, think as narrowly. It is all here just the same. I am their child. I will not go against their will. Before ever I was born, they wrote their desires in my flesh. They made the blood to flow in my veins after their ways. And — I am glad! For my children shall be their children. — Uncle Ben, will Arnold take me home?'

I looked at Desire's glowing face that seemed afire with aspiration for the life she had tossed aside. I thought of Arnold's grave lips, steady shoulders, and longing eyes. There fell upon me a vivid sense of the wonderful ingenuity and richness of life's long processes. This diverse pair had traveled devious ways to the end that, after all their married years, they might at last be not unequally mated. My elderly heart sang a canticle of rejoicing, but my speech was circumspect.

'I incline to believe that he will,' I admitted.

IN THE HANDS OF A RECEIVER

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

It sometimes happens that a business man who is in reality solvent becomes temporarily embarrassed. His assets are greater than his liabilities, but they are not quick enough to meet the situation. The liabilities have become mutinous and bear down upon him in a threatening mob. If he had time to deal with them one by one, all would be well; but he cannot on the instant mobilize his forces.

Under such circumstances the law allows him to surrender, not to the mob, but to a friendly power which shall protect the interests of all concerned. He goes into the hands of a receiver, who will straighten out his affairs for him. I can imagine the relief which would come to one who could thus get rid, for a while, of his harassing responsibilities, and let some one else do the worrying.

In these days some of the best people I know are in this predicament in regard to their moral and social affairs. These friends of mine have this peculiarity, that they are anxious to do their duty. Now, in all generations, there have been persons who did their duty, according to their lights. But in these days it happens that a new set of lights has been turned on suddenly, and we all see more duties than we had bargained for. In the glare we see an army of creditors, each with an overdue bill in hand. Each demands immediate payment, and shakes his head when we suggest that he call again next week. We realize that our moral cash in hand is not sufficient for the crisis. If all our obligations must be met at once, there will be a panic in which most of our securities will be sacrificed.

We are accustomed to grumble over the increase in the cost of living. But the enhancement of price in the necessities of physical life is nothing compared to the increase in the cost of the higher life.

There are those now living who can remember when almost any one could have the satisfaction of being considered a good citizen and neighbor. All one had to do was to attend to one's own affairs and keep within the law. He would then be respected by all, and would deserve the most eulogistic epitaph when he came to die. By working for private profit he could have the satisfaction of knowing that all sorts of public benefits came as by-products of his activity.

But now all such satisfactions are denied. To be a good citizen you must put your mind on the job, and it is no easy one. You must be up and doing. And when you are doing one good thing there will be keen-eyed critics who will ask why you have not been doing other things which are much more important; and they will sternly demand of you, 'What do you mean by such criminal negligence?'

What we call the awakening of the social conscience marks an important step in progress. But, like all progress, it involves hardship to individuals. For the higher moral classes, the saints and the reformers, it is the occasion of whole-hearted rejoicing. It is just what

they have, all the while, been trying to bring about. But I confess to a sympathy for the middle class, morally considered, the plain people, who feel the pinch. They have invested their little all in the old-fashioned securities, and when these are depreciated they feel that there is nothing to keep the wolf from the door. After reading a few searching articles in the magazines they feel that, so far from being excellent citizens, they are little better than enemies of society. I am not pleading for the predatory rich, but only for the well-meaning persons in moderately comfortable circumstances, whose predatoriness has been suddenly revealed to them.

Many of the most conscientious persons go about with an habitually apologetic manner. They are rapidly acquiring the evasive air of the conscious criminal. It is only a very hardened philanthropist, or an unsophisticated beginner in good works, who can look a sociologist in the eye. Most persons, when they do one thing, begin to apologize for not doing something else. They are like a one-track railroad that has been congested with traffic. They are not sure which train has the right of way, and which should go on the siding. Progress is a series of rear-end collisions.

There is little opportunity for self-satisfaction. The old-fashioned private virtues which used to be exhibited with such innocent pride as family heirlooms are now scrutinized with suspicion. They are subjected to rigid tests to determine their value as public utilities.

Perhaps I may best illustrate the need of some receivership by drawing attention to the case of my friend the Reverend Augustus Bagster.

Bagster is not by nature a spiritual genius; he is only a modern man who is sincerely desirous of doing what is expected of him. I do not think that he is capable of inventing a duty, but he is morally impressionable, and recognizes one when it is pointed out to him. A generation ago such a man would have lived a useful and untroubled life in a round of parish duties. He would have been placidly contented with himself and his achievements. But when he came to a city pulpit he heard the Call of the Modern. The multitudinous life around him must be translated into immediate action. His conscience was not merely awakened: it soon reached a state of persistent insomnia.

When he told me that he had preached a sermon on the text, 'Let him that stole steal no more,' I was interested. But shortly after, he told me that he could not let go of that text. It was a live wire. He had expanded the sermon into a course on the different kinds of stealing. He found few things that did not come under the category of Theft. Spiritual goods as well as material might be stolen. If a person possessed a cheerful disposition, you should ask, 'How did he get it?'

'It seems to me,' I said, 'that a cheerful disposition is one of the things where possession is nine tenths of the law. I don't like to think of such spiritual wealth as ill-gotten.'

'I am sorry,' said Bagster, 'to see that your sympathies are with the privileged classes.

Several weeks ago I received a letter which revealed his state of mind:—

'I believe that you are acquainted with the Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. I suppose he means well, but persons in his situation are likely to cater to mere literature. I hope that I am not uncharitable, but I have a suspicion that our poets yield sometimes to the desire to please. They are perhaps unconscious of the subtle temptation. They are not sufficiently direct and specific in their charges. I have been

reading Walt Whitman's "Song of Joys." The subject does not attract me, but I like the way in which it is treated. There is no beating around the bush. The poet is perfectly fearless, and will not let any guilty man escape.

O the farmer's joys!
Ohioans, Illinoisans, Wisconsonese, Kanadians, Iowans, Kansans, Oregonese joys.

'That is the way one should write if he expects to get results. He should point to each individual and say, "Thou art the man."

'I am no poet, — though I am painfully conscious that I ought to be one, — but I have written what I call, "The Song of Obligations." I think it may arouse the public. In such matters we ought to unite as good citizens. You might perhaps drop a postal card, just to show where you stand.'

THE SONG OF OBLIGATIONS

O the citizen's obligations.
The obligation of every American citizen to see that every other American citizen does his duty, and to be quick about it.
The janitor's duties, the Board of Health's duties, the milkman's duties, resting upon each one of us individually with the accumulated weight of every cubic foot of vitiated air, and multiplied by the number of bacteria in every cubic centimeter of milk.
The motorman's duties, and the duty of every spry citizen not to allow himself to be run over by the motorman.
The obligation of teachers in the public schools to supply their pupils with all the aptitudes and graces formerly supposed to be the result of heredity and environment.
The duty of each teacher to consult daily a card catalogue of duties, beginning with Apperception and Adenoids and going on to Vaccination, Ventilation, and the various vivacious variations on the three R's.
The obligation resting upon the well-to-do citizen not to leave for his country place, but to remain in the city in order to give the force of his example, in his own ward, to a safe and sane Fourth of July.
The obligation resting upon every citizen to write to his Congressman.
The obligation to speak to one's neighbor who may think he is living a moral life, and who yet has never written to his Congressman.
The obligation to attend hearings at the State House.
The obligation to protest against the habit of employees at the State House of professing ignorance of the location of the committee-room where the hearings are to be held; also to protest against the habit of postponing the hearings after one has at great personal inconvenience come to the State House in order to protest.
The duty of doing your Christmas shopping early enough in July to allow the shop-girls to enjoy their summer vacation.
The duty of knowing what you are talking about, and of talking about all the things you ought to know about.
The obligation of feeling that it is a joy and a privilege to live in a country where eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and where even if you have the price you don't get all the liberty you pay for.

I was a little troubled over this effusion, as it seemed to indicate that Bagster had reached the limit of elasticity. A few days later I received a letter asking me to call upon him. I found him in a state of uncertainty over his own condition.

'I want you,' he said, 'to listen to the report my stenographer has handed me, of an address which I gave day before yesterday. I have been doing some of my most faithful work recently, going from one meeting to another and helping in every good cause. But at this meeting I had a rare sensation of freedom of utterance. I had the sense of liberation from the trammels of time and space. It was a realization of moral ubiquity. All the audiences I had been addressing seemed to flow together into one audience, and all the good causes into one good cause. Incidentally I seemed to have solved the Social Question. But now that I have the stenographic report I am not so certain.'

'Read it,' I said.

He began to read, but the confidence

of his pulpit tone, which was one of the secrets of his power, would now and then desert him, and he would look up to me as if waiting for an encouraging 'Amen.'

'Your secretary, when she called me up by telephone, explained to me the object of your meeting. It is an object with which I deeply sympathize. It is Rest. You stand for the idea of poise and tranquillity of spirit. You would have a place for tranquil meditation. The thought I would bring to you this afternoon is this: We are here not to be doing, but to be.

'But of course the thought at once occurs to us, How can we be considering the high cost of the necessaries of life? It will be seen at once that the question is at bottom an economic one. You must have a living wage, and how can there be a living wage unless we admit the principle of collective bargaining. It is because I believe in the principle of collective bargaining that I have come here to-night to say to you workingmen that I believe this strike is justifiable.

'I must leave to other speakers many interesting aspects of this subject, and confine myself to the aspect which the committee asked me to consider more in detail, namely, Juvenile Delinquency in its relation to Foreign Immigration. The relation is a real one. Statistics prove that among immigrants the proportion of the juvenile element is greater than among the native-born. This increase in juvenility gives opportunity for juvenile delinquency from which many of our American communities might otherwise be free. But is the remedy to be found in the restriction of immigration? My opinion is that the remedy is to be found only in education.

'It is our interest in education that has brought us together on this bright June morning. Your teacher tells me that this is the largest class that has ever graduated from this High School. You may well be proud. Make your education practical. Learn to concentrate, that is the secret of success. There are those who will tell you to concentrate on a single point. I would go even further. Concentrate on every point.

'I admit, as the gentleman who has preceded me has pointed out, that concentration in cities is a great evil. It is an evil that should be counteracted. As I was saying last evening to the Colonial Dames, — Washington, if he had done nothing else, would be remembered to-day as the founder of the Order of the Cincinnati. The figure of Cincinnatus at the plough appeals powerfully to American manhood. Many a time in after years Cincinnatus wished that he had never left that plough. Often amid the din of battle he heard the voice saying to him, "Back to the Land!"

'It was the same voice I seemed to hear when I received the letter of your secretary asking me to address this grange. As I left the smoke of the city behind me and looked up at your granite hills, I said, "Here is where they make men!" As I have been partaking of the bountiful repast prepared by the ladies of the grange, your chairman has been telling me something about this community. It is a grand community to live in. Here are no swollen fortunes; here industry, frugality, and temperance reign. These are the qualities which have given New England its great place in the councils of the nation. I know there are those who say that it is the tariff that has given it that place; but they do not know New England. There are those at this table who can remember the time when eighty-two ruddy-cheeked boys and girls trooped merrily to the little red schoolhouse under the hill. In the light

of such facts as these, who can be a pessimist?

'But I must not dwell upon the past; the Boy Scouts of America prepare for the future. I am reminded that I am not as this moment addressing the Boy Scouts of America, — they come to-morrow at the same hour, — but the principle is the same. Even as the Boy Scouts of America look only at the future, so do you. We must not linger fondly on the days when cows grazed on Boston Common. The purpose of this society is to save Boston Common. That the Common has been saved many times before is true; but is that any reason why we should falter now? "New occasions teach new duties." Let us not be satisfied with a superficial view. While fresh loam is being scattered on the surface, commercial interests and the suburban greed to get home quick are striking at the vitals of the Common. Citizens of Boston, awake!

'Your pastor had expected to be with you this evening, but he has at the last moment discovered that he has two other engagements, each of them of long standing. He has therefore asked me to take his place in this interesting course of lectures on Church History. The subject of the lecture for this evening is — and if I am mistaken some one will please correct me — Ulphilas, or Christianity among the Goths. I cannot treat this subject from that wealth of historical information possessed by your pastor; but I can at least speak from the heart. I feel that it is well for us to turn aside from the questions of the day, for the quiet consideration of such a character as Ulphilas.

'Ulphilas seems to me to be one of those characters we ought all to know more about. I shall not weary you by discussing the theology of Ulphilas or the details of his career. It would seem more fitting that these things should be left for another occasion. I shall proceed at once to the main lesson of his life. As briefly as possible let me state the historical situation that confronted him. It is immaterial for us to inquire where the Goths were at that time, or what they were doing. It is sufficient for us to know that the Goths at that time were pagans, mere heathen. Under those circumstances what did Ulphilas do? He went to the Goths. That one act reveals his character. If in the remaining moments of this lecture I can enforce the lesson for us of that one act, I shall feel that my coming here has not been in vain.

'But some one who has followed my argument thus far may say, "All that you have said is true, lamentably true; but what has it to do with the Advancement of Woman?" I answer, it *is* the Advancement of Woman.'

'How do you make that out?' I asked.

Bagster looked vaguely troubled. 'There is no such thing as an isolated moral phenomenon,' he said, as if he were repeating something from a former sermon; 'when you attempt to remedy one evil you find it related to a whole moral series. But perhaps I did not make the connection plain. My address does n't seem to be as closely reasoned as it did when I was delivering it. Does it seem to you to be cogent?'

'Cogent is not precisely the word I would use. But it seems earnest.'

'Thank you,' said Bagster. 'I always try to be earnest. It's hard to be earnest about so many things. I am always afraid that I may not give to all an equal emphasis.'

'And now that you have stopped for a moment,' I suggested, 'perhaps you would be willing to skip to the last page. When I read a story I am always anxious to get to the end. I should like

to know how your address comes out, — if it does come out.'

Bagster turned over a dozen pages and read in a more animated manner.

'Your chairman has the reputation of making the meetings over which he presides brisk and crisp. He has given me just a minute and a half in which to tell what the country expects of this Federation of Young People. I shall not take all the time. I ask you to remember two letters — E and N. *What* does the country expect this Federation to do? E — everything. *When* does the country expect you to do it? N — now. Remember these two letters — E and N. Young people, I thank you for your attention.

'The hour is late. You, my young brother, have listened to a charge in which your urgent duties have been fearlessly declared to you. When you have performed these duties, others will be presented to you. And now, in token of our confidence in you, I give you the right hand of fellowship.

'And do you know,' said Bagster, 'that when I reached to give him the right hand of fellowship, he was n't there.'

We sat in silence for some time. At last he asked, hesitatingly, 'What do you think of it? In your judgment is it organic or functional?'

'I do not think it is organic. I am afraid that your conscience has been over-functioning of late, and needs a rest. I know a nook in the woods of New Hampshire, under the shadow of Mount Chocorua, where you might go for six months while your affairs are in the hands of a receiver. I can't say that you would find everything satisfactory, even there. The mountain is not what it used to be. It is decadent, geologically speaking, and it suffered a good deal during the last glacial period. But you can't do much about it in six months. You might take it just as it is, — some things have to be taken that way.

'You will start to-morrow morning and begin your life of temporary irresponsibility. You will have to give up your problems for six months, but you may rest assured that they will keep. You will go by Portsmouth, where you will have ten minutes for lunch. Take that occasion for a leisurely meal. A card will be handed to you assuring you that "The bell will ring one minute before the departure of the train. You can't get left." Hold that thought: you can't get left; the railroad authorities say so.'

'Did you ever try it,' asked Bagster.

'Once,' I answered.

'And did you get left?'

'Portsmouth,' I said, 'is a beautiful old town. I had always wanted to see it. You can see a good deal of Portsmouth in an afternoon.'

The predicament in which my friend Bagster finds himself is a very common one. It is no longer true that the good die young; they become prematurely middle-aged. In these days conscience doth make neurasthenics of us all. Now it will not do to flout conscience, and by shutting our eyes to the urgencies and complexities of life purchase for ourselves a selfish calm. Neither do we like the idea of neurasthenia.

My notion is that the twentieth-century man is morally solvent, though he is temporarily embarrassed. He will find himself if he is given sufficient time. In the mean time it is well for him to consider the nature of his embarrassment. He has discovered that the world is 'so full of a number of things,' and he is disappointed that he is not as 'happy as kings' — that is, as kings in the fairy books. Perhaps 'sure enough' kings are not as happy as the fairy-book royalties, and perhaps the modern man is only experiencing the anxieties that

belong to his new sovereignty over the world.

There are tribes which become confused when they try to keep in mind more than three or four numbers. It is the same kind of confusion which comes when we try to look out for more than Number One. We mean well, but we have not the facilities for doing it easily. In fact, we are not so civilized as we sometimes think.

For example, we have never carried out to its full extent the most important invention that mankind has ever made — money. Money is a device for simplifying life by providing a means of measuring our desires, and gratifying a number of them without confusion.

Money is a measure, not of commodities, but of states of mind. The man on the street expresses a profound philosophy when he says, 'I feel like thirty cents.' That is all that 'thirty cents' means. It is a certain amount of feeling.

You see an article marked $1.50. You pass by unmoved. The next day you see it on the bargain counter marked 98 cents, and you say, 'Come to my arms,' and carry it home. You did not feel like a dollar and a half toward it, but you did feel exactly like ninety-eight cents.

It is because of this wonderful measure of value that we are able to deal with a multitude of diverse articles without mental confusion.

I am asked to stop at the department store and discover in that vast aggregation of goods a skein of silk of a specified shade, and having found it bring it safely home. Now, I am not fitted for such an adventure. Left to my own devices I should be helpless.

But the way is made easy for me. The floor-walker meets me graciously, and without chiding me for not buying the things I do not want, directs me to the one thing which would gratify my modest desire. I find myself in a little place devoted to silk thread, and with no other articles to molest me or make me afraid. The world of commodities is simplified to fit my understanding. I feel all the gratitude of the shorn lamb for the tempered wind.

At the silken shrine stands a Minerva who imparts her wisdom and guides my choice. The silk thread she tells me is equivalent to five cents. Now, I have not five cents but only a five-dollar bill. She does not act on the principle of taking all that the traffic will bear. She sends the five-dollar bill through space, and in a minute or two she gives me the skein and four dollars and ninety-five cents, and I go out of the store a free man. I have no misgivings and no remorse because I did not buy all the things I might have bought. No one reproached me because I did not buy a four-hundred-dollar pianola. Thanks to the great invention, the transaction was complete in itself. Five cents represented one choice, and I had in my pocket ninety-nine choices which I might reserve for other occasions.

But there are some things which, as we say, money cannot buy. In all these things of the higher life we have no recognized medium of exchange. We are still in the stage of primitive barter. We must bring all our moral goods with us, and every transaction involves endless dickering. If we express an appreciation for one good thing, we are at once reproached by all the traffickers in similar articles for not taking over bodily their whole stock-in-trade.

For example, you have a desire for culture. You haven't the means to indulge in very much, but you would like a little. You are immediately beset by all the eager Matthew Arnolds who have heard of your desire, and they insist that you should at once devote yourself to the knowledge of the best

that has been known and said in the world. All this is very fine, but you don't see how you can afford it. Is n't there a little of a cheaper quality that they could show you? Perhaps the second best would serve your purpose. At once you are covered with reproaches for your philistinism.

You had been living a rather prosaic life and would like to brighten it up with a little poetry. What you would really like would be a modest James Whitcomb Riley's worth of poetry. But the moment you express the desire the University Extension lecturer insists that what you should take is a course of lectures on Dante. No wonder that you conclude that a person in your circumstances will have to go without any poetry at all.

It is the same way with efforts at social righteousness. You find it difficult to engage in one transaction without being involved in others that you are not ready for. You are interested in a social reform that involves collective action. At once you are told that it is socialistic. You do not feel that it is any worse for that, and you are quite willing to go on. But at once your socialistic friends present you with the whole programme of their party. It is all or nothing. When it is presented in that way you are likely to become discouraged and fall back on nothing.

Now, if we had a circulating medium you would express the exact state of your desires somewhat in this way: 'Here is my moral dollar. I think I will take a quarter's worth of Socialism, and twelve and a half cents' worth of old-time Republicanism, and twelve and a half cents of genuine Jeffersonian democracy, if there is any left, and a quarter's worth of miscellaneous insurgency. Let me see, I have a quarter left. Perhaps I may drop in to-morrow and see if you have anything more that I want.'

The sad state of my good friend Bagster arises from the fact that he can't do one good thing without being confused by a dozen other things which are equally good. He feels that he is a miserable sinner because his moral dollar is not enough to pay the national debt.

But though we have not yet been able adequately to extend the notion of money to the affairs of the higher life, there have been those who have worked on the problem.

That was what Socrates had in mind. The Sophists talked eloquently about the Good, the True, and the Beautiful; but they dealt in these things in the bulk. They had no way of dividing them into sizable pieces for every-day use. Socrates set up in Athens as a broker in ideas. He dealt on the curb. He measured one thing in terms of another, and tried to supply a sufficient amount of change for those who were not ashamed to engage in retail trade.

Socrates draws the attention of Phædrus to the fact that when we talk of iron and silver the same objects are present to our minds, 'but when any one speaks of justice and goodness, there is every sort of disagreement, and we are at odds with one another and with ourselves.'

What we need to do he says is to have an idea that is big enough to include all the particular actions or facts. Then, in order to do business, we must be able to divide this so that it may serve our convenience. This is what Socrates called Philosophy.

'I am a great lover,' he said, 'of the processes of division and generalization; they help me to speak and think. And if I find any man who is able to see unity and plurality in nature, him I follow, and walk in his steps as if he were a god.'

Even in the Forest of Arden life was

not so simple as at first it seemed. The shepherd's life which 'in respect of itself was a good life' was in other respects quite otherwise. Its unity seemed to break up into a confusing plurality. Honest Touchstone, in trying to reconcile the different points of view, blurted out the test question, 'Hast any philosophy in thee, Shepherd?' After Bagster has communed with Chocorua for six months, I shall put that question to him.

HUMANIZING THE PRISONS

BY MORRISON I. SWIFT

THE State of Vermont contains a prison where the inmates are treated upon a novel plan. They are trusted and treated like other human beings; they come and go almost as freely as the members of the jailer's own family; so far as possible whatever suggests punishment or disgrace is banished; and they are made to feel that their imprisonment is designed to improve them as men, and to restore them to social life not only with full self-respect but with the cordial respect of the community.

To do all this in defiance of the powerful prejudice against 'criminals' will be called a large undertaking. Up to a certain point it has been done, and that point is so advanced that we may almost consider the whole victory gained. In Montpelier, where this prison stands, the inveterate prejudice against prisoners has been swept away. So great is the significance of this achievement, denoting as it does a reversal of popular sentiment toward the criminal, that only something approaching a revolution in the prison system itself could have produced it. What was this?

I visited the Montpelier jail, where I spent the greater part of a day talking with the prisoners, first in company with the deputy sheriff and then alone, with full permission to discover opposition to the management if I could. In this way I made the personal acquaintance of the men. Later, on the main street of the city, whom should I meet but five or six of these very prisoners, walking along with smiling faces and a happy air, no more resembling the conventional criminal than did the merchants, workingmen, and lawyers with whom they mingled. Here was one of the keys to the mystery. No officer was about, keeping an eye on them; no peculiarity of clothing indicated who they were; they were free to walk off if they pleased, and no one at the jail was worrying about them; and, best of all, the citizens of Montpelier, who knew perfectly well that inmates of the county prison were at all times of the day and evening at large in their midst, were worrying no more about it than were the sheriff and his assistants themselves.

And yet, four years ago when the system was first put into operation, a very decided tremor convulsed these very citizens. They were animated by

all the righteous dread and abhorrence of the inhabitants of jails common to ordinary mankind. They believed that the men were dangerous, that they would run away, that it was treating them on wrong principles to give them such freedom, and that it was a disgrace to good people to have criminals going about unguarded on the same streets. But if you suggest these ancient and wholesome ideas to a Montpelier man now, he laughs at you; he is ashamed that four years ago he entertained such superstitions.

Nor was the sheriff himself much more confident when he inaugurated the change. As late as two or three years ago, when the men did not return promptly to the jail at the time appointed, he would become nervous and go out to walk the streets looking for them. That is all past now, not only because of the unsuspected traits of human nature that experience has unfolded, but because of the marvelous practical success of the system. During the four years, out of eight hundred prisoners treated upon the new plan only two attempted to escape, both of whom were recaptured and sentenced to long terms in the House of Correction for betraying the trust reposed in them. With such a record as this the sheriff no longer feels perturbed if his entire corps of prisoners is scattered in every direction during the day; and he is perfectly assured that at night they will reappear at the jail.

This great innovation in prison practice was made possible by a state law authorizing all sheriffs to set their prisoners at work either inside or outside the jails. The text of this law was as follows: 'A male prisoner imprisoned in a county jail for being found intoxicated, for a breach of the peace, or for being a tramp, may be required to perform not more than ten hours of manual labor within or without the walls of such county jail each day of such imprisonment, except on Sundays or on legal holidays.' To promote the end in view a prison board was established, composed of the assistant judges, the sheriff, and county highway supervisor, who 'may require and compel said prisoners to work on the public highways within the county.'

In this law itself there was no particular advance; everything depended on the execution of it. Commercial and humanitarian motives blended to further the passage of the law; for on the one hand hundreds of prisoners were sitting idle in the county jails eating the state into debt, and many were being transported at great expense from all parts of the state to the House of Correction at Rutland; and on the other hand young and impressionable offenders were being carried off to Rutland with more hardened men, there to receive an education in lawlessness from their experienced associates.

It happened that the sheriff of Washington County, in which Montpelier is located, Frank H. Tracy, was moved to apply the law to large purpose, not merely to save money for the state, which at first was the best popular appeal, but to regenerate the prisoners who came under his care. I was interested to know what motive underneath all others had prompted him to attempt this innovation, and found it to be the influence of one of his parents, who, though dead, was now far more alive to him than when living. 'I thought of each prisoner,' he explained, 'as having a parent with the feelings and hopes for him that mine had had for me, and reflected that if the prisoners had grown up in the absence of such an influence they had been defrauded, and deserved only compassion, not blame, for sinking into the jail.' Such was the creed of a man, the greater part of whose mature life had been spent in dealing with

the so-called criminal classes. It might seem that one of this sensitive type could nowhere be more out of place than at the head of a jail, that he would be a weakling; but it is just this type, and this only, that ought to be at the head of jails; and as to this sheriff's ability and success, it is enough to say that no man in Washington County could be elected to the office against him. A dreamer he is, but one who has dreamed to practical purpose.

When the prison-labor law came into effect, his own ideas of what to do with it were crude. He went about town searching for people to hire the prisoners. No one would have them; the sane and safe business men were not to be taken in like that; they comforted him with assurances that he must fail — the same business men who now send regularly to him for workers when they want help, in preference to picking up men on the street. Another drawback was that the men were insufficiently clothed for going out to work in the cold of a Vermont winter.

Since nobody else would trust jailmen to work, the experiment had to begin on Tracy's own farm, where he set them to cutting bushes and wood, giving the state fifty cents a day for each and paying the men nothing. He got almost no return; only when he stood over them constantly could he extort even fifty cents' worth of work. Later, when a water main was being laid, because of the scarcity of labor a dollar a day was offered and accepted for the prisoners' services, all of it as before going to the state. Regular workingmen were receiving $1.75 daily. Dressed in distinguishing blue trousers and overalls and attended by guards, the prisoners did worse each day than the day before. The experiment was a grim failure.

One day, much discouraged, the sheriff called one of the group into his office for a heart-to-heart talk, asking him to say frankly why he did not do more.

'I 'm doing just as little as I can and not be punished, and I 'm going to keep on. You would do the same,' answered the man.

This 'You would do the same' caused Tracy to imagine himself in the prisoner's place, and to see that the words were true. What incentive had the fellows to labor? They got nothing out of it.

'If you could have seventy-five cents for yourself from your work each day, what would you do?' asked the sheriff.

'Try me,' was the answer; and the next day he went out and worked as well as any free man in the entire gang — this incorrigibly obstinate idler while there was no incentive.

Such was the beginning of the system of paying the men all that they earn above a fixed amount, which goes to the state. One dollar a day is set aside from the wages of each for the state, while all in excess of that belongs to the earner. As it works out in figures, every man in ordinary health earns the full laborer's pay of $1.75 a day, of which seventy-five cents is his, the sheriff acting as his banker and keeping the accumulation until he leaves the prison, when it is given to him in a lump sum.

The profits accruing to the state from the experiment have steadily increased. At the end of the first year they were $200; of the second, $500; of the third, $1000; after having paid for all clothing, tools, and supervision in the form of keeping the books and other clerical work. At the close of the fourth year, in the latter part of 1910, the gross earnings for the state were over $1800. Since an amount equal to three-fourths of this was retained by the men, their share was more than $1350. Some had been allowed to pur-

chase necessaries for their families out of their portion, thus lessening the deprivation of their wives and children due to their imprisonment. During the whole period their labor earned above $6000, of which a total exceeding $2600 was kept by themselves. As a rule the men have carefully saved their money, limiting permitted purchases for themselves, to send it home to those dependent on them.

Since of the thirteen counties in Vermont but three or four have attempted to follow the example so well worked out for them, in view of the above results it is not surprising that indignation should be felt in the state at their failure to do so. In fact, the inertia of county officials is responsible for their failure to adopt the new system in obedience to the law. Under the Montpelier system the sheriff has to be a good deal more than the mere old-fashioned jail-master. He must develop a combined labor bureau and labor exchange, which means that he cannot sit and wait for people to come after his workmen, but must go out and solicit places for them, until the habit of hiring them is well grounded in the community. And we shall see that this is but the beginning of his new responsibilities if he is a big-enough-minded man for his place.

Now, the financial side of the undertaking, brilliant as it has been, is but the smallest part of the good it accomplishes; its real value is to be measured by its effect upon the characters and lives of the prisoners. On this point only one view is possible, and when it is understood, there can be no excuse for perpetuating the old system anywhere.

To begin with, what does it do for the health of the men, on which character is primarily based? They leave the jail rugged and healthy from the sane and vigorous existence they have led while there. Their habits have been regular, they have been daily in the open air when work could be had, their food has been substantial, the atmosphere in which they lived salutary. We can understand why many of them should go forth in a great deal better condition physically than they were when they entered.

Through having worked in this manner they have escaped the formation of the loafing diathesis. Among the many crimes prisons have to answer for, their creation of chronic loafers is one of the gravest. A prisoner isn't responsible for becoming a lazy loafer if he isn't allowed to work. He very probably goes out and remains what the state made him, a loafer; and gets a second term to punish him for it, and make him a worse loafer. The amazing system of American justice penalizes him for what it has made of him. But the Vermont plan not only does n't produce loafers, but by putting a double premium on good work goes far toward curing those already manufactured by society; for besides the pay for work there is the still more enticing reward of getting out of jail and being a practically free man the whole of each day. Furthermore, who would feel like physical work if his muscles had been softening for want of exercise in the stale atmosphere of a prison for from twenty to a hundred days or a year? The bare thought of enduring it is horrible, apart from its ineradicable effects.

Prison idleness breaks the current between the man and life, so that when he emerges it is hard for him to form connections again. If he had a job before, it is now lost. Who wants an ex-prisoner, anyway? He must begin to hunt work, and to hunt under suspicion; his nerve has probably weakened a little too; therefore, after a series of failures he gets well drunk and goes back to jail for another term at the

public expense. These obstacles to reformation are swept away when the prisoner preserves his connection with the community by working in it like any one else. In many cases when liberated he simply keeps right on at the same job, or his worth as a worker is known and he easily gets another. If he wants to go elsewhere he has money in his pocket to do it, not as a shamefaced pauper either; he has a good round sum to go on, an advantage which preserves many of these prison graduates from vagabondage.

And not only do others respect him even though he has slept behind bars, but he respects himself. Why prisons should be employed to break down men's self-respect remains for wiser people than exist to-day to explain. Those among whom and for whom he works see him every day behaving himself, and soon, practically forgetting that he is a 'criminal' or a 'convict,' treat him as if he were not one. Nevertheless he does not forget his actual position, and a state of contrast is created in his mind which stimulates him to reformation. That state of contrast is this. Having always been accustomed to stand on a level with his neighbors and associates, the imposition of a jail sentence brings soreness and humiliation; he believes that others despise him and wish to shun him; when he finds that they do not, and that they still treat him as a man, a feeling of mingled surprise, gratitude, elation, and pride awakes in him; he learns for the first time the value of social esteem and determines to deserve it. This is the psychology of reformation. It would be still better, however, if he were certain that no one would scorn him for his lapse.

The only adverse feeling justifiable toward a lawbreaker is that he is weak or deficient; and it is a sufficient humiliation for him to be considered so, without an accompaniment of aversion or scorn. Would it not be well also to inquire with some care whether most criminals actually are deficient or weak? Many people go so far as to think that society imposes such hard conditions on the under half of the wage-earners that the commission of some of the lesser offenses is a saving evidence of strength and manhood, being the protest that a self-respecting man ought to make against the unrighteous conditions, — the only protest also that some of them have yet learned how to make.

In the Montpelier jail I noted a buoyancy and cheerfulness that I had never seen in any other prison. Other prisons have a sickening pall of gloom upon them, from which an inmate for even the briefest period takes permanent soul-poisoning. It is like going to a hospital to be cured of one disease and catching a worse one there which devitalizes the victim for life. Every ordinary jail reeks with this moral infection. Its germs pervade the place just as the most noxious physical germs filled the English prisons of the eighteenth century, killing the inmates, keepers, and magistrates by wholesale. Now, it is the deadly spiritual atmosphere corresponding to this that the Vermont system has conquered and expelled. It is no use to pulverize a man's soul with punishment; if you would make him better you must show him a better kind of happiness than he has been accustomed to, you must begin with small doses and increase them just as rapidly as you find his system can stand more, until he has contracted the higher-happiness habit so firmly that he cannot throw it off. That is what our prisons ought to do for men, and can do for them; the Montpelier prison is doing it as far as its resources allow.

It was typical of this revolution in

jail method that when a circus visited the city, Sheriff Tracy purchased tickets for as many of the prisoners as desired to go, and sent them off, unattended, to enjoy themselves. Eleven went, the others refusing because they preferred the money they would earn by helping the farmers, who were then under pressure in the hayfields. It was an excellent chance to run away, for the circus continued till after dark; yet every one of them was back at the jail fifteen minutes after the tent closed, although among the eleven were men with the incentive of a long term to tempt them to escape.

The system has succeeded because of the trust reposed in the prisoners and the freedom accorded them. Under the old law it was an honor to get out of the cage into the corridors, while now none are confined in the cage unless for exceptional reasons.

Vermont goes after visible drunkenness with a rod of iron. For the second offense the law punishes intoxication with ten to fifteen dollars fine and costs, or an alternative penalty of thirty days in jail, or, if the judge desires, both. The last of these sentences, the combination of fine and jail, gives the poor chap who cannot pay his fine ninety-six days in prison — thirty days of direct penalty, forty-five days to serve out the fifteen-dollar fine, and twenty-one days more to extinguish costs. It is difficult to see why the state does not punish itself much more than it punishes the drinker by this law, except where the labor system is applied.

The law is also unjust, for seldom is any one but a poor man caught in its net. One with money pays his fine and walks gayly off, while one chargeable with the sinister crime of empty pockets not only loses his liberty but receives a brand. Of course, this phase of the injustice is not peculiar to Vermont, being still a widely prevailing barbarism of criminal procedure. The remedy is to let a man out on probation to earn his fine if he can't pay it, not detaining him in prison a day.

Doubtless the first question to occur to many will be how the working classes of the region have regarded this form of prison labor. It is a very pertinent inquiry, because Montpelier and the section about it are the stronghold of organized labor in Vermont. At first the innovation was viewed with suspicion in labor ranks, but all that has passed and given place to a feeling of grateful appreciation of the sheriff's efforts. Thus far the prisoners, although they may have learned a trade, have only been sent out to common work; but I was assured by one of the trade-union leaders that there would not be the slightest objection on the part of the unions to any man with a trade exercising it, provided he were given union wages, as for doing common labor he is paid current wages. No objection is made to the part of his earnings that goes to the state, which is considered a legitimate division.

This position is so entirely reasonable that it seems that, if applied at large, it would solve the prison-labor problem. Apparently, only, does the prisoner come into competition with the outside worker in a way disadvantageous to the latter, through the circumstance that the prisoner gets his board and lodging in the jail while the free man has to pay for his. If some of the prisoner's wage is withheld toward meeting the state expenses for his subsistence, however, he is doing the same as the outside laborer, except that his landlord is the state instead of a private boarding-house keeper. But if, on the other hand, the prisoner does not work to pay for his jail-keep, who does foot the bill? The taxpayers, of whom the working-classes are a large percent-

age. When prisoners are maintained in idleness the working people provide their full share of the prisoners' support, if not, through being unskillful tax-dodgers, a good deal more than their share. The portion of the prisoner's wage reserved by the state cuts down these taxes, thereby enlarging outside laborers' incomes; what is sent to the prisoner's family often saves it from requiring aid from the town, thus again reducing taxes.

As to the inmate's competition with other laborers: if he were out of jail he would be competing just as much and no fault would be found. What element of difference is added by his being confined for wrong-doing? His being disciplined for breaking a law has no relation at all to his right and duty to earn his living exactly as if he were free.

Injustice would arise if the prison were to send skilled men out to toil for less than union wages, for the reason that this would be state discrimination against the unions in their struggle to improve the standard of life. To avoid this it will be sound policy for prison authorities to place out at ordinary work all skilled laborers who are declared incompetent by employers to earn union rates at their trade. No employer would then be tempted purposely to cheapen a prisoner's value in the hope of getting his services for less pay.

The general prison-labor problem can be met with justice to all parties by extending this system to all prisons, wholly abolishing the objectionable contract-labor plan. For men who cannot be trusted to go outside to work on the terms described, various forms of productive labor should be provided within the jail walls by the state authorities, every species of exploitation being excluded and the men receiving their proper quota as wages. The product could be sold on the market at market rates with entire fairness, since the men would be in every sense precisely like other productive laborers, except that they would be working inside one walled space instead of another. Men who would otherwise be working and competing for work in private factories would as prisoners merely be transferred to another factory, owned by the community. The work and competition would remain the same as before.

There is impropriety in permitting a private firm to conduct a prison shop, even on the most favorable commercial terms for the state, because for many of the prisoners the work should be a form of treatment and upbuilding, which necessitates favoring the weak and deficient. To accustom prisoners to think of themselves as fully reinstated members of industrial society, between whom and others there is no break, is the best way to cure the criminal habits of most of them.

On the question of applying the honor method to long-term penitentiary men, I think the conclusion is fair that it could safely be extended to a great number. Its advantages to them would first need to be made clear to their minds: they would have to be shown in how many ways their lives would be made happier if they proved trustworthy, and that most of the hardships commonly incident to imprisonment would be removed, reducing the gain from escape, even if successful, to a very small sum.

And it seems to me that this is the real secret of the honor system. Jail life can be made so decent, so humane, so upbuilding, interesting, and even inspiring, that for the average convict it will be superior to the existence he leads in the outer world. Why should he run away from it then? What would he gain? But is this not a negation of the

true prison purpose? Is n't it rewarding a man for crime? Will it not fill up the prisons with men who will commit light crimes in order to break into jail and enjoy themselves as in a secure home?

What if it does, if they are evolved into better men there, fitted to live in general society afterward on their own feet? If that can be done for them by jails, we ought to found other such institutions for men to reside in for improvement, free from the ordeal of entrance examinations on the crimes to their credit, with exclusion as the penalty for having abstained from crime. They would pay their way by their work. But if they did not pay their way in immediate cash, in the long run they would remunerate society with compound interest by becoming better-grade human beings.

There is nothing so costly to human society as the criminal. He supports the policemen, the detectives, the sheriffs, the lawyers, the judges, the jail-builders, the providers of prisoners' food and clothes. Not, of course, bearing all these massive fees of 'justice' out of his own pocket, but out of the pockets of the community, which he forces to pay the bills. Think of the criminal's power to bleed society, like war and disease, without a scintilla of gain. Would it not be worth while to plant a few institutions, to be mostly supported by the criminal himself, to cure the criminal? Would it not be socially cheaper, in something like the ratio of infinity to one? Until these regenerative institutions are devised, I see no objection to making the jails so attractive that criminals will voluntarily stay in them until cured.

Crime is a disease that usually exists in the body, of different entity from the person committing the crime. It is a disease of society, which merely breaks out in open manifestation in this and that individual in whom the social circulation particularly concentrates the poison. And the jail, properly understood, is a hospital for these exceptionally infected persons. That is, it should be so, and it is illegitimate as anything else.

In the earlier stages of the honor period, before the convict completely realizes the benefits of the prison cure, other very potent incentives not to take flight when trusted can be brought into play. A heavy penalty in the form of a much lengthened sentence, with deprivation of many privileges, will act as a strong deterrent; pursuit with such vigor as to render final freedom almost an impossibility will increase the restraint; and the formation of a prison public-opinion among the better inmates, resting upon an appreciation of the treatment accorded them, would erect a barrier to the escape of others which would be almost equal to complete prevention.

These propositions are, happily, not mere theory. The Montpelier experiment has, in its field, demonstrated them. The inmates enter the lists as coöperating reformers of their weaker brothers. Or if, as may be, the rebellious are the more high-spirited and daring, the majority help to curb them in order to establish firmly a *régime* in which prison life in its whole extent will be redeemed from its contaminating sordidness and degradation.

There is no reason why this state of mind cannot be generated in the majority of penitentiary inmates. Convince them that society is not bent upon revenging itself on them for their crimes, and the work is three-fourths done. If this is doubted we have only to consider the results of the parole system, which is a kindred branch of criminal reform. How profoundly prison practice is being transformed by the growth of parole may be seen from

an event which not very long ago would have dumfounded society. It is related in a dispatch to eastern newspapers from Los Angeles:[1] —

'A murderer, four highwaymen, five burglars, two forgers, and three ordinary citizens sat down last night at a banquet in a prominent hotel as the guests of Leonard Mordaunt, himself an ex-convict, who is now at the head of the Prison Parole fund of the Union Rescue Mission.

'It was largely through the efforts of Mordaunt that twelve of the guests were released from San Quentin on parole, and the particular purpose of the meeting was to have them meet Frank Mulford, State Parole Officer. The banquet was such a success that it was decided to hold another, to which all paroled men in Los Angeles will be invited. There are about forty-five here. Mordaunt believes such gatherings will serve as a moral support to former criminals.'

How far society should press its activities to prove its freedom from motives of revenge toward the criminal and its will to raise him to the highest level of manhood, does not fall within the scope of this paper. Sheriff Tracy believes that each prison should have an officer exempted from all the ordinary duties of a sheriff, to devote his whole time to developing personal relations with the men, to studying them individually, to learning what forces have shaped their lives, and to thinking out ways to counteract the tendencies that have been produced in each to offend against society. Such work would be extremely arduous, and would require a man of high intellectual grade and character. Nevertheless the saving to the people would be great. The deeper causes of crimes would be unearthed and published in reports to the community, supplying the first essentials for the prevention of crime. It might be found, for example, that the chief root of crime is irregular or insufficient employment, when the first duty of the state, in order to empty the prisons, would be to organize demand for labor so that no one would be idle. Nothing should be easier to do if society realized its importance. The wealth created by the labor of the men would support them and pay all the costs of organizing the work they might do.

Not to understand the sense of injustice over their imprisonment which rankles in many of the prison group, would be to fail to grasp one of the principal threads of reformation. The unfortunate fact, as Sheriff Tracy illustrated from his own knowledge, is that they are often justified in their resentment. 'The rich,' said he, 'escape by process of law, because they can buy legal skill. They press their case farther in the courts than the poor man can do, and get out on technicalities.'

The principle carried so far in Vermont is beginning to work elsewhere. Deputy Sheriff Richardson, of the jail in Worcester County, Massachusetts, is introducing music into that institution, for the moral development as well as the entertainment of the prisoners, believing that the monotony of prison life has a ruinous effect on the natures of the men.

Probation officer James P. Ramsey, of Lowell, Massachusetts, who receives about twenty-five per cent of all the cases convicted in Middlesex County, affirms that the records of his work show that 'sixty-seven per cent of those he has helped have reformed permanently and gone back to industrious and respectable life.'

Prisoners in the Rhode Island State Prison and in the Providence County jail are about to be given a share of the profits of those institutions.

[1] February 5, 1911.

Another incitement to the adoption of a new penal system is the awakening to the cruel ravages of consumption in the jails. Dr. J. B. Ransom, of Clinton Prison, Dannemora, N. Y., finds that from forty to sixty per cent of all deaths in the prisons of the world are due to tuberculosis, and that at times the mortality from this cause has reached eighty per cent. 'Of the five thousand prisoners in New York State alone, one thousand are tubercular. 'There is no greater error,' he declares, 'than to imagine that tuberculosis in prisons, because of the isolation of the institutions, does not constitute a great danger to society at large. There are twenty thousand tubercular prisoners in the penal institutions of the United States, and the overwhelming majority of these, when let loose, return to the very classes of people — indigent dwellers in congested districts and stuffy tenements — where the disease is most quickly and most virulently spread. Tuberculosis is a disease that invariably spreads from the lower strata of society upward.'

Dr. Ransom's proposed remedies are 'a systematic campaign for the treatment of tubercular inmates of prisons, jails, detention institutions, and charity institutions, the most important features of such a campaign being the establishment of special institutions for treatment and *the providing of outdoor work.*'[1]

These campaigns would obviously be needless if the prisons were made sanitary and a healthful regimen of outdoor work were provided *before* the inmates contract the disease. The writer was informed that a remarkable improvement in the health of the prisoners in the Vermont State Prison had followed from the introduction of a proper ventilating plant by the present management.

Finally, a new and just form of prison sentence, which will displace the punitive system, is already beginning to find acceptance. Five thousand dollars was embezzled from a Los Angeles theatre and dissipated in high living by a man twenty-one years old. He confessed and received this sentence from the judge: —

'You shall stay at home nights. You shall remain within the limits of this county. You shall not play billiards or pool, frequent cafés or drink intoxicating liquor, and you shall go immediately to work and keep at it until you have paid back every dollar you stole. Violate these terms and you go to prison.'

[1] From the report of an address by Dr. Ransom before the Society of Medical Jurisprudence, at the New York Academy of Medicine, February 13, 1911.

MISS ALCOTT'S NEW ENGLAND

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I REMEMBER being very much impressed — and not a little shocked — when a friend of mine told me that she had never, in her childhood, been able to get any real pleasure out of Louisa Alcott's stories. It had never occurred to me that being brought up in New York instead of in New England, or even being of Southern instead of Pilgrim stock, could make all that difference. Miss Alcott seemed the safe inheritance, the absolutely inevitable delight, of childhood. *Little Women* was as universal as *Hamlet*. I remembered perfectly that French playmates of mine in Paris had loved *Les Quatre Filles du Docteur March* (though the French version was probably somewhat expurgated). If children of a Latin — moreover, of a Royalist and Catholic — tradition could find no flaw in Miss Alcott's presentment of young life, I could not see why any free-born American child should fail to find it sympathetic.

I questioned my friend more closely. Her answer set me thinking; and it is probably to her that I owe my later appreciation of Miss Alcott's special quality and special documentary value. For what my friend said was simply that the people in the books were too underbred for her to get any pleasure out of reading about them. My friend was not, when I knew her, a snob; and I took it that she had made the criticism originally at a much earlier age. All children are as snobbish as they know how to be; and I fancy that the child's perennial delight in fairy-tales is not due solely to the epic instinct. One is interested in princes and princesses, when one is eight, simply because they are princes and princesses. Of royalty, one is perfectly sure. I have never known a child who did not prefer the goose-girl to be a princess in disguise, or who felt any real sympathy with the princess who was only a disguised goose-girl. You do not have to expound the Divine Right to any one under twelve. Peasants are an acquired taste; and Socialism is an illusion of age.

Out of such axioms as these, I made my explanation of my friend's heterodoxy. I remembered my own reaction, when very young, on a story that centred in a masked ball to which all the inhabitants of the kingdom were bidden. All the milkmaids went as court ladies, and all the court ladies went as milkmaids — a mere rounding out of the Petit Trianon episode. The moral was obvious; and I recall being frightfully disturbed by my own absolute certainty that, if I had been going to a masked ball, I should, without hesitation, have gone as grandly as I possibly could. I should never have gone as a milkmaid, so long as the costumer had a court train left. Did it perhaps mean that I was, on the whole, nearer to the milkmaid than to the court lady? I did not like the story, but I have never, to this day, forgotten it. Perhaps my friend had been of the same age when she discriminated against Miss Alcott. But then, I and my contemporaries had made no such discrimination. As I say, it set me to thinking. Since then,

I have read Miss Alcott over, not once, but many times, and I think I understand.

The astounding result of rereading Miss Alcott at a mature age is a conviction that she probably gives a better impression of mid-century New England than any of the more laborious reconstructions, either in fiction or in essay. The youth of her characters does not hinder her in this; for childhood, supremely, takes life ready-made. Mr. Howells's range is wider, and he is at once more serious and more detached. Technically, he and Miss Alcott can be compared as little as *Madame Bovary* and the *Bibliothèque Rose*. Yet, although their testimonies often agree, his world does not 'compose' as hers does. It may be his very realism — his wealth of differentiating detail, his fidelity to the passing moment — that makes his early descriptions of New England so out of date, so unrecognizable. Miss Alcott is content to be typical. All her people have the same background, live in the same atmosphere, profess the same ideals. Moreover, they were ideals and an atmosphere that imposed themselves widely during their period. Mr. Howells gives us modern instances in plenty, but nowhere does he give us clearly the quintessential New England village. It is precisely the familiar experiences of life in that quintessential village that Miss Alcott gives us, with careless accuracy, without *arrière-pensée*. And it must be remembered that, in spite of Dr. Holmes's brave and appropriating definitions of aristocracy, and the urbanity which the descendants of our great New Englanders would fain persuade us their ancestors possessed, our great New Englanders were essentially villagers, and that the very best thing to be said of them is that they wrought out village life to an almost Platonic perfection of type. 'Town' will not do to express the Boston, the Cambridge, the Salem, the Concord, of an earlier time: it smacks too much of London — and freedom. The Puritans founded villages; and, spiritually speaking, the villages that they founded are villages still. The village that Miss Alcott knew best was Concord; and if, for our present purpose, we find it convenient to call Concord typical of New England, we shall certainly not be doing New England any injustice.

As I say, what strikes one on first rereading her, is the extraordinary success with which she has given us our typical New England. Some of her books, obviously, are less successful in this way than others — *Under the Lilacs*, for example, or *Jack and Jill*, where (one cannot but agree with her severer critics) there is an inexcusable amount of love-making. There is an equally inexcusable amount of love-making, it is interesting to remember, in much of the earlier Howells. But for contemporary record of manners and morals, you will go far before you match her masterpiece, *Little Women*. What Meg, Jo, Beth, Amy, and Laurie do not teach us about life in New England at a certain time, we shall never learn from any collected edition of the letters of Emerson, Thoreau, or Hawthorne.

The next — and equally astounding — result of rereading Miss Alcott was, for me, the unexpected and not wholly pleasant corroboration of what my friend had said about her characters. They were, in some ways, underbred. Bronson Alcott (or shall we say Mr. March?) quotes Plato in his family circle; but his family uses inveterately bad grammar. 'Don't talk about "labelling" Pa, as if he was a pickle-bottle!' — thus Jo chides her little sister for a Malapropism. Bad grammar we might expect from Jo, as a willful freak;

but should we expect the exquisite Amy (any little girl will tell you how exquisite Amy is supposed to be) to write to her father from Europe, about buying gloves in Paris, 'Don't that sound sort of elegant and rich?'

The bad grammar, in all the books, is constant. And yet, I know of no other young people's stories, anywhere, wherein the background is so unbrokenly and sincerely 'literary.' Cheap literature is unsparingly satirized; Plato and Goethe are quoted quite as everyday matters; and 'a metaphysical streak had unconsciously got into' Jo's first novel. In *The Rose in Bloom*, Miss Alcott misquotes Swinburne, to be sure, but she does it in the interest of morality; and elsewhere Mac quotes other lines from the same poet correctly. Of course, we all remember that Emerson's *Essays* helped on, largely, Mac's wooing — if, indeed, they did not do the whole trick. And has there ever been an 'abode of learning' — to slip, for a moment, into the very style of *Jo's Boys* — like unto Plumfield, crowned by 'Parnassus'? After all, too, we must remember how familiarly even those madcaps, Ted and Josie, bandied about the names of Greek gods. The boys and girls who scoff at the simple amusements of Miss Alcott's young heroes and heroines are, alack! not so much at home with classical mythology as the young people they despise. Yet, as I say, the bad grammar is everywhere — even in the mouths of the educators.

Breeding is, of course, not merely a matter of speech; and I fancy that my friend referred even more specifically to their manners — their morals being unimpeachable. Miss Alcott's people are, as the author herself says of them, unworldly. They are even magnificently so; and they score the worldly at every turn. You remember Mrs. March's strictures on the Moffats, and Polly's justifiable criticisms of Fanny Shaw's friends? and Rose's utter lack of snobbishness about Phœbe, the little scullery-maid, who eventually was brought up with her? Of course, Archie's mother objects, at first, to his marrying Phœbe, but she is soon reconciled — and apologetic.

Granted their unworldiness, their high scale of moral values, where, then, is the trace of vulgarity that is needed to make breeding bad? They pride themselves on their separation from all vulgarity. 'My mother is a lady,' Polly reflects, 'even if' — even if she is not rich, like the Shaws. The March girls are always consoling themselves for their vicissitudes by the fact that their parents are gentlefolk. Well, they are underbred in precisely the way in which, one fancies, the contemporaries of Emerson in Concord may well have been underbred. It is the 'plain-living' side of the 'high thinking.' They despised externals, and, in the end, externals had their revenge. Breeding, as such, is simply not a product of the independent village. (Some one may mention Cranford; but you cannot call Cranford independent, with its slavish adherence to the etiquette of the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson, its constant awed reference to Sir Peter Arley and the 'county families.') The villagers have not — and who supposes that Bronson Alcott and Thoreau had it? — the gift of civilized contacts. A contact, be it remembered, is not quite the same thing as a relation. Manners are a natural growth of courts. Recall any mediæval dwelling of royalty; then imagine life lived in those cramped chambers, in the perpetual presence of superiors and inferiors alike — and lived informally!

In Miss Alcott's world, all that is changed. According to the older tradition, a totally unchaperoned youth would mean lack of breeding. Here, on

the contrary, all the heroines are unchaperoned, while the match-making mamma is anathema. We did not cut off King Charles's head for nothing. The reward of the unchaperoned daughter is to make a good match. In that rigid school, conventions are judged — and nobly enough, Heaven knows! — from the point of view of morals alone (of absolute, not of historic or evolutionary morals) and many conventions are thereby damned. The result is a little like what one has heard of contemporary Norway. 'Underbred' is very likely too strong a word; yet one does see how the social state described in *Little Women* might easily shock any one brought up in a less provincial tradition. There is too much love-making, for example. Though sweethearting between five-year-olds is frowned on, sweethearting between fifteen-year olds is quite the thing. In real life, it would not always be safe to marry, very young, your first playmate. Any one who has lived in the more modern New England village knows perfectly well that people still marry, very young, their first playmates, and that disaster often results. Nor can Una always depend on the protection of a lion that is necessarily invisible. Granted that Jo's precocious sense was right, and that it would have been a mistake for her to marry Laurie; which of us believes that, in real life, she would not have made the mistake? You cannot depend on young things in their teens to foresee the future of their temperaments accurately. One cannot but feel that if Mrs. March really saw the complete unfitness of those two for each other, it was her duty to put a few conventional obstacles in their path.

Perhaps all this was part of what my friend meant by lack of breeding in the traditional sense: the social *laissez-aller* in extraordinary (and perhaps not eternally maintainable?) combination with moral purity. But I suspect that she referred, as well, to another aspect of Miss Alcott's environment: to the unmistakable lack of the greater and lesser amenities of life. The plain living is quite as prominent as the high thinking. The whole tissue of the March girls' lives is a very commonplace fabric. You know that their furniture was bad — and that they did not know it; that their æsthetic sense was untrained and crude — and that they did not care; that the simplicity of their meals, their household service, their dress, their everyday manners (in spite of the myth about Amy) was simplicity of the common, not of the intelligent, kind. You really would not want to spend a week in the house of any one of them. Nor has their simplicity in any wise the quality of austerity. Remember the pies that the older March girls carried for muffs (the management whereof was one of the ever-unsolved riddles of my childhood).

No: in so far as breeding is a matter of externals, one must admit that there is some sense in calling Miss Alcott's people underbred. Perhaps we do not choose to call breeding a matter of externals. In that, we should perfectly agree with Miss Alcott's people themselves; and to that we shall presently come. For what is incontrovertible is that Miss Alcott's work is a genuine document.

I have spoken of the unimpeachable morality of Miss Alcott's world. Charlie lost Rose for having drunk one glass of champagne too much. That is the worst sin committed in any of the books, so far as I remember. Of course, the black sheep, Dan, had been in prison; but he had killed his man inevitably, almost helplessly, in self-defense; and, besides, the treatment of Dan is purely snobbish, from start to finish. Even Mrs. Jo, while she stands by him, is acutely conscious of the social differ-

ence between him and her own kin. The moment he lifts his eyes to Bess —! No: the books are quite snobbish enough, in their way. Nat, foundling and fiddler, is permitted to marry Daisy in the end (though, really, anybody might have married Daisy!). But Nat, though a *parvenu*, is a milksop, and is quite able to say that he has never done anything really disgraceful. The fact is that their social distinctions, while they operate socially, are yet all moral in origin. And this is a very 'special' note: the bequest, it may well be, of Calvin.

> We 're the elect, and you 'll be damned;
> Hell, like a wallet, shall be crammed
> With God's own reprobates.

The transcendental Mr. March would never have sung it; but he and his knew something akin to those resolute discriminations.

Another point is perhaps even more interesting. There are not, I believe, any other books in the world so blatantly full of morality — of moral issues, and moral tests, and morals passionately abided by — and at the same time so empty of religion. The Bible is never quoted; almost no one goes to church; and they pray only when very young and in extreme cases. The only religious allusion, so far as I know, in *Little Women*, is the patronizing mention of the Madonna provided for Amy by Aunt March's Catholic maid. And even then, you can see how broad-minded Mrs. March considers herself, to permit Amy the quasi-oratory; and Amy does not attempt to disguise the fact that she admires the picture chiefly for its artistic quality. Yet it is only fair to remember that, in Miss Alcott's day, people were reading, without so much as one grain of salt, the confessions of 'escaped' nuns, and the novels of Mrs. Julia McNair Wright — and that Elsie Dinsmore developed brain fever when her father threatened to send her to a convent school. Perhaps Mrs. March had a right to flatter herself. Again, as I say, these are documents.

There are many other straws to show which way the wind blows. Would any one but Miss Alcott, for example, have allowed her chief heroine to marry a Professor Bhaer? No modern child ever quite recovers from the shock of it. But we must remember that, in Miss Alcott's time, German metaphysicians were not without honor in Concord. The breath of reform, too, is hot upon the pages. 'Temperance' — remember Charlie's unlucky glass of champagne, and Laurie's promise to Meg on her wedding-day; the festivals of the virtuous are a perpetual bath of lemonade. 'Woman Suffrage' — recall the discussions alluded to in 'The Pickwick Portfolio,' and the fate of the few scoffers in coeducational Plumfield. The children are all passionate little Abolitionists; and the youths are patriotic with a fervid, unfamiliar patriotism, which touches, at its dim source, emotions that to us are almost more prehistoric than historic.

In the minds of Miss Alcott's world, there is still a lively distrust of the British. They are wont to oppress their colonies, and they cheat at croquet. Indeed, Miss Alcott's characters look a little askance at all foreigners — except German professors. There is no prophecy of the Celtic Revival in their condescending charity to poor Irishwomen. The only people, not themselves, whom they wholly respect, are the Negroes. The rich men are nearly all East India merchants, and their money goes eventually to endow educational institutions. The young heroes have a precocious antipathy to acquiring wealth for its own sake. Demi would rather, he says, sweep door-mats in a publishing-house than go into business, like 'Stuffy' and his kind. 'I

would rather be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord,' — it would hardly over-emphasize Demi's so typical feeling for the sanctity of the printed page; for the utter desirability of the publisher's own office, where, as he says, great men go in and out, with respect. And — to complete the evidence — the books do not lack the note of New English austerity, though they come by it indirectly enough. The New English literary tradition seems to be fairly clear: either passion must be public, or, if it is private, it must be thwarted. There is a good deal of public passion — for philanthropy, for education, and what-not — in the books, after all. There is no private passion at all: though the books brim with sentiment, — sentiment, which is eternally manifest, being perhaps a safer guess for the outsider, — Miss Alcott writes as one who had never loved. It would be difficult to find, anywhere, stories so full of love-making and so empty of emotion.

Straws show which way the wind blows; and these straws are all borne in the same direction. Is not this the New England on which, if not in which, we were all brought up? Any honest New Englander — a New Englander of the villages, I mean — will admit that the New English are singularly ungifted for social life and manners. We suspected that long ago, when we first read Miss Alcott, if we happened to turn, after *Little Women*, to any one of Mrs. Ewing's or Mrs. Molesworth's stories. Imagine Jo dressed, as Mrs. Molesworth's heroines all were, by Walter Crane! The real 'old-fashioned girl' was not Polly Milton, but Griselda, in *The Cuckoo Clock*. Polly was simply of no fashion at all. There was some (wistful?) sense of this in us, even then. Yet of course we admitted that, in comparison, Mrs. Molesworth lacked plot — as Heaven knows she did! Any New Englander of the villages is familiar, too, with the passion for 'education'; a passion that, I suspect, you can match now only in the Middle West. We all know that bigoted scholarliness, in combination, precisely, with nasal and ungrammatical speech, which there is no special point in flattering with the term 'idiomatic.' One or two of Mr. Churchill's later novels have preserved to us instances of it. We are fortunate if we have come off quite free of the superstition, so prevalent through the March family, that a book — 'any old' book — is sacred. We scoff heartily at the *parvenu* whose books are bound without first being printed; but I am not sure that any pure-bred villager would not rather have sham books than no books at all. We cannot help it. No other furniture seems to us quite so good.

We have all been brought up, too, to be moral snobs. New England mothers must often be put to it to find purely moral grounds for discriminating against some of the playmates their children would ignorantly bring home. They must often yearn to say, without indirection, 'I do not wish you to play with the butcher's little girl, and her being in your Sunday-school class makes no difference whatever.' But the real New England mother never does. She must manage it otherwise; since the only legitimate basis for her discriminations would be some sort of proof that butchers' little girls were apt to be naughty. The respective fates of Nat and Dan are, I dare to say, as accurate as if they had been recorded by the official investigators of the Eugenics Society. The lack of religion, some one may object, is anything but typically New English. Perhaps, a hundred years ago, it would not have been. And we have not, to be sure, been transcendental with impunity:

we have the Calvinistic Unitarian. But the average New England conscience has always had a more natural turn for ethics than for pure piety. Children in Miss Alcott's books were brought up, like ourselves, to obey their parents. It was Elsie Dinsmore, on her Southern plantation, who (like a Presbyterian St. Rose of Lima) defied her father for religion's sake. Of course we all had to read about Elsie surreptitiously. We knew that without asking. There was a good deal of plain thinking, as well as of high thinking, in our and Miss Alcott's world. As for our unworldliness: we have come a long way since Miss Alcott; yet I verily believe that, even now, almost any bounder can take us in if he poses as a philosopher. So many have done it!

I have not done more than indicate Miss Alcott's exceeding fidelity. Begin recalling her for yourself, and you will agree that she gives us social life as New Englanders, for decades, have, on the whole, known it. The relations of parent and child, brother and sister, community and individual, of playmates, of lovers, of citizens, are all such as we know them. They are familiar to us, if not positively our own experience. Life has grown more complicated everywhere. Yet I doubt if, even now, any New English child would instinctively call Miss Alcott's people underbred. We still understand their code, if we do not practice it. New England is still something more than a convenient term for map-makers. These be our own villages.

THE USES OF THE COMIC SPIRIT IN RELIGION

BY WILLIAM AUSTIN SMITH

THE author of *Sandra Belloni*, in one of his delightful moments of taking his readers into his philosophic confidence, remarks: —

'Man is a laughing animal, and at the end of infinite search the philosopher finds himself clinging to laughter as the best of human fruit, purely human and sane and comforting.'

Certainly we are all of us more real if, in laughing with the author through his charming pages of 'unreason and sentimentalism exposed,' we have heard his sermon aright. Who, after the *Egoist*, can attitudinize before life without a blush at finding the Comic Muse looking over his shoulder with a quizzical smile on her sparkling countenance.

If laughter be among the lesser spiritual graces as compared with faith, it is none the less of honorable lineage as an instrument of reform. Not till a ripple of 'thoughtful laughter' has been evoked, can any reform get far along its healing way. New epochs have always been ushered in in the tingling atmosphere of wit. Cervantes, Erasmus, Rabelais, each has laughed at his generation to its lasting benefit. The age of sluggish wit is likely to be an age of shallow religion, sentimentalism, and sham.

It has been remarked that the gods

of the Romans were eminently respectable but very dull and prosaic persons. It might at the risk of irreverence be said that in general the gods of the world have been made to appear too austere. We have tried to endow Divinity with our own best behavior, and in our solemn moments of defining Deity, have quite overlooked that cosiest corner of the heart, into which the oblique rays of the Comic, slanting over our high altars, come freighted with matter for laughter. Because we are very grave of countenance when we speak of God, we imagine that there can be nothing about us that may seem comic to Him. But the omniscient heart in which the reverent have found, blended with pity and love, the eloquent scorn of the Gospels, must see in us queer beings, along with the tears and the tragedy: comic incongruities upon which humor may beneficently flash and play. The ominous thought that God may laugh, would, had it occurred to us, have long since added an infinite touch of reverence to our prayers, and have purged us of our egoism. The moment that an age suspects that its manners may seem a bit ridiculous to God, an epoch hails its end.

Reformers are skilled in using every other weapon except the nimble one which the Comic Muse graciously offers. We have had irony and satire, burning indignation and withering contempt. We have had humor with velvet touch coddling the offender, and graciously apologetic for venturing within detached and holy precincts. But keen laughter, straight from the brain, at the sheer drollness of our little unreasons and sentimentalisms, — the intelligence quivering to discern our absurdities and pretensions, our hypocrisies and affectations, our pomposities and acquired solemnities, — this, alas, only too rarely.

The true religious liberal has this distinction of spirit, — a gift of the comic intelligence; he keeps his temper in controversy. Any man who loses his temper over religion has at once become helplessly orthodox. In his fervor of defense he has pitched backward into the enemy's camp, and has forfeited his usefulness as a member of the society for the prevention of bigotry. There is something tragically ludicrous in two religions hating each other for the love of God.

When Kingsley lost his temper over the devious progress of Newman's faith, Newman with calculated restraint wrote the *Apologia*. Tyrrell's well-tempered reply to the ponderous rebuke of Cardinal Mercier is the *Medievalism*. Scorn is best answered in the civil vein. Had Kingsley set the Comic Muse on the trail of Tract 90 we might have been the poorer without our *Apologia*, but the confusion would not have been Kingsley's. The amenities of religious controversy must be dictated by the Comic Muse. Only kindly, illuminating laughter can keep order when impassioned convictions contend for the mastery.

Every piece of religious bigotry or sham has its comic side. Reality in its 'shapeliness and honesty' precludes laughter. Unreality limps, squints, or drawls, wears cap and bells, without knowing it. We may make up our minds that we have not found the essence of unreality till we have found something which excites merriment, solemn merriment though it be. Reform moves at so laggard a pace because a sense of the ridiculous is not one of the common graces. Outworn, dilapidated formulas or articles of religion are the meekest combatants. They crumble and shrink before a discerning smile. The Comic Spirit has argued down Calvin by mere refusal to attend, and by nodding during his harangues. Logic is no match for an

awakened sense of the ludicrous. Cervantes never could have persuaded his generation by denunciation and tears that its literature was getting ridiculous, but the idea translated into terms of Don Quixote and his Squire made an admirable campaign document. One must have noted that by and by the season of argument in reform movements is past. The Comic has done her cleansing work, and with quizzical smile the combatants renounce the battle. Boredom has discredited many a false god.

Here is the joy of Erasmus, — an efficient type of the religious reformer. He widened measurably the capacity of his age for the comic perception. When Erasmus, or an anonymous disciple, proposed to enlighten the Papacy touching its shortcomings, he let St. Peter and the Pope in for a dialogue at the gate of heaven, and the showers of ridicule upon current controversy were tonic, like Alpine breezes.

When we read *The Praise of Folly*, we perceive what well-tempered weapon the sixteenth century brought into the service of reform, and in what a bracing intellectual climate controversy moved. The Comic Muse ushered in modernity with a smile. 'Ritualism and ceremony, dogmatic theology and philosophy and personal character,' were all thrown into the crucible of Erasmus's keen comic intelligence. His edition of the New Testament became the 'best seller' of the week, with one hundred thousand copies hot from the press, going through the heart of Europe like a 'polished rapier.' The ponderous solemnities winced, and the audience held its sides. The joy of it was — the Holy Father gave his blessing, and members of the Sacred College were Erasmus's patrons. And he never lost his temper. He was as much at his ease exposing priestly foibles and hypocrisy as when writing those delightful letters to his patron Warham, or nudging some illustrious friend for a benefice or pension for his distinguished talents to repose upon. We shall not understand the processes of the Protestant Reformation, or of any reformation, till we have considered the function of the Comic in the battle for spiritual directness and honesty. Wit seizes on sham as birds on prey.

Perhaps no vocations need the vigilant eye of the Comic Muse more than those which have undertaken the weighty business of administering the solemnities of life, for sentimentality hovers with claw and beak to do them injury. 'Our souls must be on fire when we wear solemnity,' says the writer on Comedy, 'if we would not press upon his shrewdest nerve.' Every Divinity School might well have in its senior year, along with courses in systematic divinity and homiletics, a course in the great masters of comedy; and, to arouse our sluggish wits and keep us on our guard, it might not be amiss to carve upon our pulpits, side by side with the lean Gothic saints, the figure of Aristophanes or Molière with warning finger. How one loves those laughing, indecorous imps one spies in Gothic cathedrals, — safety valves of the comic perception of those bohemian journeymen-builders, signaling to posterity their conviction that piety at high Gothic tension needs always the vigilant eye of the Comic Muse. Close beside the tragic and the sublime there is ever lurking in the affairs of men such stuff as comedy is made of.

Children are never ridiculous. The Comic finds in them no vulnerable point; which may help us to understand why Christ chose them as the favorite symbol of Christian attainment. The child thinks himself neither good nor bad. The false solemnities of his elders, their egoisms and pre-

tensions, are foreign matters to him. He must become full grown before he would hide his poverty or expose his wealth. His grief is real and thoroughgoing, and he weeps without affectation.

The Comic is ever sensitive about giving the devil his due, and is a firm believer in the democratic doctrine that even fools have their rights. Few of us are really converted to the evil opinion of ourselves to which the liturgy commits us upon our solemn feasts and fasts. The Comic Muse understands the situation perfectly. While she outstrips even the clergy in probing our weaknesses and 'pinking' us when we are off guard, she secretly admires us for being as good as we are. Some of our most disturbing faults require no heavier charge than laughter to wing them in their flight.

Where the Comic becomes an innovator in morals and religion is in her mellow conviction that men need not so much the prophet as the comedian; not to be scolded so much as to be laughed into a state of grace. Religion, now, is usually pitched at too high a key to undertake these humbler spiritual tasks. It takes us so seriously upon all occasions that we are likely to reflect its solemn visage and take ourselves more seriously than we ought. Even the more intimate concerns of the heart, our joys and sorrows, need the chastening of the comic presence.

Here are meaner offices for the Comic Muse. She begs to be allowed 'to straighten up' our minds a bit before we open our weighty controversies over religion. Without becoming personal — she is too sophisticated for that — she attempts some preliminary repairs on manners and morals, by pointing out our egoisms, vanities, and self-delusions, revealing beneath a respectable veneer our weak underpinnings of character and the rotten rafters in our dispositions. She even intrudes upon some of the 'hazy regions' of religion, and is impudent enough to ask just *what* we mean, confessing her obtuseness in such lofty matters, yet stubbornly claiming the right to police the precinct just the same.

She is fond of probing our exalted moods, and is merciless in touching the quick of any unreality or sham, — courteously begging our pardon for interrupting our confession of faith. To have received her absolution before we venture to expose our souls to a more searching Presence, is no mean preparation for the reception of higher benefits. The chamber is swept and garnished, but not empty.

Not that the Comic Spirit may not find a vocation, humbler though it may be, in the mundane region of science and philosophy. The pursuit of TRUTH is a serious calling, and when, like that of religion, it threads its perilous path circumspectly, it soars into the empyrean well out of reach of the Comic; but when, presuming upon his high calling, the truth-keeper becomes arrogant, Comedy is hot on the trail. The late 'scientific era' was solemn as an owl and pompous as a prelate. The ages when men have 'pursued truth' have generally been too self-conscious to be keen of wit. It requires exquisite modulation of soul to walk with truth 'unostentatiously, and choose to whisper not shout our creeds.'

Hitherto it has been supposed that orthodoxy had monopolized complacent assurance, but of late heterodoxy and liberalism have been imitating their opponent's least admirable mood. The Comic is the only safe medium in which to apply 'pure reason' to religion, for the reason needs constantly to be laughed out of its placid pretensions. Alone it is the bluntest weapon of reform. The most flagrant fault of the heretic is his lack of humor. He takes

his intellect too seriously. Often heresy is truth merely *under-exposed*, and it is the function of common sense to perceive just when it is developed sufficiently to be presentable. We should do well to take on the Comic Muse, if we would pilot a safe course between orthodoxy and heresy.

The clergy and the whole company of idealists have always been easy prey for the Comic, because they handle explosive matter, — the eternal discrepancy between 'the aspirations and the occupations of men.' In the collision of incompatible ideals — for civilization and the Gospel are in perpetual clash — fire is struck which may illumine for us, if we possess comic appreciation, many a sentimentalism and moral incongruity. We are most vulnerable when we soar, for then we cut loose from our base of supplies, — common sense. The land of enthusiasm is always uncharted, and we venture there at the risk of making fools of ourselves.

Religion pays for her idealism in ever bordering perilously upon the comic. Her most resourceful but dangerous gift is to touch the brain of man with a heavenly madness. It was not 'much learning' which made Paul mad, but much Christianity. But the chasm between the glorious madness of Paul and that of Don Quixote is partly a question of comic perception. The Knight of La Mancha went forth with the vision unalloyed, spear in hand, only to have the windmills get the better of him. Paul contrived while earning a living to write a volume of immortal letters, make a missionary tour of the world, upset the Roman Empire, and 'to do good unto all men.'

The facile moods of sanity, balance, and common sense, are not the idealist's most efficient capital, but somewhere in his train, if he shall get on at all with the existing order, he needs his Sancho Panza and the Comic Muse. One of the sacred uses of Comedy is to relieve the tension in this highly charged atmosphere, where the earthly and transcendent orders overlap, and where religion and the other sublimities thrive.

To see the vision and yet to be patient with imperfection; to feel the tragic breach between the City of God and the cities in which we live, and still to go on as hopeful workers with our awkward tools; to have our 'conversation in heaven,' and yet contrive to speak a dialect understood of men; to know that common sense is only common, of the earth, earthy, with no jurisdiction in heaven, and yet not to despise its use; to accept, without emasculating religion or despairing of culture, the blazing paradox of the Gospels, which seek while despising civilization to regenerate the world, — to thread these perilous paths between earth and sky, one needs, along with glowing convictions, the lambent light of the Comic to guide his feet.

The founders of systems have for the most part succeeded in keeping their balance on these giddy heights while their followers have floundered helplessly in the absurd. Brook Farm was comic, but Emerson, who set going the spiritual impulse, was the first to see the joke. Tolstoï, with all reverence, was at times tragically, sublimely comic; but Jesus, whom he sought to pattern, carved his path through contemporary Judæa so graciously as to open among us, age by age, new mines of awe and reverence for his attainment. God's idealism, we suspect, is patient.

There are infinite depths of comic appreciation in the Master's retort to the Pharisee regarding Cæsar's image on the coin. That was one of the tense moments in history in which enthusiasm and necessity conflict, the encounter bordering upon the tragic. Jesus relieved the pressure by opening the

comic valve. Throwing logic and consistency to the winds, He fell back on civilization as offering just then the more amiable solution of a gratuitous problem. A grain less of humor would have entangled Him in noxious particulars, — a constitution and a platform. A typical reformer similarly involved might have risked a pamphlet on Christian currency. Many a delicate but profitless issue can be avoided by the comic perception.

But by no means does the Comic preclude our reverence for the glorious failures in this tragic struggle, our John the Baptists and our Tolstoïs. They are punctuation-marks in progress, interpretative pauses in civilization, to bring out the meaning of life. Without these austere symbols of the irreconcilable conflict between the world and the Gospel, life would be measurably meaner. But the minor prophets, whose souls are not on fire, may be grateful while pursuing the higher and more audacious loyalties, if the Comic Spirit, testing their exalted moods, puts them on their guard. It is the eternal wonder of the character of Jesus, that He undertook the tragic task of living by the Gospels and yet gave no cause for pity or for laughter.

We have narrowly interpreted the office of the Comic Muse if we think her cynically indifferent to zeal and impassioned prayer; supercilious with the crude, impervious to pathos, tragedy, and grandeur in life. All this she reverently leaves untouched. It is charmed ground, before which she stands with finger on lips and masks the eye. She is ever keen to recognize the heroic vein, and is genially indulgent of superstitions, if rooted in the heart. There is nothing comic in the rude peasant kneeling before a shrine at the cross-roads, or awestruck before a Madonna in Spain. Millet found it sublime. But there is something inexpressibly funny in the American mother refusing to teach her child the Lord's Prayer before he should 'be old enough to choose for himself.' There is nothing comic in superstition, when, like a peasant or a cardinal, one is to the manor born; but as an acquired taste among Protestant reactionaries it is likely to be ludicrous. The recent convert from Puritanism must not tell his beads ostentatiously. The luxuriant faith of a Saint Theresa is not comic, but a militant or languid liberalism subsisting on spiritual essences made in Germany and warranted pure, in its complacency gives matter often for laughter. One does not laugh at the ancient Publican beating his breast outside the Temple, but the modern Pharisee, boasting that he is too intelligent to go in, is a bit ridiculous.

Man is least reverent when 'mined with conceit, over-blown,' affected, or spiritually fantastic. We can well be laughed out of our egoism if we live in a zone where the Comic Spirit thrives. But religion in its spiritual loftiness is fitted to neglect these humbler tasks relating to the mind. It is the proper office of Comedy, as she flashes and plays upon the surface of life, to reveal in her lucent medium false values which cripple the efficiency of institutions and mar the loveliness of men.

It is an awful affirmation of faith that God sees all. If the conviction be thorough-going it ought to sharpen our comic perception and put us on the alert. That the Soul at the heart of things may laugh need not keep us on our good behavior, — for *that* we must remember that He loves, — but certainly it may accomplish the meaner task of informing us wherein life ceases to ring quite true. There is a state of grace which is an affair of the comic intelligence. Religion needs this 'sunlight of the mind' to keep her enthusiasms fruitful and the heart sweet.

DARWIN AT AN AMERICAN UNIVERSITY

BY RICHARD C. MACLAURIN

COULD Darwin be produced in an American university to-day? is a question recently discussed in academic circles. Put in this form the question is easily answered. Such men are not *produced* in any university. They are God's favorite children; and of the education of his favorites He is in no wise particular. Like the poets, they are born, not made; or as Professor Osborn of Columbia puts it, 'The first secret of greatness is to be born great — unfortunately a difficult task.' No one, however, even professes to be so much in the secrets of Providence, or to have penetrated so far into the mysteries of heredity, as to suggest that the difficulty of being born great is more formidable in America than elsewhere.

Yet one may be born for great things and fail to perform them through adverse circumstances. And so it is suggested that, had Darwin's experiences of a university been like those afforded in America to-day, his development would have been retarded if not entirely checked. It is submitted, by way of rebuttal, that Darwin survived the influences of the British universities. At Edinburgh, he found the lectures incredibly dull, 'as dull as the lecturers themselves.' His language with regard to these lecturers is in striking contrast to his references to sport at the same period. 'How I did enjoy shooting!' When he went from Edinburgh to Cambridge, things did not mend much so far as lectures were concerned, although here, too, there were compensations: — 'Upon the whole, the three years that I spent at Cambridge were the most joyful in my happy life.'

It is not suggested by the severest critics of our institutions that Darwin would have brought the same charges against our lecturers that he brought against those of his own country. Lectures, however, are but a part, and for a man like Darwin, a small part, of academic life. Are the other influences at work favorable or unfavorable to the development of a man with native power to advance the bounds of knowledge? Many of those who have taken part in the discussion of this question have adopted a despondent tone. Let us look at the matter calmly.

We are bound to recognize the fact that, in spite of the splendid provision for research that is so marked a feature of this country, there is much misgiving as to the future. Indeed no one can fail to be impressed with the striking contrast that is presented between the prevailing pessimism with regard to culture, and the prevailing optimism with regard to material advancement. If we put aside the jibes of those who speak as if success in anything obtained by honorable means may be a proper subject for a sneer, we find little serious criticism of our business methods (apart from the moral issues that they raise). When our visitors have overcome their first surprise at the height of our buildings and the size of the headlines in our newspapers, then, if the music of praise be in them at all, they point to our wonderful material successes and sing pæans over our

time-saving devices and other evidences of skill in 'practical' affairs. Soon, however, they begin to shake their heads (and too often we shake ours in stupid unison) over the outlook on the side of culture. They say that we cannot create literature, or advance science, or paint pictures. My own view is that all this is nonsense. I agree neither with the pessimists nor with the optimists. Not with the optimists, for although there is much that is admirable in the conduct of our business, vast improvements could be effected almost everywhere by the adoption of more scientific methods. What we do, we do on a great scale, but we often do it very badly; and it is mainly owing to our exceptional opportunities that we have had exceptional success. Nor am I on the side of the pessimists. I do not merely *think* that we can produce first-rate men of science, I *know* that we do produce them. The deplorable fact is that, as a rule, we have not the grace to recognize them. Let me cite a few examples, out of many that might be adduced, from the field of my own special interests.

Take first the case of J. Willard Gibbs of Yale. Of him Sir Joseph Larmor, addressing the Royal Society of London, and doubtless weighing his words before such an audience, said, 'The nineteenth century will be remembered as much for the establishment of the dynamical theory of heat at the very foundation of general physics, as for the unravelment of the nature of radiation and of electricity, or the advance of molecular science. In the first of these subjects the name of Carnot has a place by itself; in the completion of its earlier physical stage the names of Joule and Clausius and Kelvin stand out by common consent; and it is not too much to say that, by the final adaptation of its ideas to all reversible natural operations, the name of Gibbs takes a place alongside theirs.

Gibbs's chief achievement was the development of the fundamental principles that regulate the trend of transformation in chemical and physical processes. In science, to know is to predict; and when one can predict changes in physical state one must be near the root of the matter. And so all competent authorities recognize that Gibbs rendered the greatest service to chemistry by definitely marking out the channels within which a scheme of reactions can proceed. In spite of this he was hardly known in this country at the time when he was making these great advances. He was discovered by a foreigner, Maxwell, who in 1876 contributed an enthusiastic exposition of Gibbs's work to the Cambridge Philosophical Society in England. This introduced Gibbs to Europe, and particularly to the great physical chemists of the Dutch school, who quickly recognized the importance of his work and developed it experimentally. After this, of course, Gibbs was honored by scientific societies at home as well as abroad, but even now few, outside a very limited scientific circle, have ever heard of him.

Think next of G. W. Hill, a graduate of Rutgers College, one of the most original characters in the history of American science. He is happily still with us, living apart from the rushing tide that surges in the neighborhood of New York, on his peaceful farm in the valley of the Hudson. What proportion of the graduates of American colleges know anything of Hill, although the most famous of French mathematical physicists, Poincaré, says, 'His theory of the moon will make his name immortal. In that work he proves himself not only a skilled artist and persistent investigator, but a profound and original inventor.'

These two men belonged to an earlier generation, and it may be suggested that things have changed of late. Let us take then a thoroughly modern instance. George E. Hale graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1890. The thesis for his degree was entitled *Photography of the Solar Prominences*, and in his hands it quickly led to developments which in the opinion of the highest authorities mark the beginning of a new era in astronomy. He has taught us a selective method of photography by means of which we can obtain a picture of the clouds of hydrogen in the sun, another of the clouds of calcium vapor, and so of other elements. From this he has gone on from strength to strength, and since the resources of the Mt. Wilson Observatory, supported by the Carnegie Institution, have been at his disposal, he has unraveled many of the mysteries of the sun-spots and made possible not only the detection, but the measurement, of the magnetic forces that play around the sun. For such work he has been crowned with honor abroad, and warmly acclaimed by a small band of scientists at home. Outside this band, however, his name is scarcely known, even where one might expect otherwise.

Some few months ago Mr. Carnegie announced that he had added ten million dollars to his splendid endowment of research. In making this gift, he remarked that all that he had done for the advancement of science had been fully justified by the work of one genius, — Professor Hale, the director of the Mt. Wilson Observatory; — and he added, 'All the world will listen to the wizard on the top of Mt. Wilson.'

Such praise from such a source naturally attracted attention. All the newspapers had much to say of Mr. Carnegie, and some of them referred to Mr. Hale. The latter's name, however, was evidently new to most of them, and in Boston itself I saw no immediate recognition of the fact that this 'wizard' was trained at one of the great educational institutions of that city and did epoch-making work there twenty years ago. Had he been an equally distinguished foreigner, the very details of his domestic life would have been displayed for our edification.

This comparative neglect of our fellows is all the more surprising in view of Mr. Bryce's statement that we have 'enthusiasm for anything that can be called genius, and an over-readiness to discover it.' Our newspapers, even the best, are conspicuously ill-informed on matters of science; but for the real explanation of the constant heaping of honors on the wrong man, we should have to search much deeper. That, however, would lead us astray, for the main purpose of the citations that have been given is to prove that as a matter of fact we do produce front-rank men. Whether, having regard to the general level of intelligence and to the special educational opportunities that are presented, we produce as many great names as should be expected, is another question. It is, however, idle to discuss it, for the only practical question is this: can anything be done to improve our condition, whether it be good or bad?

There can be little doubt that there are many forces at work here that are adverse to the scholarly life. The influence in this direction that is most commonly discussed is our devotion to material success. Men are probably just as keen to grow rich in other lands, but their chances of success are smaller. Here almost every man of brains is made to feel that there is nothing but self that can permanently exclude him from the circle of the rich. The bait is placed so temptingly before so many that it is not surprising that many

swallow it. It is a bait, too, that attracts men of large vision, for the scale of business is unusually great and many of its larger problems are of a character that appeals to the imaginative mind. And so it comes about quite naturally that an unusually large percentage of the best brains go into the business of America.

Then it must be admitted that the rewards of the scholar are smaller here than in older lands. This may not be true of the scholar who becomes famous, but it is true of the larger body that are never heard of. There is not the same respect here as elsewhere for the scholar as such, whether he be successful or not. After all, fame is the last infirmity of noble minds, and it does not help a man very much in his dark days to know that he will be appreciated *if* he become famous. He is not made to feel that he is on the right track, whether he win success or not, and that his mere efforts to succeed in the scholarly calling will win him respect. And so he often loses heart before success crowns his efforts.

A strong force making against first-rate work is the lack of repose that characterizes our people. If we are not always in a hurry we are nearly always restless. This restlessness shows itself clearly in the field of science. Darwin was a young man when his great theory of the origin of species was clearly conceived, and yet he waited and worked until he was fifty before giving his theory to the world. 'I gained much by the delay,' he says. Our young men rarely stick long to a special line of research. They are too ready to plunge into new fields, into any region, indeed, that happens to be prominent at the moment, in forgetfulness of Darwin's favorite maxim, 'It 's dogged that does it.'

Perhaps it is true that too many of our universities are in, or near, great cities, which present too many distractions — social and political. Of course great work has been done in London, Paris, and Berlin, but almost invariably by men strong enough to keep out of the rush. Darwin found the social life of Cambridge 'too pleasant' for work, and although he made some progress in the metropolis, it was only because 'if one is quiet in London, there is nothing like its quietness.' However, apart altogether from the throbbing life of a great city, there are usually more than enough distractions within an American university itself. We hear complaints on all hands of the multiplication of machinery, the endless reports that are called for, the crushing load of committee meetings that must be borne. Perhaps our scholars are too ready to assume such burdens, or devote themselves with needless seriousness to such interests. It must be admitted, however, that here and elsewhere men have done great things while burdened with the routine duties of administrative office. Adams, who discovered Neptune, was the bursar of a Cambridge college, and many similar examples might be cited from the leading men of to-day. The strong and determined override all obstacles, and yet we should not forget that Darwin doubted whether he would have achieved much in science had he not had ample leisure from not having to earn his bread.

A serious source of danger lurks in an otherwise excellent thing — our peculiar devotion to *institutions*. Practically in all cases the institution overshadows the man. That this should be the case with the mass of students is not at all surprising; but it is surprising with the few who make mastery of some subject the object of their ambition. It is almost incredible that these should fail to recognize the importance of coming into close personal contact

with the greatest in their chosen field. In the realm of physics an Englishman who has selected his life-work does not go to Cambridge, but to J. J. Thomson or to Larmor, just as a Scotsman did not go to Glasgow, but to Kelvin, nor a German to Berlin, but to Helmholtz. Our men are learning this lesson slowly, but they still go far too much to Harvard, or to Yale, or to Columbia.

I fear that the character of our teaching must be included among the forces making for the triumph of mediocrity. The fact is that we teach too much, that we spoon-feed our students and do not throw the better ones upon their own resources nearly enough. Darwin learned little from the professors at Edinburgh, but much from the undergraduate members of the Plinian Society. At Cambridge at least he had liberty, and 'no pursuit was followed with so much eagerness as collecting beetles.' He got nothing of importance from direct teaching, but his social intercourse with leading scientists, and in particular his historic 'walks with Henslow' were among the great formative influences of his life. It is hard to realize that he did not aspire to 'honors,' and consequently that he knew nothing by actual experience of the honor system at Cambridge. Would he have accounted it good or bad, had he tried it? It would seem absurd to suggest that good teaching can fail to be helpful or that bad teaching can be good, and yet perhaps Darwin might have found some grain of truth in the suggestion that a peculiar merit of the Oxford and Cambridge 'honor' system is the 'badness' of the teaching. The students are brought face to face with really eminent men; these guide them more or less haphazardly into the mine and let them learn as best they may to recognize real gold when they see it. The system, or lack of system, may be hard on the average student, but it may have its merits for the bright ones. Here, unfortunately, we run some danger of sacrificing everything to the average.

It is sometimes said that we have too many facilities for research, and certainly Darwin's equipment was remarkably modest. 'With us,' says President Jordan, 'every usable drug and every usable instrument is on tap. A button brings the investigator all the books of all the ages, all the records of past experience, carrying knowledge far ahead of his present requirements.' Of course this is not meant to be taken literally, such facilities being all for good in the saving of valuable time. The danger lies in attaching undue importance to the mere equipment for research, and in paying more attention to the machinery than to the man that makes use of it.

Some say that we encourage research too much, and stimulate it artificially. Talk of this kind is, for the most part, nonsense. There is certainly much that goes by the name of research that might well be dispensed with. The *Atlantic Monthly* has satirized researches to discover 'the prefixes in P to be found in Plautus, the terminations in T of Terence, and so forth.' Such work ought never to be dignified by the name of research, its only use being to keep men out of mischief. Some, who have more serious efforts in mind, complain that much of our research is mediocre in quality and that from the tons of theses that our young graduates produce, nothing of any real value ever comes. This is doubtless an exaggeration, but we miss the whole point of all 'research' of this class if we fail to see that the effort to be productive is an all-important part of genuine education. As Osborn has recently reminded us, 'One can not too often quote the rugged insistence of Carlyle: "Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifulest infini-

tesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name. 'T is the utmost thou hast in thee, out with it, then!'

In this field it is certainly 'better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.' One may easily get a better grasp of what learning really means, one may get far more insight into real culture, if he honestly tries to advance the bounds of knowledge and fails, than if he spends his days in reading of the efforts of those who have been conspicuously successful as pioneers of learning. It is the failure to recognize the fact that it is the *giving out* rather than the *taking in* that, more than all else, makes an educated man or woman, that lies at the base of most that is really disquieting in the popular criticisms of education.

After all, however, most of these drawbacks that have been mentioned — materialism, lack of repose, bad teaching, and the like — are external, and can be overcome. If we fail, the fault is not in our stars but in ourselves. Too often, while professing to be scholars, we do not take the scholarly calling with sufficient zeal. A religious friend, to whom I had commended the life of Wesley for its literary merits, remarked after reading the book, 'The religious men of to-day are not like Wesley, and *they do not want to be like him.*' If we are not like the great scholars of other lands and other days, do we really want to be like them? Is scholarship with us a consuming passion, and does all else seem comparatively trifling? Can we say with Darwin, 'My love of science is not only steadfast, but *ardent* '? I often doubt it. Last year I met in Europe a group of young physicists. They talked of little else than recent theories of the ether, and recent speculations as to the nature of electricity and of matter. Everything else seemed to them trivial. Returning to this country, I met a similar group, or rather a group professing similar interests. They too were ready to discuss such matters *if they were encouraged to do so;* but other thoughts were evidently more in their minds. They had a dozen interests quite as strong as that in physics.

Science and art are in spirit the same, and they must be pursued with the same ardor. The scientist, like the artist, must be ready to do anything and to go anywhere to get in touch with masters in his chosen field. He must deem no sacrifice of time or money too great to secure a real mastery of the *technique* of his profession, and should take warning from the fact that it is through weakness in technique that much of our science presents so amateurish an appearance.

We must recognize our shortcomings; but, after all, the outlook for research is distinctly encouraging. There has been much to complain of in some of our universities, but in others the conditions for research have been almost ideal. It is to be expected that they will improve everywhere under the competition between the universities and the institutions that are now richly endowed for research alone; and it is certainly to be hoped that there will be no unnecessary divorce between teaching and research. Here, as in every field, the great desideratum is men.

Of the older men, it would be an impertinence to say anything save by way of reminder that the conquests they have already achieved have won them honor throughout the world. There is much too that is promising among the young men — they are keen, energetic, and full of hope. And they have ground for hopefulness, for they live in stirring times. 'The new discoveries,' said J. J. Thomson recently, 'made in physics during the last few years, and the ideas and potentialities suggested by them, have had

an effect upon workers in that field akin to that produced by the Renaissance. Enthusiasm has been quickened, and there is a hopeful, youthful, perhaps exuberant, spirit abroad which leads men to make with confidence experiments that would have been thought fantastic twenty years ago. It has quite dispelled the pessimistic feeling not uncommon at that time, that all the interesting things had been discovered, and all that was left was to alter a decimal or two in some physical constant. There never was any justification for this feeling, there never were any signs of an approach to finality in science. As we conquer peak after peak, we see regions in front of us full of interest and beauty, but we do not see our goal, we do not see the horizon; in the distance tower still higher peaks, which will yield to those who ascend them still wider prospects.'

My examples have been taken mainly from physics, because it is there that my special interests lie, but I do not mean to suggest for a moment that that region has a monopoly of the alluring peaks of human knowledge. There are doubtless equally fascinating ranges for exploration in other lands where the spirit of hope is also abroad.

WHY I CAME TO AMERICA

BY NATHAN KRAUS

A GLOOMY cloud was lowering over the Jewish community. Men walked with their eyes cast down. Women and children shunned the streets. Rumors were flying in the air, fixing different dates for riots to break out against the Jews; and the slightest quarrel between Jew and Gentile in the marketplace, a sight by no means unusual, was sufficient cause for a panic to break out in the adjacent streets, and sometimes even to sweep the entire city.

Representatives of the community called first on the chief of police, and then on the governor; but the answer they received, judging by their sad looks, was not at all satisfactory. Then the more active element of the young people called a secret meeting. The situation was discussed from all points of view. Stirring speeches were made by different speakers, and attention was called to the fact that the government could not be relied on. The massacre of Kishinev was recalled, and analogies drawn. Finally the formation of a league of self-defense was agreed upon, and an appeal for such a union was thereupon made to the younger people.

The appeal met with hearty response. Young men from different classes of society rushed with enthusiasm to enlist in the league. Three companies were then formed, almost all of whose members were supplied with some kind of weapon from a special fund raised for that purpose. The city was divided into districts and sections, and plans were laid out to provide for common and uniform activity of the different companies.

The Jews were now beginning to regain their self-confidence. Almost all believed that some form of remedy had been found against the Russian 'pogrom.' Many of them, believing that the 'Black Hundred' would give up their plans as soon as they learned of the considerable risk involved in their contemplated attack upon the Jews, even argued that a collision could possibly be avoided. In short, the Jews of our city were determined, by an example of bold resistance and self-sacrifice, to point out to their brethren throughout the country a new way leading to their security.

In the jubilant choir of confident voices the only unharmonious note was that of the old and pious. These, watching the activity of the younger generation, only doubtfully nodded their heads, and repeatedly quoted, 'Unless the Lord guard the city, in vain is the watchman wakeful.'

One of these was the father of my dear friend, David. I well remember one summer evening, when David and I had just returned from a meeting of the league. We were all sitting at the table in his house. The kerosene lamp spread a gloomy light throughout the room. Dead silence prevailed, and no one, it seemed, dared to say the first word.

Suddenly David's father rose from his seat, casting a shadow on the wall. He was a man of about fifty years of age. He was tall and erect, but his hair and beard were as white as snow, and his brow, high and impressive, was covered with deep wrinkles. He began to pace up and down the room. His steps, like those of a belated passer-by on a deserted street, broke sadly on the quiet of the room.

I do not know how long he kept up his walking, but I suddenly perceived him as he stood right before David, as if he were trying to penetrate him with his sad look. At last he broke the silence.

'Were you there again, David?'

David understood perfectly well what his father meant by 'there,' but did not reply. His father waited a few seconds and then continued, —

'You were there again, David. Your father's words and your mother's tears do not seem to carry any weight with you. You young people believe yourselves wiser than your old-fashioned parents, — yes, and better, too. What is it, David, that draws you into the society of those heretics? Is it your love and devotion to our people? But were not your ancestors equally devoted to their people? And have they not always been treated as step-sons, nay, as outlaws? Has not their property always been exposed, and have not their lives been unprotected? Has not this been the case ever since they have come to this bloody land? Have they ever attempted to protect their lives by such fatal means as you wise folks do nowadays? They knew they were in a strange land, — do not start, David, this land never has been our fatherland, and never will be, — and to suffer was the lot that fell to strangers. But, above all, they remembered that their only hope was in God. Now, David, have you lost what was most noble in the character of our ancestors? Have you lost faith in God?'

It was not the first time David had heard such a speech, but I could see the tremendous impression his father's words made upon him. He could not, however, refrain from answering. He spoke of changes in time and conditions, of the rôle of activity in forging man's fate, of one great common cause, and all the rest.

His father listened gravely to his words, looked once more into his face and then began again: —

'My boy, you have no experience in

this world; you are only eighteen years old. I am fifty-one. Do you see my gray hair and the wrinkles on my forehead? My head was once covered with locks as black as yours, and my brow was as smooth as calm water. But it was experience that turned the first gray, and covered the latter with deep wrinkles. Now mark my words. Your labor is futile, and your sacrifices are in vain. For we live in a land of strangers, where there is no soil for the seeds of our activity to find roots. Remember, David, we are strangers!'

He was almost shouting. A wild fire was burning in his eyes. His pathetic figure was like that of an ancient prophet. For a minute or so he remained near David. Then he turned quickly and left the room. I also departed, and went home in a most depressed mood.

The 'pogrom' took place sooner than had been expected. At first the bands of tramps, of whom the rioters were composed, were driven back by the league. But when, beyond the hooligans, appeared the police, followed by a company of soldiers, every hope of a successful resistance was gone. The soldiers for the first time in the history of recent pogroms, openly joined the rioters, and one of the bloodiest massacres followed. A large part of the city was burned down, most of the Jewish stores were robbed, synagogues were destroyed, the holy scrolls defiled, hundreds of Jews were wounded, and the number of dead reached scores. Among the latter was David.

Two days later, I stood at his grave. It was one in a long row of graves consecrated to the victims of the events of the last two days. Near me stood David's father. His tall figure was bent and broken down. His lips were as mute as those of his dead son. Only his upper lip convulsively trembled every few seconds. Around us, women were bewailing their husbands, mothers their children, and children their parents. Here and there, a woman lost consciousness and was carried away from the bodies of her beloved ones. Heart-rending cries filled the air with agony. And in that chaos of agony I could distinguish but one clear voice, — it was that of David's father. 'This country has never been our fatherland and never will be! We are strangers!' And heaven and earth seemed to reply in one sounding echo, 'Strangers! Strangers!' And for the first time it dawned upon me that my fate was no longer connected with that of the country in which I was born.

NEW JERSEY

BY J. E. RICHARDSON

THE fierce white sun; the stinging water-smells;
The odor of magnolias, drowsing-sweet;
The pipe of noonday frogs; the tweet-tweet-tweet
Of lesser birds like mingling silver bells;
The hothouse air of dripping sphagnum-dells,
The crumbling roots beneath one's crushing feet;
The disappearing snake's tail; through the heat,
The crow's note overhead that scolds and yells;
The click of axes where tall cedars throng;
The wind that roars like some wild railway train
Above the pines, yet spins to gnatlike song
Beside some sleeper's ear, the loose, clean sand;
For your sole sake, before they pass again,
I set them down, — misprized, belovèd land!

OUR NATIONAL DEBT-HABIT

BY W. MARTIN SWIFT

RALPH GORDON was standing in the directors' room of the Commercial Trust Company of Beaver, intently watching the quotations of Union Pacific. He was not a speculator, had never been in a stock-broker's office, and, indeed, rather prided himself on his unusual frugality and industry. Yet here he was in the unfortunate position of dependence on the stability of the price of this stock. A further considerable decline might threaten his solvency, or embarrass the Beaver Mills, in the management of which he had fallen into this predicament, or force his resignation from the directorate of the Commercial Trust Company. And yet, as the history of his management of the Beaver Mills passed rapidly before his mental vision, he was unable to detect any unwise course of action.

His position had come to him by inheritance. Ever since the Beaver Mills, located in the little town of Beaver,

near Newburyport, Massachusetts, had grown out of the sewing-room used by Elizabeth Gordon, Ralph's great-grandmother, during the War of 1812, they had been in the Gordon family. In 1812 Elizabeth Gordon had supported herself and her two children by spinning cotton upon an imported spinning-jenny, and weaving it into coarse garments. The death of her husband at the Battle of the Thames in 1813 made it necessary for her to continue the work, and in due course her children succeeded her as primitive cotton-manufacturers.

The Gordons' cotton business gradually expanded from room to room until it occupied nearly the whole house; and at last, the prosperity of our cotton-manufacturing business, which became so marked in 1875, resulted in the building of a cotton mill on the site of the old homestead. Ralph Gordon therefore felt a family pride in the mill, and managed it as a family institution, rather than with a view to great expansion or wealth. Moreover, he had succeeded his father, by courtesy of the other officers, as a director of the Commercial Trust Company, notwithstanding the fact that the family had long ago sold practically all its stock in the company.

Gordon's position as head of the Beaver Mills thus carried with it some of the honors most valued in a small town, and for this reason he felt his present predicament the more keenly. He brought to his work all the frugal instincts of his New England ancestry, and when it became necessary — as it usually does in the conduct of a modern business — to contract debts, he did so only with reluctance and conservatism. Our modern debts, however, are so entirely different from the debts of his great-grandmother Elizabeth's time, that Gordon found it not always easy to distinguish between the wise use of capital accumulated by others, and the over-expansion of credit.

Elizabeth had purchased her spinning-jenny partly on credit; but the debt had soon been paid from the results of a short period of exceptional effort. Ralph Gordon, however, was competing with mills conducted by modern financial methods, and the modern or corporation method of buying that spinning-jenny would have been to pay for it out of a 'capital account'; issue bonds to obtain this fund account or capital; establish a 'sinking fund,' into which should be paid yearly sums to provide for the ultimate purchase and retirement of these bonds; and establish also a 'depreciation account,' into which should be paid out of net earnings each year enough to keep the spinning-jenny in repair.

Gordon did not question the wisdom and utility of this modern method of providing plants and equipment with which to do business, but he found constant study necessary to distinguish between earnings and borrowed funds. If the funds in the capital account were not all applied to the purchase of equipment or permanent improvements; or if the sinking fund were not increased rapidly enough to purchase and retire the bonds as soon as the equipment bought with the proceeds of these bonds was worn out; or if the depreciation account were not large enough to maintain the plant and equipment in good repair — in any of these events, capital or borrowed funds would appear as earnings.

Modern financial methods had been first introduced into the Beaver Mills by Samuel Gordon, Ralph's father, in 1902, under pressure of necessity. For two years the price of raw cotton had risen so much more rapidly than the prices of cotton goods, that the antiquated machinery in the Beaver Mills could no longer produce at a profit.

The purchase of new machinery required a large outlay of new capital, and in order to secure the latter, the Beaver Mills had been incorporated for $300,000, and stock of that amount issued. The Gordon family at first retained a majority of the stock; but the equipment of the mill, and its enlargement from eight thousand to fifteen thousand spindles cost more than was anticipated, and four hundred and fifty shares, or $45,000 worth, were sold to James McConnell, the faithful old Scots superintendent, who had been in the service of the Gordons for a quarter of a century, and by wise investments had accumulated a small fortune.

Even this sale did not suffice to provide the necessary capital; and by the time Ralph was through college and ready to enter his father's office, the Gordon family held less than $130,000 worth of the stock of the Beaver Mills, while McConnell and the Commercial Trust Company together held nearly $170,000 worth. Ralph did not share his father's assurance that the control of the mill rested in the Gordon family; for while McConnell always respectfully obeyed the elder Gordon, he regarded the son as an unpractical student full of 'new-fangled book notions of business.' Young Gordon, on the other hand, regarded McConnell as not merely conservative, but stupidly old-fashioned; and in 1905, when Samuel Gordon's health was failing, and his son more and more occupied his desk and represented his interests at the mill, this ill-concealed antagonism grew rather than diminished.

The difference between Ralph Gordon and McConnell represented the struggle between the new business methods and the old; and this struggle in the summer of 1907 was embittered by difficulties arising out of the rapid advance in the price of raw cotton. It had always been the practice of the Beaver Mills to purchase by far the larger part of its cotton in November or December, when large amounts are thrown upon the market by the Southern planters somewhat at the expense of prices. In November, 1906, however, the price of middling uplands cotton at New York had ruled at eleven cents per pound — a price above the average of any year since 1883, with but three exceptions; and of those three exceptions, 1904, the year of the Sully corner, was the only one when the Beaver Mills, by a little waiting, had been unable to buy cotton on the basis of eleven cents or better.

For these reasons McConnell insisted upon a waiting policy; but in the spring of 1907, the prices of cotton goods rose enough to compensate for the higher price of raw cotton, and in view of the prospect of a large volume of orders, it was finally decided to lay in nearly a year's supply of cotton — even on the basis of nearly twelve cents per pound for middling uplands. This supply of more than forty-three hundred bales having been contracted for, at a cost of about two hundred and forty thousand dollars, Gordon wanted to protect the mill against any loss consequent upon a possible decline in price by the modern method of 'hedging,' or in other words, by selling cotton for future delivery, on the New York Cotton Exchange; and in July, when the price of 'spot,' or cotton ready for immediate delivery to the purchaser, rose to 13.55 cents, the highest price in decades, he became especially anxious to do so.

He reasoned with McConnell that by thus selling 'options' or 'futures' on the Cotton Exchange, the Beaver Mills would be fully protected against loss, since, if the price declined, the profits on the options would offset the

loss in the value of the actual cotton owned; whereas if the price should rise, — which was quite improbable, — the profit on the actual cotton would offset the loss on the options, this profit of course being usually obtained by cotton mills through the sympathetic rise in the prices of cotton goods, rather than through the sale of the actual cotton held. By the middle of July the November option — namely, the option either to deliver cotton the succeeding November, or else buy in and cancel the contract to do so — was selling on the Cotton Exchange on the basis of twelve cents per pound; and Gordon argued that since this option would mature just as a large supply of cotton would be thrown on the market, its sale would be a particularly good protection against loss.

Gordon and his modern methods were right, for during the first week of November, the November option sold at ten cents, this being two cents per pound below its price the previous July, and representing a possible profit of nearly $43,000 on forty-three hundred bales. The Beaver Mills, however, had not sold the option, because McConnell would not listen to it. He maintained that selling cotton for future delivery was speculation pure and simple. Gordon replied that since they already owned the cotton, selling for future delivery was not speculation, whereas carrying a large supply of cotton without any insurance against depreciation in price was mere gambling; and there the argument ended.

In the subsequent drop of cotton prices, the supply held by the Beaver Mills depreciated in value to the extent of nearly $43,000, — a sum exceeding the company's annual surplus earnings; and while this convinced Gordon that the Beaver Mills could not succeed unless more modern methods were adopted, it served only to convince McConnell that in years of high prices cotton should be bought as needed, as had been done in 1904 and in some other instances. It was clear to both men, however, that in the event of Samuel Gordon's death, Ralph and McConnell could not possibly do business together.

In the early months of 1908, Samuel Gordon's health failed steadily, and Ralph fully realized that he must soon be prepared either to buy out McConnell's interest in the mill, or to face humiliation and perhaps failure. In this crisis, his knowledge of finance, acquired largely while in college, and his ability to distinguish between sound and unsound indebtedness, served him well. The country was then undergoing the trade depression following the panic of 1907, and Gordon well remembered how our greatest financiers staked their fortunes on the growth of the country, and especially on its ability to recover from the shrunken trade and low values and prices of trade depressions.

He recalled from his study of history how E. H. Harriman had built up the Union Pacific out of bankrupt railroads in 1897, and later, through the growth of our country, developed it into a rich and magnificent property; he reflected that there are in the United States $3,375,000,000 in railway stocks and bonds, earning and paying from three to seven per cent, or an average of about four per cent, and all representing railroads which were sold under foreclosure in 1896; and he concluded that he must buy an interest in his country and its future prosperity, and buy it at once while the trade depression lasted and the abnormally low values obtained.

After a careful study, in which he made the best use of his knowledge of finance, he decided that this could be best accomplished by the purchase of

a railway stock; for cotton might be further depressed by an increase in production, while bank stocks were selling too high, and industrial and mining stocks were too speculative. Next he carefully analyzed the values and prospects of several leading stocks whose prices had declined enormously, and finally decided upon Union Pacific common. He found that the physical assets underlying this stock greatly exceeded its market price, that its surplus earnings amounted to about 16.5 per cent on its par value, or 13.7 per cent on its current price of $120; that the company was free from serious competition; that its freight and passenger rates were high enough to insure low operating cost and large earnings in the future, and that its geographical position, its location in states whose wealth and population were growing very rapidly, insured a large increase in gross revenues.

This scientific analysis led Gordon to the conclusion that there was no better way to secure an interest in the country's future prosperity, and thus prepare himself for the coming struggle with McConnell, than by buying Union Pacific. Accordingly he went into debt, as Mr. Harriman and many another financier had done in the last business depression, and staked his success upon his country's future. He mortgaged the Gordon estate, which included his father's residence, for $75,000 and bought outright, through the Commercial Trust Company, six hundred shares of Union Pacific.

Not many months elapsed before the expected crisis came. As Gordon at his desk in the mill acted more and more upon his own initiative, and less upon his father's instructions, the friction with McConnell increased; and when in the late summer of 1909 Samuel Gordon passed away, the crape had scarcely been removed from the door before McConnell delivered to Ralph a practical ultimatum to the effect that he must sell his interest in the mill, or buy McConnell's, or fight for the control of the business.

McConnell had secretly hoped, with the backing of friends, forcibly to get control of the mill; but this attempt had been given up on account of the discovery that Gordon still held a 'call' on, or option to buy, three hundred shares of the Beaver Mills stock, owned by the Commercial Trust Company. This 'call' Gordon had bought while still in college early in 1903, on learning that the shrewd old Scotsman had purchased a considerable interest in the mill. Nevertheless, McConnell still confidently expected to obtain virtual control of the mill, since he had the best of reasons for believing that Gordon was financially unable either to buy him out, or to endure a fight for control.

The latter, however, thanks to his foresight in buying the call on the mill stock and in making the investment in Union Pacific, was now in a position to buy McConnell out without difficulty. The only question was whether he should sell his Union Pacific, which, at $200 per share, now showed him a net profit of $48,000, or use it as collateral for a loan. After consultation with President Vernon of the Commercial Trust Company, he decided upon the latter course, his own feeling being that Union Pacific, even at $200, was still a good investment in the future of the country.

Moreover, he recalled from his economic studies, that the great declines in security prices, such as occurred in 1873, 1893, 1902, and 1907, had invariably been preceded by excessively high interest rates, denoting a great dearth of new capital and loanable funds, as well as by a general congestion of freight traffic, and of orders for

manufactured goods, denoting an inflated condition of general trade. Now, however, both interest rates and the volume of trade were moderate, and the head of a leading bond house whom Mr. Vernon had consulted, advised that standard railroad shares be held, since railroad earnings were steadily improving, money cheap, and confidence stimulated by the final disposition of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill.

The day when Gordon received from the Commercial Trust Company a loan of $96,000 on his Union Pacific stock, and handed McConnell a check for $60,000 in exchange for his four hundred and fifty shares of Beaver Mills stock was indeed a happy one. It was a master stroke — the culmination of years of industry and stratagem. Now at last Gordon felt secure in his control of the mill and his sound financial position. He felt that his energy was quite sufficient for managing the mill with the help of his able assistants; he would now receive practically the entire income, which formerly went to McConnell; and he now resolved to apply the entire increase in his income to the liquidation of his loan at the Commercial Trust Company. He would then own outright, not only his Union Pacific stock, but also the controlling interest in the Beaver Mills.

More than a year previous, when he had mortgaged the family estate in order to invest in Union Pacific, and in the future of the country, he had signed the mortgage note with a trembling hand; but the wisdom of that step had been demonstrated, and this new debt, entered into for the purpose of buying McConnell out, he now reasoned was perfectly sound, even had it not been necessary. He reflected that the debts which had resulted disastrously in the past, were those which anticipated earning-power; in other words, they were debts entered into with the expectation of developing an earning power which did not exist at the time the debt was contracted.

The excessive canal-building, for example, which was one of the contributory causes of the financial panic of 1837, represented an unsound form of debt, because these canals were built through virgin territory, where traffic enough to make them profitable was sure to be many years in developing. Likewise, the excessive railroad-building, which did much to bring on the panic of 1857, represented an outlay of capital, which, owing to the sparseness of population, did not even promise to pay its interest. There were more miles of railway built in the single year 1856 than in the decade ended with 1841, and more built during the five years ended with 1856 than in the entire two preceding decades of railway-building.

Gordon's debts, however, represented investments in properties having actual and highly developed earning powers. His Beaver Mills stock in 1909 paid 12.5 per cent, and his Union Pacific 10, while his net income from the two was nearly 8 per cent on the capital represented, even after deducting from his gross dividends the amount of the interest on his mortgage and his loan at the Commercial Trust Company. The canal and railway builders had invested wildly in the remote future of their country, whereas Gordon had invested scientifically in the immediate future; and yet, reason as he would that his debts were sound, he still believed that he must have made some blunder, for here he was standing helplessly by the ticker and watching the approach of disaster.

Should Union Pacific go below $170, the Commercial Trust Company would call upon him either to take up a part of his loan, or furnish additional security, both of which were utterly

impossible. The credit of the Beaver Mills had already been pledged in the purchase of raw cotton, and in the attempt to keep the mill running, maintain its good standing, and fill its contracts in face of rising prices for raw cotton and falling prices for the finished goods. It was now May, and since December, 1909, the price of the goods Gordon manufactured had fallen a cent a yard, notwithstanding that the price of cotton itself had risen nearly a cent a pound. The mill was barely paying its operating expenses, and unless the tide soon turned, it would have to close its doors.

On the third of June, Gordon was again standing over the ticker. Before ten o'clock he had been calculating how long he could operate the mill with his present resources, pending a rise in the price either of cotton goods, or of Union Pacific. It was now one o'clock, and the quotations of Union Pacific came out '100 shares at $170\frac{3}{8}$, 500 at $170\frac{1}{4}$, 2000 at $170, and 1000 at $169\frac{7}{8}$.' Gordon threw the paper in the waste-basket and left the room. This meant his resignation as director of the Commercial Trust Company; and he well knew that McConnell, who had invested his $60,000 in one hundred and twenty shares of the trust company stock, would succeed him. It meant also a receivership for the Beaver Mills, as he could neither meet his weekly pay-roll, nor pay for five hundred bales of cotton, a bill for which had come in the morning's mail.

It was no longer a question whether he had made a mistake, but how he could undo the mistake which he now fully realized and understood. He had miscalculated in one point only — the same point in which probably a majority of our corporations, bankers, and municipalities have miscalculated. His own debts, considered in themselves, were indeed sound. In his three properties, the mill, the Union Pacific stock, and his home, he had owned an equity of 45 per cent, whereas the stockholders of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad and of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company own equities of only 36 per cent in their respective properties, and control is frequently held through much smaller equities.

Gordon's blunder, however, lay in his failure to observe that millions of others, like himself, were investing in the future of their country. It was not his own debts merely, but the debts of the people of the United States, which ruined him. This it was which caused the decline in the cotton goods in face of great seeming prosperity, and the decline of Union Pacific in face of easy money and large earnings. Our per capita consumption of cotton, after increasing from twelve pounds in 1875 to nineteen pounds in 1897, and twenty-three pounds in 1900, made a further increase to thirty pounds in 1905, and continued almost undiminished at this high rate for four years. This increase of 58 per cent from 1897 to 1905 in the quantity of cotton consumed occurred in face of an average increase of 17 per cent in the prices of cotton goods, and involved an increased expense of 85 per cent per capita, notwithstanding the growth of only about 14 per cent in wages.

What wonder that the over-consumption of cotton goods was followed by falling prices? Gordon saw it all very clearly now. That 58 per cent increase in cotton consumption represented in part the purchase of clothing on credit, and in part the expenditures, by wage-earners, for cotton goods, of portions of the immense sums borrowed by corporations, firms, and municipalities, and paid out largely as wages. Gordon reflected that of the $2,350,000,000 borrowed the past three years

by our railways, fully half was ultimately paid out in wages either by the railways themselves, or by those from whom the railways bought their materials and equipment, and that about 13.5 per cent of these wage-payments, or nearly $160,000,000, of this borrowed money, was finally spent by wage-earners for clothing.

Adding to this huge sum borrowed by our railroads in the three years ending with 1909, the still more excessive amounts of money put into building operations, the two billion dollars borrowed by industrial and manufacturing companies, the two-billion-dollar increase in bank loans, and the billion-dollar increase in municipal indebtedness, Gordon discovered that the nation's capitalization or debts during those three years had increased fully ten billion dollars — a sum larger than was the entire wealth of the United States in 1852.

Of this ten billion dollars of added indebtedness, fully $675,000,000 was presumably spent for clothing — and hence the over-consumption of cotton! Moreover, the debts of the people of the United States, according to Gordon's careful estimate, increased fully four billion dollars in the single year 1909, whereas the amount of new capital saved out of earnings in an average year, and therefore made available for borrowing or for investment, scarcely exceeds one billion and a half. What wonder that Union Pacific went down, with borrowers clamoring for four billion dollars per annum, and the earners producing only a billion and a half to loan?

The debt-habit had outgrown our production of wealth, and the prices of both cotton goods and securities fell because the debtors were forced to curtail purchases, sell goods and securities, and reduce debts. That this great increase of indebtedness was perfectly natural, Gordon could now see clearly from his own experience. The rise in the prices of cotton goods had made it profitable to increase the capacity of the Beaver Mills by the use of borrowed funds; and the rise in the prices of all other products had likewise made it generally profitable to go into debt. Indeed, ever since 1897, when this general rise began, money had been the poorest thing in the world to own, since its purchasing power had steadily decreased, while the values of practically all other kinds of property had steadily increased.

Hence the debt-habit, which prior to Elizabeth Gordon's time arose out of the necessity of borrowing from the old world money, machinery, and supplies with which to develop our natural resources, was greatly over-stimulated during the past decade and a half. Indebtedness increased with the rise in the prices of commodities and merchandise, because this rise made it profitable; and hence began an endless spiral of higher prices — greater earnings — more capitalization or indebtedness — greater production and volume of business — larger wage-payments — more demand for goods — higher prices — and so on without any limit, until in 1909 the growth of indebtedness so over-reached the production of wealth that general liquidation became inevitable.

Gordon made the common mistake of accepting the valuations at the top of the spiral without discount. He had paid McConnell $60,000 for four hundred and fifty shares of stock in the Beaver Mills, which McConnell had bought in 1902 for $45,000,— notwithstanding that no physical improvements had been made in the mill in the mean time. Yet the price McConnell demanded seemed reasonable, since the mill was earning 12.5 per cent on its stock, as compared with 8 per

cent in 1902. Gordon well knew that, although the mill was capitalized at $300,000, it could be replaced for $240,000, but he felt that its capitalization was justified by its earning power. Here was $60,000 of 'unearned increment' — of wealth produced by no effort of the Beaver Mills, but solely by the greater demand for cotton goods and the higher prices.

This $60,000 represented wealth made out of no materials, out of no effort, and indeed out of nothing. It was *fiat wealth*, created by the dictum of the people that cotton goods should rule at high prices, and that their overconsumption should proceed at a high rate. This fiat wealth depended wholly upon this dictum, and was bound to vanish whenever the dictum should be repealed. But was there not fiat wealth in everything? Was not Gordon justified in regarding $300,000 as the real value of the mill, and $200 per share as the real value of Union Pacific? Even the stock of the Commercial Trust Company was selling at $500 per share, although the company's combined capital, surplus, and undivided profits amounted to only $343 per share. This premium or fiat wealth of $157 arose out of the large deposits and the high earning power of the company.

Gordon had been caught with a typical pyramid of equities upon his hands. Even his Union Pacific Railway stock, which had been selected for its exceptional merits, had behind it only about $175 per share of actual assets. Hence, at $200 per share, there was $15,000 of fiat wealth in his six hundred shares of Union Pacific; and this, added to the $60,000 of wealth of a similar kind in his mill, and $15,000 in his estate, made a total of $90,000 of fiat wealth, or unearned increment, which was subject to almost instantaneous abolition — whereas his total equities amounted to only a little more than $195,000.

Nor was his situation materially different from that of millions of other people. The total debts of the people of the United States, including our net foreign debt, our municipal and other government debts, and our bank loans, amount to about $623 per capita, as compared with wealth of $1,430 per capita. In brief, at the values of 1909, Gordon owned average equities of 45 per cent in the properties in which he was interested, whereas the people of this country own an average equity of only about 56.4 per cent in their average per capita wealth, as compared with about 61 per cent in 1890.

Gordon felt a distinct sense of injustice in his failure and humiliation; for had the Beaver Mills been a great corporation, with widely scattered plants, and with assets which could not be definitely calculated, it might have survived its difficulties by an issue of notes, as has been done by many another corporation having a smaller proportion of assets to liabilities. Moreover, Gordon could not but feel that the appointment of McConnell as receiver for the Beaver Mills at the request of the Commercial Trust Company was an unkindness of fate; for why this good fortune should come to McConnell, who had had the audacity to buy stock of the trust company at a price 45 per cent in excess of its asset value, he could not reason out.

Gordon, however, was not the only sufferer, nor even the keenest sufferer, from the failure of the Beaver Mills; for the receiver found it necessary to close the mill for a time, awaiting a better condition of the cotton-goods market. Thus the mill employees were thrown out of work at the very time when it was practically impossible to obtain other positions; and, as is usually the case, it was the laborer who ul-

timately paid the chief penalty for the over-expansion of indebtedness. The capital invested in the mill remained intact, notwithstanding its change of ownership, and the income on this capital was only temporarily suspended. The employees of the mill, however, suffered more or less permanent injury — being subjected to actual want for a period of months, and obliged to accept inferior positions wherever they could be obtained.

When the Beaver Mills again opened their doors, and Gordon returned to work, it was not as treasurer and principal stockholder, but as superintendent, and his desk was that so long occupied by McConnell. Nor were his case and that of the Beaver Mills unusual, except in degree. He found some poor consolation in the thought that it was the growth of the debt-habit principally, rather than his own mismanagement, which had resulted in his humiliation. As he reflected that the average increase in the production of real wealth, namely, commodities and merchandise, was only about 20.4 per cent per capita from 1890 to 1909, as compared with a growth of 37 per cent per capita in 'wealth' as measured by market valuations, and with an increase of about 54.2 per cent per capita in debts, it seemed almost strange that he had not realized the situation in time to save himself.

In this error, however, he represented a general tendency, for he accepted the valuations at the top of the spiral of rising prices and growing indebtedness at par. Moreover, he reflected that our foreign debt, which already amounts to about $3,500,000,000, is increasing at the rate of more than $160,000,000 per annum; and that the growth of our municipal indebtedness has so far exceeded that of municipal revenues, that last year these revenues amounted to less than twenty-six cents per dollar of debt, as compared with more than thirty-nine cents in 1904. Our railways, in the past four years, have increased their indebtedness nearly 27 per cent, as compared with a growth of only 17 per cent in the tonnage carried.

Gordon, however, is not dismayed by his failure. As he mingles with his associates and fellow employees, he insistently advocates the accumulation of savings or 'capital' for future investment. He reasons that the spiral of rising prices, growing incomes, great extravagance, and increasing indebtedness has again reached a climax similar to those of 1808 and 1864. He is not a pessimist, but believes that the declines of the current year in the prices of cotton goods, commodities, and securities, occurring almost wholly from very excess of indebtedness, foreshadow a slower pace in both our manner of living and the expansion of our trade and commerce. His fixed business purpose is to accumulate savings for the day which he maintains is ultimately certain to come, when the pendulum will swing to the other extreme, and the market quotations of commodities, merchandise, securities, and other forms of property will fall low enough to more than wipe out the fiat wealth of 1909. It is his plan of recovery, upon that day, again to invest in the future of our country to the fullest extent which his resources will permit; but upon the next rising tide of prosperity, optimism, and extravagance, he will realize upon his investments before the debt-habit again outstrips the production of wealth.

IN THE CAVE

BY JULIA D. DRAGOUMIS

Why are the mountains dark, and the hills all woe-begone?
Is it the wind at war there, or the rain that blots the sun? — FOLK-SONG.

I

THE fountain stood quite near the sea. Behind it rose the houses almost up to the old mill on top of the hill. Two marble dolphins twisted their tails round a trident on the one side of it; on the other was an inscription, half-effaced by the waves which splashed against it in the winter, when the *ponente* blew. Round the fountain, on the broad stone ledge, the red earthen pitchers were waiting their turn to be filled, while the women stood below, chattering and gesticulating.

It was chilly already, though only mid-October, and their thin cotton skirts flapped in the wind. Some of the older ones had little black shawls thrown over their head and shoulders. It had rained two or three times in the last week, and was preparing to rain again; Barba Stathi, who had just passed with his donkey, going up to the hills for thyme, had looked at the clouds over the Sleeper and told them so.

There was always plenty to talk over at the fountain, but this morning the women seemed occupied with some specially engrossing subject. The heads were close together, and the piercing Poriote voices rose high and shrill, Kyra Marina's above all the others, notwithstanding her seventy years.

'Patience, patience!' she repeated as they crowded round her. 'Patience! let me tell you — let me breathe — but you are choking me, my poor ones. Yes, yes, they are here: with my own eyes I saw them, four of them, sitting just inside Sotiro's coffee-house. Sotiro was trying to block the doorway with his fat body, but I saw the gleam of their swords between his legs. Eh, eh, I am old, but my eyes are good yet. I see most things that are to be seen.'

'And many that are not,' put in Kyra Sophoula quietly, as she placed her pitcher under the running water to be filled.

'You, Kyra Sophoula,' cried the old woman furiously, 'measure your words better, will you? What I saw is there to be seen by all, and if any one says the contrary, I 'll make him eat his tongue before I have done with him. Besides, who are you, pray, to set up for disbelieving me? If you do not know me yet, you had better find out. I am a housekeeping woman, I am; ask whom you will. What do you take me for? Am *I* a worker for strange folks? Have *I* ever scrubbed floors for a drachma a day and my food? Has any one ever seen *me* gadding about from door to door with rotten old herbs to sell?'

These biting allusions referred to various narrow straits to which Kyra Sophoula's necessities had sometimes reduced her.

Kyra Marina would have continued long in the same strain, but she was interrupted by a wheezing cough, and when she recovered her breath the others had no mind to let her waste it

in an altercation such as they might hear every day and twice a day, if they were so minded, but brought her back to the point of interest.

'Don't you mind her, Kyra Marina; every one knows you here,' interposed Krinio soothingly. 'Tell us what you heard. Is it for him the soldiers are here, think you? or for Yanni, perhaps, who stole old Ghika's sacks of flour? He said he would get him sent to prison for it.'

'Yanni, indeed!' snorted Kyra Marina contemptuously. 'Would four soldiers be coming after Yanni? Does an eagle catch flies? No, no, they are after Stamati sure enough; and if he be not on the island, well, he is not very far away from it.'

'Why all this fuss about him, I wonder,' asked Moska, the baker's wife, settling her pitcher on her shoulder. 'It is neither the first nor the last time there has been a knife-thrust or a row between the prisoners at Ægina.'

'As you say, neighbor, neither the first nor the last, but then you see it was not another prisoner Stamati stuck his knife into this time; that would have been soon forgotten; it was the chief warder, and he never lived to say a word after it, either, poor man!'

There were voices raised and there was a general uplifting of arms, some old women adding, —

'God rest his soul!'

'And how could he get out of the prison, once he had done the evil?' asked Krinio; 'and how came he here?'

'They say down on the quay,' and Kyra Marina lowered her voice, 'that he was brought over by night in Capetan Leftheri's boat — he that was cousin to Stamati's father, you know. As for getting out, well, a prison has windows, though they may be high up, and a file and a rope can be bought if they *are* a bit dear. Besides it was night, so I have heard, and the poor warder was fast asleep when the knife was stuck into him.'

'Then you have heard a lie!' cried Kyra Sophoula. 'Stamati got into prison for stabbing a man who insulted him, and he was always wild enough, as all know; but he comes of good blood and he would never kill a sleeping man!

'I know what I know,' said Kyra Marina shrilly, 'and good blood or bad blood, he will do well to keep safe hidden now the soldiers are here, for it will go ill with him if they catch him.'

Her granddaughter Youla, who stood close to her, turned rather pale. She was a handsome black-haired girl, and sweet words had been exchanged between her and Stamati some time before his trouble, though they had ended in nothing.

'What will they do to him if they catch him, Yiayia?'

'They will shorten him, my lass, they will shorten him by a head, certain sure; aye, by a head they will shorten him.' She repeated it again and again, shaking her wicked old head, and cackling with delight over her grim joke.

As they were speaking, a young woman came down one of the rocky streets that led from the village above to the fountain, with her empty pitcher in her hands. She had a sallow skin, dull brown hair parted under a white kerchief, and walked with a limp.

Moska saw her first; she gave a nudge to Krinio's elbow, Krinio whispered to Panayota, Panayota to Kyra Marina, and all faces were turned toward her. Somehow no one had expected her at the fountain that morning.

She limped down slowly, and putting her pitcher in a line with the others, sat down on the ledge to wait her turn. Around her was dead silence. Some few shouldered their pitchers and walked away, but the greater part stood still, looking at her curiously.

Suddenly the unusual silence reached her senses. She started up and faced them.

'Why do you look at me? and what has silenced your tongues? Are you struck dumb, all of you? You were talking fast enough as I came down the street. Of what were you talking?'

Kyra Sophoula laid a hand on her arm.

'Nothing, Chryssi my girl, nothing; it was only that —'

But Kyra Marina interrupted her viciously.

'If you *must* know, we were talking of your precious lover Stamati, whom the soldiers have come after. Eh, but he will look fine going to Athens in the steamer with the irons on his legs!'

'If he has fled from prison,' said Chryssi sullenly, 'they will take him back to it. What need of Athens?'

'He goes to be judged again,' put in Moska; 'it seems he has killed another man.'

A dull red flush covered the girl's sallow cheeks.

'Another!' she shouted angrily, 'who says another? — who dares say that the man he stabbed three years ago was killed? that he has not been enjoying his life all these years, drinking and guzzling all day long, stretched at his ease on three chairs, the great fat pig, while my lad was pining in prison. And if he has killed a man now? the great affair! It must have been some one who insulted his honor and deserved his fate.'

'Ah, but this time,' said Kyra Marina triumphantly, 'he has done for himself. I thank the Holy Virgin that Youla here was afraid of your curses when he turned from your yellow face to her pink one, and let him go. I thought her a white-livered fool at the time, but now I see it was God who enlightened her, God Himself who enlightened her. If Vangheli be a bit shorter and weaker than your Stamati, at any rate no one will ever see him dragged away from her in irons; and if his head be not as handsome, at least he will never get it chopped off for stabbing a defenseless Christian in his sleep.'

The girl caught up her empty pitcher and flew wildly at the old woman, and had it not been for Moska and Kyra Sophoula, who seized hold of her promptly, one on each side, it might have gone badly with Kyra Marina.

Chryssi struggled violently for freedom, and the words tumbled over one another so that her utterance was thick and indistinct.

'You ugly fool!' she cried out furiously, 'you wicked old liar! May your legs shrivel and wither up; may your lying tongue choke you! *My* Stamati kill a sleeping man! *He* to touch any one who did not stand up against him with another knife in his hand! A bad year to you for such evil words, — a bad year to you! Say it again if you dare. You filthy old hag, say it again!'

But Kyra Marina had no desire to repeat her words; she had said what she meant to say; besides which, the girl looked like one possessed of a demon, and capable of any violence; so the old woman hobbled off in a hurry, followed by Youla who kept casting frightened glances behind her.

The others dispersed in silence, and Kyra Sophoula, who stayed behind, placed Chryssi's pitcher under the fountain and stood beside it waiting. The girl, her fury spent, sank down again on the step, her head in her hands.

The water ran into the pitcher in an ascending scale of liquid sound, filled it, gurgled, and overflowed.

'The jar is full, my child; the water trickles over.'

'Let it be; I want no water.'

'Nay, come what may to us, we shall

want bread and water till we close our eyes. Come, take up your jar and walk with me to my house. Maroussa has something she would show you.'

'I thank you, but I will go to no house where that evil thing is believed of my Stamati. Kyra Sophoula, you are a good woman; it is not true, say it is not true?'

'It is not like the lad as I knew him, but one can never tell. They meet so many bad men in those prisons and it is three years he has been there. But listen, Chryssi,' — and she lowered her voice, — 'true or not, still the soldiers are here; that is true enough; but they are from Athens, they do not know the country, and it may be some time before they find him. Would you not wish, perhaps, to send him word, or let him know —'

The girl started up, all the blood left her face, and she clutched hold of the old woman's arm.

'Then you know! you can tell me! Is it near? Good God, is it near?'

'Sh, sh! not so loud, not so loud! Come to the house with me. Barba Stathi said a word in my ear when I brought him out a crust for his beast. He knows the hills well.'

The wind had risen, and as they trudged up the street, the lame girl hardly keeping up with the wiry little old woman, the heavy clouds were lowering and a few drops fell.

II

Chryssi stayed some time in Kyra Sophoula's little house with the covered terrace, and about an hour after she had entered it, Maroussa, Kyra Sophoula's pretty black-haired granddaughter, might have been seen hurrying back to the house with one of the boys from Capetan Leftheri's boat. It was after the big clock in the tower of the Naval School had struck two that Chryssi, holding a small bottle of yellow wine in her hand, came down the wooden stairs that led from the terrace to the little narrow courtyard full of the small orange chrysanthemums, 'Saint Dimitri's flowers,' that were in full bloom just then.

She never gave them a glance though; being a Poriote woman she was fond of flowers, but she brushed past them, limped down the street, under the dark arch, and climbed up some steps cut in the rock, with a painful upheaval of one side of her body at the mounting of each step, till she reached the door of her own little blue-washed house. She stopped a moment before entering, raised her head and passed her hand over her eyes. The heavy black clouds effaced the Sleeper entirely from the horizon, and as she stood there watching, the sea turned leaden and looked almost solid. A pale metallic light was over all the bay; after a few seconds of stillness, of waiting, a cold rush of air raised whirlwinds of leaves and dust before it, and then the whole heavens seemed to open in one sheet of water.

She pushed open the door, and closing it after her turned the big key in the lock with both her hands, for she was not very strong. There was a bare comfortless kitchen, flagged with rough gray stones. The girl closed the wooden shutters of the two windows, fastening the window-panes inside them. The rain pattered against the shutters, and the light in the room was dim. Quickly she took off her white kerchief and covered her head and shoulders with a little black shawl; over her cotton skirt she put on a heavier one of rough gray homespun wool, and slipped her feet into a pair of yellow leather shoes that had once been her father's. She stole across the room and knelt down before her mother's dower chest. It was not a highly polished one, such as most of the Poriote women possessed, but a rough

wooden one painted a bright blue: they had always been poor. From under a pile of coarse towels neatly marked in red, she drew out a checked handkerchief tightly knotted up. Its contents crackled as she thrust it into the bosom of her gown.

Taking up the bottle of wine which she had left on the table, she put it with a good half of a big brownish loaf into a deep hanging pocket which she tied carefully round her waist. Then she limped to the door and listened; nothing but the steady downpour of the rain — no passing steps. She turned the key gently and looked out.

'The waterfalls of heaven have opened,' she muttered; 'so much the better, so much the better; what Christian will venture up the hills on such a day?'

She stepped resolutely over the threshold. The rain poured down with tropical violence. It came in blinding sheets, poured countless streams tinged with the red earth of the hills into the bay, changing its color to a muddy brown, and turning all the island into a mist of watery gray.

Chryssi held her shawl on tightly over her bent head with both hands, and ran down, as fast as her lameness would let her, to the water's edge.

A little boat was stationed under the low sea-wall and a lad was standing up in it, clinging to the rough stones of the wall with his hands as there were no iron rings in that part of it. Close by was a confused shape of mingled man and beast, scarcely discernible in the driving rain.

'Barba Stathi, is it you?'

'It is I. Come; the lad waits and the waves lift the boat; it is hard to hold.'

'You have seen no one pass?'

'Not a soul.'

'Where are they now, think you?'

The old man stroked the donkey's wet ears as he answered in a low voice,

'At the tavern still. Nasso here heard them say they must be moving, but Sotiro was just bringing out another *oke* of *retsinato*, and it will not be just yet that they will start.'

'Oh, my God! an oke is soon drunk, and they are four.'

'They have to find the road, remember; and where there are four men there are four minds. Do not fear, you will be there long before them.'

'You said the little path above the third ravine, right over the old chapel?'

'Yes; the *koumara* are red on the bushes all about the path and almost close up the entrance to the cave; you will find it easily.'

'I thank you again, and may God rest your dead, Barba Stathi, for this that you have done for me.'

'It is nothing. Go; and may the Holy Virgin be with you.'

The girl wrapped the shawl more tightly round her, stepped down into the boat, and the boy rowed rapidly away towards the mainland.

III

Far up above the village of Galata, beyond the olive grove that rises behind it, the mountain is scored by long-forgotten torrents into a series of deep ravines. The district is almost entirely uninhabited, and though there are no great heights to climb, there are some narrow passes and steep descents. The vegetation is richer and more varied than on the island, and myrtle, oleander, and arbutus close up the narrow goat-tracks. Clinging plants encircle the trunks of the tallest trees and hang in festoons from one to the other. Here and there, half way up the gorges, there are shallow caves, often only to be reached by steep passes, so hidden in the tangled vegetation that very few know of them. In the old days these were the hiding-places of the *klephts*,

but now they only serve in the colder months to shelter some belated shepherd searching for a lost kid, or now and again some fugitive from justice, or a stray deserter.

Two hours after Chryssi had stepped out of the boat in the pouring rain at Galata, where no one had been out of doors or even on a terrace or at a window to inquire curiously about her errand, she was climbing down a steep goat-track leading to one of these small caves. The storm was over, though the air was still very chilly. The leaves glistened, and the trunks of the trees were darker. Far below, a thin line of smoke from the chimney of the highest inhabited hut above the village was the only sign of living humanity.

The girl moved very cautiously, holding aside the red-berried branches of the arbutus which blocked her way. She bent almost double as she advanced, so that the shrubs should hide her, and kept constantly throwing back glances along the way she had come. Her limp was painfully evident, for the way had been long and the paths stony. Suddenly the track turned abruptly to the left and faced a low dark opening in the rock, half hidden by dwarf oak trees and tall white oleanders. Chryssi dragged herself up the remaining rocks, and pushing aside the arbutus branches, bent her head and entered the cave.

Inside, it was dim and chilly. A man was lying on a heap of dry pine branches,—a man about thirty, worn and haggard-looking. He had a fine head, broad-browed and straight-featured, but three years of prison life had replaced the sunburn by a sickly pallor, and had bent the eyebrows into a continual scowl. His left arm, in a sort of extemporized sling, was fastened to his waist; his right hand, bound in blood-stained rags, lay stretched out before him. The rags were soiled and had been tied on some time, but there were fresh blood-stains among the old ones.

He was not asleep, and started up wildly as the girl darkened the light by standing before the opening.

'You!' he cried, 'you! how did you come? Are you alone? Is all safe?' Then he leaned against the rock with a suppressed groan, for he had helped himself up by his wounded hand.

'I am alone; have no fear.' She came nearer, half timidly. 'Your hand is hurt?'

'Yes; both of them, curse them.'

'How did it happen?'

'This one was scalded with boiling water when I helped to move the big washing cauldrons, there at Ægina; the other I caught between two stones of a wall.'

'When you got away?'

'Yes.'

'Do they pain much?'

'That would not matter, but the fingers are all smashed up. I cannot move them.'

He stepped past her and looked cautiously out, up and down the ravine, and above on the heights; than he came into the cave again, let himself fall on the pine branches, and looked up at her curiously.

'How did you find me?'

'They said you were in the hills about here, and some one who saw you told me.'

'Who? I have seen no one.'

'But he saw you.'

'Barba Stathi, was it?'

'Yes.'

'Ah, he must have come close to the opening then yesterday when I slept, for just as I woke I heard a donkey braying in the distance, and when I looked out there was no one in sight; but I thought it could only be Barba Stathi's beast up here in the hills. It does not matter much; the old man

will never open his mouth to say a word to a stranger.'

'No; there is no fear.'

Chryssi leaned against the damp wall of the cave to rest her leg, and untied the pocket from round her waist.

'I have brought you food.'

'Bring it here; bring it here quickly then. I made Yannako from the *stani* up above give me a bowl of goat's milk yesterday, and I have had naught since.'

The girl set the bread before him on the branches, and pulled out the stopper of the bottle.

'Well,' he asked irritably after a moment's pause, 'why do you stand still and look at me? Cannot you see that I have no use of my hands? Do you expect me to browse like a goat? You were ever a slow-witted maid!'

She did not answer, but kneeling beside him, broke the bread and began to feed him with the pieces. She did it awkwardly, sometimes offering him a second before he had finished the first, and sometimes gazing abstractedly before her while he waited. Two or three times he looked towards the bottle and she lifted it for him to drink. This also she did too high or too low, and the wine trickled down his chin. At last he wiped his mouth on his sleeve and pushed away the rest of the bread with his elbow.

'Help me up if you can,' he said.

She put her hands under his arms and helped him to stand upright. His clothes were old and torn, with stains of moist reddish earth about them. In his belt was a pistol, and his burned arm was strapped to his body just above it.

The girl looked at him in silence for a few moments, and then, as though suddenly recognizing the danger of inaction, she started and said hurriedly,

'Stamati, you must not stay here. The soldiers are down in the village, four of them. They were seen at Sotiro's. When I left, they were drinking still, but they had talked of starting.'

'Did you see them yourself, or did they tell you so?' he asked in a voice in which there was more curiosity than alarm.

'I did not see them, but I know they are there; many saw them. That old hag Kyra Marina told me of it first. She was glad, of course, because of Youla. She said, too, before all the others at the fountain, and may evil find her, she said that this man who is dead, this prison-keeper, that you killed him at night while he slept! you! you! They did not let me tear her to pieces for her lies, but I will do it yet, as sure as they call me Chryssi.'

'You need not.'

'Stamati,' she cried, 'it is not true?'

'It is true,' he answered sullenly.

'No no, not that; it is not possible.'

'It is true,' he repeated doggedly, 'and why not? The brute insulted the honor of my father before all the lads. I *had* to kill him. I could not do it the moment the evil words left his lying mouth, for the others would have fallen on me, the cowards, to curry favor, though they all hated him. Do you think, perhaps, a prison is like the village, or the hills, where you can strike when you will? At night when he slept I stuck the knife between his shoulder-blades and ran for it. Capetan Leftheri had stood treat to the sentinels and they were dead drunk.'

'You killed him,'

'He had insulted my father; I struck deep enough to have killed twenty men.'

'And he never heard you? he slept?'

'Aye, he slept well, I tell you; slept, and never woke again.'

The girl closed her teeth tightly and there was silence for a minute; then she said, 'It is all the more need that you should go.'

'Where can I go?'

'Do I know? Over the hills, perhaps, to Metochi. I can tell Capetan Leftheri, when I go back, to go there with his boat and meet you. And when you reach Katochi you can go to Yoryi the blacksmith, — Yoryi Kostopoulos, he is my mother's cousin; a good man; he will not turn you away or betray you. Also, I have brought a little money.' And she felt in the bosom of her gown for the knotted handkerchief.

Instead of answering, the man went to the opening and looked out.

'Hush,' he said. 'I thought I heard a noise in the ravine below'; then, after a moment's suspense, 'No, it was nothing.'

Chryssi touched his arm. 'You will go?' she said.

He turned on her angrily. 'You are mad! Will you tell me with your great wisdom and with your wonderful plans how I may get so far to-night, or to-morrow either, with my hands as you see them? If I stumble and fall on the way I shall stay there like a log till they find me.'

'And — if they find you?'

'They will keep me; that you may be sure of; and send me to Athens in the steamer.'

'And — after?'

He laughed harshly. 'After, it would be Nauplia, and the guillotine.'

She raised both her hands suddenly and put them round his neck as though to protect it.

'Stamati,' she whispered hurriedly, 'listen to me; there is little time left, and I am afraid. You must leave this cave now, at once; some one may know of it. You say Yannako saw you, and I am not sure of him: he would sell his mother for money. You must hide somewhere close by, and I will stay here and deceive them if they come. I will cry and say I could not find you, and they will look elsewhere. Then as soon as the dark falls you must move on towards Metochi. As for your hands — well, God be a help!'

'How can you stay here?' he asked. 'You can never deceive them. Besides, they are four men, and they have been drinking all day; if they should maltreat you?'

'Well, and if they should — what then? You will have time to get away.'

He looked at her curiously.

'You are a brave lass,' he said, 'and we have had some good days together. Do you remember the big walnut tree by the spring?'

A light came into her eyes.

'Could I forget? I go there sometimes now, and ask the stones and the trees if they remember those days.'

'It was not written by Fate that they should last,' he said, 'but you were a good girl always, and a kind one.'

'And yet' — her voice trembled — 'there was a time when you would have left me for Youla.'

He laughed.

'A man is a man; you were a good girl, as I said, but she was a handsome one, and moreover her legs were straight.'

The girl caught her lower lip between her teeth, and her arms fell from about his neck.

'You must go,' she said again; 'you must go now at once.'

'It will be no use,' he answered; 'even if I could walk straight in the night with no hands to help, how can I lift food to my lips? how can I drink? How can I strike out against a sheepdog if he fly at my throat? No; let me be.'

'But they will kill you if they take you,' she wailed.

'They will not kill me.'

'But if you stay here they will take you, if not to-day then to-morrow,' she persisted; 'and if they take you they will surely kill you. Did not you say so yourself?'

He looked down slowly at his belt.

'Need they take me — alive?'

'Ah!' with a smothered cry, 'Christ, and Holy Virgin! not that! not that! My Stamati, for the name of God, not that! Wait, we must think of something; let me think,' — passing her hand over her eyes, — 'there must be something else. Let me go back to Poros — now, at once. I will bring Barba Stathi, he knows the hills well, he must guide you to Metochi. We can pay him if need be. I have still some things of my mother's left I can sell. With him and the beast you can go far — and afterwards — '

He was not listening to what she said, but to something farther away. She saw it, and stopped with dilated eyes.

He left her, and going quite outside the cave, crouched down behind a big rock and craned his neck to see better down the ravine.

She waited, shivering. After a moment he came back, his teeth tightly clenched.

'Now listen,' he said, 'we must say things quickly. They are below in the ravine. In five minutes they will be here. There is one thing I ask of you — will you do it?'

She clung to him in silence.

'If they would take me and shoot me here at once, it would be well; but if they take me it means Nauplia, the open square, the public shame; and Niko Davelli's son cannot die in that way. My grandfather, you know it, was one of the few who came down from Suli with Bozzaris; my father was a brave man. These things cannot be. If I could use my hands, it would be over now; but see, I cannot even lift the pistol, — how could I draw the trigger? But you! You are a brave girl, Chryssi, and if you have ever loved me you will do it.'

'I! Oh, my God! what are you asking of me! I? I cannot, I cannot!'

'Chryssi, my Chryssi, my Chryssoula, you will not let them bind me and slaughter me like an ox at the butcher's? Chryssi! I hear them — Oh, Chryssi, do not fail me now! I have no one but you to do this thing for me. Take the pistol from my belt, take it. For your father's soul, for the name of God, if you have ever loved me, Chryssi, take it!'

And as she drew it from his belt he put his lips to hers.

The three soldiers with their sergeant, and Yannako the shepherd beside them, were not ten paces from the opening of the cave, when there was a sharp report and a fall.

They started forward and came face to face with a woman, who ran out and then stood quite still and looked at them with wide-open eyes.

It was no heroic figure they saw. Just the girl with her sallow face and clumsy figure, her black shawl trailing behind her, and the smoking pistol in her hand.

'You can search,' she muttered indistinctly, 'aye, you can search; you will only find a corpse for your pains.'

And as the men rushed past her, she fell in a tumbled heap among the lentisk bushes.

LEE IN BATTLE

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

ANY study of Lee would be incomplete without portrayal of him in the most dramatic crises of all. For my purpose it would have been convenient if some keen-sighted journalist could have accompanied the general in his various battles and left a stenographic report of where he went and what he said and what he did. Unfortunately the many memoir-writers who were in a good position to observe, were at the time, for the most part, excellently well occupied with their own affairs. Therefore I ask in vain as to Lee's whereabouts and action at certain very critical moments.

We like to imagine the master mind in a great conflict controlling everything, down to the minutest detail. But with vast modern armies this is far from being the case, even with the elaborate electrical facilities of to-day; and in Lee's time those facilities were much less complete. Lee himself indicated the difficulty humorously when he was remonstrated with for taking unnecessary risks, and answered, 'I wish some one would tell me my proper place in battle. I am always told I should not be where I am.' And he expressed it with entire seriousness when he said, 'During the battle my direction is of more harm than use; I must then rely on my division and brigade commanders. I think and I act with all my might to bring up my troops to the right place at the right moment; after that I have done my duty.'

Some critics hold that Lee was inclined to carry the principle much too far. What impresses me in this, as in other things, is the nice balance of his gifts. Persons by nature predisposed to direct others almost always seek to direct them in everything. How wise and constant Lee's direction was, where he thought it needed, is shown by his son's remark: 'We were always fully instructed as to the best way to get to Lexington, and, indeed, all the roads of life were carefully marked out for us by him.' Yet the instant he reached the limit of what he felt to be his province, he drew back and left decision to others whom he knew to be, by nature or position, better qualified.

The amount of Lee's direction and influence seems to have varied greatly in different battles. At Fredericksburg he adopted a central position whence he could survey the whole field. Colonel Long's remarks in describing this must have given Longstreet exquisite pleasure. 'In the battle Longstreet had his headquarters at the same place, so that Lee was able to keep his hand on the rein of his "old war-horse" and to direct him where to apply his strength.' At Antietam critics are agreed that Lee's management of things was perfect. 'He utilized every available soldier; throughout the day he controlled the Confederate operations over the whole field.' On the other hand, in the Peninsular battles, owing perhaps to imperfect organization and staff arrangements, his hold on the machine was much less complete; and at Gettysburg the vast extension of his lines made immediate personal direction al-

most impossible, with results that were disastrous.

It is at Gettysburg that we get one of the most vivid of the few pictures left us of Lee in the very midst of the crash and tumult of conflict. It is from the excellent pen of General Alexander, who says that the commander-in-chief rode up entirely alone, just after Pickett's charge, 'and remained with me for a long time. He then probably first appreciated the extent of the disaster, as the disorganized stragglers made their way back past us. . . . It was certainly a momentous thing to him to see that superb attack end in such a bloody repulse. But, whatever his emotions, there was no trace of them in his calm and self-possessed bearing. I thought at that time his coming there very imprudent, and the absence of all his staff officers and couriers strange. It could only have happened by his express intention. I have since thought it possible that he came, thinking the enemy might follow in pursuit of Pickett, personally to rally stragglers about our guns and make a desperate defense. He had the instincts of a soldier within him as strongly as any man. . . . No soldier could have looked on at Pickett's charge and not burned to be in it. To have a personal part in a close and desperate fight at that moment would, I believe, have been at heart a great pleasure to General Lee, and possibly he was looking for one.'

And I ask myself how much of that born soldier's lust for battle, keen enjoyment of danger and struggle and combat, Lee really had. Certainly there is little record of his speaking of any such feeling. At various times he expressed a keen sense of all the horrors of war. 'You have no idea of what a horrible sight a battlefield is.' And again, 'What a cruel thing is war; to separate and destroy families and friends, and mar the purest joys and happiness God has granted us in this world; to fill our hearts with hatred instead of love for our neighbors, and to devastate the fair face of this beautiful world.' Yet we must remember that at the time of his great military glory Lee was not a young man, and the fury of hot blood was tempered in him. I imagine that, in Mexico, he found an intense delight, 'when the musket-balls and grape were whistling over my head in a perfect shower,' and when he was threading his way alone in night and solitude through the murky pitfalls of the Pedregal. Even at a later time one vivid sentence, spoken in the midst of the slaughter of Fredericksburg, lights the man's true instincts, like a flash: 'It is well that war is so terrible, or else we might grow too fond of it.'

As to Lee's personal courage, of course the only point to be discussed is the peculiar quality of it. Judging from his character generally and from all that is recorded of him, I should not take his courage to consist in a temperamental indifference to danger, a stolid disregard of its very existence, such as we find perhaps in Grant or Wellington. Though far from being a highly nervous organization, Lee was sensitive, imaginative; and I take it that he had to accustom himself to being under fire and was always perfectly aware of any elements of peril there might be about him. By the time the war broke out, however, he was doubtless as indifferent to bullets as to raindrops, and went where duty took him without a moment's thought of the result.

Testimony to his entire coolness in battle is of course abundant. I do not know that there is any more striking general statement than that of Cooke in reference to the second battle of Bull Run: 'The writer of these pages chanced to be near the commander at

this moment and was vividly impressed by the air of unmoved calmness which marked his countenance and demeanor. Nothing in the expression of his face, and no hurried movement, indicated excitement or anxiety. Here, as on many other occasions, Lee impressed the writer as an individual gifted with the most surprising faculty of remaining cool and unaffected in the midst of circumstances calculated to arouse the most phlegmatic.' A concrete instance of his self-possession in the midst of turmoil is narrated by a Union soldier: 'A prisoner walked up to him and told him a rebel had stolen his hat. In the midst of his orders he stopped and told the rebel to give back the hat and saw that he done it, too.'

I am not aware that Lee was wounded at any time during the war, or indeed in his life except slightly at Chapultepec. His hands were severely injured just before Antietam, but this was by the falling of his horse. He was, however, again and again under fire. At Antietam, A. P. Hill, who was close to the general, had his horse's fore legs shot off. On another occasion, when Lee was sitting with Stuart and his staff, 'a shell fell plump in their midst, burying in the earth with itself one of General Lee's gauntlets, which lay on the ground only a few feet from the general himself.' In 1864 Lee was inspecting the lines below Richmond, and the number of soldiers gathered about him drew the enemy's fire rather heavily. The general ordered the men back out of range and himself followed at his leisure; but it was observed that he stopped to pick up something. A fledgling sparrow had fallen from its nest, and he took it from the ground and tenderly replaced it, with the bullets whistling about him.

As the following incident shows, Lee was extremely solicitous about the unnecessary exposure of his men. Once, when he was watching the effect of the fire of an advanced battery, a staff officer rode up to him by the approach which was least protected. The general reprimanded him for his carelessness, and when the young man urged that he could not seek cover himself while his chief was in the open, Lee answered sharply, 'It is my duty to be here. Go back the way I told you, sir.' At another time Lee had placed himself in a very exposed position, to the horror of all his officers. They could not prevail upon him to come down, so finally General Gracie stepped forward and interposed himself between his commander and the enemy. 'Why, Gracie,' protested Lee, 'you will certainly be killed.' 'It is better, General, that I should be killed than you. When you get down, I will.' Lee smiled and got down.

But no protest and no entreaty could make the commander-in-chief protect himself as much as his officers wished. Perhaps the most amusing instance of this is an experience related of Lee and Davis together in the early days on the Peninsula. They were riding side by side under fire when Davis realized the danger and urged his companion to withdraw. Lee returned the compliment. Then they both forgot all about it, till A. P. Hill rode up and begged them to go back. They moved a few feet, without mending matters much, until finally Hill appeared again and insisted that they should betake themselves to some position out of range.

When things became really critical, Lee completely threw aside all caution. In the terrific battles of the Wilderness, where at times it seemed as if Grant would succeed in breaking through, the Confederate general repeatedly (on three separate occasions, as it appears) rushed to the front to rally his men and charge, like Ney or Murat, at

the head of them. 'Go back, General Lee, go back!' shouted the soldiers. But he would not go back till they had promised to do as much for him as they could have done with him. And they did as much. No men could have done more.

It was this occasional fury of combativeness which made Longstreet assert that the general was sometimes unbalanced, not by any personal exposure or excitement, but by critical situations affecting the army as a whole. Longstreet, defending his own conduct at Gettysburg, urges that Lee was particularly overwrought at the time of that battle. In what is, to say the least, peculiar phraseology, he writes of his commander: 'That he was excited and off his balance was evident on the afternoon of the first, and that he labored under that oppression till blood enough was shed to appease him.' The suggestion that Lee required blood to appease him is grotesque, and his loyal admirers ridicule the idea that at Gettysburg he was unbalanced. But there is evidence besides Longstreet's that, once in a fight, he hated to give it up, and perhaps occasionally allowed his ardor to overcome his discretion. The Prussian officer Scheibert remarks that while at Chancellorsville Lee was admirably calm, at Gettysburg he was restless and uneasy. General Anderson bears witness that at Gettysburg his chief was 'very much disturbed and depressed.'

Curious independent testimony to a state of affairs between Lee and Longstreet just before the surrender, precisely similar to what Longstreet depicts at Gettysburg, is furnished by Captain Ranson in *Harper's Magazine*, though I confess that I cannot quite adjust it to Longstreet's own narrative. The captain involuntarily overheard a conversation between the two generals. 'I must have slept an hour at least when again I was awakened by the loud, almost fierce tones of General Lee, saying, "I tell you, General Longstreet, I will strike that man [Grant] a blow in the morning." General Longstreet again recounted the difficulties, ending as before, "General, you know you have only to give the order and the attack will be made, but I must tell you that I think it a useless waste of brave lives."' And that excellent critic Colonel T. L. Livermore proposed to solve the difficult question, why Lee did not earlier abandon Petersburg, by accepting Davis's suggestion that the general's too combative temperament made him reluctant to retire from an enemy.

The most heroic picture that is left us of Lee high-wrought by the excitement of battle and determined to fight to the end, is the account, received by Henderson from a reliable eye-witness, of the chief's decision to remain north of the Potomac after Antietam. General after general rode up to the commander's headquarters, all with the same tale of discouragement and counsel of retreat. Hood was quite unmanned. 'My God!' cried Lee to him, with unwonted vehemence, 'where is the splendid division you had this morning?' 'They are lying on the field where you sent them,' answered Hood. Even Jackson did not venture to suggest anything but withdrawal. There were a few moments of oppressive silence. Then Lee rose erect in his stirrups and said, 'Gentlemen, we will not cross the Potomac to-night. You will go to your respective commands, strengthen your lines, send two officers from each brigade towards the ford to collect your stragglers and bring them up. Many have come in. I have had the proper steps taken to collect all the men who are in the rear. If McClellan wants to fight in the morning, I will give him battle. *Go!*' They

went, and in this case, at least, Lee's glorious audacity was justified; for he proved to all the world that McClellan did not dare attack him again.

However Lee's judgment may have been affected by the excitement of battle, it made little alteration in his bearing or manner. Fremantle tells us that the general's dress was always neat and clean, and adds, 'I observed this during the three days fight at Gettysburg, when every one else looked and was extremely dirty.' Stress of conflict sometimes seems to alter men's natures. Odd stories are told in the war books of officers quite saintly in common converse who in battle would swear like reprobates. Conversely, it is said of the great Condé that in his daily dealings with his soldiers his tongue was incredibly rough, but the moment he got under fire he addressed everybody about him with exquisite politeness. Lee's politeness was always exquisite. It was only very, very rarely that some untoward incident stirred either his temper or his speech. 'Probably no man ever commanded an army and, at the same time, so entirely commanded himself as Lee,' says the cool-blooded Alexander. 'This morning [after Chancellorsville] was almost the only occasion on which I ever saw him out of humor.'

Nor was it only a question of mere politeness. Lee was as tender and sympathetic to man and beast in the fury of combat, in the chaos of defeat, as he could have been in his own domain at Arlington. After the great charge on the third day at Gettysburg, an officer rode up to him lashing an unwilling horse. 'Don't whip him, captain, don't whip him,' protested the general. 'I have just such another foolish beast myself, and whipping does n't do any good.' And as the tumult of disaster increased, the sympathy took larger forms of magnanimity than mere prevention of cruelty to animals. There was no faultfinding, no shifting of perhaps deserved blame to others, nothing but calmness, comfort, cheerfulness, confidence. 'All will come right in the end; we 'll talk of it afterwards; but in the mean time all good men must rally.' — 'Never mind, General. All this has been my fault. It is I that have lost this fight, and you must help me out of it the best way you can.'

So, with incomparable patience, tact, and energy, the great soldier held his army together after defeat and kept it in a temper and condition which went far to justify Meade's reluctance to follow up his success. Only, to complete the picture, one should turn to General Imboden's brief sketch, taken after the work was done and natural human exhaustion and despair claimed some little right over even a hero's nerve and brain. It must be remembered that this was a man fifty-six years old. Towards midnight Lee rode up to Imboden's command. 'When he approached and saw us, he spoke, reined up his horse and endeavored to dismount. The effort to do so betrayed so much physical exhaustion that I stepped forward to assist him, but before I reached him, he had alighted. He threw his arm across his saddle to rest himself and fixing his eyes upon the ground, leaned in silence upon his equally weary horse; the two formed a striking group, as motionless as a statue. After some expressions as to Pickett's charge, etc., he added in a tone almost of agony, "Too bad! Too bad! Oh, too bad!"'

With the portrait of Lee himself in the shock of battle we should put a background of his soldiers and their feeling as he came among them. We have already heard their passionate cry when he rushed to put himself at their head and charge into the thickest of the fight. 'Go back, General Lee!

Go back!' General Gordon, who loved to throw a high light of eloquence on all such scenes, describes this one with peculiar vividness, giving his own remonstrance, 'These men are Georgians, Virginians, and Carolinians. They have never failed you on any field. They will not fail you now. Will you, boys?' and the enthusiastic answer, 'No, no, no!' Those who like the quiet truth of history, even when it chills, will be interested in an eye-witness's simple comment on this picturesque narrative. 'Gordon says, "we need no such encouragement." At this some of our soldiers called out, "No, no!" Gordon continuing, said, "There is not a soldier in the Confederate army who would not gladly lay down his life to save you from harm"; but the men did not respond to this last proposition.'

It cannot be doubted, however, that Lee's personal influence in critical moments was immense. On one occasion, just before battle, there was heard to pass from mouth to mouth as a sort of watchword the simple comment, 'Remember, General Lee is looking at us.' Stuart's aide, Von Borcke, describes a scene which is immensely effective as showing how little the general relied on words, and how little he needed to. Lee was riding through the ranks before a charge. 'He uttered no word. He simply removed his hat and passed bare-headed along the line. I had it from one who witnessed the act. "It was," said he, "the most eloquent address ever delivered." And a few minutes later he heard a youth, as he ran forward, crying and reloading his musket, shout through his tears that "any man who would not fight after what General Lee said was a damned coward."'

Perhaps the most splendid battle-piece of Lee in the midst of his fighting soldiers is Colonel Marshall's account of the triumphant advance on the third day at Chancellorsville. The enemy were retiring and the troops swept forward through the tumult of battle and the smoke of woods and dwellings burning about them. Everywhere the field was strewn with the wounded and dying of both armies. 'In the midst of this scene General Lee, mounted upon that horse which we all remember so well, rode to the front of his advancing battalions. His presence was the signal for one of those uncontrollable outbursts of enthusiasm which none can appreciate who have not witnessed them. The fierce soldiers, with their faces blackened with the smoke of battle, the wounded, crawling with feeble limbs from the fury of the devouring flames, all seemed possessed with a common impulse. One long unbroken cheer, in which the feeble cry of those who lay helpless on the earth blended with the strong voices of those who still fought, rose high above the roar of battle, and hailed the presence of the victorious chief. He sat in the full realization of all that soldiers dream of — triumph.'

This was victory. But there came a day of defeat, when the Army of Northern Virginia, after four years of fighting and triumphing and suffering, shrunk almost to nothing, saw their great commander ride away to make his submission to a generous conqueror. Their love, their loyalty, their confidence, were no less than they had ever been. If he said further fighting was useless and inhuman, it must be so.

But this very absolute confidence increased the weight of the terrible decision. All these thousands trusted him to decide for them. He must decide rightly. What the burden was we can only imagine, never know. But under the noble serenity maintained by habitual effort, good observers detected signs of the struggle that must be taking place. 'His face was still calm, but

his carriage was no longer erect, as his soldiers had been used to see it. The trouble of those last days had already ploughed great furrows in his forehead. His eyes were red as if with weeping; his cheeks sunken and haggard; his face colorless. No one who looked upon him then, as he stood there in full view of the disastrous end, can ever forget the intense agony written upon his features. And yet he was calm, self-possessed, and deliberate.' So great was his anguish that it wrung a wish to end it all, even from a natural self-control complete as his. 'How easily I could get rid of this and be at rest. I have only to ride along the lines and all will be over. But,' he quickly added, 'it is our duty to live, for what will become of the women and children of the South if we are not here to support and protect them?'

So the decision had to be made. And he made it. 'Then there is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant, and I would rather die a thousand deaths.' His officers protested passionately. 'O General, what will history say of the surrender of the army in the field?'—'Yes, I know, they will say hard things of us; they will not understand how we were overwhelmed by numbers; but that is not the question, Colonel; the question is, is it right to surrender this army? If it is right, then I will take all the responsibility.'

The scene that ensued has been described often: the plain farmhouse room, the officers curious, yet respectful, the formal conversation, as always painfully unequal to the huge event it covered, the short, ungainly, ill-dressed man, as dignified in his awkwardness almost as the royal, perfectly appointed figure that conferred with him. Lee bore himself nobly, say his admirers; nobly, but a little coldly, say his opponents. And who shall blame him? Then it was over. One moment he paused at the door, as he went out, waiting for his horse, and as he paused, looking far into the tragic future, or the tragic past, he struck his gauntleted hands together in a gesture of immense despair, profoundly significant for so self-contained a man. Then he rode away, back to his children, back to the Army of Northern Virginia, who had seen him daily for three years and now would never see him any more.

In all this scene two figures of course stand out beyond every other, the man who succeeded and the man who failed. In some respects there are remarkable resemblances between them. Though one had old family traditions behind him and the other had not, both were absolutely simple, democratic, and indifferent to fuss, parade, or show. Both were frank and straightforward, yet both were men of extreme reticence, using as few words as possible and only for the deliberate conveyance of their purposes. Both, under a calm, if not frigid exterior, covered genuine sympathy and human kindness.

But one was a man of the eighteenth century, the other of the nineteenth, one of the old America, the other of the new. Grant stands for our modern world, with its rough, business habits, its practical energy, its desire to do things no matter how, its indifference to the sweet grace of ceremony and dignity and courtesy. Lee had the traditions of an older day, its high beliefs, its grave stateliness, its feeling that the way of doing a thing was almost as much as the thing done. In short, Grant's America was the America of Lincoln, Lee's the America of Washington. It is in part because of this difference and because I would fain believe that without loss of the one we may some day regain something of the other that I have given so much thought to the portrayal of Lee's character and life.

Long ago Milton said that he who would be a great poet must make his own life a true poem. Lee had certainly no care for being a great poet, but if ever man made his own life a true poem, it was he. Grant's career has the vigor, the abruptness, the patness, the roughness, of a terse military dispatch. It fits its place and fills it, and all is said. Lee's has the breadth, the dignity, the majesty, the round and full completeness of a Miltonic epic, none the less inspiring because its end is tragic. It was indeed a life lived in the grand style. Only, in these days so few people care for poetry.

A NOTE ON ROMANCE

BY PAUL MARIETT

FROM where he lay he could see, at the end of a gray, cobble-stoned alley, a vivid little picture in a compact frame of buildings — the bright blank of the wide, asphalted *Prado*, bounded on the farther side by the low iron rail of the sea-wall, sharp against the flat, staring, blue harbor; and beyond, completing the miniature landscape, the white edge of a sun-baked, tropical shore. And all this lay breathlessly still, and queerly sabbatical in aspect, except when, at irregular intervals, there came a low, monstrous sound, shaking the air like a blast of wings — the drone of far-away cannon.

A slow, methodical trickle of plaster spilled and flared from the building opposite him, and woke him from the stupor into which he had fallen. He lay against one wall of the narrow alley, in a crumpled heap, a bulky-shouldered, hard-faced man of thirty, in the dirty garb of an *insurrecto* — stout boots, khaki trousers, stained and patched, a gray flannel shirt, and a wide sombrero; around his chest was a bandola of cartridges, by his side a carbine.

He looked up to see whence the plaster had come, for, in the intense stillness, the soft rattle of its fall was strangely startling. The building he gazed at formed a high, blank wall to the alley; above the second story it was a chaotic tangle of wreckage — shot to tottering ruins by some terrific bombardment.

He dropped his eyes, uninterested. At the present moment he felt no pain, only a lightness of head and a clarity of intellect, though a soft and insidious paralysis prevented all motion in his lower limbs, and a small hole was drilled clear through his flannel shirt just above where it was tucked into his trousers, and about it was a little crescent of brown stain.

The shade of the alley was grateful after the fierce hand-to-hand struggle out yonder on the blazing Prado, where he and his companion insurrectos, under cover of a bombardment from the revolted navy, had swept up the beach, in a fanatic attempt to carry the city, and had met and obliterated the loyalist army.

Resistance had been more stubborn

than they had expected; in the *mêlée* a loyalist officer with a staring, frightened face, swerving in front of him, had shot him, so that he fell and lay prone till the loyalists broke and fled, and the whole rout swept on, leaving a deserted street sparsely scattered with dead men.

After a time he had revived, had succeeded in crawling into the alley out of the sun. He had seen enough of warfare to know that his wound was crippling but not fatal, and he was content to lie still, caring very little whether Galdés and his hired band of adventurers, of which he was one, gained the city, so long as he was not in excruciating physical pain; for he was a brave man and a cynic, as his hard face and cruel, sensual lips showed.

It had been years since he had been silent for so long, with nothing to do but think; for he was no thinker, no student — as he had proved by a wild revolt from the severe and hampered training of a New England college, to a determined pursuit of adventure.

Ah, the glamour of those first days of romance — the smell of the cattle-ship in which he had gone abroad, the boulevards and cafés of Paris, Spain and the Moors, the Gold Coast of Africa, the diamond mines, the Veldts and the Cape; furtive rendezvous, glances of humid eyes, touches of hands and lips, passionate stolen nights, fierce and bloody duels, hair-breadth escapes, all things torrid and romantic, seen with sentimental eyes, with the rosy glow of fiction over them all!

Then, the glamour waning and thinning, and the hard, ugly foundations, and the cruel and shameful retrospects, on which such a life is built, showing through, he turned to the last resort of the adventure-drugged man — war: regular war, organized war; irregular war, guerilla-war; war no casuist could have distinguished from murder. A soldier of fortune in impossible causes, in desperate, dishonorable battles, in brief dangers, in briefer glories, — so went eight years of feverish living, — and here he was, like a rat in a hole, in an alley of pretentious, unimportant South American Aguas Calientes, for whose 'liberation' he had been fighting, along with a 'gallant handful' of mercenaries. And though he had no intention of dying, he realized, with a certain acute hatred, directed bitterly at mankind as a whole, that no one would care if he did.

Again the air vibrated unpleasantly. Another cascade of plaster slid deliberately from the ruined dwelling above him, striking him and rousing him sharply from his coma of thought.

At that moment he heard a queer little noise, which at first he could neither define nor locate. He turned his head idly and looked up the alley where the houses closed together and made of the passage a dusky *cul-de-sac*. In the dark wall there was a low servant's door, for these were dwelling-houses of the very rich on the Prado — and, as he looked, he saw a movement in this small black hole, and a little figure emerged and came slowly into the alley.

It was a very small girl, perhaps six or seven years of age. She was dressed neatly but richly in a stiff red dress which came to her knees, and under which her slim little legs moved in their tight black stockings.

She came down the alley, walking slowly, waveringly, blunderingly, and making the queer, low wail which had at first attracted his attention. On her face was an expression half of pain, half of petulant bewilderment — as though she were exhausted and annoyed by wandering a long while over a silent house, in search of the nurse or parent who ordinarily at this time did for her accustomed service, and

who was now either absent, or in a strange inexplicable attitude of calm indifference and silence.

He noted idly — for little children were nothing to him — that her face lighted up when she saw him; and she stopped her hurt, angry little wail and came straight toward him. She held one arm rigidly in front of her chest and clasped its wrist firmly with the other hand. She came to him where he crouched, and displayed the cause of her grief as if it were something he could remedy, her demand for relief completely imperious, as a child's often is — holding up to him her right hand, with the little finger cleanly shot away, and nothing left but a clotted, scarlet horror.

The ravages of battlefields and the savagery of murders he had often seen; he was hardened and calloused by blood and death; but in some manner this childish helplessness and trust stirred him. He raised himself against the wall, put out a powder-scarred hand, and drew the child toward him. The canteen at his side was full of water, and, fastened within his shirt, he found intact the small emergency packet of bandages which guerilla campaigns, with a hospital tent an undreamed-of luxury, had taught him to carry.

So, holding the child tightly against him, he washed and dressed the wound. She gave but one sharp cry when he touched it, then was silent, pressing against him and breathing convulsively. As he worked roughly, binding up this child's wound as he would have repaired the damage to one of his horses, or one of his weapons, doing a crude but effective task with no sympathy and no consideration, a strange thought came slowly and adventitiously into his mind. In retrospect this life of his was useless; not only useless — but it had a paucity which he had never before realized. He had pursued this life madly, because it had beckoned with vistas of glowing color opening out radiantly, with strange, wild harmonies of fantastic novelties; and now it appeared very dust and ashes. He did not even possess the serenely-flowing happiness of the secure and sane life against which he had so desperately revolted. *That* was one lack, but not the ultimate lack. Also he was poor; but riches could not buy what he desired. He was homeless; but a sumptuous house could be barren and disconsolate. He was a man who had known many women, and was wifeless; had begotten children, and was childless. The glow had faded away from life, leaving it tawdry and garish; and, looking at this child he was succoring, for the first time he realized fully that he held at his side a human entity, a sentient being, a bit of passion and pain, like himself.

He had never before been in so intimate a contact with a child. Her delicate head of short, black hair was thrown back against the red shoulder of her dress. He noticed the pure curve of the uplifted little throat, and the tiny blue shadows that lay tenderly under the brown chin. Her narrow lips were smooth as a textile of some fairy loom, and the scarlet color lay evenly along them, exactly defined from the creamy olive of her skin: a thing so pure, so perfect, so matchlessly perfect, he had never seen. But it was her eyes finally that he noticed: dusky, black-brown deeps, with thick fringes of soft, smudgy eyelash, and eyebrows above like single strokes of a wide brush; in them, as they stared, fully open and unseeing, at the sky, was — pain. He realized abruptly that he was hurting her, and the knowledge unnerved him. His fingers shook a little and he hurried his bandaging; he made an effort — new to him — to be tender.

A sudden impulse to speak to her came over him; he did not know why he restrained it. Nor would he have known what to say.

When the rough dressing was completed, he found that he had retained the brown hand he had bandaged: little, exquisite piece of human clay, so featly and wonderfully fashioned, so fine and flawless, except for the irreparable damage the afternoon's 'glory' had wrought upon it. He caught his breath sharply.

Again the air trembled with the muffled beat of cannon; and far off a faint, fierce shout capped the low thunder, like an exulting cry at a good shot. He raised himself a little, and, turning, looked eagerly down the alley at the bright, tantalus-picture of street and sea, white land, blue water, luminous sunshine.

War, Romance, Adventure, Glory, Passion, Excitement — all those fair and seductive things which had beckoned to his boyhood, captured his youth, wrecked his manhood — futile things; not only futile but disastrous; not only disastrous but horrible. Wounded children, murdered women, pillage, fire, rapine, confusion, chaos — all these followed in the train of the life he had chosen and pursued, hard, appalling verities, in spite of civilization and the boasted progress of mankind. And this maimed child, innocent and virginal —

The child had fallen back against his breast. Wearied with pain and loss of blood, she slept serenely, her small face calm and placid. The faint, warm perfume of her, the elastic fragility of her, the touch of her stiffly-laundered red dress, her evenly-drawn breath which moved her gently against him, made him think of her oddly as some quaint, fragrant flower.

He put an arm lightly about her, and the little breast rose and fell against it rhythmically. He looked down at her. He had never had a child of his own. The thought came over him, grew upon him, choked him, overwhelmed him. He had never had a child of his own.

The little, flower-like creature sighed and stirred fretfully, and let her head fall back loosely upon his shoulder. Her unmaimed hand, traveling in sleep, crept down his sleeve, found his hand, and slid into it, where it lay content.

He gave a great gasp, flung both arms around the little body, drew it to him with infinite tenderness, and laid his lips against the nape of the slim, brown neck.

THE FORERUNNERS

BY VIDA D. SCUDDER

I

THE most important event of the last quarter-century has probably been the placing of socialism in a central position before the judicial mind of the age. European men of letters, ever since the Industrial Revolution, have been occupied with the quest for social justice. It should be profitable to look back, seeking to relate their message to the socialist ideal. Their voices are living yet. The melancholy music of Leopardi, Heine, Lamennais, is faint but audible; the pure accents of Mazzini, the sonorous harmonies of Victor Hugo, may be caught without straining the ear. But we are more insistently held by the mordant speech of Ibsen, Hauptmann, Suderman; while it is hard to tell whether that dubious measure of Nietzsche's, which frightens and arrests, rises from dæmonic depths or floats downward from the heights attained by the victorious superman.

Those who use our English speech — Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold, Carpenter, and the others — naturally speak to us most clearly; but overmastering all other tones, something of the 'large utterance of the early gods' reaches us from Russia. The great novels — Dostoiefsky's pained and poignant studies of the world's anguish, Tourguéneff's sensitive delineation of the stupor of the oppressed, and the self-consuming fever of the would-be redeemers — prepare us for the greatest of all: for the accusing, appealing words of him who so lately has passed 'to where, beyond these voices, there is peace,' Leo Tolstoï. Comprehensive study of the social message of even a few among these writers would involve more than one volume; perhaps within the compass of an article, we may offer a few hints concerning trend and affiliation.

To all these men, the social problem and the religious are blended. A metaphysical theology, peering into the sky, such as inspired thinkers from Augustine to Calvin, may still be pursued by specialists, but it has ceased to interest the world at large. Jonathan Edwards, John Bunyan, saw the soul in an awful solitude, alone with its God. But Carlyle's 'Sartor' passed abruptly from the breathless mysticism of 'Natural Supernaturalism' to a scathing study of modern helotage; the religion sought by Mazzini and Tolstoï was one that should interpenetrate social relations; to Nietzsche, denial of God brought in its train denial of democracy and pity.

Aspiration, by the prerevolutionary schools, might have been pictured as a Blake-like figure, hands clasped above its head, struggling to free its feet from earth and to sweep upward like a diver into the high heaven. Aspiration, by the nineteenth century, was seen rather as Barnard has pictured it, — two comrades, pressing through an inert mass of rock, touching finger-tips only, yet straining with a power that must prevail toward the embrace they crave. Their heads are bent earthward; when the embrace is accomplished, they may look up to-

gether at the stars. Surely, this union of religious and social passion implies one real achievement of democracy. Class-barriers, in the outer world, may be high and hard: in the world within, the oneness of life begins to be perceived, and we know that we may find God only in finding our brethren. The sense of this oneness is the very condition of our being, the medium in which we move.

II

So far so good. But when we pass further, we are disappointed. We ask from our leaders some unity in social leadership; they give us only unity in negation. It is hard to find in earlier days anything like the agreement in discontent that marks the higher reaches of nineteenth-century thought. Elizabethan England, the Greece of Pericles, the Florence of the Renascence, felt an eager joy in life and an exultant patriotism, thinly disguised by the captiousness of social censors and leading to delightful naïve self-glorification. Complacency has not been lacking to the Age of Steam, but it has not come from the men of imagination and vision. In the utterances from every European country, restlessness deepens into dissatisfaction, and at times almost into despair.

In this discontent are two recurrent strains, — often blended, yet independent in origin. The exasperated protest of stifled individualities, that first sounded so haughtily in the verse of Byron and Leopardi, echoed down the century, demanding, and in vain, freedom to expand to the full stature, sincerity, completeness, peace. Bitter and brilliant, the hatred of convention rang through the work of Ibsen and the Northerners. It had been mild and clear in Emerson; in thought like that of Edward Carpenter, it allied itself with Oriental mysticism, paradoxically drawing the soul aloof from the universe in the name of spiritual unity; in Nietzsche it found its apogee. The individualistic revolt! Germinated in that arrogant confidence in the sanctity of life, that denial of Sin, to which pre revolutionary thought gave birth, it entered, a strong ferment, the world of the Revolution. We were bidden to adore our own humanity: why not then indulge it? Why not resent all that fetters the free play of desire? Challenging marriage, reacting from all social forms of religion, never satisfied and never stilled, the Spirit of Revolt has roamed, an unquiet guest, through the stern ways of modern civilization. Toward restraining tradition, its attitude has been annoyed and supercilious. It has passed with alarming swiftness from literature, philosophy, music, to life, and back again. All classes catch the infection. We hear no longer the Jolly Beggars of Burns, trolling their ditty from the shelter of a barn: —

> A fig for those by law protected, —
> Liberty 's a glorious feast,
> Courts by cowards were erected,
> Churches built to please the priest.

Persons of the best breeding and most delicate manners repeat in private a refined and intellectualized version of the same song. At times they use democratic language. But, on the whole, their spirit has worked against the leveling instincts of democracy, for its passion, however disguised, is separatist and hence aristocratic.

And blending with this, another strain, clear from the days of Shelley: the strain of sympathy. A force centrifugal as the other is centripetal: bringing absolution from egotism and self-absorption, through the power of a great compassion, that contemplates with heart-break not to be quieted the manifold miseries of proletariat and privileged, and cries that its brothers, rich and poor alike, are so fast in prison

that they cannot get out. Pity for humanity, vehement if spasmodic in the pages of Rousseau, subdued in the measured lines of Cowper, has from the first been latent, has become increasingly potent, in the press and clamor of self-seeking modern life. As self-assertion has exalted itself into a defiant philosophy, self-effacement has focused itself into a devoted religion. In the English school, after the days of Byron, social compunction may be said on the whole to dominate the individualistic note. In Victor Hugo and the French group of '48, longing for a general blessedness is lambent but helpless; in Mazzini, it soars in flame of political and social aspiration. So the call to sacrifice and the call to dominate met confusedly in the literature of the last century, and united to challenge civilization. Egotism and altruism were allies for the time being in revolt against the social order.

III

The critics see this order supported on the one hand by grossly predatory institutions and instincts, on the other by the preaching of resignation and inaction in the name of religion and the Church. Let us glance at one or two phases of the indictment, — most sharply defined, though not most intensely felt, in the individualistic schools.

Here is Ibsen. He passes from mystical romance to experiments in the furthest reaches of realism, yet in both mediums the spirit of negation persists unrelenting. Sympathies are always worsted by the perception of fact. Brand, refuser of compromise, dear to the author's heart as he demands 'all or nothing,' is mercilessly routed. From Julian, fine champion of Pagan glories, is wrested confession of the victory of the religion of defeat. Peer Gynt, the man capable of maintaining his superb delusions in the face of supreme degradation, is a poor creature after all. The curious verse, hot with symbolic imaginings, yields to sardonic prose. We pass in scornful review the worthlessness of the Pillars of Society, the Doll's House where women live, the rout of idealist folly by that modern Vittoria Corombona, Hedda Gabler, and the will-o'-the-wisp aspiration that leads a Master-builder to fling himself from the apex of his own building.

Through the tame bourgeois society pictured by Ibsen in all its flatness, pulse the same demands of suffocated persons for warmth, life, honesty, that break in the Jacobean drama like a raging surf against the silence of eternal law. Only the stage has changed — surely for the worse — between *The White Devil* and *Hedda Gabler*, and the breakwater against which desire hurls itself in vain is now erected rather by Society than by Nature. Domestic amenities, political moralities, artistic aspirations, crumble to dust, touched by the finger of the satirist. What survives is a thwarted will, — one is never quite sure whether vicious or honest, — asserting itself in helpless defiance above the débris of a civilization viewed with unmitigated contempt. 'From special reforms I hope nothing,' writes Ibsen to Brandès. 'The whole race is on the wrong track.' And again: 'The State must be abolished: in that revolution I will take part.' In another passage, the emotion underlying this riot of accusation is for once allowed free vent: 'There are actually moments when the whole history of the world appears to me like one great shipwreck, and the important thing seems to be to save one's self.'

A thinker of this temper may clear the air, but will hardly help men find their way. Influenced by Ibsen, the Northern schools of novel and drama rarely get beyond him. The conflict of

an Ego that claims gratification as its right, but finds that very gratification deadly to itself as well as to others, is the recurrent theme, in realism or romance: whether seen in Magda, cruelly gentle, failing to keep her own soul alive and dubiously benefiting the soul of any one else; or in Heinrich, lured by Rautendelein, only to doom that bewitching spirit of natural joy to cold nuptials with the Nickerman, and himself to heart-break from remorse over the murder of domestic affection involved in his escape from the warm, dull ways of human fellowship. The courage of negation may be the chief virtue our times require, but it places an icy finger at the heart of life.

These later schools have of course passed under the spell of a more daring genius than Ibsen, Friedrich Nietzsche. In Nietzsche, negation certainly overleaps itself, and 'falls on the other,' into a topsy-turvy world where drastic denials suddenly appear as supreme affirmations. With how alluring a play of imagery and feeling he attacked the smug assumptions of a nominal democracy and a faded Christianity! With what audacious splendor he asserted the aristocratic ideal! and called us to burn what we had adored!

'The leveling and diminishing of man in Europe conceal our greatest danger. Having ceased to fear man, we have ceased to love him. His very aspect bores us to-day. We are weary of humanity.' 'I understood that this ethic of compassion, which was spreading constantly, was the most disquieting feature of our European culture.' When will the schools of compassion triumph in their bad work? 'When they shall succeed in forcing into the consciousness of happy people the misery of others. Away with this shameful weakening of feeling! The well can not be allowed liberty to act as physicians, saviors, consolers.'

This reversal of our moral standards carried with it the political and social implications to be expected. Was it question of the state, 'where the slow suicide of all calls itself life'? 'Open your ears, for I am going to talk to you of the death of the peoples.' And brotherhood? 'Do I advise you to love your neighbor? Rather would I advise you to flee your neighbor, and love that which is afar.' How about that 'Eldest of things, divine Equality,' so passionately hymned of Shelley? To Nietzsche, she is a poisonous tarantula with the revolutionary triangle on her back.

Let us be candid; this brutally potent and poetic reaction from the social idealism born of democracy brought refreshment, brought relief. We welcomed in it the last, bravest word of that spirit of impatient egotism that prowls in the depth of very nature as in the breadth of the civilized world.

But the relief was short-lived, for the virus of compassion that Nietzsche hated was too inward to expel. He felt this himself. 'Woe! Bitten by the tarantula, my old enemy!' he cries; 'with her certitude and her divine beauty, she has bitten my finger!' She has certainly bitten ours; no antidote avails to set our system free or to turn us into aristocrats again. The trouble with most of us is that we are mean-spirited. We do not really want to be supermen unless everybody else has a chance of getting to be a superman too. We remark with Browning: 'Make no more giants, God, but elevate the race at once,' — a phrase which Nietzsche had considered quite worthy of the half-mediæval Paracelsus.

IV

If we turn from the schools of egotism to the schools of pity, we shall find a view of modern civilization no

more reassuring on the whole. But let us call a halt, for it is dreary business longer to contemplate a world out of joint. A protest reaches us from many quarters, telling us that croaking is very bad for the vocal chords! In this world that seems so corrupt, if you take the evidence of the problem-play or the anarchist, myriads of people live healthy and happy lives.

This is true, and good to remember; but it does not silence the Voice of the Accuser. What use to tell a man whose lungs are diseased that there is nothing wrong with his digestion? In the social as in the physical body, the slightest disorder of a part involves a general distress; and while sweat-shops and child-labor flourish, we must be excused from comforting ourselves by reflections on the admirable living conditions enjoyed by large sections of our commuting population or by peasants across the sea.

There is this to be learned, however, from the protest: if we aspire to health, it is not only mournful but demoralizing to dwell on disease. There is no point to diagnosis unless it leads to remedies. And every modern social critic has a remedy to suggest. We cannot speak of them in detail, for while the indictments largely agree, the prescriptions differ. But we can group them.

Social idealism during its more positive and constructive moments has rallied around two banners. On the one is inscribed, Moralize civilization! on the other, Abandon it!

The plea to moralize was superficial enough at times. There have been many to believe, with Dickens, with Victor Hugo, that the world can be saved by the simple application of sentiment. Yet better thought, searching and rich in suggestion, supplemented by an immense amount of ardent action, has been expended in this way. The application of moral idealism to a situation unchanged, if not unchallenged, has been looked to as the one sure path to social welfare. Carlyle had united with his vital denunciations a rousing call to act, but had given no instructions as to the way to follow. His disciples pushed his teaching further; laid down a new chivalry of sacrifice and service for those 'Captains of Industry' whom Carlyle had hailed as masters of the future; and returning to the old platonic doctrine of the elimination of wants, summoned men to refrain from luxury in the name of brotherhood. Ruskin in particular evoked for us an attractive picture: a society in layers, like Mr. Galsworthy's pagoda, where heaven-born inequalities gave scope for sweet ministries of obedience and authority, in a frame of immutable justice that knew in its manifestations neither growth nor decay.

Less logically worked out, similar suggestions inspired nearly all nineteenth-century philanthropy and reform. Mazzini welcomed indeed the democracy still viewed by England with distrust, but was preoccupied with the now superseded belief in the superiority of one form of government over another. Saturated with fine social idealism, his thought still has power to thrill; his programme is forgotten. Preaching and practice on the same lines filled the century. Let the system stand as it is: let the employer be induced to deal justly and kindly, and the employed give faithful service; let the landlord keep his property in repair, and the tenant be persuaded to become clean instead of dirty. Convert your individuals, and society as it is will be very satisfactory; leave them unconverted, and no change in system can avail.

It was simple, it was magnificent, but was it war? Many think so. Large numbers are still attacking the citadel

of ancient wrong on these lines, with unabated valor and heroic effort, believing that the conversion of the individual life within an unchanged economic order is the one thing needful. But from the first there were some to hesitate. Seeking with the greatest docility to apply these solutions, they have found them discredited by the onward movement of life, and have felt as men hurtling against vast forces, dimly descried, not to be routed by their gallant efforts. The number of these people is increasing every day. In bitterness of soul, they have experienced the inadequacy of philanthropy; in distressed amaze they confront, so they believe, the failure of reform. And as they reflect, it seems to them that intelligent foresight on a large scale was lacking to the teaching of the great masters, and that the positive teaching revealed in life itself laughs at their gospels.

What alternative for such as these, who turn away disheartened from the modern exponents either of philanthropy or of reform? There are teachers who bring another message. We agree with you, they say: to moralize civilization is a hopeless task. Very well; let us abandon it. 'Civilization, its Cause and Cure,' is the text of their teaching, and its burden is the 'Call of the Wild.'

Very fascinating is the message of the anarchists, from Thoreau to Edward Carpenter, as they bid us shake the dust of cities from our feet, and take on our lips the Song of the Open Road. A finer form of personal revolt inspires their plea than that which agitates the sullen ladies and gentlemen of the Ibsen drama. It is touched with poetry, with hope, with freshness, — this call to return to Nature, which ever since the days of Rousseau has echoed through myriad hearts.

And yet, the more one thinks, the more one perceives that it is a call to fettered men.

For unless one withdrew to a tropical climate, as Carpenter once naïvely counseled, one would have to wear clothes. And every fibre in them would sing the modern Song of the Shirt, — recalling the interminable array of men and women — clerks, dressmakers, sewing-girls, factory hands, reaching back to the tenders of silkworms or gatherers of cotton — who had given life and labor, often under conditions bitterly wrong, that we might be clad. The same truth holds of all the simplest, most inalienable trappings of life. Abandon? We cannot. Our every movement precludes the possibility. Separate ourselves as we will from our brothers, we may not, short of suicide, refuse the gifts they offer. Who, offering nothing in return, can be content? Who can retire to a wholesome and normal personal existence, and rest there satisfied, refusing that reciprocity of sacrifice which is the first law of decent life?

V

And what said Tolstoï, — the sad Titan, who rises head and shoulders above all other self-constituted guides of the nineteenth century, — the one figure — if we except Karl Marx who has not yet appeared upon our scene — of international importance?

Here is a man whose searching simplicity has power to touch our most inward wounds. From the story of Lévin to that of Nekludoff, has he not writ large, with honesty only equaled by his subtlety, the spiritual autobiography of his age? In Tolstoï, all the noblest forces of the social idealism of the last century are at last blended. Here the longing for personal escape and the longing for social redemption are harmonized, for we deal with a nature whose most secret individual

craving is simply that love may be freed from remorse. A personal motive impels Tolstoï: the restive hunger for a satisfaction which the world, especially the modern world, fails to afford. But individual aspiration is woven in one strand with social compunction, and in expressing the deep and complex pain that springs from the union, he has few equals in this or any age.

Egotism here soars till it is one with altruism, in a purer air where the two constructive impulses which have severally dominated the modern seekers are indistinguishable. To moralize society was Tolstoy's central aim, but his means was to abandon it. The escape from civilization was the constant theme of his philosophy, the experiment of his noblest characters, the spur to the final tragedy. But in such escape, indefinitely repeated, he saw not only the way to personal peace, but the one hope for general social salvation. In the organic fullness of his thought, his art, his life, we find the richest teaching, apart from the great school not yet mentioned, which the last century had to offer to the social seeker.

It is in the inimitable pages of *What is to be Done?* that he most fully traces his experience — an experience common and baffling.

Who can read unmoved the graphic, naïve story: how, horrified by the pauperism of Moscow, he set himself to the work of relief, and how, having yielded to the first impulse of casual almsgiving, he felt suddenly overwhelmed with shame? 'I felt and can never cease to feel myself a partaker in a crime which is continually being committed, so long as I have two coats while there exists one man without any.' With what grave irony the tale goes on, narrating the effort to rouse the conscience of friends, the personal ministrations, the organized philanthropy, and the startling discovery that the misery of the poor lay so deep that 'their misfortunes could not be met by exterior means'! Driven from one vantage-ground to another, helpless before Rzhanoff's tenement-house, the centre of his efforts, Tolstoï frankly faces the situation in words that have become classic: 'The theory by which men who have freed themselves from personal labor justify themselves, in its simplest form, is this: "We men, having freed ourselves from work, and having by violence appropriated the labor of others, find ourselves better able to help them." It is as if I were sitting on the neck of a man, and having quite crushed him down, I compel him to carry me, and assure myself and others that I am very sorry for him and wish to ease his condition by every means in my power, except by getting off his back.'

And the means to get off his back? It is here, when Tolstoï turns from confession to reparation, that we listen breathless; and the message we hear is definite: 'I came to the following simple conclusion, that in order to avoid causing the sufferings and the depravity of men, I ought to make other men work for me as little as possible, and to work myself as much as possible.' The old doctrine: withdrawal to country life, the elimination of wants, on the Ruskinian pattern, devotion to manual labor, the making of perishable shoes substituted for the making of immortal books.

An alluring path, but one which leads surely into the desert. And what relation has the peace that is waiting there to Rzhanoff's, left behind?

There was a relation in Tolstoï's mind. His healthy existence in the fields holds, so he believed, healing for the woes of the tenement. Let all men do likewise, — refrain from preying upon the labor of others, and purify

their lives. As first result, the crushing toil involved in the production of luxuries will be removed from the world's shoulders; then, among those subject to discipline, will be born a distaste for the possession of property; and a voluntary communism, Christian, free, and gentle, will spread till the world is redeemed.

No thoughtful man can dismiss this conception lightly. Yet the sadness that invades us as we brood over it is not wholly due to personal cowardice. It springs rather from the vision of ultimate reactions. Tolstoï does not shrink from the repudiation of art and science; he dismisses with scorn the modern conception of progress. But many of us cannot follow him. Over the suicide of civilization we pause, hesitant; the Gospels seem to us richer, wider, than in the Tolstoyan version; despite our dissatisfactions, a reverence for life in its entirety is ingrained within us. We can never believe that to abandon the world will either moralize or save it.

Moreover, the method has already been well tried. It is at least as old as the days of Saint Benedict. In its time it was a great, an effective stroke for human perfection; but that time is over. Tolstoï, driven by prescient instinct, fled at the point of death to his true home; nor has history a more impressive scene in its private annals than that which shows us the patriarch wise with all modern culture, to whom wistful pilgrims, in search of a social gospel, had come by throngs, especially from the United States, retiring at the last to those monasteries in the borderland between East and West where the immemorial tradition of purity in abnegation still holds sway, and there discoursing with his recluse sister or with ancient sages wrapped in contemplative calm.

Between the superb arrogance of Nietszche, and this new anarchist asceticism, so tender, so difficult, so aimless, we may choose if we will. But the fate of their exponents is not reassuring. On the one hand, is a tragic figure dying in an insane asylum. On the other, is one still more tragic: a man who for many years had been driven by perplexed affection to compromise with his conscience, who had sought in vain to attain a fallacious peace by imitating in superficial externals the life of the peasants he honored, while the real sting of poverty remained unknown, and tender ministries slipped sachets of his favorite perfume among his linen; and who *in extremis* triumphantly vindicated his spiritual honor only by cruelly violating his human ties. He died, pitifully worsted in his vain effort to escape communal guilt; most appealing, most futile figure of this strange modern world.

Nietszche and Tolstoï each has his followers; the former, probably more numerous, were hidden things revealed. Indeed, one would not deprecate the value of any phase of the teachings at which we have glanced. At every point troubled spirits have found rest, if not healing. Throngs are still laboring valiantly, and not all unfruitfully, to moralize the present order. An occasional rare soul flees from the press, to dwell with soothfastness. But apart from these fortunate ones, how great the host of the unsatisfied! They find the aristocratic solution impossible because they are built on another pattern; the attempt to moralize, the attempt to abandon, seem to them experiments disproved. In one way or another, they believe, all the solutions offered by the nineteenth-century man of letters make the Great Refusal, — the refusal of life itself, either in its richest aspect of sacrifice or in its lower aspect of fulfillment and possession.

VI

We raise our eyes from the brilliant, disappointing pages of the theorists. We turn them to the field of life. New hope awaits us there. For instantly we perceive a force ignored by other ideals of social redemption, at work through all the century, appearing ever and again in a new guise, and constantly enriching and clarifying its formulæ. This is the force of socialism. It desires neither to moralize nor to abandon, but to transform. Its faith, based on sound scrutiny of the past, looks into long reaches of the future, and calls for constructive action on a vast scale, to be carried out, not through multiplied isolated efforts, but through the coördinated activities of a collective will. Reviewing its story, from the early days of the Utopists, past the rise of the scientific school under Marx, through the long processes of growth and conflict, we cannot fail to acknowledge its persistence, its adaptability, the singular depth of its relation to the changing order.

Here at the outset we find a striking difference between these schools and those we have reviewed. For the solutions proposed by the idealists bear no relation at the root to the particular economic conditions of their day. Describing evils, they are poignantly modern; proposing remedies, they address man as if he existed, not in time, but in eternity. Their gospels would have been equally pertinent in any age. Nietszche's Paganism simply touched to keener self-consciousness the implicit Hellenic ideal; Ruskin, Tolstoï, spoke in the main with a wisdom known more fully to the thirteenth century. Not without meaning did Ruskin find himself in dream girt with the Franciscan cord; and pilgrims who kneel in July at the Portiuncula in Assisi, invoking the spirit of the Poverello, might well on departing wend their way to Russia, and renew continuous devotions in that twentieth-century shrine on the estate of Yasnaya Polyana, — the hut where Tolstoï died.

All is different in the socialist movement. It, too, in its youth had dreamed ancient dreams, and joined to the full in the good old game of Utopia-weaving; in its manhood, it put away childish things. In 1848 appeared a modest, epoch-making document, *The Communist Manifesto*. No one paid much attention to it; it did not rise into the region of polite letters. Nevertheless, it marks the advent of a new force, for here at once is the frank demand for an economic reading of history, the insistence on economic analysis of actual conditions in the light of their origin as the only clue to a sound programme of advance. The ground is never abandoned. Marx was close contemporary of Darwin; and in *Capital*, whatever its blunders, the firm adherence to positive and evolutionary methods is as distinct as in *The Origin of Species* itself. In the adherence to these methods, socialism first entered the field of practical politics and became an effective force.

They were methods which the idealists of the nineteenth century always distrusted. These gazed upward into the open sky of Platonic idealism; they surveyed at times the limited horizon of the present, within which the Manchester School was pursuing its cheerful observations. Beyond this, the eye attempted no adventure. Wavering in their attitude toward democracy, they were as a rule half-contemptuous toward evolutionary theory as a whole. For they scented in it a danger of materialism, as in democracy a danger of mob-rule. Still to-day the world at large echoes them. The socialist stress on a change in the economic order as the one means to social welfare is

shocking to the ordinary mind, which insists as in the last century on attacking the problem from the moral end alone. We are aware that in the organization of a hospital or the building of a railway, moral ideals may inspire but practical forces must do the work. Yet we continue to think that in the building of the state or the care of our social invalids, the one thing needful is to rouse the conscience; and the appeal on a large scale to economic forces for the modification of economic phenomena — an appeal which is the essence of those maligned doctrines, economic determinism and class-consciousness — is still suspect. Yet the individual soul is ushered into our world by material means, and it is hard to see why the idea that the soul of a new age must follow suit should prove distressing. Reading Engels after Tolstoï gives a shock, as if one had come from a church into a department store. But if we are concerned over the conditions of shop-girls, a store is a better field of experiment than a church, though it is open to us to feel that the church in the background has also a rôle in the matter.

Here, at all events, was the point of fissure between socialism and the great nineteenth-century masters. Socialism pushed to one side, with impatience, all private solutions of social problems on the lines of the moral categories alone. It insisted that moralizing things as they are is useless, because things are not going to stay as they are; and that the only method of progress is, first to discover, then to direct, the secret forces making for social change, as we do all other forces of nature. To relate social progress to reality, to knit ethical ideals into the intimate laws of economic development, is the surprising feat of that school, considered at least in its earlier phases to mark the extremity of fantastic extravagance.

Our idealists scouted the method. But of course socialism has not only a method, but a principle and an aim.

If it satisfies, where the idealists fail, the craving for a vision of a reasonable and just human future, the reason is that it strikes boldly at the foundations of society, and demands that private property be limited if not abolished. Now, this is a conception, in the immortal words of Dogberry, most tolerable and not to be endured. All liberties may be taken with an Angora cat so long as her sacred tail be not disturbed; touch that, and scratches and spitting are your portion. Handle not the principle of Property, however gently. The most fiery radicalism, from the days of the Girondists, has refrained from attacking it; modern Liberalism has regarded it with more respect by far than did the Middle Ages. To the popular mind, it is somehow involved with the mysteries of marriage and the sanctities of religion. An ideal remote from practice, but attractive in theory, floats before our minds: Justice in gain, moderation in use, generosity in expenditure, distribution. We are moved to tears when we contemplate this ideal partially fulfilled at the last point alone by our millionaires; we are sure that, were we millionaires, we should observe it. Preach stewardship as much as you like, give away all your goods if you wish. But propose no restrictions through the common will on the instincts of acquisition.

Nevertheless, the thought of the proscribed and obscure in all ages has ended by coming out into the light of day. Working underground silently in every epoch, preached from Plato on by an occasional visionary, it claims at last to be fortified by a scientific study of the actual trend of things. Dramatically, centrally, it stands before the eyes of men. They may scout and refute it as they will, they cannot

ignore it. The right to private property is no longer an assumption to build on, it is a thesis to be proved.

How is it related to that quest for social justice which we have followed through 'the wilderness of a wide world in an atheistic century'?

Here a surprise awaits us. The social critics shrank from the method of socialism: one and all, they emphatically rejected the name. Yet with its essential spirit and with its central principle, if we except Nietszche, they prove to be so amazingly in accord, that it is difficult not to recognize in socialism the home which they never reach, but toward which they were journeying.

The socialist indictment simply gathered into one and related to a centre the impressions scattered through the vivid books of the idealists. Here is the same revulsion from a society sordid and soiled as that felt so intensely by Hauptmann in *The Weavers*, and by Zola in *Germinal*. Socialist analysis could cut no deeper than in the pregnant phrase of Ruskin, 'All social evils spring from the pillage of the laborer by the idler'; or in Tolstoï's bold words, which might have been penned by Marx himself, 'Property is the root of all evil, and at the same time property is that toward which all the activity of our modern society is directed, and that which directs the activity of the world.'

If the indictments are alike, inspiration too is similar, for socialism, like the broader movement, includes men inspired by personal revolt and those moved wholly by chivalric pity. But it is when we come to the positive side and the central ideal that the points of contact are most striking, — so striking, so salient, that the groping instincts of the leaders we have considered seem like little lanterns wandering in a fog, which yield, when united in socialism, a light strong enough to reveal the path that leads onward toward the perfect day.

Efforts to moralize the existing order had led even Ruskin to a faint vision of a coöperative society, although the advance toward that society was conceived in fantastic fashion, and a lingering light from the set sun of feudalism played over the country of his dreams. Mazzini, in some ways greatest among the prophets, had stressed Association with mystic intensity. The communistic state foreseen by Tolstoï as the goal of voluntary sacrifice, was the same that shines, albeit dimly, before many a socialist thinker, as the last stage of inevitable economic evolution, beyond an intermediate organization.

Points of significant prophecy press upon us as we think. Carlyle's distressful cry for Authority as he faced the riot of individualistic democracy in early Victorian days is still the question of questions: 'How in connection with inevitable democracy, is indispensable Sovereignty to exist?' Where can it be answered except in socialism, with its conception of a democracy profoundly social and organized, where the authority of the collective will shall secure from each man his due quota of productive toil and ensure to each his due reward? Matthew Arnold, silent concerning social misery and preoccupied with our intellectual defects, had harped on the need for an extension of the power of the state, and put his finger on social inequality as the source of our worst evils. 'Our inequality materializes our upper class, vulgarizes our middle class, brutalizes our lower.' 'Political freedom may well be established by aristocratic founders. Social freedom, equality, that is rather the field of the conquests of democracy.' Such remarks are pure socialism. Finally, did not Arnold agree with Mazzini, with Ruskin, — each more unlikely than the other, — in

turning away discomfited from the vain effort to rouse the privileged classes to moralize society, and in the title of a late essay, 'Ecce Convertimur ad Gentes,' introduce a principle of wide reach and dubious implication: the appeal to the proletariat as the leaders of the future?

It is in the most vital and constructive regions of their thought that our old leaders present points of agreement with the new school. Difference as to method, not as to principle or goal, separates socialism of the modern scientific type from the best nineteenth-century idealism. To escape from the baffling tangle of these writers into the socialist world, is to experience such relief as a trapped creature may feel when a sudden movement sets his foot free and the world awaits his choosing. What if the socialists are right about method? What if they do not de-moralize the universe, but simply put moral forces in the secret, sacred place where Nature puts them? Perhaps that union of religious and social passion which we signaled at the outset as the one sure modern achievement, will be energized and liberated when socialism impregnates it with a deeper reverence for fact. Should we ever come to believe this, and to accept the socialist reading of history, we shall swiftly acknowledge that the best elements in the fine but confused social idealism of the last century are crystallized for the first time into coherent and effective form by the socialist creed.

A PRAIRIE CARAVANSERY

BY MARGARET LYNN

When we left the country road and turned into the drive, on our way home from school, there was usually a moment of excited expectation among us — unless the interest of getting the tag of the neighbor-children who lived farther down the road put other matters out of mind for the minute. But generally when we entered, or more likely climbed, our own gate and started up through the maple grove, we dropped school and neighbor-children from our minds. Two far more important questions immediately confronted us, — what would old Maldy have for us to eat, and who would be visiting at the house?

There was a combination of certainty and curiosity in both matters. As for the first, we knew that Maldy was even at that moment looking at the clock and getting out something for us to fall upon. For at any time after four o'clock we were painfully, unbearably hungry, and we now hurried along the drive as if famine itself dogged our footsteps. When one came home from school one went to the kitchen-door; because somehow when one appeared in the front of the house, — if one were a little girl, — with dinner-pail on arm and hair-ribbon off and *straight* hair flying and apron mussed and hat hanging by its elastic, — *They* did not look

approving. For, after the manner of children, we gave distinct remoteness to the older generation by calling them, collectively, *They*.

Defined extensively, *They* included our parents, who both belonged and did not belong, an intermittent grandparent or two, some floating uncles and aunts, the teacher when she boarded with us, all grown-up visitors who stayed over a week at once, any preachers at the place, however brief their visit, and any one else who might be regarded as embodying Mature Opinion.

No, the thing to do was to race around to the kitchen-door and burst clamorously in on Maldy with ravenous demands for food. Maldy was sure to be cross at this time of day, and scolded us roundly as she set out her savings for us. Maldy's temper was as uncertain as her origin. What was her race no one knew, and we were afraid to ask. She had some German words of curious form and pronounciation, but when she was good-natured she called us *mavourneen;* and none of the strange men who came to the place ever succeeded in claiming her as a compatriot. But no mere American ever had the instinct for serving that Maldy had, and if she did assume the right to scold, it was as one long identified with the family and regardful of the morals and manners of its heirs. All the time she was berating us, she was setting before us substantial delights that made us quite impervious to her scoldings. And it eased the situation that, while she grumbled at us, she denounced at the same time the constant stream of visitors that came to our doors and interfered with her work and added to the cooking.

Maldy had many aversions, but the first, last, and greatest, was 'stoppers' as she called them. They were an ever-present trouble to her, for visitors, of one sort or another, were almost as constant an element in our prairie home as the family itself. Towns were far apart and roads were uncertain, and it was easy to establish a tradition of hospitality. The Plantation, as for some reason they called our farm, seemed to be the right distance from every place to make it convenient for travelers to stay all night with us. This circumstance afforded the second interest that hurried our steps as we neared the house.

What sort of strangers would be there to-day? As we made the last turn in the drive, rivalry ran high as to who would be the first to see if a spring-wagon, — there were only two carriages among all our acquaintance, — or top-buggy, or even a lumber-wagon, were in sight. If the vehicle were hitched before the house, that indicated merely callers; if it stood out by the barn, some one was going to stay all night, and we opened our minds for entertainment. Visitors did not always prove entertaining, it is true, but we kept our eyes on their possibilities. We seemed to live on the edge of a stream of people, constantly passing, but pausing momentarily as they passed. So far as we were concerned, we regarded the whole thing as arranged for our benefit. In a sense, this long kaleidoscopic line of humanity, passing by and through our house, was a social world to us. Our very fragmentary knowledge of classes and varieties of people, of professions and grades and manner of living, came, when not derived from books, from our observation of the people that trickled steadily past us.

To be sure we were discouraged by *Them* from intercourse with this rather motley assortment, in which the plain respectability of our own real visitors was mixed with a medley of all sorts of wayfarers. Such variety of guests as we had! Well-dressed friends from the

east, coming out with a detached air to look over the country curiously; relatives, doubtful of the propriety of living so far from a daily paper; speculators and prospectors catching at an accidental acquaintance as a basis for claiming hospitality; prairie folk, prosecuting a newly-formed friendship with western readiness; preachers and colporteurs, and propagandists of all sorts, trying to plant their *isms* and *ologies* in a new land; candidates dashing in upon us and offering to stay all night because they were to speak at the schoolhouse; wayfarers of every sort, begging any kind of shelter and pleading the distance to the nearest town; peddlers, agents, 'movers,' cattle-buyers; and, ever and anon, passers-by driven in by the storm, or stopped by heat or cold.

The approach of a storm was commonly accompanied by a little flock of wayfarers scurrying up the drive to ask shelter. Sometimes they were overtaken and came driven in, all battered and drenched, and stood, dripping, around the kitchen stove while my mother and Maldy hunted out dry garments of assorted sizes for them. There were times when our wardrobes did not furnish variety enough. I remember one corpulent and jolly matron who sat through the evening attired in a coat of my father's and an ample gray blanket, pinned around her waist; and, on another occasion, a round-headed little urchin who spent the whole of his sojourn with us on the floor behind his mother's chair, because he was attired in my too-feminine garments. There was one time, referred to for years as the Big Storm, when the house was overcrowded and travelers begged for a place to lie on the floor. The kitchen floor looked to us the next morning — that was a great day for us children, and we rose early to be sure to miss nothing — like a picture of Mohammedans at prayer. Maldy was crossly picking her way around among the prostrate forms, none too careful of outlying fingers, while she prepared a breakfast on the scale of a barbecue.

Haphazard 'stoppers' like these were of an entertaining quality far beyond that of the real visitors, who slept in the best bed, and for whom we had breakfast a little later than usual. We knew all about them beforehand, but these strange people who appeared suddenly at our gates and flitted in the morning, moved in a halo of the unknown. And in spite of all injunctions we would hang about and stare and eavesdrop, alert for dramatic elements. It was possible that they represented a whole scheme of life that we knew nothing about, and we were always hoping to find in them samples of romance.

There were three general classes of sojourners: those who were given the spare bed, — we had the only one within five miles, it was said; those who were put in the big bare kitchen chamber that held three beds, and was known as the Barrack; and those who were sent to the barn to sleep on the hay. This class, I must say, struck us as the most interesting of all, and only *Their* vigilance kept us from slipping out to pursue acquaintance with them. We spent a good deal of time in the unsatisfactory effort to match bits of real episodes to books, as a shopper would match goods by a sample; and were always finding misfit specimens of Dickens or Irving.

There was once an opportunity that we regarded as rare. One sleety night an unkempt little old man came driven in, asking, or rather offering to accept, supper and a bed. Maldy had my mother out to look him over, and for a moment she stood doubtful, divided between compassion and housewifely scruples. But it was a bitter night and the sleet on the window decided her.

The old man, meanwhile, stood with an air of indifferent dignity, as if waiting to see if his offer was to be accepted. It was not until Maldy had set his supper that he made his greatness known. He was, he said, appointed by the government to inspect all cases of hog-cholera in Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska; and he was, moreever, next to Fowler, the greatest phrenologist on the continent. Then he looked up under his eyebrows at the little row of youngsters watching him from behind the kitchen table, and made some off-hand reference to my too-well-known dislike for home-duties. And while I blushed and the boys grinned and nudged me, the old man mentioned, with a casual air, Henry's difficulties with arithmetic; then as we stood appalled, he followed up these thrusts with other home-truths and a side reference to Maldy that made her glower at him across her dish-pan.

It was uncanny. We fled to carry the news and seek reinforcement, and before the scientist had cleared the table — he emptied every dish — the entire household was in the kitchen. Those who were not too sensitive or too squeamish had their heads bumped, while the delighted remainder commented on the results. Any witticisms or jeers from the audience were unwise, however, for they drew down on the speaker an estimate of himself expressed without euphemism or reserve. It was the first time we had ever heard of the faded-out science, and the whole affair was as marvelous to us as second-sight. For myself, I shrank from having any too intimate knowledge of my character made public, so I remained discreetly in the background, privately resolving to seek the man early in the morning to get encouragement for my modest hopes of a poet's career. But in the morning he was gone, off on his hog-cholera quest, doubtless, leaving Maldy raging because in return for her kindness he had told her what kind of temperament she should select in a husband.

Phrenology was not the only form of knowledge that came our way. An engaging young man with a cough sat on the porch one summer night and mapped out the heavens for us, and peopled them with strange forms, until we knew more astronomy than we have ever known since. Once there came along a reverend old Jew, who asked to be allowed to spend his Sabbath with us, to avoid travel; and my father half-humorously consented on condition that he also spend our Sabbath, and avoid travel. So he stayed, and on the long Saturday and Sunday afternoons gave us children the history of his people from the restoration down. We had never heard of the Maccabees before, and had always supposed that Hebrew history ended with the book of *Acts*. In fact, we had always thought of the Jews as being merely a succession of moral illustrations; and we listened with amazement and growing delight to his long tales of romance and tragedy, of persecution and retribution and dreary suffering. It was all told with a passion and a fire of patriotism that made history, any history, for the first time a living thing to us. When he gave us his blessing and took himself and his beard away on Monday morning, we felt as if we had been on terms of conversation with the patriarchs themselves.

And once there was the most wonderful lady, the wife of a traveling preacher, who recited, or half-chanted, old ballads to us for a whole evening, until we were fairly steeped in the things of balladry. We sat up until nine o'clock that night, and then went blinking off to bed, seeing knights and outlaws and steeds shod with gold. It was with great reluctance that we let

her go in the morning. We clung to her after breakfast, and she appeased us by rattling off an Ingoldsby Legend while the men were putting on the horses, and then went gayly away. If her husband had not been there for prosaic evidence, we could never have believed she was a preacher's wife.

With preachers themselves as a class we thought that we were fairly well-acquainted. Nothing was commoner than to see one driving in on a late afternoon and announcing his intention of staying all night, saying cheerfully, 'You know we call this the preachers' hotel.' I don't know where so many preachers came from, or why they seemed to be always going somewhere. We had no conception of them as being stationed permanently in a place. There were home missionaries, and Sunday-school organizers, and an occasional circuit-rider, and broken-down ministers testing the climate, and candidates, and once in a while a colporteur who left us some new books, rather savorless for children devoted to Scott, but acceptable as being new. We found it a slight objection to the preachers that when they were asked to conduct prayers, they always prayed twice as long as was my father's custom. And just after breakfast on a summer morning, when so many things are waiting to do, almost any prayer was long enough. Children are callous little indifferents, and we were grown up before we realized how much severe effort and endurance of hard things, and how many personal tragedies, perhaps, were represented in these men. Fortunately, *They* were less indifferent, and no tired minister ever left our door at nightfall.

But on the whole, to our discredit be it said, we did not find much entertainment in the preachers. I am afraid the only one whose periodical return we hailed with delight was the one who made faces. He seemed to have his facial muscles under control so long as he kept his eyes open, but as soon as he closed them, as in prayer, he began to make the most amazing contortions, as if his face played pranks as soon as it was out of sight. The elders, with their eyes properly closed, did not see him. In fact, the position directly in front of him was at a premium, to be schemed or bargained for, and from it we watched him in awful delight mixed with fear lest our mirth should escape bounds.

One of these same preachers was the first poet I ever saw. I had heard beforehand that this man was a poet, and I was all in a twitter to see him. I had written some experimental and carefully concealed verses myself, and I expected to find either encouragement or discouragement in the very look of the man. And lo, he was a funny little person in a queer greenish coat, and at the table — I had manœuvred to get the seat opposite him — he had a way of popping his food into his mouth as if he were secreting it, and giving a covert glance about the table after each bite. And he let my father and the candidate for Congress do all the talking.

But I still hoped. And sure enough, he finally got out a manuscript volume of poems and left it on the table while he went for a walk. Manners and poems have nothing to do with each other, and I pounced upon it. It was all written out in the finest, plainest little hand, and all paged and title-paged and everything — printing could not improve it. I opened it at random and began, 'Said the Rose so red to the Lily white.' That was not a virgilian dip. I could not exactly condemn the style, though it was not my own, but I already knew the type of verse in which roses and lilies were capitalized. I tried again and found,

Oh, had I the wings of the innocent Dove,
I know what I should do:
I'd wing my way to the skies above,
And sing my heart out in the blue.

That was not in the least like Tennyson or Moore. I learned then, once for all, that modern poetry is decadent. And when, an hour later, I heard the little man offering to read some of his poems, I slipped away and spent the afternoon in the top of a maple tree, selecting a new career for myself.

There was one group of travelers that was a constant stimulus to our imaginations — the emigrants to Kansas and Nebraska, the 'movers.' As soon as spring opened they began to pass, going hopefully westward. And until the last bright November days had ended they repassed, going back, now disheveled and worn, with signs of hopelessness even we could read. They were the objects of great curiosity to us, and more so as the abundant hospitality of the Plantation was not open to them freely. It was even an annoyance to our household that a favorite camping-place of theirs was at our gate, and that they came to the house for water, for fuel, for milk, for a quart of flour, for medicine for the baby, for apples, for 'light bread,' for every sort of provision for nomadic housekeeping. The announcement that movers were at the gate was always followed by an intermittent procession to and from the house, of lank unshaven men, attended a few feet behind by small boys, in long trousers perseveringly hitched up.

Over the fire down by the gate, dusty-haired women, with a general limpness in manner and movement and dress, were cooking sizzling things in smoke-blackened skillets. I must have seen scores of movers, but I never saw a fat one. And no other class of people could have so nearly the effect of being invertebrate. But to us children they were almost too interesting to be pitiful, and had they looked fresh and well-fed and normal, our curiosity regarding them would have been much less. As they were, gaunt, and dusty and ambitionless, slack of movement and drooping of eye, they seemed to us almost a race by themselves.

Intercourse with them was forbidden by our elders, but we managed to slip away down to the roadside to watch them, poking our respectable home-keeping toes into the cracks of the gate and chinning the top rail. We tried at first to imagine them into gypsies, heroes of our reading. But we had to give that up. There was a charm and a mystery about the movers, but it was a different thing from the gypsy atmosphere, as we knew it. Even we recognized that these people were ridden by circumstances, instead of riding them. Sometimes there was a superficial bravado about them, though I don't know that it went deeper than their grimy wagon-covers. On these used to be chalked up the last assertion of courage and gayety. 'Going back to our wife's folks,' we used to spell out; or the couplet that we did not know was already a classic, —

In God we trusted,
In Kansas we busted.

It used to thrill us with what we regarded as its daring irreverence and mocking tragedy. Sometimes the emigrants were young men, only making a throw at fortune, willing to stand the consequences. They came back, if they came, as gayly as they went. But the older men, with their wives and children along, for whom success was a matter of life and death, they went scarcely less soberly than they returned when the drought drove them back. For the stern land beyond the river was taking its pick of all that came to it, and rejecting all that were mean of

spirit or faint of resolve or slow of resource.

Perhaps they were not so pitiable a lot as they seem now to have been. But at times there was real tragedy among them. Once a wagon came that did not stop on the road, but came through the open gate, up the drive to the house. The cover was ragged and gray, and sagged between the ribs like the skin of an emaciated old horse. The horses themselves, absurdly ill-matched, were gaunt and patchy-looking. On the seat, under the front of the swaying canvas cover, sat a woman with a baby across her knees. She was driving, with an evident sense of urgency she could not impart to the poor horses, for all her futile 'Get ups,' and slapping of the lines on their skinny backs. 'Can I stop here? I've got to stop,' she said, with a mixture of shyness and insistence, the forced assertiveness of a timid woman. In the back of the wagon lay her husband, sick unto death.

For once our house was open to movers, with every resource and every help possible. The prairie was not yet educated to fear of tuberculosis. But in the morning the man died. And then presently there was a little funeral, to which a few busy neighbors kindly came, and a passing colporteur read a service, and the grave was made just beyond the edge of our lawn. To us children, hovering on the outskirts of an affair in which we had no part, it was all very strange and new. Then the baby and the mother were kept for a few days, while the baby was fed and petted and plumpened, and the poor mother was given a little room to take her grief away to. There she wrote a letter and waited for an answer to it. At last it came, and early one morning the queer horses, now fed and rested, were hitched to the old wagon, and the poor widow drove away into the sunrise to meet a brother who was at the same time starting westward to meet her.

There was another time, when, as I sat quietly with my mother in a summer early twilight, a great slatternly woman tore in through the open door and, it seemed to me, flung herself and a little yellow ghost of a baby on my mother's lap, moaning, 'Oh ma'am, my baby's dying,—my baby's dying!' I remember with what earnest calm my mother went about her hot baths and poultices and little doses, and how her undisturbed competence contrasted with the other woman's impotent frenzy. Finally, the baby lay quiet in a pale little sleep, and my mother put this woman and child, in their turn, into the same little room the other had occupied. If she regretted it the next day as a housekeeper, she did not as a Samaritan, and calmly made the room ready for another wayfarer. The child's father, by the way, smoked by his campfire all the evening, and received his wife on her return the next morning with merely a grunt, and she climbed into the wagon without a word. We children saw it, for we escorted our guests to the gate and hung on it to see them off, and to observe humanity.

I know there were times when jolly parties camped at our gate and kept us awake with their loud laughter and singing; and I am sure that some of those whose faces were turned westward must have looked thrifty and well-kept enough. But they were too much like the people we knew every day to make much impression on us. The novelty of the others as a class lay in their ethical and economic qualities. The prairie child has little opportunity to see either crime or real poverty. We had never seen a beggar or a thief, and we wanted to, tremendously; so the general repute in which the movers were held, only added piquancy and

a sort of literary flavor to our interest in them. We could not help having a romantic regard for the man who, though now negotiating meekly for a little corn, might be going to steal our peaches overnight, or milk a cow at four o'clock in the morning. It was the only moral, or immoral, daring we knew anything about.

There was another itinerant class of endless interest to us. It was a day of grief when the agent began to supersede the peddler. There can be no comparison between the person who hastens light-armed from town to town, enticing his customers with samples or specimen-pages or a prospectus, and the peddler, trudging the long country roads, his honest wares on his weary back. At our house we always bought something from the peddler, because we lived so far from the road and it was a pity to have him come all that way for nothing. For the same reason we gave him dinner or supper often, and even allowed him to stay all night. Those were the best times of all, for then he did not open his pack until after supper and we could all sit around and see it, the children in an inside ring on the floor. Anything out of a peddler's pack was much more desirable than an article from a store. For a store was merely a store; but this pack had been carried and carried along who knew what unknown country roads, and opened in what strange places. It had a flavor of strange regions.

The little men themselves, with their smooth commercial obsequiousness and their queer accent, had a strangeness very un-western. There was a remarkable likeness in their packs, when opened out. They always had fringed things, with red borders, towels, and napkins, and table-cloths, and always one or two good table-cloths, 'real Irish linen, madam,' and a poplin dress-pattern, and beads, and jewelry in alluring sets, and thimbles and combs and zephyr shawls and cotton lace and bandanas and flowered silk handkerchiefs. If we could have had our way, we would have bought the whole pack of charming things outright, and sent the little man back to his mysterious source to get another. And yet the most fascinating part of the whole performance was to see the goods packed away again; we never missed watching him fit all his wares exactly and carefully into place, and tie his square of smelly black oilcloth over them.

Other itinerants claimed a momentary interest. Periodically there were candidates. I believe of all 'stoppers' they were the least interesting. We could never be enthusiastic over the fact that they had little girls at home just our size; while as for their vociferous talk about the tariff or the rights of the farmers, it was almost beneath notice. Such guests always raised the oft-recurring question, why it was so hard for grown people to be interesting. We used to stand around in the penumbra of affairs, apparently dumb with shyness, when really we were not very shy at all. We were simply summing our elders up according to our little standards; and while they were talking along so glibly, with an occasional patronizing word to us, we were sometimes wondering hazily why, if they knew so much, they did not know more.

Even Relations often proved lacking in unique attractiveness, well as we knew them — for first, last, and always, there were Relations among our visitors. Other company had periods of passage or sojourn, and came thickest in the summer months. But neither time nor season, seed-time nor harvest, affected the ebb and flow of visiting Relations. Uncle and aunt, cousin and second-cousin, came out

of the mysterious east, either to pause a few days as birds of passage or to settle down for weeks and experience the country and the climate. They came by train to the railroad station fifteen long prairie miles away, and in the dim early hours some one started with a spring-wagon to get them and their luggage. They always came in with a little flurry of excitement over the long ride and the novelty of the prairie.

A conscious spirit of adventure hung about them, especially if they were making a first visit. They knew, and they expected every one else to be aware, that they were undertaking a great enterprise in coming away out here and bringing their trunks fifteen miles from a railroad. Presently the group of children was introduced and the Relations were surprised to find how big we were and how many there were of us, and got our names all mixed up. That was an ordeal, and none of us came out of it very well. It was a very attractive Relation who kept our interest and our respect through it all. I could not even now wish my worst enemy anything more malevolent than that the whole world could see him while he was being introduced to a family of six children, the parents pervading the scene. They used to fall on me with 'And this is Mary!' with evident satisfaction in their cleverness and cordiality — and I was not Mary at all, and the real Mary was no more pleased than I was. Then the elders all talked among themselves, while we children stood around the edges of things and formed provisional opinions of them.

Some time later they turned their attention to us again. They knew the duties of a guest. On our part we were willing but unexpectant, for we had been through the experience before; but, after all, Relations should have their chance, and the credit of the family lay momentarily in our hands. We knew what they would ask — how old we were, and how far on in school, and had we ever got lost on the prairie, and had we a pony, and *so on*. We answered politely, even fully, keeping hopeful watch for signs of originality. But expectation was really low; it seemed that Relations must always be, not only officially, but generically, Relations and no more.

One part of the interview we did hate tremendously: that was when they settled whom we looked like. We knew we must go through it with each relay of kinsfolk. And what difference in the world did it make whom we looked like? For my own part I suffered through a year of purgatory, while my plain little features were passed upon and hung up on various branches of the family tree. In our own circle it was understood that my looks were not to be mentioned. Pretty Mary did not mind the ordeal. No one ever came to the house who did not find her the exact image of a mother or a daughter or a sister. Her case was easily settled. But me, alas! no one claimed. The Marshalls remarked that I got my mouth from the Johnsons, and the Johnsons ascribed my nondescript little nose to the Marshalls. I early learned to recognize the tone of mingled toleration and superiority with which Relations spoke of the other side of the house. Finally a happy soul made the discovery that I looked like some extinct branch of ancestry, and brought out some infamous old daguerreotypes to prove it. One look at the pictures was enough for me, and I never saw them again except in dreams.

After the second day the visitors bothered us little. At least if they were ordinary negligible adults we saw very little of them, for all day long we were about our own pursuits. Of course,

sometimes they were of didactic tendencies, and then we had to defend ourselves from them. There was a sweet-looking cushiony old lady, for instance, who seemed at first sight to be the very balm of Gilead. I hung about her a good deal at the outset, for her sweet bookish language. She referred to my frock and my pinafore, and asked me to pluck her a bloom. But I found she had a way of looking appraisingly at me and saying, 'Is n't there something a little girl like you could be doing to help her mother?' That always gave me a moment of embarrassed silence before I faded away into the outdoors. Domestic duties lay strictly between my mother and me, and it was indelicate for an outsider, even if she were a great-something, to intrude.

There was a companion-piece to her, an old gentleman on the other side of the house, who used to turn on me with abrupt questions about trivial facts. He would interrupt his conversation with the elders on my approach to interpolate, 'Well, and where are the Himalaya Mountains?' or 'And what can you tell me about Hannibal?' and multiply my confusion by recalling the fact that *he* had read Rollin's *Ancient History* before he was ten. If these two persons happened to visit us at the same time we avoided the house entirely during their stay, except when we unobtrusively slipped in to meals.

Of course there were jolly young uncles who played croquet with us and gave us a hand up on the pony, and were altogether human; and young lady cousins, with pretty clothes and new hairdressing, who helped to make magazine stories realizable. And we liked the general atmosphere of company — real company — in the house. Discipline insensibly relaxed somewhat — the haphazard 'stoppers' only had the effect of making it more careful — and we were, both physically and intellectually, less the objects of conscientious attention. Guests hardly realize what a boon they may be conferring upon the children of the family.

But all these conditions of life changed even while we watched them. Neighboring places thickened up on the prairie. Towns came nearer, and bridges and roads appeared. The far horizon lost its smooth prairie-line, and was notched with houses and trees. The procession on the road was fuller than ever, but it did not pause so often. We seldom saw the rounded canvas top of a mover-wagon at our gate now, and trudging peddlers gave way to glib agents. The sudden little hurry and flurry caused by the arrival of unexpected guests or pathetic wayfarers occurred less and less often. Hospitality became a matter of choice, not a requirement of bare humanity. The glamour of the highway passed; the Road became merely a road. And we, alas and alas! grew up.

MAKING BELIEVE

BY ROBERT M. GAY

'Is all the world grown up? Is childhood dead?' It lacks less than a decade of being a hundred years since Elia protested thus against the removal of the 'four little winged marble boys' who used to spout 'ever fresh streams from their wanton innocent lips, in the square of Lincoln's Inn.' Those little winged marble boys were loved of the children, but for the adults they were childish, and therefore were removed. If childhood was dead or even moribund then, what of it now?

Some people are hardy enough to hold that childhood flourishes wherever there are children, — a traditional generalization that may once have been true, but is only seldom true to-day. Watching the children on the city streets, — they are all on the streets, for want of gardens to play in, — I ask myself continually, Have they all grown learned, worldly-wise, circumspect? do they play with a jaded air? has their talk a touch of sophistication? Something is the matter, but is the trouble in them or in me? Can it be that the children of the present generation are forgetting how to play? Can it be that they are losing the faculty of 'make believe?' So I queried to-day, for instance, when I overheard a bright little fellow of seven conversing about sal ammoniac batteries, carbon, and zinc. Shades of Jack the Giant-Killer and Jack of the Bean-Stalk! Sal ammoniac, carbon, and zinc! How long is it since this has been the language of childhood? Have chemical elements and salts supplanted the fairies, and is infancy hereafter to prattle the jargon of the electrician? I knew that the realms of fantasy had long been almost depopulated of adults, but I had foolishly clung to the illusion that the children were still there in large numbers.

More than simplicity, more than innocence, more than vernal freshness, I had thought that fantasy was the special concomitant of childhood. It was the romantic quality, the air of make-believe, which surrounded Lamb's little marble boys, naked in all weathers in a London square, spouting endless streams, that made the children love them. Yes, and it was that, too, I suppose, that made the adults remove them. And if there is any falling off among children in the talent of making believe, unless we lay the blame upon that long-suffering phantom, The Spirit of the Age, — who is said to be scientific, rationalistic, positivistic, — there is no one to blame but ourselves. We have let ourselves grow up.

Childhood flourishes to-day, as it has always flourished, where there are grown-up people who are children. This is a complicated and paradoxical saying, but it is worthy of acceptation. There are such people. I see one now and then, and I always try to watch him when he is not looking, and drink in some of his effulgence. I remember coming upon one once, a long time ago, when I was fishing. Now, the chief value of trout-fishing is that it makes one be still for a season. One moves along like a guiltless conspirator, even the footsteps drowned in the babble of

the brook, and comes upon all manner of shy people in fur, feathers, and clothes, before they have time to assume their company manners, — a cow drinking, an otter fishing, a musk-rat lining his burrow, a blue dragon-fly poised on a calamus leaf, a king-fisher nesting, or, as in the present instance, a portly gentleman, past middle age, engrossed, in defiance of apoplexy, in building a dam. He had chosen the down-stream edge of a deep pool, thrown off coat and vest, pulled off shoes and stockings, and gone at it. He was perfectly happy. Out of the depths of the pool he heaved the fine flat slates, made by Nature for dam-building. Handfuls of dark loam scooped from the nearer shore served for plaster. In the middle he had left an outlet to be walled up last. No man ever did so neat a job without long practice. When, at last, he saw me, he blushed slightly, but offered no apologies.

'There, sir,' said he, straightening up, with hands pressed on an aching back, 'how's that for an old fellow? I have n't done that for, — let me see, it must be — Oh, Lord, it can't be as long as that! Why,' — and he turned a pair of laughing incredulous eyes upon me, — 'what fools we old fellows be, not to do it every summer!'

He had shed his years with his coat. I am sure that his grandchildren — he had six — were blest in him. We joined forces, and for two hours 'we twa paidlet in the burn and pu'd the gowans fine' of happy reminiscence. The dam was a great success: the pool filled superbly, and poured over the top in a cascade fully a foot and a half high. That was something; but more, infinitely more, was the picture the old gentleman presented, standing barefoot on a precarious stone, grinning delightedly, absently wiping his grimy hands on his black trousers, and whooping until the hills echoed again.

I have said that this infant of sixty-five's grandchildren were blest in him. What grandchildren could have been anything but childlike with such a grandfather? Where he was, the world had to be young. You may say that the influence of the six grandchildren kept him young, but I maintain that if he had been a bachelor, sole inhabitant of a desert island, any chance Man Friday who had come upon him would have found him building dams with the same happy assiduity; indeed, there are no more childlike persons in the world than childlike bachelors, — witness Charles Lamb and Lewis Carroll. If those six grandchildren had any more of spring's perennial charm than most children; if they were more redolent of the air of fairyland; if they lived more persistently in the sunny realms of make believe, they owed it, both by inheritance and by imitation, partly at least to their grandfather.

My impression is, however, that five of these grandchildren rather bored him. At ages ranging from one to ten, they were all too mature. I noticed that he dwelt with particular relish upon the sixth, a boy of nine, who belonged to another family. This youngster, it appeared, was a quiet little chap, given to lying on his stomach on floor and ground, reading, or playing with a set of chessmen, with which and a boxful of dominoes he fought over again the battles of Hannibal and Scipio Africanus. With a wooden sword and a barrel-head shield, he fought and slew great numbers of dragons, galloping grandly meanwhile and champing at the bit. He had a curious habit of personifying the most unlikely objects, such as a clothes-post or a mullein-stalk or a servant-girl. He haunted tree-tops and fence-tops and shed-roofs; and the higher he climbed, the louder he sang. His parents, I understood, were visited by vague fears that

he was a little queer. Not so his grandad. That gentleman gloried in these vagaries and, I believe, abetted him in them. I remember that Grandad himself that very day expressed a longing to climb an eligible oak tree near by, glancing ruefully down at a frontal rotundity which put it out of the question. One observation of his sticks in my mind. 'Why, sir,' said he, 'that boy is living six lives while the others are living one!'

We can picture the others, — stolid little urchins who could no more invent a game than transform the fireside rug into a magic carpet; to whom a thicket was merely an assemblage of underbrush, not a robber's cave; and a garden only an assortment of flower-beds, not a witch-haunted and fairy-denizened wilderness; who were, in short, what people are fond of calling normal healthy boys and girls. They pestered their disgusted grandparent, we may be sure, for suggestions as to what to play, what to make, what to do; multitudes of complicated and expensive toys they played with for an hour and then incontinently smashed; they had no higher conception of fun than blowing a tin horn and sliding down bannisters. Is it any wonder that, however normal and healthy they were, their grandfather had no patience with them? *He* never had to ask a policeman what to do next, or write to the inquiry editor of the newspaper for suggestions for passing his time. A touch of bitterness in his references to them gave me the impression that they had pronounced him silly.

Perhaps he was too hard on them. Perhaps, if he had been willing to spend a little more time over them, they might have learned to make believe, though I doubt it. They did not begin right. They were born into the wrong kind of family. There was a want in father and mother that no grandfather could wholly supply, especially a grandfather who was 'squeamish in his children.' Lacking imagination by inheritance, and confronted by none of the daily little innocent play which is the infallible mark of parents not hopelessly grown-up, how could they learn how to make believe? A litter of puppies or kittens fare better, for their mother teaches them at least so much.

It may be argued that the five unromantic children were just as happy as the sixth. But that 'remains to be proved.' There is no reliable machine on the market for measuring happiness. To me, such happiness as theirs runs thin. There is a difference between 'table claret' and Chambertin, yet they are both wine. The dam-building old gentleman hit on a truth when he said that the romantic child was living six lives to the others' one.

I watched two little girls on the street to-day. They had two strips of red and pink ribbon which they held aloft in the wind and let flutter. They were well-dressed little girls, too, and seemed quite normal and healthy. They screamed and chirruped and danced over this poor amusement during the entire period of ten minutes while I waited for a car. Evidently they thought it fun. It was, but it rang hollow in my ears. They were having such a hard time amusing themselves. In time a little boy came riding furiously on a velocipede, whistling shrilly. He was a steam engine and whole train of cars making up time. He snatched the ribbons very impolitely from the little girls' hands, shouting, 'Give me the mail-bags,' and disappeared around a corner, bound for Buffalo, leaving the little girls bereft, forlorn as two lonely freight-agents in two way-stations in a desert. There seemed to me a fulness of joy about the boy's pastime which theirs lacked. I imagine that it took them all the rest of the day to decide

what to do next. He had the advantage of a velocipede, to be sure, yet he could have impersonated the Empire State Limited almost as well on foot. His intuitions were good, even if his make-believe was not particularly original.

I have greater hopes for another little boy to whom I was introduced recently at dinner-table. He suggested cutting off all the legs of the table except the one in the middle, so that when he desired potatoes which were on the opposite side, all he would have to do would be to turn the table half-way round and help himself. I protested, pointing out that, as the table would be continuously on the move, I should have to spear my dinner as it whizzed past; and that, moreover, if I wished potatoes at the same moment that he did, the table could not possibly go in two directions at once. He considered the objections gravely, but with twinkling eyes, and then evolved an improvement. Our individual dishes were now to be placed on an immovable rim, while the middle of the table revolved. This original conception he embroidered mentally for some time, as I could tell by his gestures. He was silent for the rest of the meal, but ate with great satisfaction off a whirling table, in a union of actuality and fantasy enviable to contemplate. It is easy to see that such a child has been encouraged in these flights of fancy; that his father is not so mundane, his mother so seriously minded, as not occasionally to indulge his innocent inventions.

There was probably never a child so unimaginative that he never made believe, any more than there was ever a positivist so positive, or a scientist so scientific, that he never romantically embraced an hypothesis or romantically did to death an illusion. Realism and romance are inextricably blended in life, and the difference between the rationalist and the romanticist is seldom more than nominal. The scientist, under the guise of seeking the truth or adding his mite to the world's knowledge, is really trying to have a good time within his temperamental limitations. Is it to be supposed that a man ever spent a life counting molecules, comparing fabliaux, studying enclitics, or fingering a ticker-tape, unless he enjoyed it? Why need he drag Truth into the question any more than the romanticist does? Why, above all, need we talk of the martyrdom of scientist or scholar? Does the foxhound demand commiseration if he incurs a few cuts and scratches on the trail?

The rationalist gets far more consideration than he deserves, the romanticist far less. From his childhood the latter finds the world persistently bent upon robbing him of his dreams. The fairies go first, with the giants, ogres, witches, and ghosts, in their train. Santa follows. Swans prove geese. Women do not all prove to be angels. Miracles are explained. Revelation becomes evolution. If he is a stiff-necked and incorrigible romanticist, like William Blake and Emmanuel Swedenborg, he persists in what the world calls delusion. But his race is at a sad disadvantage in argument. In a world of things-as-they-are-not, it is hard to be dogmatic; in a world of things-as-they-are, nothing is easier. And so the rationalist promulgates his inglorious successes almost unopposed. If he would confine his operations to the grown-ups, it would be bad enough; but when he militates against childhood, it is time for somebody to protest. The triumph (and tragedy) of his system is shown incarnate in the urchin who jumps from infancy into the university, leaving the whole glorious domain of boyhood untrodden. In the equation of such a life, the value of x, the factor of romance, 'approaches zero.'

In addition to our dereliction in per-

mitting ourselves to grow up, we have upon our souls the other responsibility of devising various so-called 'conveniences of modern life,' as killing to the romance of childhood 'as the canker to the rose, or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze, or frost to flowers.' Among these are numbered the apartment-house and the nurse-maid. I protest against the apartment-house because there the materials of make believe are well-nigh wanting. The dumb-waiter and the fire-escape have possibilities, and the janitor might serve at a pinch for an ogre; but these are poor substitutes for attics and cellars and gardens. I abominate nurse-maids and governesses and resident tutors, because these are usually unromantic persons. There is a tincture of bravado in any make believe carried on in the presence of an unsympathetic and pedagogically-minded guardian, be he nurse-maid, tutor, governess, or teacher. The bubbles of romance are easily punctured; the sprouts of fancy languish in a chilling atmosphere. From this arraignment, however, I must except the old-fashioned Irish servant-girl, or maid-of-all-work, if she is still in existence. The Swedes and Poles and Finns are said to have supplanted her. When they came in, and when children began to grow rationalistic, she departed, singing, like Matthew Arnold's cuckoo, 'The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!'

I must dedicate a line or two here to one of her species. Her name was Mary Flannagan. I remember her vividly: blue-eyed, pretty-faced, sweet-hearted, down-at-the-heel, with a soft burr on her tongue, and an illogical twist in her idiom, and a tousled brown head crammed with snatches of song and scraps of story. I should like to be once more, just for a night, a little tale-hungry boy, to nestle, as once, in her lap while the potatoes burned and the steak scorched, and listen to her famous story of the Walking Coffin, with the delectable icy trickle down my back, and the ghostly stirring in my hair; or to roar with laughter with her over her rhyme of the doughty Robbity Bobbit, who ate a cow and a calf, a bullock and a half, the church and the steeple, the priest and the people, and then asked for more!

Unimaginative grown-ups thought they were paying her wages to do the sweeping and cooking and washing; but all the gold in Tir-nan-og, where happiness can be bought for a penny, would never have paid for those hours I spent with her. She might forget the cake in the oven, but she had always time to play customer at my apothecary's shop, conducted outside the kitchen window, with decoctions of violet-root and effusions of geranium-leaf for stock-in-trade. She had in her enough of the spirit of childhood to have made passable playmates of Auguste Comte and Adam Smith, and I can go no further than that.

There were soft summer twilights when she was supposed to be washing the supper dishes or sprinkling the clothes, but was really tremulously exploring the garden hand-in-hand with me, transmuting its prosaic soil into the beloved sod of which she so often sang under gentle endearing mystical names — Kathleen Ny-Houlahan and Silk of the Kine and Ros geal dhu. There was a great clump of lilacs, haunted, she was sure, by the Pooka and the Horned Women. And one night, — I shall never forget it, — there came along the gravel path an ominous rumbling and crunching and grinding. How we scampered for the kitchen and bolted the door! And how we crept to the window and peeped through the blinds to see — not the terrible Costa Bower, the death-coach with headless horses, and the Dallahan, the headless coach-

man, horribly outlined against the moon, but Jim, the hired man, rolling an ash-barrel! Ah! those were nights! but how short,—short-lived as the gay motes that people the sunbeam.

Many a good mother will protest against such pastimes, as mine did. I shall not try to defend them; doubtless the same hours spent in the society of a tutor would have been more profitable; doubtless Mary Flannagan ought to have been ashamed of herself for filling my immature head with the terrors that fright us from our sleeps; yet it was a sad day for me when she received her dismissal, and I cannot find it in my heart to condemn her. She breathed the air of fairyland; in her Irish blue eyes I caught gleams of the sunshine of Hy Brasail; and she paid me back a thousandfold for a few wakeful nights, a few tremors in the dark, in coin that, unlike the fairy gold, has never turned to dust and leaves.

No, I would not swap Mary Flannagan for some years of schooling.

THE SILENCE OF THE SINGER

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

When the summer's at wane,
  Does the bird ever grieve
That it sings not again,
  Morning or eve?

Song of sweet love;
  Of the nest, of the brood,
Of blue sky above,
  Of the green-folding wood!

Oh, happier bird,
  That so well has forgot;
Its grief is not stirred
  For the song that comes not!

THE UNITED STATES NAVY

BY SIR WILLIAM H. WHITE, K.C.B.

I

In the following pages an attempt has been made to give a just estimate of the strength of the United States Navy, present and prospective, especially in relation to the navies of Germany and Japan. The facts and figures on which this estimate has been based have been drawn chiefly from official returns presented to Parliament by the British Admiralty: they may consequently be accepted as authoritative and impartial. The writer was personally interested in the designs of some of the earliest vessels built, about twenty-six years ago, for the modern fleet of the United States, and he has many friends in the American Navy. The same may be said respecting his relations to Japan. As regards German naval expansion, being an Englishman, he might be considered liable to prejudice; but many public utterances during the last five years furnish evidence to the contrary, and demonstrate his frank recognition of the undoubted right of the German government and people to create a naval force which shall, in their judgment, be adequate for all purposes; even if that action should involve, as it undoubtedly has done, the necessity for large additional naval expenditure on the part of Great Britain.

The writer claims to have made an honest endeavor to place before non-technical readers, in language that can be generally understood, a correct statement of the relative naval positions of the three powers as they stood about five years ago, as they stood in 1910, and as they will stand a few years hence when existing programmes of warship-building have been carried into effect. In this manner some indication will be furnished of the trend of warship-construction during the period named.

Certain technical terms must necessarily be employed in framing statements of relative naval strength, and it may be well at the outset to explain their meanings. The name 'battleship' has long been used to describe types of vessels which can be grouped in fleets and can work together in naval actions. The term 'cruiser' has been applied to vessels whose chief employments are service as 'eyes of fleets' (scouts) and for the protection of commerce and communications, but which are not regarded as adjuncts to battleships in sea-fights. In recent years large numbers of 'armored cruisers' have been built, and the distinction between the two types has thus become less marked than formerly. Admiral Togo, for example, used armored cruisers in the line-of-battle at Tsushima; and it is certain that many vessels of recent design, although officially classed as armored cruisers, would be similarly associated with battleships in case of war — the hybrid designation of 'battle-cruiser' having been invented to express that idea. Great Britain, Germany, and Japan are following that practice at present; in the United States the construction of

great armored cruisers has ceased for some years. In these circumstances a reversion has been made of late to the old English designation 'capital ship,' as a fitting description for all classes of war-vessels which are likely to be employed as units in fleets in future naval engagements. In making use of that term in the following comparisons it will be understood that both battleships and armored cruisers are included.

Another term that will be frequently used is that of 'displacement' tonnage. For a given ship, 'displacement' simply means her *total weight* (in tons avoirdupois) when floating at the load-draught of water for which she was designed. That weight equals the weight of the water the ship 'displaces'; hence the term. In the displacement tonnage of a fully laden war-ship are included the separate weights of her structure, armor, armament, propelling apparatus, fuel, stores, and equipment. Different navies adopt different regulations for the weights of ammunition, fuel, stores, and equipment to be carried at the designed load-draught of water: but, for present purposes, these differences may and will be neglected. Speaking broadly, the displacement tonnage of a proposed new war-ship may be described as the total 'working capital' of the naval architect; but it is obvious that the same total weight may be distributed in many different ways by competing ship-designers, whose views may differ as to the relative importance attaching to speed, armor, armament, and coal-supply.

Rival designers working contemporaneously in different countries have practically identical facilities for securing armor and guns of equal quality, propelling apparatus of the same efficiency, structural materials of the same nature, and equipment of practically uniform character. For contemporaneous work, therefore, if the ships built by one country are of greater individual displacement, they ought to be in some way or another superior to their smaller rivals: possessing, say, greater speed, or thicker armor, or heavier guns, or larger coal-supplies, or more extensive equipment.

Other considerations may and do impose limits upon the growth in dimensions and unit-costs of war-ships: but, roughly speaking, it remains true that, in comparing rival fleets, importance attaches to the *average displacements* of the capital ships in each fleet, as well as to the *relative numbers*. This average displacement is obtained by adding up the load-displacement tonnages of the capital ships, and dividing the total tonnage of the fleet by the number of ships.

In modern days the progress of invention has been rapid in connection with all departments of warship-building. A few years suffice to secure great improvements in armor, guns, explosives, machinery, and structural materials. Consequently it becomes possible to secure better results on a given displacement tonnage for ships of later design; and when comparing rival fleets it is important to know the dates at which ships included in each navy list and reckoned effective were designed and built. That navy which contains the largest proportion of modern capital ships is likely to have the greatest fighting capability in proportion to numbers and aggregate displacement tonnage. In this respect the United States Navy formerly occupied a very favorable position, because its reconstruction on modern lines was begun at a later period than that at which corresponding action was taken by most maritime countries. At the present time Germany is well-placed in this respect, because great ship-building programmes have been undertaken

and executed since the Navy Law of 1900 was passed. Japan also has advantages attaching to the comparatively recent date at which the construction of her navy was begun, her first modern battleships having been laid down in English shipyards only sixteen years ago.

The relative fighting powers of capital ships, and their value as units in a fleet, must necessarily diminish with age, as a consequence of the construction at later dates of other vessels in which new inventions and improvements have been embodied. It is noteworthy also that during the last six years there has been an enormous growth in the displacements of capital ships; which growth ought to be, and no doubt in most cases has been, accompanied by an increase in fighting capability. In the United States an advance has been made from 16,000 tons in the Connecticut, of 1904, to 27,000 tons in the battleships last laid down; during the same period Germany advanced from battleships of 13,000 to vessels of 22,000 tons; and Japan from capital ships of 15,000 tons to a 'battle-cruiser' of 27,000 tons ordered from an English firm last year. It does not follow, of course, because increased displacements enable fighting capability or speed to be developed, that an unlimited increase in dimensions of capital ships is desirable. Other considerations may and do impose limits on the size and cost of war-ships, but into a discussion of these matters it is not possible to enter. The fact to which attention must be directed is that a gradual growth of 'obsolescence' necessarily occurs in all war-ships, the passage of time being accompanied by an increasing diminution in their value as units in a fleet.

Ships may not wear out, but an 'age-limit' must be fixed for their service on the effective list. In regard to that age-limit, opinions naturally differ. For capital ships the German Navy Law of 1900 assumed twenty-five years as the age-limit: the amended law, passed by the Reichstag in 1908, reduced the period of effective service to twenty years; the Japanese are said to be contemplating fifteen years. In the comparisons of naval strength which follow, no capital ship has been reckoned as effective which was more than twenty years old at the date to which the comparative statement corresponds. In passing it may be remarked that, under the conditions of modern naval warfare, a 'reserve of ships' is as important as, and possibly may be more important than, a reserve of trained men. The responsible authorities of any navy ought, therefore, to consider carefully the possibility of using as 'reserves' ships removed from the effective list, before deciding to have them broken up.

Brief explanations will suffice in regard to the armaments of modern war-ships. It is usual to distinguish between 'principal' and 'secondary' armaments. Heavy guns of large calibre are included in the former category, and guns of moderate calibre make up the 'secondary' group. In the comparisons made hereafter, 'heavy' guns have been assumed to include calibres exceeding 9 inches; guns of less calibre than 9 inches, down to 4 inches, have been classed as 'light'; no account has been taken of guns less than 4 inches in calibre. This grouping is admittedly arbitrary, but it is not unreasonable; its application to the navies which are compared involves no unfairness.

The figures given in the following pages for 'horse-powers' of machinery installed in war-ships convey a general idea of the magnitude of the energy which can be developed and applied to the propulsion of the ships compared. Higher speeds than those accepted

formerly for capital ships have been thought necessary in recent years. Speaking broadly, the larger the proportion of horse-power to displacement tonnage may be in ships of approximately equal dimensions, the higher will be their speed. Rivalry in speed exists between different fleets, but no great error is involved in the assumption that fleets of capital ships designed and built for different navies at or about the same date, will be capable of maintaining approximately equal speeds.

Fuel-supplies in ships built for the principal navies during recent years are also practically equal. In all fleets the use of oil-fuel as an auxiliary to coal now finds favor. Formerly the fuel-supplies of German capital ships were comparatively moderate, but in the ships built for that navy during its recent development a new departure has been made, and the radius of action and sea-keeping capability has been brought up to an equality with the corresponding features in British and American warships. The Japanese have always followed British practice in this respect. All modern capital ships are capable of ocean-going service at considerable distances from bases of operations.

Passing from the preliminary explanations, attention will be directed to the comparative strength, in capital ships, of the United States, Germany, and Japan, six years ago. Official returns prepared by the British Admiralty are made up to the end of the financial year, — March 31, — and it is convenient to accept that date in making the comparisons which follow.

II

In 1905 Japan was engaged in a life-and-death struggle with Russia. At the outset of the war she had only 6 battleships of modern type available: the loss of one of these had been acknowledged at the date selected, and the Russians claimed that 2 Japanese battleships had been sunk by submarine mines. According to Japanese accounts, in April, 1905, that country possessed 5 battleships and 8 armored cruisers. The totals for her completed capital ships then stood as follows: 13 ships, of which the aggregate displacement tonnage was 153,000 tons, and the average displacement per ship 11,800 tons; with engines of 211,000 horse-power; armed with 21 heavy guns (12-inch and 10-inch) and 200 lighter guns (8-inch and 6-inch). Two first-class battleships were then being built in England for the Japanese Navy, and their construction was pushed forward so that they were ready for service soon after the war ended. Each of these ships was of 16,200 tons displacement, with engines of 17,000 horse-power, and armed with 8 heavy guns (12-inch and 10-inch) as well as 12 6-inch guns. This was the heaviest armament then mounted in battleships. All of the Japanese capital ships had been less than twelve years afloat in April, 1905.

At the same date Germany — which had been working for five years at the development of her navy in accordance with the law of 1900 — had available for service 16 battleships and 4 armored cruisers. These 20 completed capital ships had an aggregate displacement tonnage of 213,000 tons, and an average displacement per ship of 10,650 tons; their engines developed 246,000 horse-power, and they were armed with 78 heavy guns (11-inch and 9.4-inch) and 290 lighter guns (8.2-inch to 4.1-inch). A large programme of shipbuilding was also in process of execution, including 8 battle-ships and 4 armored cruisers. These 12 new capital ships had an aggregate displacement exceeding 145,000 tons, and an

average displacement of 12,100 tons: their engines were to develop 240,000 horse-power; their armament included 32 11-inch guns and 168 lighter guns (8.2-inch to 5.9-inch). No capital ship in the German list had been launched before 1896, except four vessels of the Brandenburg class which had been set afloat in 1891-92. Most of the completed ships had been launched within the period 1900–04. The German fleet was therefore essentially modern in type, and the ships building constituted a formidable addition to the force already available for service.

The United States Navy in April, 1905, occupied a very strong position relatively to Germany and Japan, both in regard to completed capital ships, and to ships building. In the former category were included 12 battleships and 6 large armored cruisers: these 18 capital ships had an aggregate displacement tonnage of 211,000 tons, and an average displacement per ship exceeding 11,700 tons; their engines developed 300,000 horse-power; they were armed with 48 heavy guns (13-inch and 12-inch) and 274 lighter guns (8-inch to 4-inch). Although the American completed capital ships were slightly inferior in numbers to the German, the foregoing figures indicate that the American fleet was more powerful, because the ships were of greater average displacement and were more heavily armed.

In capital ships then building the American superiority was marked. The list included 13 battleships and 9 armored cruisers; these 22 new ships had an aggregate displacement tonnage of 313,000 tons, an average displacement per ship of 14,200 tons, engines of 500,000 horse-power, and an armament of 68 heavy guns (12-inch and 10-inch) in addition to 394 lighter guns (8-inch to 6-inch). The American ships in process of construction, therefore, exceeded in numbers and strength the American fleet available for service, and the United States Navy occupied a favorable position in relation to the German Navy for the immediate future. In fact, the United States was then able to claim the reversion to the second place among the war-fleets of the world — a place which France had long occupied but was then letting slip in consequence of lessened relative expenditure on her fleet. This will be seen by comparing the grand totals for the capital ships built and building in 1905 for the three navies: —

United States: 40 ships, 524,000 tons aggregate displacement; 13,100 tons average displacement per ship; 800,000 total horse-power; 116 heavy guns (13-inch to 10-inch), 668 lighter guns (8-inch to 4-inch).

Germany: 32 ships, 360,000 tons aggregate displacement; 11,200 tons average displacement per ship; 488,000 total horse-power; 110 heavy guns (11-inch to 9.4-inch), 458 lighter guns (8.2-inch to 4-inch).

Japan: 15 ships, 186,000 tons aggregate displacement; 12,400 tons average displacement per ship; 246,000 total horse-power; 37 heavy guns (12-inch and 10-inch), 224 lighter guns (8-inch and 6-inch).

These figures illustrate also the remarkable influence which the war with Spain had exercised upon American national sentiment in favor of a strong navy, as well as the wonderful development of warship-building capability that had taken place in the United States within a comparatively short time.

In the autumn of 1904 the writer (by the courtesy of the Secretary of the United States Navy) had an opportunity of visiting most of the principal shipyards, engine-works, and metallurgical establishments in the Eastern States. Having been in responsible

charge of great British shipbuilding programmes from 1885 to 1902, and having organized and managed one of the chief private warship-building yards in Great Britain, he could look upon what was doing in America with instructed, as well as sympathetic, eyes. On returning to England he put his impressions on record, and subsequent visits to the United States have confirmed the opinions formed in 1904. In his judgment, the United States possesses resources for shipbuilding and engineering, as well as for the manufacture of steel, armor, and armaments, which are ample to meet any probable or possible requirements. This position has been attained almost entirely as the result of private enterprise, although a satisfactory return can hardly have been secured on the capital invested in these great establishments. Even when the American programme of warship-building was exceptionally large, in 1904–05, — so large that it could bear comparison as to magnitude with the greatest British programmes, — the full capacity of American private establishments was not laid under contribution. In subsequent years, orders have been few in comparison with capability for output.

No one would suggest that programmes of shipbuilding should be regulated by considerations of the possible output from the ship-yards and factories in any maritime country. On the other hand, the existence of a great reserve of productive power in the United States is undoubtedly a valuable national asset. Six years ago Germany stood much behind the United States in this respect; much has been done since 1905 to increase her possible output of modern war-ships and armaments; but, notwithstanding these efforts, the United States, in the writer's judgment, still compares favorably with Germany in warship-building capacity, and in that respect is second only to Great Britain.

American naval architects, in 1905, were giving proof of their capacity to rival European designers of war-ships by producing designs for battleships and armored cruisers which compared favorably with the latest European types, which equalled in dimensions, speed, and fighting power the most recent British and Japanese war-ships, and surpassed contemporaneous German war-ships. The Connecticut and her sister ships had displacements of 16,000 tons, and propelling machinery of 20,000 horse-power, each vessel carrying 4 12-inch, 8 8-inch and 12 7-inch guns, well protected by armor. The German Deutschland class, building simultaneously, had displacements of only 13,000 tons, engines of about 18,500 horse-power, and armaments including 4 11-inch and 14 6.7-inch guns. In armored cruisers the American lead was still greater. The Tennessee class were of 14,700 tons displacement and 27,500 horse-power, and each carried 4 10-inch and 16 6-inch guns; whereas the largest German armored cruisers then building (Schernhorst type) were of 11,500 tons, with engines of 28,000 horse-power, and armaments including 8 8.2-inch and 6 5.9-inch guns.

No detailed comparison need be made between either the American or the German war-fleet of 1905 and the Japanese fleet of that date. The figures given above demonstrate the enormous superiority in numbers of ships and total fighting power of the former fleets. No one at that time regarded the Japanese Navy as having any claim to stand in the first rank, much less to be a possible rival to the United States for naval supremacy in the Pacific; although the events of the war with Russia had shown how well organized and efficient was the navy of Japan, how brave and capable was the *personnel*,

and how formidable a foe she was to any enemy making an attack upon her in home waters.

Passing to the consideration of progress made by these three navies since 1905, a brief summary of the principal facts and events may be of service. Germany has continued to work steadily at the execution of the shipbuilding programme laid down in the Navy Law of 1900; but by two successive laws (passed in 1906 and 1908) has introduced important modifications in the numbers and types of ships, and the dates at which vessels were to be laid down and completed. The law of 1906 provided a reply to the British challenge involved in laying down the Dreadnought and Invincible classes: it embodied proposals for a considerable increase in size, cost, speed, and offensive and defensive powers of future battleships and armored cruisers; and for the construction of six additional cruisers. The law of 1908 shortened the 'age-limit' on the effective list for capital ships from twenty-five to twenty years, and sensibly accelerated the dates at which ships should be laid down. As matters now stand, the German programme for its war-fleet — its 'Establishment', to use an old English word — includes 38 battleships and 20 large armored cruisers: that is to say, 58 capital ships, all of which are to be less than 20 years old. This great force is to have as accessories 38 small cruisers, 144 destroyers, and a considerable number of submarines. In short, Germany has resolved to create and possess a war-fleet of the first class, complete in all necessary types, and capable of playing its part against the most powerful enemy.

France has not yet responded to the effort made by Germany, although there is a widespread conviction among Frenchmen that such response ought to be made without delay. In 1909 the Superior Council of the French Navy recommended the following standard of future strength: 45 battleships, 12 scouts, 60 sea-going destroyers, 20 coastal destroyers, 64 submarines. This scheme was not adopted, because of financial considerations, and a more modest 'Establishment' for the French Navy is contained in a *loi organique* now before the Chambers, and likely to be approved. This law provides for 28 battleships, 10 scouts, 10 vessels specially designed for foreign service, 52 sea-going destroyers, 45 coastal destroyers, and 94 submarines. Its adoption by the French government and Parliament is probable, and it will mark a definite abandonment of the position which has been long maintained, as second greatest naval power. That abandonment, one may be sure, would not have been accepted except on the ground of financial necessity, due in great measure to enormous expenditure required for the army and land defenses.

Japan has not declared its intentions for the future in the same formal detail as Germany and France have done. According to the best available information, existing programmes of shipbuilding, which are still incomplete, provide for 6 additional capital ships — 3 battleships and 3 armored cruisers — being finished within the next six years. It has been stated also that an 'age-limit' of fifteen years may be adopted by Japan, as against twenty years adopted by Germany and France. On the basis of this reduced period of service on the effective list, it has been estimated that 25 new capital ships will have to be built during the next nine or ten years; and the total cost is estimated at more than $200,000,000. This scheme would involve a practical reconstruction of the Japanese fleet, and an unprecedented financial effort for shipbuilding purposes. Past experi-

ence, however, leads to the belief that, while caution is a marked quality of Japanese administration, if the government and people should become convinced that a certain course of action was essential to the national existence or well-being, that action would certainly be attempted, and there is a high probability that it would be accomplished.

The Finance Minister is reported to have said recently that increased expenditure on the navy was called for 'in order to avoid criticism of neglect in face of tremendous advances made by other powers.' He also dwelt upon 'conspicuous innovations' in types of war-ships which had been adopted by other powers: but was careful to add that any increase of expenditure which might be made would not be due to existing or threatened differences with other powers, but would be incurred because the government, 'while not endeavoring to compete with or surpass [the navies] of other countries, had to keep [the Navy of Japan] up to a modern standard.' In connection with the programme for supplementing and improving the Japanese Navy now in course of execution, it has been proposed to spend $7,500,000 in the next financial year; the total expenditure on that programme during the remaining six years is estimated at $40,000,000. Japan is working on a smaller scale than the United States or the great European powers, but she has resolved to take her share in the burden of armaments, of which the pressure continually increases, and she will not shrink therefrom.

During the last six years considerable additions have been made to the United States Navy, but programmes of shipbuilding have not been governed by any 'Establishment' or definite scheme like that of Germany. So far as an outsider can judge, no standard of strength has been fixed for various classes of war-ships to be included in the navy, nor has any legal 'age-limit' been laid down for service on the effective list. The general impression which has been formed by the writer, after a careful study of official reports and congressional debates, is that recent shipbuilding programmes have been largely influenced by political considerations of the moment, rather than by definite schemes of naval operations, which would have to be performed in case of war if American interests and over-sea possessions are to be protected adequately against possible and probable attacks. It is well-known that this important subject has been considered and reported upon from time to time by special boards or committees appointed for that purpose by secretaries of the Navy. These reports, however, have not led to any settled policy or definite establishment for the Navy. No better fate has befallen suggestions made by secretaries of the Navy and presidential messages urging the necessity for a stronger fleet.

For several years the accepted formula has been to lay down each year two battleships, and a few vessels of minor types; but that formula does not represent any well-founded shipbuilding policy. Hitherto the 'wastage' of capital ships consequent on the attainment of an 'age-limit' has been almost negligible; but vessels of the Oregon class, launched in 1893, are acknowledged to be approaching the non-effective condition, and others will soon follow them. It is not surprising, in these circumstances, to find Mr. Meyer, in his report as Secretary of the Navy (dated November 30, 1910), saying, 'It is of great importance that the construction of the Navy should proceed on a regular and systematic plan'; or insisting upon the necessity of maintaining the relative 'position [of the

United States] as a naval power in the interest of the preservation of peace.' These are wise words, and the caution contained therein deserves the attention of all American citizens.

The latest and most authoritative official statement respecting the future standard of strength contemplated for the United States Navy is also to be found in this report. Mr. Meyer suggests that there should be 40 battleships less than twenty years old; one half of them — less than ten years old — constituting a 'first-line,' and the other half taking rank as a 'second line.' No practical importance can be attached to this proposed subdivision into first and second lines; the essential points are that there are to be 40 battleships, and that the German 'age-limit' is to be accepted.

No definite pronouncement is made in regard to the future status of armored cruisers, or as to the numbers of cruisers, destroyers, submarines and fleet-auxiliaries which should be associated with the 40 battleships. The omission is important: it leaves the question of the future 'Establishment' of the United States Navy still open. Nor is it clear upon what basis the decision has been made that 40 battleships will suffice. Mr. Meyer, it is true, makes reference to the maintenance of the relative position of the United States Navy, and says that the standard of strength to be adopted must from year to year 'be considered in relation to that of other Powers.' Such an annual stock-taking is desirable, no doubt, and there is no necessity for publication of the full programme of shipbuilding which it may be contemplated to undertake over a period of years, as has been done by Germany. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that efficient and economical administration of any navy can only be achieved when annual estimates form parts of a complete scheme embracing the creation and maintenance of a warfleet adequate for the defense of the country to which it belongs. That scheme may be modified from time to time, but it should be always in existence.

Mr. Meyer may have based his proposals for battleships on some definite plan of naval operations in case of war, but it is not clear from his statement that such a plan has been worked out. Moreover it must be noted that, if 40 battleships, ranged in two lines, are to represent the total future force of the American Navy in capital ships, that decision involves a deliberate acceptance of inferiority to the German Navy, which is to include 58 capital ships less than twenty years old. It is true that 20 of these German ships are to be classed as 'large cruisers,' but recent events demonstrate that they will certainly be capital ships in both offensive and defensive powers, and in addition they will be remarkably swift. These 'battle-cruisers' therefore cannot be treated as negligible quantities when comparing the strength of the two navies in the immediate future; nor can the 10 large modern armored cruisers, which are now in the effective list of the United States Navy, be set against the more numerous and powerful vessels which Germany has built and is building in accordance with the Navy Law. These American cruisers will be capable of rendering useful service for many years to come, as they were launched in 1904–06: but their designs date from an earlier period than that of the German cruisers, for which they are no match in speed or gunpower.

III

Turning aside from the consideration of recent progress and standards of naval strength, an endeavor will be

made to show briefly how the Navy of the United States now compares with the navies of Germany and Japan, in respect of capital ships available for service and in process of construction. The lines of comparison adopted are similar to those used above; and the British Admiralty returns for March 31, 1910, have been used as the basis of the figures and facts.

At the date mentioned, the Japanese possessed 13 completed battleships (5 of which had been captured from the Russians), and 13 completed armored cruisers, of which 4 were of recent construction. These 26 capital ships available for service had an aggregate displacement of 330,000 tons, and 12,700 tons average displacement per ship; engines of 460,000 horse-power, and armaments including 101 heavy guns (12-inch and 10-inch) and 386 lighter guns (8-inch to 4.7-inch). There were building in Japan 2 battle-ships, each exceeding 20,000 tons in displacement, with engines of 26,500 horse-power; to be armed with 12 12-inch guns and 22 6-inch and 4.7-inch guns. Late in 1910 an order was given to an English firm to build an enormous armored cruiser of which the displacement is reported to be 27,000 tons, the engines to be of 70,000 horse-power, and the armament 8 13.5-inch guns and 20 4.7-inch. It has been reported recently that two similar vessels are to be laid down in Japan. If these figures are compared with those given for the Japanese Navy in 1905, it will be seen that the number of capital ships has been practically doubled, and that the power of the armaments has been increased in a still greater proportion.

Germany possessed 26 completed battleships and 10 armored cruisers at the date named. These 36 capital ships had an aggregate displacement-tonnage of 446,000 tons, an average displacement of 12,400 tons, engines of 655,000 horse-power, and armaments including 154 heavy guns (11-inch and 9.4-inch) and 500 lighter guns (8.2-inch to 4.1-inch). There were building at the end of March, 1910, 8 battleships and large armored cruisers of 172,000 tons aggregate displacement, 21,500 tons average displacement, with engines of 270,000 horse-power, to be armed with 90 heavy guns (12-inch and 11-inch) and 92 6.7-inch and 5.9-inch guns. In accordance with the provisions of the Navy Law, 4 capital ships have since been laid down, probably representing at least 50 per cent of the total tonnage, horse-power and armament of the 8 other ships which were building at the end of March. Particulars for the latest German ships have not been published with official authority, but it may be assumed that the grand totals for the 48 capital ships now built and building will probably represent an aggregate displacement exceeding 700,000 tons, a total engine-power approaching 1,100,000 horse-power, and armaments including nearly 300 heavy guns and 650 lighter guns. Here again is an enormous increase in naval power as compared with 1905.

The United States Navy in 1910 possessed 44 completed capital ships (of which 15 were armored cruisers) less than twenty years old, with an aggregate displacement of 593,000 tons, an average displacement of nearly 13,500 tons, engines developing 900,000 horse-power, armed with 152 heavy guns (13-inch to 10-inch) and 696 lighter guns (8-inch to 4-inch). Comparing these figures with those given above for completed German capital ships, it will be seen that the United States had 8 more ships available for service, that the average displacement of her capital ships was 1,100 tons greater, and that the armaments were more powerful. The superiority in heavy guns was even greater than it appears to be by

mere comparison of totals, as the American ships mounted 32 13-inch, 104 12-inch and 16 10-inch guns, against 108 11-inch and 46 9.4-inch guns carried by the German ships. For lighter guns the American superiority was relatively greater.

In regard to ships building and projected, the comparison is much less favorable to the United States. Only 4 capital ships were building at the period selected, with an aggregate displacement of 96,000 tons, an average displacement of 24,000 tons, engines developing about 120,000 horse-power, to be armed with 44 12-inch guns and 74 5-inch. It has been decided to lay down only 2 capital ships in 1910-11, whereas Germany has laid down 4. Consequently the United States will have 6 ships building this year, and Germany 12 ships — a relative gain of 6 ships for Germany, representing about 120,000 tons in aggregate tonnage, 200,000 horse-power, 70 to 75 heavy guns, and a considerable number of lighter guns.

Apart from withdrawals of older ships from the two navy lists during the next three years, or the completion of any other vessels which may be laid down, Germany will therefore have practically overtaken the United States in capital ships when the vessels now building or decided upon in both countries are completed. Germany will then possess 17 vessels of the so-called Dreadnought type, as against 10 belonging to the United States; but it must be stated that the latter group will be of larger average displacement and will individually carry more powerful armaments. In vessels of 'pre-Dreadnought' types, the United States will still possess marked superiority both in numbers and in individual strength. Another fact should be noted: Germany will lay down 4 more capital ships in 1911, as against 2 contemplated for the United States. At the end of 1914, therefore, Germany will have sensibly increased her relative strength.

The situation is clearly one which demands serious consideration if the United States authorities desire to maintain their naval position relatively to Germany, because a period is approaching when ships will have to be struck off the list on account of age. In Germany similar removals will be made under the provisions of the Navy Law, but that law also ensures that 'substitute' ships shall be automatically taken in hand at dates which will insure their completion in time to take the places vacated on the effective list. No corresponding legislation exists in the United States, nor does it seem probable that it will be passed.

Mr. Meyer, in the report already quoted, shows by a table how the proposed 'age-limit' of twenty years for battleships will create wastage amongst existing ships, and thence draws the important conclusion that 'if we are to maintain a fleet of 20 ships in the first line — and this should be regarded as a minimum — there must be authorized in addition to 2 ships per year after 1912, a sufficient number to prevent the first line from falling below 20.' Inspection of his table, however, shows that in 1911 the total number of effective American battleships will be only 31, as compared with the 40 ships stated to be necessary; and that, if 2 battleships per annum continue to be laid down, there will be only 34 effective capital ships in 1914. If the standard set up by the Secretary is right, it follows that in the opinion of that responsible Cabinet Minister the United States Navy will be kept permanently below its proper strength unless important additions are authorized immediately. It will be interesting to see whether this serious official warning produces any result.

IV

The foregoing comparisons have been limited to capital ships, although passing reference has been made to other classes of war-vessels. Command of the sea undoubtedly depends upon the action of groups of capital ships: but in all ages it has been found necessary to associate with capital ships, cruisers, scouts and other auxiliary war-vessels, in order to constitute efficient fleets, and that necessity still exists. In the operations of modern naval warfare important duties will also devolve on torpedo vessels, destroyers, and submarines, although these classes may not be attached to fleets. The protection of over-sea commerce and communications will demand the employment of cruisers as heretofore, and the need will exist for using small, lightly-armed vessels in the performance of duties, which are commonly described as 'consular' or 'showing the flag,' on distant foreign stations. In order to complete the picture of the three fleets to which attention has been directed, it is necessary, therefore, to summarize the facts in regard to these subordinate but valuable classes of war-vessels.

Taking first 'protected' cruisers and scouts less than fifteen years old, — that being the 'age-limit' accepted for such vessels, — the comparison stood as follows in April, 1910: —

Germany: 29 vessels completed, 5 building; totals, 34 vessels, 124,000 tons displacement, 450,000 horse-power, 346 guns (8.2-inch to 4.1-inch).

Japan: 8 vessels completed, 3 building; totals, 11 vessels, 52,000 tons displacement, 170,000 horse-power, 114 guns (8-inch to 4-inch).

United States: 11 vessels, 37,000 tons displacement, about 100,000 horse-power, 86 5-inch guns.

Two of the American vessels are approaching the 'age-limit' and their removal from the effective list ought soon to take place. No new vessels are building, only three scouts have been built during the last five years, and it is now proposed to lay down two gunboats. The German Establishment of the Navy, it will be remembered, provides for 38 small cruisers; 2 new vessels of the class are laid down each year, the size, speed and fighting power being gradually increased. It is a singular fact that the United States, which has taken a distinguished part in the development of protected cruisers, and within the last five years has created a successful type of 'scout-cruiser,' should have practically abandoned systematic cruiser-construction, and left its battle-fleets poorly provided with 'eyes.' This question may well engage the serious attention of the responsible authorities. Memories are short in these days, but the incidents of the war with Spain are not forgotten. Vessels of all classes were then hurriedly purchased, adapted and armed, and enormous expenditure was incurred in providing (in many cases unsatisfactorily) for the performance of duties properly assigned to cruisers.

In regard to torpedo vessels and submarines, the action of the United States has been intermittent as compared with what has been done by Germany and Japan. Recently there has been greater activity in respect to destroyers. According to official returns of the British Admiralty, the comparative numbers of destroyers in April, 1910, stood as follows: Germany, 85 completed, 12 building: Japan, 57 completed, 2 building: United States, 25 completed, 15 building. In this department of war-ship-construction, as in others, American ship-designers and builders have proved themselves capable competitors with foreign rivals, although their opportunities have been less.

American inventors have played a

great part in the development of submarines. The names of Bushnell and Fulton represent the work of pioneers in this department; the name of Holland will always remain associated with the introduction of types of submarines adopted by the United States and British navies. After the good start on submarine construction made by the United States twelve years ago it is remarkable to note the present position of affairs. Great Britain had not then made a beginning, and it seemed doubtful if she would embark on a large programme of submarine construction, although France was pushing forward and the Holland type had been favorably reported upon in the United States.

In 1901 five submarines of the Holland type were begun in England, and after the start had been made progress became rapid. Germany hesitated for some years longer before following the lead. Japan did not move until the war with Russia threatened, and then ordered Holland and Lay submarines from the United States, which was meanwhile proceeding slowly and intermittently with its own construction of similar vessels. In April, 1910, according to returns of the British Admiralty, the following were the numbers of submarines completed and building: United States, 18 completed, 10 building: Germany, 8 completed, 16 building: Japan, 9 completed, 3 building: Great Britain, 63 completed, 11 building: France, 56 completed, 23 building. At present Great Britain and Germany are each spending about $3,750,000 annually on submarines, and France about $2,000,000. Germany is straining every nerve to make up arrears, and, if her present rate of expenditure is continued, will speedily attain a much stronger relative position.

There is a consensus of opinion that every first-class navy must possess a powerful flotilla of submarines, although opinions differ in regard to the range and character of their effective operations, and the most suitable types to be built. With her great length of coast-lines on two oceans, and her numerous as well as splendid seaports, it would seem that submarines might play a great part in protecting American interests. Recent increase of activity in submarine construction appears to indicate an acceptance of that view by the responsible authorities.

In conclusion, the views held by the writer in regard to the United States Navy as it stands to-day may be briefly summarized. In his judgment the United States possesses ample capability for building, arming and equipping all the war-ships which can possibly be required. American designers of war-ships and armaments have given proof that their capacity is in no respect inferior to that possessed by foreign competitors. As regards capital ships the United States Navy is well provided at present, in comparison with Germany and Japan; but the relatively small numbers of new ships laid down in the States makes it possible that Germany will have a distinctly superior force within a few years unless corresponding action is speedily taken and greater additions are made to the American fleet. It is true that the German Navy Law contemplates the laying down of only 2 capital ships each year from 1912 to 1917; but there is no certainty that further programmes of shipbuilding may not be superposed on that law, and it has been shown that present circumstances point to a strong lead being taken by Germany. In the subordinate classes of war-vessels Germany has a great superiority.

It will, of course, be understood that the writer is not laying down the principle that the United States Navy ought to be superior to that of Germany.

He is simply dealing with facts. As compared with the Navy of Japan the capital ships built and building in the United States represent an overwhelming force in numbers, aggregate displacement tonnages and armaments. In the subordinate classes of war-vessels the comparison is not favorable to the United States. Mere comparisons of numbers and types of ships do not, however, fully represent the relative conditions.

V

The naval requirements of the United States are governed by their geographical situation, and must be adequate to meet demands that may arise in both the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Hitherto the task of moving a portion of the fleet from one coast to the other has been formidable, because of the great distances to be traversed. Now that the opening of the Panama Canal in 1915 is regarded as a certainty, some of the most difficult problems in American naval strategy will be simplified, if not completely solved; because it will be possible promptly to reinforce fleets stationed in either ocean should the necessity arise for doing so. The decision to fortify the Canal indicates the great importance attached to the continued maintenance of its free passage by United States vessels in case of war.

Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, one of the most distinguished officers of the British Navy, and equally distinguished as a student of naval history, has written on the subject lately (see *Times*, November 29, 1910). Strongly opposed as he is to large expenditure on land fortifications considered as auxiliaries to the operations of fleets, Admiral Bridge admits that, in this case, it is desirable to protect the Canal against raids, especially those which may come overland, and so to preserve the power of speedy reinforcement to the fleet stationed on either side of the Isthmus. His broad conclusion is that 'the completion of the Panama Canal will be strategically beneficial to the United States,' and that 'the benefit is as important as, perhaps more important than, that which would be conferred by expending the money-cost of the Canal on an increase in the number of ships.' This last statement is most striking when it is remembered that the present estimated cost of the Canal is $360,000,000 to $370,000,000, representing the cost of 36 or 37 capital ships of the largest size and most powerful character now in process of construction. The American tax-payer may find comfort in this authoritative utterance from such a well-informed and impartial person.

At present the principal fleet of American battleships is massed in the Atlantic, a few battleships and a powerful squadron of armored cruisers being stationed in the Pacific. This distribution of the fleet naturally does not find universal favor, especially on the Pacific coast, but it may be regarded as good evidence that the highest authorities feel no apprehensions of serious difficulties arising on that side, and consider it preferable to retain the main naval force nearer to European waters. The actual position in the Pacific has been declared most unsatisfactory, if not alarming, by American writers, who have indulged in predictions of a successful invasion by a Japanese army and have described in detail methods by which, in their judgment, such an operation could be accomplished, the American Pacific fleet annihilated, and the insular possessions of the United States captured. In England we have grown accustomed to imaginative pictures of invasions by Continental armies; but the English Channel and the North Sea are but trivial obstacles

when compared with the broad Pacific.

It causes some surprise to find the transport of a great army, with its equipment and stores, over an ocean many thousands of miles across, discussed on lines very similar to those which might hold good for transport across narrow seas. Japanese soldiers were closely packed, no doubt, when they were conveyed from home ports to the mainland during the war with Russia; but similar conditions could not possibly be accepted for a long ocean voyage. Consequently estimates which have been put forward for the number and tonnage of ships sufficient for a Japanese invasion of the Pacific coast, and of the time required for the voyage have, in the writer's opinion, been far too sanguine.

Far more weighty reasons for treating these imaginations lightly are to be found in considerations of a general character. The sagacious statesmen who guide the destinies of Japan have their heads and hands fully occupied with weighty matters nearer home, in Korea and Manchuria; they have never given cause for believing that they would dream of undertaking such an adventure, or of indulging an insensate ambition of which the advantages would be problematical, while the risks would be enormous. These statesmen have shown repeatedly, and are still showing, their recognition of the necessity for avoiding an overstrain of the financial resources of the Empire. In recent years they have been so greatly influenced by that consideration as to lengthen the period over which current programmes of shipbuilding were originally intended to extend. Alarmists may and do ignore the financial side of the subject, and convince themselves that war can be waged on credit; but that is a fallacy.

Finally, the naval policy of Japan, and its main source of sea-power, has been and is still based on the resolve to be able to resist attacks which might be made in home waters or the China Seas, even by the greatest maritime powers. It is inconceivable that this sane policy will ever be abandoned in favor of some 'wild-cat' scheme for winning the 'over-lordship' of the Pacific, and establishing Japanese domination on the Pacific slope of the North American Continent. But while this is true, it is equally true that the United States ought to possess a fleet adequate for the protection of its possessions and interests in the Pacific as well as the Atlantic: and that, in the distribution of the fleet, the defense of the coast on both sides must receive equal and due consideration. As remarked above, the completion of the Panama Canal will greatly simplify this problem.

Renewed interest in the United States Navy has been awakened in Europe by the visit paid recently to British and French ports by the Atlantic fleet. Sixteen modern battleships composed that fleet, and it could not have been surpassed in fighting power by any fleet of equal numbers which any maritime power except Great Britain could have assembled. Its coming impressed on all who have a knowledge of naval affairs and have seen the fleet, a sense of the high place which the United States Navy has attained, the efficiency of both ships and seamen, the capacity of the fleet for distant sea-service, and the important influence which the existence of such a force must have on the protection of American interests and the preservation of peace. The previous cruise round the world (in 1908) of an American fleet of battleships was more experimental in character, although it resulted in a large addition to the sea-experience and training of officers and men. On the

later cruise the fleet was regularly organized in divisions, and its voyage may be regarded as a practice cruise such as will in future be repeated, although other ports and other countries may be visited. The fraternization which took place between American and British seamen was most pleasant to witness, and the behavior of the Americans on their visits to London and other centres of population was excellent.

Those who have followed the development of the United States Navy and were fortunate enough — as the writer was — to see the international parade of seamen at the Hudson-Fulton celebrations in New York in 1909, have been deeply impressed by the great advances that have been made in training and discipline of the rank and file of the American fleet. In regard to the training and efficiency of officers in the United States Navy, it is unnecessary to say anything. By universal consent they stand high among their professional contemporaries in other countries; and the manner in which they have met the new and great demands made upon them by the rapid development of the fleet has commanded general admiration.

VI

Every great maritime country which intends to maintain and protect its commerce and interests must possess clear views respecting the duties which its navy is expected to perform in case of war. In other words, there must exist a definite 'plan of campaign,' as well as a scheme for the numbers and types of ships constituting the navy; the number and localities of the bases of operations ought to be determined with reference to the strategical operations which are contemplated. No other procedure can secure efficiency and sufficiency for a war-fleet. Casual and spasmodic action can lead only to wasteful expenditure and unsatisfactory results. Preparation for war on sea or on land is a very serious and special business, not to be entrusted to mere amateurs. It requires the services of trained experts, who shall study the many and difficult problems which arise, and advise the government as to the action likely to produce good results and secure the national defense. These experts must not be allowed to run riot, of course; they should be treated as trusted advisers on, not as full masters of, the situation. The subjects with which they would deal are technical and professional; and the great features of national policy, as well as international relations must be dealt with by the Government.

On the other hand, it must be recognized that programmes of shipbuilding, the provision of naval bases, methods of training seamen, strategical plans, and all other matters incidental to preparation for war, cannot possibly be dealt with satisfactorily by politicians, parliamentary bodies, or congressional committees. These persons have not the necessary technical or professional knowledge or training required, and must therefore be regarded as amateurs. Having the 'power of the purse,' Congress naturally and properly demands to have reasons given for proposed expenditure, before grants are made; but when the action of Congress, or of any other parliamentary body, intrudes into the detailed work of departments dealing with technical or professional subjects, harm is certain to be done.

The Army and Navy of any country should be kept absolutely clear of politics. One of the greatest benefits that could be secured for the United States Navy, in the opinion of the writer, would be a decision as to the 'Establishment' which ought to be main-

tained as a minimum in order that the Navy may be adequate for the performance of its intended duties in case of war: and the settlement of that Establishment depends upon the arrangement of a scheme of naval operations, which is a highly technical matter.

To a sympathetic onlooker like the writer, the methods of Congress in connection with naval matters seem to make it impossible for the American government to deal with preparation for war on equal terms with Germany or Japan, or even with Great Britain, where the power of Parliament is supreme. During a long official career the writer can recall no instance in which the British Parliament has refused to grant supplies asked for the Navy, when the government of the day has declared them to be essential to the defense of the Empire. On the other hand, it was his fortune to be in Washington not many years ago when a programme of shipbuilding for the United States Navy, which had been declared publicly by the President and his Cabinet to be absolutely necessary to the national defense, was reduced by Congress to about one-half of what had been demanded, and the decision was accepted by the government. In such circumstances it may be asked, — upon whom does the responsibility rest for the naval defense of the United States and its dominions over-sea? There should be no question in regard to a matter of such vital importance; but the answer seems to be that Congress in the case described assumed the responsibility of dealing with a subject on which it could not possibly be thoroughly informed or competent to decide.

These remarks on past events and methods of procedure are made by the writer in no spirit of unfriendly criticism, but with the honest intention of indicating what appears to him to be a weak spot in American naval administration. The possession of an ideal establishment for the fleet of every maritime country is admittedly essential to its safety: the establishment must be based upon a settled plan of campaign. In the case of the United States, new conditions have been introduced by the acquisition of important over-sea possessions and the rapid increase in population and production. Admiral Mahan has recently dealt with the 'Interests of America in International Conditions' in a book which cannot fail to attract the attention of his countrymen, and which forms a notable addition to his previous writings on the 'Influence of Sea-Power.' The gallant officer makes it clear that the future of the great Republic, its continued development and prosperity, must chiefly depend upon the provision and maintenance of an adequate navy and of well-equipped naval bases.

As to what are necessary requirements for an adequate American navy the writer proposes to say nothing: it would indeed be an impertinence for him to discuss the subject. The United States is fortunate is possessing men like Admiral Mahan and others, whose studies of past naval history have been profound, while their knowledge of present conditions is complete; from such men the best possible advice can be obtained in dealing with a difficult problem.

From the foregoing statements and comparisons, readers can form opinions in regard to the present position and prospects in the immediate future of the United State Navy in relation to the navies of Germany and Japan. No comparison has been made with the British Navy, and that course has been taken advisedly, because the writer is one of those — happily a large and ever-increasing number in both countries — who regard the question of war between the great English speak-

ing people as lying beyond the region of probability, and therefore requiring no discussion. The recent satisfactory settlement at the Hague of the only important differences which existed between the two countries emphasizes this belief. Both countries share the desire for the maintenance of an 'open ocean,' across which commerce and communications can proceed in safety; of an 'open door' for entry of their manufactures into the great markets of China; and their supreme interest is centred in the maintenance of the peace of the world. By united action it lies in their power to insure the continuance of peace to an extent which is possible to no other combination of powers, and they wish to attain that desirable result without injury to the interests of other nations. In these circumstances it appears to be not only undesirable, but useless, to make comparisons of their naval strength.

IN THE KEY OF CLAM

BY ATKINSON KIMBALL

DESPITE the Worcester Festival and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, we had always felt that the love of music was not indigenous to New England; and we enjoyed the satisfaction of having our opinion confirmed when we moved into a back-water of New England where the inhabitants, by virtue of isolation and inbreeding, remain as nearly as possible the modern copies of their Pilgrim forefathers. The copy is a good man, but he has no music.

Certain sounds he has. A young neighbor of ours, for instance, is the proud possessor of a nondescript wind instrument on which he has learned to work, emitting on Sunday afternoons weird, unrelated bellows, like an adolescent bull whose voice is changing; but this is not music, nor is the stertorous thumping from cottage melodeons that we sometimes hear, reminding us of the soughing of dropsical bass-drums.

If, we asked ourselves, music hath charms to sooth the savage breast, what soothes the breasts of our neighbors? What keeps them from treasons, stratagems, and spoils?

The thing that keeps our primitive New Englander sweet throughout the year is the annual church clam-bake. Hard of exterior, he is very soft inside; he is only waiting for a chance to come out of his shell. It is not for nothing that his folk-song, or racial symphonic poem, is written in the key of clam.

Our annual church clam-bake is called the Knotty Shingle Bake; and the name shows the vitality of New England traditions. We are obliged to explain to the passing stranger that the neat, white, clapboarded Congregational Church that crowns the hill back of our village, whose spire is a famous landmark, or water-mark, for ships at sea, originally, beyond the memory of any man now living, was a mean structure, shingled with extremely knotty shingles, presented by a parsimonious parishioner. Even the knot-holes of

the original structure have long since passed away. Nothing remains save the old nickname, to mystify strangers, and to gratify the love that the natives have for permanence, which is largely composed of hatred of any sort of change.

The clam-bake itself has the sanction of immemorial tradition. Originating with the Indians as a pagan rite, it became a Christian ceremonial with the early New Englanders. I can imagine that, a hundred years ago, church bakes began with a blessing and ended with an exhortation; but at the present time the church bake has a great deal more bake than church about it. Even in our back-water, creeds have crumbled. Unlike city communities, we have had no opportunity to translate mysticism into applied ethics; and our churches have become largely social centres.

The Knotty Shingle Bake takes place the third Wednesday in August, when the summer heat is tempered most gratefully by the breath of the sea that draws in over our fresh-water ponds, our tidal river, our undulating, scrubby barrens, forbidding but picturesque, and through our woods which, relapsed since the first cutting into a second wildness almost primeval, are traversed by innumerable half-obliterated, romantic wood-paths leading to overgrown clearings — breathing-places for the sun — where partridges whirr up from the blueberry bushes, and an occasional deer stands startled before bounding off into a thicker covert. All the stores of the village are closed, the yellow store and the other one, on this great feast-day of the year; and the colors are run to the top of the tall liberty pole that was set up during the Civil War, and is a lasting memorial to the patriotism of the men who stayed at home.

The church and parsonage are over a mile from the village, so that the loneliness of the spot has caused many a minister's wife to keep her husband from accepting the charge he coveted; but I confess I cannot understand such feminine exactions. The average attendance at the bake is fifteen hundred, — enough visitors, it would seem, to satisfy the most insatiable demand for society.

Of course, our village cannot supply this vast attendance. From scattering farms and distant hamlets, the people come, and from lonely roads through swamp and woodland, hermits in effect, as stubborn and knotted in character as decrepit apple trees, but humanized by the bake, harmonized by the clam tuning-fork. Even sojourners in the neighboring summer resort come with their furbelows and futilities, striving vainly to conceal their sense of superiority, whom we, in the old Puritan ideal of democracy, force ourselves to regard as equals.

The long tables are spread in the oak grove beside the church; the last preparations are completed, the men of the congregation characteristically giving money or produce, the women characteristically giving their time and work. A chowder has been made; an ice cream has been manufactured, a sort of dietetic reinforced concrete, to serve as *coup de grâce* for the banqueters; and the altar, once pagan, then Christianized, and now humanized, is ready for the sacrifice.

The last embers are swept from the bed of white-hot granite boulders; rockweed, olive-colored, rubbery, bulbous, the delight of children at the sea shore, is spread on the stones, where it snaps and hisses a fragrant incense; and on top of this is placed the most deliciously heterogeneous collection of viands ever imagined by pagan, Christian, or common man: fish in slices, green corn in its husk, dressing in deep pans,

cylindrical sausages wrapped in paper, sweet potatoes in their native armor, and, dominating all, flavoring all, almost bursting their burlap bags, are the clams, — thin-shelled, tender, translucent, pervasive, invasive, omnipresent, omnipotent!

In effete cities, these radiant beings are qualified by the adjective 'soft'; but to us New Englanders, living on the land near the water in which they grow, any limiting adjective robs them of dignity, if, indeed, it does not take something from their actual, innate quality. To us, the four simple letters C–L–A–M mean as much as S–P–Q–R meant to the ancient Romans.

The high priest of the sacrifice, a paid functionary like most priests, bears as symbol of his office a trident, altered for terrestrial uses since leaving Neptune's hands. With this implement he covers the steaming agglomeration with rock-weed and canvas, and thereupon leaves it to its bivalvular apotheosis.

The crowd disperses through the grove, where the earthy sweetness of the trodden weed mingles with the ocean sweetness of the rock-weed, exhaling from the bake, and bustles into place at the long tables. There is a sudden cry of chowder, an impetuous rush of waitresses, the splash of dippers, the clink of spoons in plates.

Gurgle, gurgle, clatter! Sip, clink, clank! With marvelous unison and magnificent power, perfectly responsive to the twin conductors, Health and Hunger, the great folk-song or symphonic poem begins in double *fortissimo*, sounding at the outset its heavy *motif* in the major key of clam.

However much of an idealist your New Englander is, he always bases his idealism on reality, like a true pragmatist. These New Englanders have come here primarily to eat, and they concentrate their minds on eating, on the good old Anglo-Saxon principle of making work of play. No Gallic dalliance, no Gallic wit. The pleasures of the table have now become their business; according to the new doctrine of efficiency, each strives to form a perfect union of precision and speed; and at the close of the festival, when watermelon, eaten from the hand, comes to perform the function of fingerbowls, the man who has the highest pile of clam-shells beside his plate is accounted the greatest hero, as if the seat of virtue were the stomach.

Never, perhaps, since the days of mediæval baronial banquetings, has there been such huge feeding as at these clam-bakes among the temperate Puritans of New England. Only Yankee ingenuity could have discovered how to pluck pleasure without pain. The clam is the only stimulant known without a reaction.

The symphony does not end with a full burst from the orchestra like most symphonies. Repletion is suggested by an irregular *rallentando*, a dauntless *diminuendo*. After the watermelon melody, the dominant key of clam is again sounded by the mightiest virtuosi of voracity in the orchestra; and the symphony closes with an exquisite tinkle of the last clam-shell on the highest pile.

The gastronomic grove is now dedicated to the social graces, or to as much social grace as the unregenerate New Englander, with his instinctive distrust of anything approaching the æsthetic, will permit himself. The men assume a gruff exterior, their pleasantries taking the form of a rude raillery that belies their kindly hearts; or else they are humorously silent, gaining the guerdon of men who shrewdly look wise and say nothing. As always in social gatherings, above all other sounds are heard the voices of women, rising and falling in unconscious rhythm,

shrill, insistent, maddening as tom-toms. The voices of the children have a sweeter shrillness, vying with the birds; and the scene gains its ultimate, human touch from the dogs, their enthusiastic souls well-nigh bursting their little bodies, bright exemplars of pure joy to their less canine brothers.

Youth will have its fling, even in New England. Several games of base-ball have been improvised, the young men ruthlessly bedewing gaudy suspenders and lavender neckties with the sweat of sport. Old men, whaling captains turned farmers, leaning on their sticks, watch this sport with the pretty, childlike pleasure old men take in watching; or greet one another after many days, or many years, like ships speaking in mid-ocean, never, perhaps, to meet again. These men have sailed the seven seas; they know China, India, Cape Horn, Kamchatka. In a true sense, they are men of the world; and as they talk with you of crops or clams, their blue eyes seem fixed on far horizons. Soon they shall be called to sail the longest and the most adventurous of their voyages; but they are incurious of death, with the merciful anæsthesia of approaching dissolution.

Beneath all the festivity, there is an undertone of sadness, neither pessimistic nor expressed. These people have wrested a meagre living from the soil or from the sea; and they bring their worries with them. They cannot cry, 'One day to madness and joy!' with an Eleusinian abandon. Serious, clumsy, often crabbed, hard to start, but harder to stop when started, this is the race whose magnificent momentum has conquered continents and muddled through to make a Shakespeare.

It is only a step from a festival to a funeral; the cemetery adjoins the clam-bake grove. Trees, God's green monuments, have been rigorously excluded from God's acre. The place is thronged with an overflow of persons from the bake, who admire the ugly stones, gaze pensively at the graves of arrivals since the previous August, or wander idly about in the half-holiday spirit that cemeteries seem to evoke. Never is the village of the dead so full of living people as on this day.

But the young have scant interest in mortuary memorials. They pass on into the woods beyond, which in June are gloriously aglow with mountain laurel. Insensibly, — who knows how? — by instinct or the will, the couples disperse and disappear. They need no laurel. Unconsciously, they are seeking the blue blossom that blooms everywhere miraculously, to wither or bear sober fruit. Without knowing it, they are treading something far different from silent, deserted wood-paths. They are entering a region they can pass through, but never wholly banish from the memory, a region where the minutes are as hours, the hours as minutes, where they discover anew the truth, older than Copernicus, that the universe centres in two loving hearts. A moment since, and it was only the Knotty Shingle Clam-bake, and a holiday; now, it is a holy day, indeed; and all the future shall be dated from this hour.

The impatient automobiles have taken the sojourners at the summer resort back to their city life at the sea shore. In the aromatic August dusk, passionate buggies rush by with their freight of love. Democrat wagons amble past, loaded with parents and children, as easy-riding and as unexciting as the domestic affections. The colors float majestically earthward on the liberty pole. Both the stores are opened; and the loafers congregate to talk things over. They infest every place of comfort; they stretch and puff their pipes. They are not given much to

generalization; but they agree that the bake was a great success; and they feel a pleasant fatigue after their enjoyment, and bask in a virtuous sense of having played a noble part. Meanwhile, the women of the congregation are busy on the hill, washing the clam-bake dishes, — a labor too hard for men.

The Knotty Shingle Clam-bake is a thing of the past for another twelvemonth; but its influence will be felt throughout the year, permeating the whole countryside like a gentle fructifying inundation. To swamp road and wood-path and sandy barren, has come a year's supply of styles and scandals. A thousand new anecdotes have been caught in the tenacious New England memory. Imaginary card catalogues have been written up to date with recent deaths and births that are imminent. The first steps have been taken toward many marriages and some divorces. The whole region has been made sweet by the salty tang of clam.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE LURE OF THE WASTE-BASKET

PERCHANCE this title is unwisely chosen for an article seeking publication, too fraught with evil suggestion to him who sits in the judgment seat, surrounded, if Tradition lie not, with these over-hospitable bits of office furniture; but let him stay his impetuous hand: this screed deals with the domestic, not the editorial, waste-basket. Let us affect the near-dramatic form for our contribution — thus: —

Place: a library.

Time: after breakfast.

The scene is temporarily clear of husbands, children, cooks, and all others who 'just want to know about something.'

Dramatis Personæ: You, and the Waste-Basket.

You pick up your morning mail and, neglectful of a neat silver envelope-opener, tear open the topmost letter with your fingers. It is from The Boy-away-at-School. The waste-basket knows it will get not even the envelope and, lurking, bides its time. Having grasped and memorized your son's latest wants, you open a long envelope which contains a cordial invitation to make a tour of the world in a luxurious steamer which will do all the necessary tipping for the trip, while you, surrounded by 'highly cultivated fellow passengers,' will find yourself eagerly awaited at each landing-place by patient donkeys, lofty camels, nimble jinrikshas. experienced guides, etc.

How small the compensation demanded for these privileges! How few the weeks required for a journey which will transform you from a home-keeping drone of homely wit to a person who can toss off such phrases as, 'When I was last at Rangoon,' or, 'Does n't this remind you just a bit of Nagasaki?' Oh, of course you can't go. You waste no time in sentimental pity for those highly cultivated passengers who will be forced to make the trip without you; but you do glance admiringly at the illustrations; until a voice chirps out from a place at your feet: —

W. B. Just hand over those folders to me, please. I am positively famished — have n't had an old time-table even since last night.

You. Why should I give you these perfectly good and improving illustrations of mosques, dancing-girls, elephants bathing in rivers, pyramids —?

W. B. (interrupting rudely). What will *you* do with them?

You (in a superior tone). The Youngest can cut them out and make a travel scrap-book. This will cultivate in him manual dexterity, neatness, a feeling for architecture, a sense for geography —

W. B. (in icy tones). You may possibly remember the last time that the Youngest made one of your educational scrap-books. Did he, or did he not, on that occasion, dip his mucilage-brush into your ink-bottle? And did you, or did you not, use that same ink to autograph a copy of your book which an admiring and wealthy friend had actually bought?

You (depressed by the recollection). You are never fair to The Youngest because he likes to play football with you. Now Froebel says —

W. B. (cynically). Did Froebel ever have to clear up the nursery afterwards? Come, hand me those folders and get on with your mail.

You surreptitiously slip out a particularly appealing picture of a venerable Mohammedan, and throw the rest into the waste-basket, which snaps viciously at them.

The next envelope has a festive and crested exterior. Unconsciously, before you open it, you ask yourself what you shall wear. It comes from a pretty lady whom you know slightly. You read from it as follows: 'Whenever I have spoken to you of our "Home for Insatiate Inebriates" you have been *so* sympathetic that I am now venturing to ask you to become one of our annual contributors for ten dollars or more.'

W. B. (chuckling hoarsely). Say, I want that. I like that new form. 'So sympathetic,' were you? That sweet smile of yours is a source of crushing expense to your family.

You (indignantly). I was *not* sympathetic. I don't remember ever hearing her speak of her Insatiate Inebriates. I shall certainly not send her ten dollars, — but perhaps I ought to send her something; she gives such pleasant parties, and she is such a sweet —

W. B. (with intention). You'd better not decide that question till you have opened those bills. Give me that note, it will be a good nerve-tonic for me.

You. Just let me have the crest for The Eldest's monogram book.

W. B. snorts at this allusion and devours letter with relish.

The next missive is directed to 'Mr. and Mrs.' and suggests a wedding, or even a ball. As you open it, four tickets are disclosed.

You (angrily). More tickets for that Charity concert, and I sent back eight only yesterday!

W. B. (eagerly). Yes, and you said that the next tickets that came without a stamped envelope for return you'd give to me, — you know you did.

You (weakly). It's only a matter of two cents; politeness is cheap, you know.

W. B. But postage stamps are not. (Vindictively.) Think how many you have to send out with those manuscripts of yours that are always coming back!

The tickets slide into the waste-basket, and you murmur, 'Perhaps she'll think they went astray in the mail.'

The waste-basket munches happily while you read two letters from blessed friends who don't want a thing.

You have now opened all your mail except the bills, which you always leave for the last, but not because you lack eagerness to pay them, — perish the thought!

Au contraire, you have a hobby, an expensive one to be sure, and that is to pay all bills before the twentieth of the month in which they are presented. Your only collection of curios consists of packages of original bills receipted 'with thanks,' not a 'bill rendered' among them. Nevertheless, on this especial morning it is a *bill rendered*, marked 'please remit,' which greets your astonished eyes.

The waste-basket with its usual uncanny extra sense instantly grasps the situation.

W. B. (whispering). Tear it up fine and pay the original one.

You. But I have a New England conscience, and the receipt would not have the same value to me as a collector.

W. B. Nonsense, you have no secrets from me. I've seen you cheat yourself at solitaire at this very table under which I live. What matters a bill a month old anyway? Waste-baskets that belong to my club tell me that they actually burst their ribbons the first of every month in trying to contain all the 'bills rendered' fed to them. (Coaxingly.) Don't spoil your unique collection of receipts for a mere scruple. Give me that bill and a dried leaf off the rubber plant. I'll not ask for another morsel until the next mail-delivery.

You (generously). Take it then, my friend; but I do not understand how I could have forgotten to pay it, since the article purchased was one without which life would be too complicated for endurance, which lightens our labors by cheerfully assuming half our burdens, and —

W. B. (with curiosity). Is it a bill for a social secretary or for a vacuum cleaner?

You. Ah! neither. It reads thus: 'For one wicker waste-basket, slightly damaged — 79 cents.'

EMPLOYERS PAST AND PRESENT

THE morning paper had been read and thrown aside, but a folded page of advertisements winked at me, and as I toyed with a last piece of toast I read the column idly. 'Wanted, Female Help: high wages, no washing, no children, small family, small flat, all conveniences.' Thousands of worried housewives materialized before me, kneeling in rows as it were, imploring the services of women-servants on their own terms. How little these would-be employers have in common with the mistresses of old times! Even poor Jane Eyre, in her two-room cottage, ordinarily dismissed her little servant 'with the fee of an orange,' while on the day of great cleaning, 'scoured floors, polished grate, and well-rubbed chairs,' a penny of pay gave ample satisfaction. The mere word 'dismissal' has disappeared from the palimpsest of domestic service. 'Give notice' is writ large in its place. Mr. Spratt and his wife clean the platter, not because the victuals are nicely apportioned to their respective appetites, but because the cook deprecates picking and choosing.

How others see us is an invariably instructive subject, often amusing and sometimes disciplinary. Horace Walpole relates how Mrs. Herbert, going in a hackney chair, found that her chairmen were excessively drunk. After tossing and jolting her for some minutes they set the chair down, and the foreman, lifting the top, reproached and warned her thus: 'Madame, you are so drunk that if you do not sit still it will be impossible to carry you.' Our

domestics doubtless regard many of our conventions and artificialities as sheer intoxication. 'Madame,' said a sensible cook to her mistress who was in mourning, 'if you must eat one of these days why not to-day?' One of my friends, whose servants' quarters are sunny, roomy, and delightful, has a maid who rents a dark little room in an alley flat, where she keeps a piano and some shabby furniture, and there in solitude she spends her weekly afternoon out.

No man is a hero to his valet: not because the hero is no hero, but because, in Mr. Crothers's phrase, the valet is a valet. I remember how, in a moment of exasperation, after a whole flowerbed had been ruined, I burst out that it was maddening to have a servant with no judgment. 'If John had judgment along with his many good qualities,' said my wise old father, 'you could not keep him. He would be a capitalist, and you possibly his stenographer.'

Thus to the opinions that employer and servant hold of each other must be added that with which outsiders regard our team-work. Lady Holland took such good care of her servants that it used to be said that they were better off than her guests; and when coy Mrs. Winthrop refused to trouble her servant to light Judge Sewell home, he performed that perilous passage of old Boston streets angrily, 'by starlight, Jehovah Jirah!' The Prince de Ligne threw up astonished hands on learning from Catherine the Great that she had made her own fire that morning in order not to oblige her attendants to rise so early in the cold; and a countess entering her Majesty's bedroom was amazed to find her alone, half dressed, with arms folded in the attitude of one patiently waiting because she was obliged to wait. 'My maids have all deserted me,' the Empress explained; 'I had been trying on a dress which fitted so badly that I lost my temper, so they left me like this, and I am waiting till they cool down.' Madame Geoffrin's lecture to Fontenelle, when he was nearing his hundredth year, is well-known: 'My friend, it is disgraceful that you have never made a will and thus are exposing your old servants to the risk of starvation.' Whereupon she huddled him into her carriage, drove him forthwith to a notary, and dictated a will that seemed to her suitable. 'Madame is always right,' the old man murmured, 'but she is right in such a hurry.'

Probably the truest test of character is supplied by enforced association with those we govern or serve. Whether we wear a dictatorial maid like a hair shirt or like an old shoe, her grain of ingredient will somehow alter the whole chemical compound of our character. The de Goncourts had a maid, Rose, bequeathed to them by their mother. She watched over them twenty-three years. In her fatal illness, they took her to the best hospital, Jules carrying her in his arms to the cab. He kissed her before leaving her. On her death they felt orphaned anew. 'What a blank in our home! The whole of our life was known to her. She opened our letters in our absence. She had charge of our keys, and for five-and-twenty years tucked us up in bed.' After her death it was proved that she had run up debts and carried on astonishing deceptions. Probity most entire and rascality most complete were the two hands of her service. The de Goncourts never quite recovered their faith in women. Two years later they wrote their novel *Germinie Lacerteux* about her. Kant's dissertation on a faithless servant was briefer. 'Remember,' he noted in his diary, 'remember to forget Lampe.'

The lifelong habit of regarding those

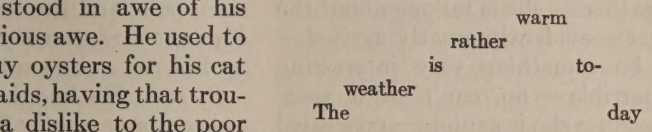
who served him as unfortunate friends made Philip Debarry, in *Felix Holt*, treat a servant more deferentially than an equal. On the other hand, Beethoven, who rose from the people, maintained deplorable relations with his servants, the continued misery he endured finding expression in scores of his letters and in not a few of his musical scores. He could make friends with his social superiors, but not with his inferiors.

Even so dogmatic a character as Doctor Johnson stood in awe of his servants, or vicarious awe. He used to go himself to buy oysters for his cat Hodge, lest the maids, having that trouble, should take a dislike to the poor creature. When the personification of eighteenth-century dogmatism thus bent before the dominant domestic problem, we weaklings may be excused for occasionally quailing.

THE FATHER-TONGUE

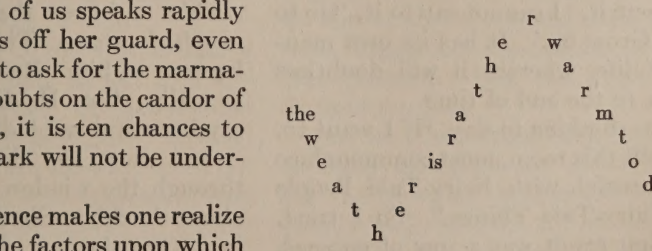
For the past three weeks my table companion at a London boarding-house has been a cultured English woman. We talk a great deal together. I have been in England before and have studied the peculiarities of the spoken language. My companion has American relatives who visit her frequently. I think I know English, and she thinks she knows American. And yet, if either one of us speaks rapidly when the other is off her guard, even though it be but to ask for the marmalade, or to cast doubts on the candor of the weather-man, it is ten chances to one that the remark will not be understood.

Such an experience makes one realize how minute are the factors upon which depends an instantaneous, involuntary apprehension of the vernacular. An accent here, an inflection there, a trifling pause before the cadence, — these are some of the ancient landmarks by which we recognize instinctively the verbal path. These failing, we are for a moment bewildered and think we have missed the way. There is a multitude of such slight differences between English and American speech, but of them all, the differences in modulation, in the so-called 'speech-time,' are perhaps the most disconcerting. The normal American modulation of a simple assertive sentence may be represented thus: —



That is, the voice, beginning at the tonic, ascends gradually in pitch for about a major fourth, to and through the word 'warm'; then drops back in the word 'to-day' to the tonic. That is all the tune there is. Usually the words are spoken unemotionally, somewhat monotonously, perhaps in a sort of recitative, with a rather dry, sharp articulation, especially if the speaker is from the middle West.

But my English friend, speaking the same words, with the same thought behind them, uses a quite different intonation. To my American ear her speech-tune seems highly emotional, highly complex. The variations of pitch may be represented thus: —



This, however, is a conventionalized diagram; it does scant justice to her sentence-modulation at its best. When she is in fine fettle her voice is as erratic

as an aeroplane in a gale of wind. It shoots madly from one extremity of the vocal gamut to the other, usually with a leap skyward on the last syllable that is at worst a kind of shriek, and at best a forcible and eager interrogation.

When I am unexpectedly addressed, or sung at, in this fashion, I am simply thrown on my beam-ends. My mental processes, if they could be registered, would probably show the following sequence: —

'Weather — she is talking about the weather — evidently greatly excited — must be something very interesting and horrible — no, can't be a tragedy, because she is smiling — concealed joke, perhaps — and it's a question — what *does* she want to know? — Well, I give up — I 'll have to ask her to repeat.

And I do.

A COMPLAINT OF THE IMAGINATION

I CANNOT make my imagination grow up. My dreams are the dreams of a child. I cannot live down the Fairy Prince and the Golden Slippers, the Magic Tree and the Swan with a wizard's voice in his long white throat.

I wonder if my imagination ought to grow up along with the rest of me. There is nothing, to be sure, that I can do about it. I cannot say to it, 'Go to now. Grow up.' It has its own manner of life, wherein it will doubtless persist to the end of time.

I was thinking to-day, 'If I want to, I can fill this room, most commonplace and cheerful, with Fairy-Tale People and Fairy-Tale Things." So I tried. The first result was a row of gnomes, sitting on the rail of the brass bedstead. A green gnome, a purple gnome, a russet gnome, and a scarlet gnome: there they were. One fiddled; one had a flute and puffed his cheeks to play. One was pulling at a spider's web (it was clear silver). One was yawning so that he almost tipped over backwards. I saw no reason for their existence, nor for their occupations; but there they were.

Then I stopped paying attention to them, and looked at the couch in the opposite corner. On it lay a beautiful woman, not a princess. Perhaps I am half grown-up or it would have been a princess. She was asleep. Her face was very pale, and the eyelids were almost luminous. She nearly smiled, not quite; and in not quite smiling, seemed infinitely sad. She had dark hair coiled and coiled above a quiet forehead. She was covered with long folds of heavy dull green, silver-broidered cloth. And she would be asleep till the end of Time. I knew no more about her; she was beautiful, and I desired to kiss her eyelids. But she would not have awakened, for me.

I glanced from her to the doorway, for in it stood a very tall and very young man, with a bush of hot yellow hair. He was clad in dull green, and carried a willow wand in one hand. He laughed, showing splendid teeth. He was not paying any attention to me; he was just *there*. I gathered that he was an out-doors sort of person; the kind that sleeps under hedges and haystacks, and knows more about the snaring of rabbits and foxes than about the philosopher's stone. The air was fresher because of him. But he did not seem to realize that. He did not even notice my beautiful sad lady.

Just then the Silver Shadow fell through the window. I must explain about the Silver Shadow. I dreamed it in a true sleeping dream, once, and sometimes it returns to me. It is the shadow of a dove, passing outside in the strong sunlight; but it is all of silver. I see every feather wrought in

hoary glistening tracery that flashes over the floor and is gone. A mystic with whom I once held converse told me that the Silver Shadow meant 'The Shadow of the World. It is fleeting, yet weighs upon the soul.' I do not know how that may be, but I am glad of the Shadow for my eyes' delighting. To-day it came, and made me forget the gnomes, the lady, and the youth. But when it had passed, I became aware of a rosebush in the corner by the desk. It bore roses of saffron, yellow, small, starry, sweet with briar-scent. A butterfly balanced on the topmost spray, and his wings shone as heavy with gold as the Shadow had shone delicate with silver. He opened them out to the sunlight, showily, luxuriously; and I saw that they were freckled with sapphire moons and spots. His antennæ were bright and fringy. Altogether he was a butterfly *de luxe*, even for a fairy tale. And there he sat, on a yellow rosebush, beside my desk.

There were other things in the room by this time. A green-and-blue dragon had gotten himself under the couch, and was thrusting out a slender shiny-steel tongue to catch innumerable ruby-bodied flies. They resembled a shower of crimson beads, pierced one by one on that dragon's needle tongue. He was a pleasant-featured dragon, and did not disturb me. And the lady did not awaken because of him.

Also I saw that in the Morris chair a simple-faced old man in not over-antique garb was sitting. He had a Bible on his knees, and smiled gently at what he read. I should not have expected the society of gnomes and dragons to suit him, but he did not appear to notice. That is a property of my make-up people and things: they are detached entities. They never notice — me or each other.

The room seemed rather full, and I looked out of the window to see what could be done with the courts. Red brick city courtyards they are, graced with washing on a Monday. This was Monday, and zero weather. I had to work a little over them, but the result was fair. I managed apple trees in full pink bloom, with a blue bird in the nearest. There was a fountain in a green plaisaunce. It could not have been zero weather, or the water would have frozen; whereas it was glimmering in a silky rainbow web of light; and in the porphyry pool at the base, two curly little boys sailed bits of vessels, and spattered the water like sparrows. Doves waddled and cocked along the rim; their necks shone. There was a peacock out beyond: I heard him scream. Through the rosy trees I caught the marble apparition of a nymph's limbs. And down a path all flickering with sun and shadow, all aflurry with petals, strolled a very youthful pair, the morning in their faces, enchantment over their clasping hands.

I could not manage much more with those courtyards, although I tried moonlight on them and liked it fairly well. I also tried a convent garden, where blue nuns were pacing prim paths and the chapel bell was tinkling for Vespers. Then I tried a wicked garden, where closed shutters, dusty lattice, overgrown fleshly flowers, a certain opulence coupled with barrenness, suggested clandestine love and transgression. But the apple trees pleased me best.

Just as I had come back to look at the lady asleep on the couch, and to see the yawning gnome (he was the purple one) slip back till his fat knees caught on the rail, and the green one and the scarlet one had to drop their flute and fiddle to pull him up, the front-door-bell rang, and the landlady's knock on my door reminded me that I

was grown up, even if my imagination was not.

The person who called on me never guessed that when she began to sit down in the Morris chair, the old gentleman with the Bible slipped out with a courteous but wholly detached bow, and continued his researches standing near-sightedly by the window. Nor did she notice how carefully I sat on the edge of the couch, being in some fear of disturbing the lady.

The young man in green had gone out when my guest came in. I knew that he was up on a windy hill-road by this time. It was just as well, after all, that he had gone, as it was also well that the green-and-blue dragon drew in his head and went to sleep, and the gnomes had grace enough to stop their capers and reedy fluting and fiddling. For my guest might not have understood their presence, exactly, and I might not have found explanations easy.

She glanced out of the window. 'Clothes drying!' she commented. 'Ugh! how cold those brick walls look! And the coal smoke! — Is n't the city the *ugliest*, at this time of year?'

The butterfly on the yellow rosebush opened his glorious wings suddenly, and sailed straight out of the window-crack into the blue. My eyes followed him, till he was only a speck of sunny light.

'Oh, I don't know,' I answered vaguely. For I saw that the old gentleman with the Bible had edged to the door, and that the gnomes had climbed down puffily and were playing silent tag after him. When I turned to look at the lady, only the pale mask of her lovely features appeared for an instant on the pillow, then flickered and went out.

And the Silver Shadow passed.

Then I began to entertain my caller with a truer attention. I had been in danger of becoming one of those dream-people, and of taking no notice. And when one is grown-up and has an unfading inconvenient body, one must take notice.

But the trouble is not with taking notice or with the callers. The trouble is that my imagination is not grown-up as much as I am, or ought to be, and I cannot see that it ever will be. For it is not concerned with deep eternal things or fierce human things. It is probably no imagination at all, only fancy. And no one who understands the difference ever says 'fancy' without a bit of a sneer.

I wish it were not so. I should like to have a constructive piercing vision into the middle of everything. I should like to fashion the wedding garment or the shroud of humanity, as it were; and I can only embroider the hems of its dancing dress. I should like to know unity, and I know only division.

Sometimes when I see the Silver Shadow, I have more hope for my imagination's maturity. 'The Shadow of the World. It is fleeting, yet weighs upon the Soul.' The Silver Shadow means more to me than my gnomes and ladies and butterflies. Yet it does not mean enough to satisfy the part of me that is grown-up.

For I have known joy and sorrow, wealth, and meagreness of spirit. I am aware of high nobility and of deep crime. I have felt the hand of Greatness and the breath of Holiness. These things I know with my mind. But with my dreams, which are the happiest part of me and the part I can use the best, I know Fairy-Tale People and Fairy-Tale Things; shapes and colors and gleams; apparitions, not realities.

So my imagination is not grown-up. And I cannot help it, though my hair shall presently fade and be gray.

Yet, — oh, lack-a-day — how I love it all the same!

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

[THE last contribution from Mr. W. Martin Swift, a discussion of the cost of present-day living, printed in the issue for April, 1910, called forth a large number of letters. In the present issue it seems worth while to publish one of these letters, which may prove interesting to those readers of the *Atlantic* whose margin of receipts over expenditures is one of the serious problems of family life. The name of the writer and other marks of identification have been altered.

THE EDITORS.]

——, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

EDITOR ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MY DEAR SIR, — I was interested in reading Mr. Swift's article in the April *Atlantic*, and as my problems in relation to the cost of living are somewhat similar to those of the man of whom he wrote, it may interest you to know how I have grappled with them.

I have spent all my life thus far on railroad work. I graduated from a prominent scientific school in 1888, and the next year I began work in the engineering department of the —— —— Railroad and there I have remained, having now reached the rank of resident engineer.

I have always kept strict account of receipts and expenditures; but as I was not married till 1902 we can with profit study only the records of the years 1903 to 1909 inclusive. The largest item of expense has been that for food, which was $231 for 1903, and $296 for 1909. It needs to be said that while our family averaged two persons in 1903 the average in 1909 was four and a half, so that the expense per person has decreased during the period. This would show but little in regard to the cost of food-stuffs, for several reasons. First, the cost per person would naturally be less as numbers increase, and secondly we have two young children who of course eat less than adults. On the other hand, there was serious illness in the family during 1909, which necessitated most of the cooking and serving being done by hired help, and that is not conducive to economy.

The item of rent would be represented by insurance, taxes, and upkeep of my house and grounds. The figure for 1903 was $124, and for 1909 was $127; the average for the period being $119. To be fair, I suppose I ought to add four per cent interest on first cost, and this would make the yearly average $241. Our clothing bill was $87 in 1903 and $99 in 1909, with a yearly average of $88. Of course this item is increasing, and must continue to increase as our children become older. The outlay for fuel has averaged $83 during the period, and has shown no tendency to increase. Our contributions for church and charitable purposes are $50 per year, and are naturally pretty well in our own control, although some years they have been considerably more than this.

Articles of house-furnishing cost us $56 in 1903, but this item has grown smaller, so that the yearly average has been $40. Medical expenses have varied greatly from year to year, and average $61; but until the year 1909, when the amount was $193, the average was $39. Our expenditures for books and papers were $24 in 1903, and $35 in 1909, with an average of $30. The outlay for life and health insurance has increased from $24 to $35 during the period, but the increase is partly due to additional insurance. Our traveling expenses have averaged $23 per year,

with no apparent tendency to increase.

Finally comes the item of 'miscellaneous,' including laundry, domestic service, stationery and postage, presents, funeral expenses, lighting, entertainments, children's toys, and unclassified expenditures. This has varied from $66 in 1903 to $183 in 1909, but the high figure for this latter year was due to the great amount of sickness of which I have written, — the amount for 1908 being $64, almost the same as at the beginning.

Now, to sum up, it appears that my expenses for 1909 were $1128, excluding interest on first cost of house and lot. If we reduce the expenses for sickness down to an average of the seven-year period the total would be practically $1000. My wages for 1903 amounted to $1020, and this was increased to $1200 for 1909.

In order to have a reasonable margin between income and expenditures I have resorted to several expedients. I keep my residence in the country, though most of my work is in the city. This enables us to have a good vegetable and fruit garden, and to keep our expenses for clothing within reasonable limits. I sell from the garden enough to balance the money outlay on it, and thus our food bill is quite a bit smaller than it would be if everything were bought. I improve every opportunity to increase my income by extra work, such as executing deeds, wills, and other legal instruments. I also hold the position of treasurer of the town school-board, and this helps out the income a little. These additions, if we include interest on money in the savings bank, will aggregate from $150 to $200 per year.

When all is reckoned up I think I can say that we have satisfactorily solved the problem of living on a moderate income in such way as to secure for ourselves all the reasonable comforts of life, with something to spare for a rainy day. This means, of course, that a man must be fairly active and find profitable use for his spare time. My time of rising in the morning is seldom later than five o'clock, and during the busy season — say from May till August — it is often nearer four; but more men are worn out by keeping late hours at night than by early rising in the morning.

I hope you have not been wearied by this long letter, and I assure you my story has been written from facts and not imagination.

Very truly yours,

EUGENE M. TRACY.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1911

GENERAL SHERMAN ON HIS OWN RECORD

SOME UNPUBLISHED COMMENTS

EDITED BY JARED W. YOUNG

In 1865 Colonel Samuel M. Bowman, assisted by Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. Irwin, wrote *Sherman and his Campaigns*, a book of some five hundred pages, published in the same year by Charles B. Richardson, New York. It was one of the earliest contributions to the history of the War, and the first devoted to General Sherman, who wrote to the publisher, under date of July 31, 1865, —

'Colonel Bowman . . . has had access to my Order and Letter Books, embracing copies of all letters written and orders made by me since the Winter 1861–62 with a view to publish a Memoir of my life and services, and no other person has had such an opportunity to read my secret thoughts and acts.'

The preparation of the volume, however, in the tumult and confusion of the closing days of the War, was necessarily somewhat hurried, and it was intended that the work should be revised and enlarged in a subsequent edition, pursuant to which purpose a copy, interleaved with blank pages, was sent to General Sherman in 1866, for his corrections and further suggestions.

General Sherman returned the book with copious notes and data, including copies of a number of his letters; but before any further action was taken toward revision he began the preparation of his own *Memoirs*, though they were not published until nine years later. The volume remained in Colonel Bowman's hands until his death in 1885, and thence passed into the library of the writer, a relative.

In 1852 Colonel Bowman, then a lawyer in St. Louis, had crossed the plains to San Francisco at the height of the California gold excitement. Here a year later came General Sherman, to take charge of the branch banking-house of Lucas, Turner and Company. The two men had known each other in St. Louis, and their acquaintance ripened into a close personal and business friendship, Bowman becoming counsel for the banking firm, and the two families occupying adjoining houses.

At the breaking out of the War, Bowman became Major of the Fourth Illinois Cavalry, and participated in the military operations at Pittsburg Landing, the siege of Corinth, and the battle of Shiloh, serving during a part of

the time under the direct command of General Sherman. After the battle of Shiloh, he resigned his commission to accept the colonelcy of the 84th Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the Army of the Potomac, and accordingly was not a participant in Sherman's subsequent operations; but the two continued to keep in touch, and in fact Sherman, when preparing for his Atlanta campaign in 1864, and having in mind the organization of a cavalry corps, requested Bowman's promotion to brigadier general, intending to give him a division of cavalry.

As a result of this intimacy, the notes and comments are at times exceedingly frank. A portion of them are here set forth in the order in which they appear in the book, with such brief explanation as may serve to acquaint the reader with the particular military operations to which they refer.

In sending the book, Colonel Bowman wrote on one of the pages: —

'It is my purpose, for the second edition, to insert a carefully prepared introductory chapter entitled "North and South," giving a graphic view of the political situation before the War and accounting for the War, and then to introduce General Sherman to the reader as an actor in our part of it. This will tend to give the book a general interest, and will be more in harmony with what I understand to be General Sherman's wishes.'

To which General Sherman replied in part in the following letter accompanying the return of the book: —

St. Louis, Mo., *April* 27, 1866.

Dear Bowman, — I expect to start next Tuesday on an extensive tour, to be absent some six weeks, and for this reason I have concluded to return to you the printed volume with my corrections and suggestions. These you will find are pretty full, and will give you at least the key to my opinions on most if not on all the points inquired about. Some are made in pencil, but plain enough for you to make out. Opposite page 488 I have summed up my general ideas of Biography, although being the subject of it am not the best judge of what the public most desires to know.

I advise chiefly that you enlarge a little more on the part antecedent to the War, to show that my opinions were pretty well matured on the chief questions before a blow was struck. I would pass over pretty rapidly the events of the War until you reach the period when I began to act as an independent commander or to influence those who did command; thence to the end and assignment to the present command, pretty free details. I would not use so much of my original matter till the close, in the shape of appendix, when you might arrange in the order of dates such of my letters or extracts as exhibit my opinions or style.

I do not wish to be painted as the apologist for the South, or for leniency of punishment, but that this being a Government of Constitution and Law, I presumed that both were adapted at any moment for the condition of peace. If Congress had failed to prepare for the end it was their laches, not mine.

I think the historical picture would have appeared better in the future had peace followed instanter on the close of hostilities, and the civil laws been allowed at once to take the place of the military. I do think then the Republican War party would have received a fair share of Southern votes, whereas, by the unnecessary agitation since the actual close of hostility, all at the South, Union as well as Secesh, are thrown into the scale of the opposition. Even such men as Rousseau, Cooper, and others who fought with us, as also

——, Hunt, and many others who can take the prerequisite oath, and were as much enemies to secessionists and disorganists as Sumner and Stevens pretend to be. But I have written enough.

The book will come to your address by Adams & Co.'s Express.

All about as usual here.

Yours truly,

W. T. SHERMAN.

And further, opposite Colonel Bowman's memo, he wrote: —

ST. LOUIS, April 8, '66.

I do not think it will be well to dwell long on the causes of the War in a mere Biography, but as my opinion may be desired in this connection, I will take advantage of the blank leaves at the very beginning of the book so as to leave those near its beginning to elaborate some events that in the original text have been passed over, it may be with commendable brevity.

W. T. S., Maj. Gen.

The 'events' thus characterized — written, as the general indicates, on the fly-leaves of the volume — covered Sherman's life subsequent to his return from California, including his appointment as Commandant of the Louisiana Military Academy, his resignation occasioned by his foresight of the gathering war clouds, and his interview with Lincoln on his return from the South in March, 1861, when, in answer to the President's question as to how they were getting along in Louisiana, he stated, —

'That they were getting ready for War; that he knew Bragg and Beauregard were enlisting men; that Governor Moore had sent the Baton Rouge muskets to safe points; and that everything that he saw, betokened War.'

To which Lincoln replied, 'Oh, I guess we will manage to keep house.'

His actions and statements during this period illustrate the almost prophetic insight which he alone of the men of the North seems to have had as to the certainty and length of the impending struggle. But as they are elaborated in his own *Memoirs* they may be passed over here.

The summary on 'The Cause of the War,' is written in ink, with a formal title, and with more evident care and preparation than most of the other matter, and was evidently intended for insertion in the revised volume as written; it runs as follows: —

THE CAUSE OF THE WAR

There have been diverse interests agitating people since the world began, and so it was with our early Colonists and States. Common danger, first from the Indians and afterwards the British, was the first bond of union, and those who first devised the Articles of Confederation supposed mutual interests would make us a common people, but it only took six or eight years to demonstrate its fallacy.

Then was formed the present Constitution, doubtless the very strongest bond that could then have been attempted, or if fairly administered could now be asked for. Still there is no doubt that the powers of the States and of the General Government were not clearly enough defined to prevent mischief.

The States were left with all the power to control and manage the special interests of their people, and only enough power given to the General Government to carry on foreign intercourse, war, and general matters, and hardly enough to enable the General Government to exercise and fulfill the most important function of *Umpire* in case of differences soon to arise between States, and also within the limits of any State. This was the most difficult and delicate task confided to those who

formed the Constitution, and no one should dispute the wisdom of those men, who had of course to make mutual concessions of opinion. But there is no doubt that in the Constitution itself exist radical causes for the War. It is in the memory of all that the weight of opinion in our country was that in all doubtful cases of a conflict of interest between the National Government and the People of a State, or even of a locality, the Government always yielded.

General Washington in his first administration felt the difficulty, but acted on the doctrine that the National Government should use force promptly and put down any opposition offered to the national authority. His motives were always so high, and he was backed by so great a majority, that he could act with more confidence than afterwards existed when presidents had strong and powerful opposition parties.

General Washington's proclamations made Sept. 15, 1792, Aug. 7, 1794, and Sept. 25, 1794, are the best doctrines I know, and should have been followed in all subsequent occasions; but he better expresses the same ideas in his letters (private) to Chas. M. Thurston, from Philadelphia, Aug. 10, 1794; to Burges Ball, Sept. 25, 1794. And to Major-General Daniel Morgan from Carlisle, Oct. 8, 1794 [he writes]:—

'I am in perfect sentiment with you, that the business we are drawn out upon should be effectually executed, and that the daring and factious spirit which has arisen to overturn the laws and subvert the Constitution ought to be subdued. If this is not done there is an end of, and we may bid adieu to, all government in this country except mob and club government, from which nothing but anarchy and confusion can ensue. If the minority, and a small one too, is suffered to dictate to the majority after measures have undergone the most solemn discussions by the representatives of the people, and their will through this medium is enacted into a Law, there can be no security for Life, Liberty and Property; nor, if the Laws are not to govern, can any man know how to conduct himself with safety. There never was a law yet made, I conceive, that hit the taste *exactly* of every man, or of every part of the community; of course if this is a reason for opposition no law can be executed at all without force, and every man or set of men will in that case cut and carve for themselves.'

Washington was therefore clearly for coercion. Yet gradually the practice of the Government, dependent on votes, became less and less disposed to cross the feelings and opinions of the people, until at last the Democratic party was reduced to the *reductio ad absurdum* of the mathematician, that our Government could not coerce a State; or, in other words, that it was no Government at all. In the general habit of our people of setting up their local opinion as superior to the Law of Congress, at Boston, at San Francisco, in New Orleans, — everywhere — and the settled habit of our General Government standing back without manifesting its power, and finally in one president's admitting that he had no power to coerce a State, we made Revolution *necessary*.

The General Government is of no use at all unless it can and does coerce a State to keep within its limits, and the very moment the General Government does not restrain a State, or the people of a State, when acting in open violation of the National Law, it fails in its functions so far that the people are almost justified in seeking new forms and new means of self-protection of their lives, liberty, and property.

I do not believe that slavery was

the chief or only cause of our late rebellion. It was a disturbing element, assumed by one political faction as a means of provocation, and by the other as a means to unite their people, as a means of defense and justifiable cause for a new government, which they could use for years for their political advantage. And in proof of this I allege that Mr. Lincoln, after election and installation, asserted repeatedly that slavery was safe in his hands, that he was sworn to enforce even the Fugitive Slave Law, and soon Congress declared it had no intention to interfere with slavery in the States. The people in the South had always seen the National Government yield to, and compromise with, local grievances; and the South did not believe that the President and Congress would enforce the Constitution and laws by the army and by physical force. Had the successive presidents from Washington down to Buchanan done as Washington did, promptly use force to maintain the Laws, the South would never have thought of secession and open resistance.

My opinion was and is that this habit of yielding to popular and local passion and resistance was the real cause and reason of the late War, and our California sample of the Vigilance Committee is as good a one as I can offer. Slavery is now extinct, but the cause remains, and we may learn yet that other pretexts may reproduce the same results.

Opposite the chapter recording the Bull Run disaster, Bowman queries: —

'I desire to have this chapter corrected as to facts. It must be shortened also, because you were acting in a subordinate position and too much prominence is given to Bull Run. What do you think?'

To which Sherman aptly replies: —

'The less said about Bull Run the better. The plans were good and the numbers sufficient, but the men were utterly ignorant of War or danger. It was not the officers who lost Bull Run, but the men. They simply had no coherence; no discipline. Each man acted for himself, and when they found bullets they concluded to quit; which they did in their own way (and it may be wisely), to begin to study in the dearest school of life — "Experience."'

For a title for the next chapter, devoted to the struggle in Kentucky in the autumn of 1861, Bowman chose 'The Secession Juggle in Kentucky.'

To this Sherman added a brief note:

'A wrong title. I do not wish in connection with my name any reflection should be made on the true men of Kentucky, some as true and enthusiastic as we could ask for. General Jackson killed at ——— was an example. Kentucky as a State declaring for the Union, as she did at a critical time, was of vast use to us. That confusion should exist at the outset, and that conflict of opinion should exist at the end, were natural results and to be expected, but Kentucky is a most valuable integral part of our Country.'

In describing 'The Siege and Fall of Vicksburg,' Bowman says: —

'I hope to get in this chapter valuable military suggestions. This was the stronghold of the confederacy. It yielded to the advance wave, that swept down the Father of Waters — a wave that swept over the South at last and destroyed the rebellion. Vicksburg therefore is very suggestive. Beauregard thought to lose Corinth was to jeopardize the rebel cause — but Vicksburg was the key point. What say you?'

Sherman replies: —

'The valley of the Mississippi con-

tains by all odds the largest amount of fertile land of any river on the whole globe. Its importance cannot be overstated. It *is* America. Whatever power holds it can dictate to the continent. Though railroads and artificial channels of commerce have changed somewhat natural laws, yet the lower Mississippi from Cairo to the gulf is the best channel I know of for the uses of man. If the Rebels could have held it from Columbus down, we could not have subdued them. The loss of New Orleans and Columbus and Memphis diminished its value to the Rebels, but so long as we could not use it in its whole length we could not claim it.

'Inasmuch as Vicksburg was held with such tenacity and was so vital to us, I regarded its capture as a necessity at any cost. When at last it was accomplished, in spite of all the efforts of the enemy, it was absolutely conclusive as to the War being nothing but a question of time. Too great importance can never be given to the capture of Vicksburg and in the progress of time its capture will stand out as the great event of the War. From that moment the efforts of the Rebels were merely spasmodic, delaying, but never changing the certainty of the event.

'What I wrote to Grant in the letter on page 167, written in March, 1864, proved absolutely true. When we had the Mississippi "dead sure," we made "short work of Charleston, Richmond, and the impoverished coast of the Atlantic."'

It will be recalled that our Civil War gave the first illustration of the use of railroads in extensive military operations. Bowman says, following his account of the Atlanta campaign, 'I desire a paragraph or two from you on the subject of the *rail* in War,' which Sherman thus summarizes: —

'Of course Railroads are of vast importance. I could not have maintained my army in the Atlanta Campaign without them.

'Locomotives don't eat corn and hay like mules, but a single locomotive will haul 160,000 pounds. A man eats 3 pounds a day, and therefore one train will feed 50,000 men. Animals need about 15 pounds. I estimated 65 cars a day necessary to maintain an army of 100,000 men and 30,000 animals, but for accidents and accumulation I laid my figures at 120 cars a day. To do this work from Nashville I aimed to get 100 locomotives and 1000 cars, expecting to lose two trains a week by accident and the enemy. We attained nearly that standard before I got possession of Atlanta.

'Mule wagons could not have done that work because the teams and guard will eat up the contents of a wagon in about 25 days, or 12½ days out and in, so that in old times it was an axiom that armies could not operate more than 100 miles from their base. Rosecrans nearly starved an army at Chattanooga, with a haul of some 60 or 70 miles from Bridgeport and Stevenson by way of Waldrens Ridge.

'Railroads are, however, very delicate — easily damaged in their bridges, culverts, and rails — therefore require large guards and repair parties and material.

'I think we attained the maximum work out of a single line from Nashville to Atlanta.'

After the capture of Atlanta, General Hood wrote to Sherman suggesting an exchange of prisoners, to which the latter agreed but stipulated that, as the exchanged Confederates would immediately return to Hood's army, he would only accept Union prisoners from his own army, whose terms of service had not expired, and not those theretofore confined in Rebel prisons

belonging to other armies, and in consequence not available for duty with him. He also stated that he had captured a number of soldiers who had been 'detailed for duty' in the Atlanta shops, and that for these he would accept any prisoners.

To this Hood took exception, writing to him, 'The new principle which you seek to interpolate on the cartel of our respective governments, as well as upon the laws and customs of War, will not be sanctioned by me.'

On this point, and on the order providing for the removal of all civilians from Atlanta, a caustic correspondence ensued, most of which was reproduced either in this book or Sherman's own *Memoirs*, but the following letter was not used in either: —

ATLANTA, *Sept.* 12, 1864.

GEN. J. B. HOOD,
Comd. Army of the Tenn.,
Confederate Army.

I have yours of to-day. You asked to exchange prisoners and I consented as far as those which remained in my hands here and this side of Chattanooga. These I will exchange in the manner I have stated, and not otherwise.

As you could not know those of our men whose terms had expired I authorized Col. Warner to say that I would retain any number taken of this army between certain dates, say the two thousand last captured, or in any other single period, but as a matter of business I offered terms that could not be misunderstood.

You have not answered my proposition as to the men captured in Atlanta who are soldiers of the Confederate Army detailed on 'Extra Duty' in the shops.

I think I understand the laws of civilized nations and the customs of War, but if at a loss at any time I know where to seek for information to refresh my memory.

If you will give our prisoners at Andersonville a little more elbow-room, and liberty to make out of the abundant timber shelter for themselves, and also a fair allowance of food to enable them to live in health, they will ask nothing more until such time as we will provide for them.

I am with respect,
Your Obedient Servant,
W. T. SHERMAN, Maj. Gen.

The month of March, 1865, witnessed the successful culmination of Sherman's greatest military achievement of the War, — the march of his army from Savannah to Goldsboro; and by contrast in the following month he encountered the most severe ordeal of his military career, — the Johnston Truce imbroglio.

On the 9th of April, Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox, and four days later General Johnston, seeing that the end had come, and hard pushed by Sherman's armies, opened negotiations with him looking to a termination of hostilities. As a result of this the two generals met on the eighteenth and drew up an agreement for submission to their respective principals, the confirmation of which both thought was assured.

There is no question that in some of the terms granted in this agreement Sherman exceeded his authority. But, on the other hand, he believed he was acting in accordance with his understanding of Lincoln's views and intentions; and in any event the agreement, when disapproved, should never have passed beyond official circles.

But Lincoln had just been assassinated, and Secretary Stanton, losing his head completely, gave out the terms to the press accompanied with reasons for refusing confirmation thereof, and ad-

verse comment couched in such language as practically to stamp Sherman as a traitor. Not content with this, Stanton instructed Grant immediately to proceed to Sherman's headquarters and direct the operations against Johnston in person, while General Halleck issued orders direct to Meade, Sheridan, and Wright, Sherman's generals, to disregard the truce and pay no attention to Sherman's orders. The press and public, already inflamed by Lincoln's death, seized on this as a vent for their feelings, and Sherman was made the victim of severe and undeserved criticism that wounded him deeply.

Grant, however, carried out Stanton's orders only to the extent of going to Sherman, permitting him to continue in active command and to arrange in a second interview with Johnston the final terms of surrender.

Bowman goes into this whole matter in considerable detail, and only asks for additional information on two points as follows: —

'Describe the house where this interview was had and who were present, or, if not immediately in your conference, with you; also who were with Johnston? — BOWMAN.'

'The point fixed on was between Durham's Station and the Rebel cavalry picket toward Hillsboro. I went up to Durham in a car and rode out on the Hillsboro road with Kilpatrick, Barry, Audenried, Dayton, and others, with a cavalry escort, and met Johnston about five miles out. Wade Hampton was with him. We met, shook hands on horseback, and after some commonplace remarks I looked around to see if there was any handy place for us to be private. Johnston remarked he had passed a short way back a nice farm and we rode back to it, he and I riding side by side till we approached the farmhouse, which was a neat frame building. We dismounted at the gate, walked into the yard, when an old man and woman met us, and I explained what we wanted, viz: the use of the house. They left it to us and went to a small out-house. Johnston and I went in; Wade Hampton, and two or three Confederate officers with him, with Barry, Kilpatrick, etc., stayed out in the yard, grouped about an old carpenter's bench.

'Our first interview lasted a couple of hours. It was during it I told Johnston of Lincoln's assassination, of which I had heard by telegraph just as I was starting from Raleigh. In passing Logan's camp, I told him, — but no one else till after my interview with Johnston. I was sure from his manner and language that he and the Confederate officers generally were as innocent of Mr. Lincoln's assassination as I was, and therefore resolved to act as though the event had not occurred; besides, I had seen so many officers of rank killed that Mr. Lincoln's assassination did not paralyze my mind as it seems to have done in Washington.

'Johnston did not ask that his men should retain all their arms, but I conceded them in a spirit of (it may be termed) "boasting or brag." I said, "You may have them all so far as I am concerned." And it was absurd to suppose that, with our army intact and theirs dispersed, we should fear danger. The confidence in our strength and power did impress Johnston and the whole Confederate army *far more* than the timid inferences of modern counsellors. A whole year of botch-work has followed by Congress, and this day the power of the United States is not respected and feared as much as on that day when I told Johnston to disperse his armies to their homes and get to work, and that I did not fear to trust them with the arms till they reached their States.

'I know well how to produce an effect on the minds of men, and I believe the effect was salutary, in addition to being what I knew in the end would obtain.'

'Describe this second meeting. I can imagine Johnston was *sad* and you were *mad!* — BOWMAN.'

'General Johnston was very sad; the perspiration on his face and his manner evinced great concern. I felt more concern for him than angry at the action of the Government. I did not get mad until afterwards, when I saw in the newspapers the publicity and tone of Stanton's dispatches to General Dix.

'When I got back to General Grant at Raleigh and handed him the paper signed by myself and Johnston, I asked him half jestingly to countersign it, to share with me, if necessary, any further disapproval of the War Department if it should be attempted.'

In the back of the book, Sherman comments on the biography in general and the Johnston incident in particular, taking occasion also to outline his estimation of his own fitness for high command, and giving some extremely frank reasons for his preferring a subordinate position during the opening of the War. As illustrating this latter point it may be recalled that, in his *Memoirs*, Sherman mentions an interview with Lincoln in August, 1861, in which he says, 'I explained to him my extreme desire to serve in a subordinate capacity, and in no event to be left in superior command.' The comments follow:

ST. LOUIS, MO., *April* 24, 1866.

Having been invited by Col. S. M. Bowman, one of the authors of the book, to revise it and to make any suggestions bearing on his intention to a republication, I have read over the text and made marginal corrections and notes bearing on special points, and now will conclude by such general ideas as seem to be pertinent to the occasion.

The volume is too heavy and large; if it cannot be condensed to one light enough to be held in one hand, then two small volumes seem indispensable.

The text should all be by one mind and one hand, in the nature of a simple plain narrative, careful as to dates and facts, with only such original matter interwoven as facilitates description.

Letters and papers made by the subject of the biography to illustrate his style and general opinion might very properly form an appendix, in smaller type, which the general reader could refer to if inclined.

The biography should not attempt to be a history of events except in such parts as the subject controlled or chiefly influenced events; as for example, Bull Run might be ignored and Shiloh barely touched on, giving more attention to Vicksburg, Atlanta, and the Great March.

The reader should be supposed possessed of the general history of the time, and the biographies of other leading generals still living merely touched upon, leaving their own friends to record their deeds and merits. Therefore the sketches of Thomas, Howard, Slocum, and Logan might be lessened, and those of McPherson, Ransom, and Dan McCook enlarged.

The earlier life of the subject of the biography should be unfolded and developed, showing the growth and formation of ideas and character. Thus I would attach more value to the demonstration of the truth that, long before the War was forced on us, I had been true and faithful to all trusts; that I possessed the respect and affection of old West Point comrades and the old officers of the army; that I had the unqualified respect of Generals Mason and Persifer Smith with whom I served

in confidential capacity [as adjutant general in California]; that in the Vigilance Committee times of San Francisco, in opposition to self-interest, I took open and positive ground against Mob Law and violence in favor of the Law, however defective or badly administered; and that in banking I made the real and permanent interest of my partners superior to my own; that I insisted on their withdrawing from the business of banking though it left me without means or employment, and forced me to seek a livelihood among strangers; that I retained the confidence of all my associates in all matters of business, especially of Mr. Lucas and Maj. Turner, to whom I am mostly indebted for my present house,—almost the only substantial reward yet received for the past.

In the earlier part of the War I purposely kept myself in the background for several reasons. Because I saw the controlling powers underrated the measure of hostility, which I reasoned would lead to the sacrifice of the first leaders. Because I regarded the War as a Revolution, and rarely do the first beginners or leaders survive both ["either" written first and crossed out] in life or reputation. Washington is an exception. Because I coolly reasoned that others might conduct the experiments that must precede the development of the Real Game that was to determine the issue. Because I did not share the prejudices which for a time had to obscure the real issues. I knew that the extréme men North and South were equally blinded by the prejudices of their sections. The Pro-Slavery men of the South would have been Abolitionists North, and vice versa.

In the middle and latter part of this volume the author has possession of so much official matter that it resolves itself into a simple question of selection. In this I only suggest a less close copy of my official reports, but a use of new and original language.

In treating of the Sherman and Johnston memorandum I am willing to rest with the assertion that it was wholly my work, to which of course Johnston assented. That I believed it contained what would ultimately result if the people of the South accepted and acted in prompt and willing acquiescence; and that it would produce instantaneously a condition of reason and lawful fidelity consistent with the Constitution of the United States and Laws then in existence.

The amendment of the Constitution abolishing slavery was then a fixed fact, and although a whole year has since passed and more than 40 millions spent maintaining garrisons in the South, it is unanimously admitted that no good result has been reached not then in actual form. The only thing in April, 1865, left for us to combat was prejudice and habits of thought. This can never be controlled by force of arms, but must be left to time's influences. After a whole year President Johnson has drifted to my then conclusion, and Congress has done nothing more than to enact declaratory bills (The Civil Rights) which, to have integrity, must be supported by Courts of Law that in turn rest on juries full of the very prejudices aimed to be overcome.

Time and renewed industry, with the apprehended danger of reviving a dreaded War, will finally bring all parts of the South into general harmony of interest and consequent opinion with the rest of the country. Every effort should be made to get the people of the South once more to thinking of their selfish interests, — such as making money, improving their land, and rebuilding their towns and cities, — for men of property do not like War and only resort to it when they feel certain

of success, as they surely did when the last War began. But they do not think so now, nor will be likely to think so again after the past experience, and when the North section has 24 million of people to their 8 or 10 million.

My opinion was, if the terms with Johnston had been entertained, and approved entire or modified, the Republican party would have gotten a larger proportion of the Southern votes; whereas by keeping out the Southern representatives they make it sure when they are admitted, as they surely will be, all will vote against the Republicans.

My terms specifically required a conformity to all Laws of Congress, among which was the test oath. Again, I had the right to infer that at any and all times the Laws in existence were ready for a condition of peace, the only aim of the War itself. I want no apology for those terms, or any part thereof, and I was clearly right in not saying a word about slavery as it was disposed of by all the means that Courts recognize.

One point is not clear enough. I took strong exception to Halleck's telegram wherein he ordered my Juniors, — Meade, Sheridan, and Wright — to come to me and disregard my orders. I said he, Halleck, should have come himself, for he ranked me and his coming would have simplified the military question involved, although I did not then say, nor do I now say, that I would have permitted him to disregard my truce. Most undoubtedly I would not have allowed my Juniors in rank to disregard my orders or military compact.

Though of strong will and opinion, I hold I have always shown a most commendable spirit of subordination, because without it there can be no government on earth.

As to how far I should have submitted to Stanton's published insult, I am willing to rest on the simple truth. I fulfilled the orders of the President, of whom he was the official mouthpiece, but no further. You will find a parallel in Kinglake[1] when the Minister [wrote] to Lord Raglan. He obeyed the orders to proceed to the Crimea, but resented the insult; Kinglake enunciating as an old established maxim of the English Army, that an officer must defend his own personal honor, and not leave that to his superiors or his Government.

I can now recall no other point that I care about, but it does seem that this volume contains all and more than I care about weaving into my personal history. But I am not the judge in this and must of necessity leave it to others, only saying that I want nothing written that opens controversy, which I hate worse than the devil and all his machinations.

W. T. Sherman, Maj. Gen.

This brief glimpse into the military and political controversies of the Sixties may be aptly concluded with the following suggestive quotations.

In the book occurs this paragraph:—

'After marching and fighting for twelve months, without rest, he halted his victorious army at the capital of North Carolina, in time to witness the funeral ceremonies of the Confederacy and the complete triumph of our cause. And for what? To be the subject of such utterly unfounded suspicions, as to be by some even suspected for a traitor! History furnishes no example of such cruel ingratitude and injustice.'

[1] This reference is apparently to the letter from the Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of State for War, June 29, 1854, to Lord Raglan, instructing him to besiege Sebastopol, and his reply thereto. Sherman paraphrases Kinglake rather freely, and the case is far from being on 'all fours' with his. See *The Invasion of the Crimea*, vol. i, chap. 33, Harper's fourth edition.—The Editor.

Opposite it Sherman penciled: —

'History does furnish examples. Columbus was one. Scott another. Columbus was carried back a prisoner; and Scott was subjected in Mexico to a trial by three officers junior to him, and one of them a doctor, Surgeon-Gen. Lawson.'

And below, under date of April 28, 1874, Bowman wrote: —

'But Sherman fared better than Columbus or Scott at last. He, in his own spirit, worried; but when his Country tried him before the Jury of the Country, he was accorded the highest honors.'

MALINKE'S ATONEMENT

BY MARY ANTIN

I

It was not the fault of Breine Henne, the egg-woman, if her only daughter, Malinke, had to assume the burdens of housekeeping before she cast her milk teeth. Breine Henne made a fraction of a living for herself and her two children by a small trade in poultry; whence her nickname. As her business obliged her to stand all day in the market-place, it naturally fell to Malinke to cook and sweep and wash. The law of circumstance was potent in Polotzk, next to the law of the Czar.

Late one afternoon Malinke was kneeling on a chair by the window, watching for her mother's return. It had rained all day, a cold autumn drizzle, and she knew trade was dull in such weather; her mother ought to be coming home. Presently she saw the familiar figure, and ran out into the entry to open the door.

Breine Henne came up the yard with a flat, heavy tread. The water churned in her broken shoes. Her limp skirt was a fringe of rags at the bottom, dripping with the mud of the market-place. Her frayed jacket, whose original color the owner herself could scarcely recall, looked black on the shoulders from the rain it had soaked up, and the woolly shawl tied about her head was hoary with moisture. She walked with her red hands clasped on her stomach, a covered basket hanging on one arm.

Malinke hopped on the threshold, impatient for her mother's society. The child was much alone.

'Let me brush off the mud for you with the besom,' she offered, as her mother stamped her feet in the entry. 'I have scrubbed the floor and sanded it all afresh, and you must n't bring in any mud, mama.'

'Good health to you, my little housewife!' the mother said, giving the child a wet caress. 'And where did you get the sand? The box was empty yesterday.'

'Oh, I ran errands for old Rachel, and she gave me a basin of sand. Is n't it bright, mama? But you are so wet! Did you sell the hen? What have you in the basket?'

Malinke paused in her chatter to lift

the cover from the basket. She saw a ball of gray feathers, slightly speckled with white. A little sigh of disappointment escaped her, but she said nothing. Lifting the hen, she cut the rag that bound its feet and set it down on the floor. The bird shook out its feathers, stretched its wings, and pattered over to the corner behind the oven, to drink from the broken earthenware dish which Malinke hastened to fill with fresh water.

Breine Henne peeled off her wet garments and spread them around the hot oven, watching the child meanwhile with a smile half sad, half happy. How many times she had promised Malinke a treat — an apple or a pear — in case she disposed of the hen that did n't lay; and always she had disappointed her — until now. Her smile turned wholly happy as she thought of the treat in store for Malinke and Yösele.

'Feed her well, little daughter,' she said. 'Give her all the oats you have, and the others will get the scrapings Rachel gives you after supper.'

'All the oats? Why all the oats for her alone?' Malinke looked for an explanation.

'Yes, stuff her all she'll hold. She's to be killed in the morning.'

'You're joking, mama. You did n't sell her, so who's going to kill her?'

'The butcher, of course,' laughed Breine Henne, as she tied a cotton head-kerchief under her chin, preparatory to sitting down to roast her bare feet. 'Who else kills chickens? The butcher, of course.'

Malinke's eyes grew large with conjecture, but she could not frame a guess.

'The butcher shall kill the hen, Malinke,' Breine Henne repeated impressively, '*and you shall eat it!*'

The child changed color from surprise. Her mother was not jesting — she would not tease her so. There was to be a chicken cooked for her and Yösele and Mother. She was speechless for a quarter of a minute, then she broke into a laugh of pure happiness, and clapped her hands as if she were a real little girl of nine, instead of a responsible housekeeper and an understudy to her mother in bearing the troubles of their difficult existence.

'Oh, mama, it will be so good! For Sabbath, you mean, don't you? Won't Yösele be surprised! Let me tell him, mama, do. I'll run to meet him when I hear the boys coming home from *heder* [Hebrew school]. Oh, how good it will taste!'

Intoxicated with unlooked-for happiness, she caught one foot in her hand and danced around on the other till she lost her balance. Her eye fell on the devoted hen, who, unconscious of her impending doom, was polishing her yellow bill on a leg of the wooden bench against the wall. Malinke caught her up in her arms.

'Oh, you dear old hen! You poor old hen! You would n't lay, you would n't get fat, nobody wanted you, and now *I'm* going to eat you!'

She thrust her fingers knowingly through the soft feathers to the warm skin. The exuberance faded from her face. She turned to her mother with a wry little smile.

'She's *not* very fat, is she, mama? Do you think there will be *any* yellow rings on the soup? I saw the chicken soup the women from the sick-visiting society brought old Rachel when she was sick, and it was all yellow on top — *fat!* — and smelt so good!'

'If we live, we'll see,' was Breine Henne's philosophic reply. 'There will be the bones to lick, anyway. And now reach down under the bed and pull me out the sack of potatoes, and I'll peel some while you make the samovar. Yösele comes home all dried up — nothing hot to eat all day, poor boy.'

One potato apiece was as much as Breine Henne could allow for supper, but her tongue being nimbler than her fingers, she had time, while preparing those few potatoes, to rehearse a good deal of domestic history.

'I don't know what people will say of such extravagance,' she remarked to the pot in her lap. 'Breine Henne the egg-woman, the destitute widow, to eat chicken, and not even a holiday for an excuse! It was Rebecca the apple-woman put it into my head, and I can't see but what she is right. "How much longer will you lug around that hen?" she laughed at me. "I have seen you six market days with the same lean hen," she said. "I know her by her single eye, and every housewife in Polotz knows her by this time. Naked bones, that's what she is. You'll never sell her. Take my advice, Breine Henne, go home and have her killed for Sabbath. You'll save all she'll ever bring you if you use her economically. You can stand another year in the rain and rot in your shoes, the hen will never be any plumper. Nobody wants to put a lean chip in the soup."'

Malinke had been watching the much-criticized fowl peck at its food, rejoicing, with anticipatory relish, at every kernel that swelled its crop. Her pleasure was marred by her mother's quotation of the apple-woman's disparaging opinion.

'Is she as bad as that, mama?' she asked. 'Won't there be any fat at all?'

'If there won't, there won't,' replied the mother unemotionally. 'I can't make the creature over now. Is it my fault that she always was lean, and would not lay? I stuffed her enough, I'm sure; more than the others. It was fated that we should eat her, else why was n't she plump, so that I could sell her? Already last Atonement Day I had it in mind to kill the hen as a sacrifice, but I reconsidered, and decided it would be too great an extravagance. It is no trifle for a destitute widow to offer up a hen. So I offered a groschen, and you a groschen, and Yösele, being a scholar, and soon to be confirmed, offered a little dwarf rooster, the one the stray cat — a curse on her! — nearly chewed up when he was a chick. He was n't fit for anything else, the crippled rooster, and God would accept him, I knew. Everything is acceptable to the Almighty that is offered Him by the poor man's self-denial.'

Malinke showed interest in her mother's discourse.

'Then why did n't you sacrifice the hen?' she asked.

'I've told you why, you little fool. It would have been too much.'

'Too much for God?'

'Silence, you imp! Don't let loose your tongue. I thought I could not afford the hen then. Extravagance is a sin. The Almighty knows how I have to struggle to keep body and soul together. I am behind with the rent, behind with the tuition. Reb' Zalmen Boruch sent me word last week that if I don't pay him at least half of what I owe he can't let Yösele come any more. I don't blame the *rebbe* [Hebrew teacher]; he is a poor man himself. If I have to take Yösele out of school, the Most High will know it was not because I did not value sacred learning.'

Malinke saw that her mother was getting ready to cry, and tried to divert her thoughts.

'I can peel as close as that, mama,' she said, fingering the little heap of potato parings in her mother's lap. 'I make it so thin you can see the light through if you hold it up.'

She cocked her head as she applied the test to a curl of the peel.

Breine Henne brightened at once.

'Sound be your little head!' she blessed as she emptied her lap before rising. 'I know you are a good house-

wife. Now you watch me to-morrow when I cut up the hen, and you'll learn how to make the most of a fowl. There will be the soup for Sabbath, and the meat, and the bits will last a few days. And then the feathers — a handful; but I won't have as much as a little pillow to give you, Malinke, when you make a match, unless I fill it by handfuls.'

Malinke laughed. 'I don't want to make a match, and I don't want any feathers. I just want to eat chicken every Sabbath!'

When Yösele came home, the story of his good luck met him on the threshold, and nothing was talked of during the supper but the next day's feast.

'Oh, mama, will you give me the neck?' begged Malinke. 'I once ate a chicken's neck, at Aunt Leah's, and it had so many little bones, you could suck and suck and never know when you were done. Will you give me the neck?'

Jumping up from her stool in her excitement, the little girl bumped her mother's elbow, causing her to spill the boiling water she was at that moment drawing from the samovar.

'See what you are doing, you little fool!' scolded Breine Henne. 'Do you want to scald me? Don't jump in the air like that. I'll give you what I'll give you, and an end of it. In the meantime you have potatoes and herring; eat and be thankful. Ever see such a wild goat? Have the neck and the tail too, only quiet down.'

Yösele put in a brotherly joke.

'Why don't you bid for the whole chicken at once, and be done with it? I don't expect anything but a couple of drumsticks, the feet, and maybe the breast and the liver.'

But this rehearsal of the chicken's anatomy betrayed him into a slip from his dignity. 'The liver, mama,' he begged eagerly, 'will you give me the liver? I think you ought to give me the liver, because there's only one, and I'm an only son, you know. Will you give me the liv —'

'But I'm an only daughter, you know!' cried Malinke, once more jumping up in her place. 'Mama, you give *me* the liver!'

Breine Henne emptied her saucer at a gulp, and set it down on the bare table. 'Children, children,' she cried, spreading out her hands in appeal, 'will you get quiet to-night? You, Yösele, ought to be ashamed to be so greedy — a great boy of twelve! And, anyway, a scholar ought to be sated with Torah [sacred learning], and ask for nothing more. You, Malinke, are out of your head to-night. An only daughter, indeed! What are daughters worth? They're only good to sit in the house, a burden on their parents' neck, until they're married off. A son, at least, prays for the souls of his parents when they're dead; it's a deed of piety to raise sons.'

'That's just what I think, mama,' Yösele caught at her words. 'And so you'll give me the liver?'

Breine Henne shook her head angrily by way of answer. She had begun the long grace after meals, and she would not speak till after the amen.

Yösele, reproved, began to pray in a loud voice, swaying back and forth, and from time to time closing his eyes tight, as if the better to concentrate on the holy words. Malinke also began to mumble the prayer, sitting on the edge of her stool and surreptitiously brushing the few crumbs from the table with one bare hand, catching them in the other.

Before Yösele was half through, Malinke ended with an explosive 'amen,' causing her brother to open his eyes at her in an incredulous stare, while his lips mechanically progressed with the prayer.

'Mama, she skips!' the male of the

house broke out, as soon as he could speak. 'She slurs the words, and she skips. I don't think she knows the prayer at all.'

'I don't — I do,' his sister defended herself. 'I know it all, but I can say it fast, can't I? When we have only half a herring and three potatoes, and say the whole prayer, what'll we say when we have a chicken? I'll pray slowly tomorrow, you'll see.'

Yösele stared, amazed at his sister's audacity. Breine Henne gave her a couple of cuffs with the flat of her hand, and would have given more if Malinke had not skipped out of arm's reach.

'Hold your tongue, you bastard!' she cried, using a not uncommon epithet of reproach. 'Ever hear such a mouth? Where does the imp get such words? What! will you measure the prayer according to your meal? You should thank God for every crumb that you put into your mouth. There are plenty in Polotzk who don't have any potatoes, nor any herring either. Already nine years old, and she has n't learned respect for the Almighty! One might think she was n't raised among Jews. Never let me hear you talk like that again, Malinke; do you hear?'

The culprit received this tirade at a safe distance, with an expression of forbearance rather than contrition. She traced patterns in the sand with one foot, where she stood, at the same time chewing on the end of a very thin pig-tail, until her mother stopped for breath.

'But, mama,' argued the bold child, unabashed, 'I don't grudge the prayer, — I'll say it twice, if you want me to, — but it seems foolish to thank God just the same for a little as for much. I think He won't believe that we mean it. You don't do that way to anybody else — to people. When Aunt Leah brought fruit and wine for Yösele, when he had the fever, you thanked her and blessed her, and prayed for her in the synagogue; but when a neighbor lends you a spoonful of salt you don't say so much about it. Don't you think God knows the difference, too?'

Breine Henne had opened her mouth several times during Malinke's discourse, not to speak, but to catch her breath. Her pale eyes stared at the child as if they saw a strange monster. She made an ineffectual clutch at Malinke, and finally collapsed on her stool, crying from helplessness.

'Hear her — hear her!' she wailed, a corner of her kerchief at her eyes. 'What kind of a renegade have I brought into the world? Let somebody talk to her who knows how. I can't argue with her any more. I'm a poor, struggling widow — a friendless female — I'm obliged to spend my days in the street, in the market-place. How do I know what the girl does here all day — where she gets such talk? No child in Polotzk ever had such audacity. Such a mouth! And to think how I wept when her twin sister died! A fine life I would have of it if I had two like her! The Supreme One will punish us all for her sinful mouth.'

After one or two unsuccessful efforts to soothe her mother, Malinke went about her usual evening duties with a composure that bespoke a conscience at rest. Her critical young soul by no means yielded in the argument that so outraged her mother's piety; but she knew when it was useless to speak. Having washed the few dishes from the recent meal, she quickly made her toilet for the night, by slipping off her coarse flannel dress and removing the clumsy boots from her bare feet, and tumbled into the only bed in the room, burying herself up to the nose in the miscellaneous collection of rags that composed the bed covering.

Yösele, rather ostentatiously reading his bed-time prayers, watched her

prompt proceedings out of a corner of his eye, wondering, in a parenthesis of his evening devotions, why Malinke was such a queer little girl. He knew no one who asked such strange questions as Malinke, and no one who could satisfy her. His own teacher, a pious scholar, caught in the toils of one of her impudent inquisitions, was obliged to silence her by the only argument that ever made Malinke hang her head in submission.

'You are only a girl,' the rebbe had reminded her. 'Girls don't need to know things out of books.'

Malinke was asleep by the time Yösele had finished his devotions; she was snoring gently before he had composed himself to sleep on the narrow wooden bench by the oven. The latter process required some time and thought, as Yösele, in spite of years of experience, had not evolved a satisfactory way of arranging his bedding, which consisted of a tattered quilt, a couple of burlap sacks, and his own jacket.

'If I lie on the sacks and cover myself with the quilt, I am warm, but my sides get sore,' he complained to his mother. 'If I lie on the quilt and cover myself with the sacks, it's soft, but my feet freeze. If I put my jacket on my feet, I have nothing for a pillow.'

The vexing problem was solved this evening in one of the few ways possible, and presently Malinke's solo became a duet, Yösele snoring an octave or two deeper than his sister.

II

Breine Henne sat up some time longer over a bit of hopeless mending. 'Patch upon patch,' she muttered to herself, 'like a head of cabbage.'

She was about to blow out the lamp, preparatory to going to bed, when Malinke, with a long-drawn sigh, turned over in her sleep. Breine Henne went over and looked at her. The child was a small hump under the bed-clothes. Her thin little face was turned to the wall, and her colorless pigtail, tied with a scarlet rag, straggled forlornly on the pillow.

'Seems like a baby, when she lies there like that,' mused Breine Henne, stooping over the bed, her hands busy with the knotted fastenings of her undergarments. 'No bigger than a baby, and speaks up like a man. And such queer ideas! God knows where she gets them.'

She blew out the lamp and lay down beside Malinke. 'May God refrain from punishing her for her talk!' she prayed as she fell asleep.

The next day was Friday — a short work-day, as the Sabbath began with the early sunset. It was the day appointed for the great feast, the children reminded each other on waking.

'Be sure you go to the butcher early, Malinke,' Breine Henne called over her shoulder, as she was leaving for the day. 'I'll be home at twelve to dress the chicken. That will give it plenty of time to cook.'

Malinke, always a diligent little housewife, needed no prompting on this day. Returning from the butcher's, she passed a morning of volcanic activity. She had scrubbed and scoured only the day before, but in honor of the coming feast she scrubbed anew, first carefully brushing the sand from the floor into a basin, to be used over again. She repolished the almost spotless samovar with sand and cranberry juice, — she had to beg the cranberries from a neighbor, — and her small collection of cutlery came in for its share of rubbing. The little window-panes were so pieced that it was risky to touch them, but this was a supreme occasion, worthy of supreme daring. And looking through her clear window-

panes, Malinke perceived that the street was very muddy. The street was no business of hers, because she was not a house-owner; but she cleaned the street for a generous distance to right and left of the house, exerting herself with besom and shovel till her little back ached. If she could have reached the sky to tear the clouds asunder, she would have set the sun to shine into her shining room. Nothing was too good for the occasion.

From time to time, as she busied herself in the room or outside, Malinke ran to peep at the slaughtered hen, which lay awaiting further operations. If something should happen to the chicken now — a cat or a dog! Malinke wished her fowl were safely in the pot, but she did not yet know how to dress a chicken. She had picked the feathers clean; that was as far as she could go. And what if her mother should be late, and the chicken not have time to cook! The anxious little housekeeper was making up her mind to ask a neighbor to prepare the fowl, when Breine Henne, breathless with haste, came into the room.

It was a tense little face, with two great eyes — two hungry eyes — that bent over the wretched carcass, as her mother slit and cut and tore, laying bare the creature's anatomy. The mother, herself not a little excited, kept up a running commentary on the subject of chickens, with special reference to the one in hand; but Malinke uttered no word. She was in an ecstasy of expectation beyond speech.

'Not so bad, after all,' Breine Henne commented, cheerfully making the most of the lean carcass. 'Upon my word, she's not as bad as I thought. I'm glad I did n't sell her. We'll have a nice soup, and chicken meat for two or three days. I've seen plumper chickens, but still this one —'

She broke off abruptly, a look of keen trouble in her face. Her bloodstained fingers trembled as she tore at the intestines. They had felt a lump where there should be none.

'Lord of All!' she breathed, 'what is this?'

Malinke watched her with a face gone pale. Her hands clasped tightly over her thumping heart, she waited for her mother's explanation.

'Look, look!' Breine Henne cried, 'a wire — a bit of crooked wire, right in the intestine! Oi, woe is me! the chicken is *tref!*' [1]

Malinke felt a sickening sinking of the heart. For a quarter of a minute she remained standing as if petrified, then she threw herself on the bench and cried aloud.

Breine Henne took no notice of her at first. She sat staring at the dismembered chicken, wringing her hands and bemoaning herself. Presently she became aware of Malinke, now sobbing with her face in her arms.

'Don't cry — don't cry, Malinke,' she soothed. 'Maybe it is n't *tref*, after all. Take your shawl and run to the *rav*.[2] Perhaps he will decide that the chicken is *kosher*.'

The little girl jumped up, a flame of hope in her tear-stained face.

'Oh, do you think so, mama? Do you really think it may be kosher? Oi, dear little mama! Where's my shawl? How shall I carry it? What shall I tell the rav? I'll run — I'll run.'

Breine Henne wrapped the chicken in a cloth. 'Don't lose anything,' she cautioned, 'and don't be gone long. This is where I found the wire; see? Show him. Now run, and God grant that the rav finds it kosher.'

It was some distance to the rav's, but Malinke ran all the way. Arrived

[1] *Tref*, unclean, in conformity with Jewish dietary laws, as distinguished from *kosher*, clean.

[2] *Rav*, the religious head of a Jewish community.

at her destination, she burst into the house and thrust her bundle under the nose of the astonished servant.

'A *shala*' [question], she panted. 'My mother sent me to ask a shala. Is Reb' Nossen at home?'

'Mercy on us!' protested the servant, an elderly person who was not used to being hurried, 'one would think the town were on fire, to see the child. And if it is a shala, what then? Must you rush in on people and take their breath away? It's nothing new, a shala. Reb' Nossen settles a dozen every day. Sit down there on the bench, and I'll go and see if he is not busy. There's a novelty for you — a shala!'

Malinke thought the woman was gone an age, but at last she saw her returning through the long living-room, where the table was already set for Sabbath.

'Come, he will see you at once. See that you do not touch the clean table cloth as you pass. You are — I guess you have n't got your Sabbath dress on yet.'

Malinke did not notice the look of disapproval which her conductor cast over her ragged person. She saw only an open door at the end of the room, and went in, always holding out her bundle before her.

Reb' Nossen was busy arranging a pyramid of books on a table. He greeted the child over his shoulder.

'Well, little girl, what is your question?'

Malinke, in all her eagerness, remembered that she was in a great presence. She had never been in the rav's house before. A sudden shyness replaced her usual assurance.

'Well,' repeated the rav, still without turning, 'you came to ask a shala. What is it?'

Malinke advanced a step. 'The chicken,' she whispered. 'My mother found a wire.'

'So? Let's see it. Put it down here, by the window. This is the wire, is it? And how was it found? Show me exactly where it lay. H'm — h'm.'

The rav poked the dismembered organs with a long forefinger, and carefully examined the spot where the bit of wire had been embedded. He peered long at the wire itself, with knitted brows and set mouth. Then, after wiping his fingers on a red bandana, he picked out a book from the pile he had been arranging, and began to turn its yellow leaves, humming a bit of Sabbath melody under his breath.

Malinke followed his movements with eyes of feverish expectancy. The rav's word was law in such a matter. Would he say tref or kosher?

Reb' Nossen turned the leaves and hummed to himself. His silvery earlocks mingled with his beard, which swept the table. A silk skull-cap sat high on his broad brow. Face and hands were shining with health and cleanliness. The rav had just returned from the *mikweh*.[1] The peace of approaching Sabbath was in his soul.

Malinke did not take her hungry eyes from Reb' Nossen's face. Apparently the question was not a simple one, to be resolved at a glance. The rav ceased his humming. He pushed away his book and took another. He returned to the chicken, lying in the light of the window. Once he asked Malinke to show him again how the wire was found, and she answered that, and other questions, in a voice trembling with apprehension.

If Reb' Nossen had noticed the child's distress, and asked her questions about herself and her mother, he might have come to a conclusion promptly. Besides the nature of the foreign body, the position in which it was found, and the condition of the carcass, the rav had a right to take into consideration

[1] The ritual bath.

the circumstances of the owner of the animal. For the sacred office of the rav endows him with considerable latitude in the interpretation of the Law. If the question is one on which authorities differ, or even if the rav to whom it is submitted disagrees with recorded opinions, the owner of the property in question is entitled to the benefit of the doubt, especially if he be a poor man. The Jewish Law was not framed to oppress God's chosen people. It was meant to keep them clean, by guarding them against every disease of mind and body. In the mouths of wise and liberal scholars, it can be interpreted in two words: Be pure.

Reb' Nossen peered very closely at his book, following the lines across the page with his finger. He was a trifle short-sighted. Perhaps that was why he did not notice that Malinke's shawl was in rags, that her shoes gaped, and that she looked at him with frightened, hungry eyes.

'Little girl,' he said, after an interval in which the child suffered agonies of doubt, 'little girl, tell your mother the chicken is unclean.'

Malinke felt again that horrid sinking of the heart. Mechanically she tied up her bundle, and went out. She did not hear the rav call 'Good Sabbath' after her.

Her feet carried her homewards. She did not think of the way. The bitterness of her disappointment made her blind and deaf. But suddenly, as she turned a corner, she was brought back to life by a strong smell of cooking coming from an open kitchen door. Involuntarily she drew a deep breath. Fish, chicken, and fresh bread. Malinke gave a gulp and stuffed the corner of her shawl into her mouth. She would not be seen crying on the street.

Her knees trembled as she walked on. She had eaten black bread and tea for breakfast, and bread with salt for dinner. She was tired from exertion, and shaken by emotion. The miserable bundle in her hand became a grievous burden. And what were they going to have for supper?

Oh, if only Reb' Nossen had found the chicken clean! Why was it unclean? All sorts of things were found inside chickens, and yet they were pronounced clean. Yösele once told her about a chicken that his schoolmate's mother cooked for a holiday. An earring had been found in the gizzard, and the rav had pronounced the meat kosher. Why was not her chicken kosher? How did the rav know?

Malinke's thoughts climbed from the plaintive to the curious, from the curious to the rebellious, from the rebellious to the defiant. What was written in the books the rav consulted? She was only a girl — she would never know. Reb' Nossen said tref. How did he know? Suppose he had said kosher, then her mother would cook the chicken, they would all enjoy it, and no harm come to anybody.

Malinke stopped short in her walk, struck by an idea, a great and fearful idea. Nobody knew of the rav's decision but herself. *Suppose she should tell her mother it was kosher?* Her face flamed; the blood thumped in her ears. Stooping down, she undid the bundle in her lap. The chicken looked exactly as it had done when first opened by her mother. Why, why was it unclean? The rav's word made it so. Oh, it was cruel! She was so hungry — half the time she was hungry. She never had good things to eat. Why should the rav rob her of the chicken? It was just like any other chicken. He should not rob her! He might have said kosher, and he did not. Suppose she told her mother it was kosher?

She began to run, frightened at her own thoughts. It was a heinous sin she contemplated. The rav was the voice

of God. He had declared the chicken unfit for a Jewish table, and she proposed to eat of it, and impose it upon her mother and brother.

'But what if the rav were mistaken?' the rebel in her cried. Malinke, who went much from house to house doing errands, and heard much talk, and asked questions freely, knew that it was not impossible for a rav to make a mistake. Only the year before, Polotzk was torn into two factions, the one adhering to Reb' Nossen, the other to Reb' Isaac, when the two dignitaries disagreed in the settlement of a shala. Malinke did not know just what the point in dispute was, — something about a burial, — nor whose opinion prevailed in the end. But one thing was clear from the dispute: a rav may make a mistake. And if Reb' Nossen were wrong in her case, was it just that she and Yösele and her mother should suffer for his error?

'No, no, no!' she cried in her heart. 'I won't tell — I won't. If it's unclean, God will punish me, and then I shall know.'

She kept on running, but she was no longer frightened. Arrived at her own doorstep, she paused once more. Clasping her bundle tightly to her breast, she closed her eyes and prayed.

'Good God, if the chicken is tref, punish me, and nobody else. Amen.'

Breine Henne opened the door the moment she heard Malinke in the entry.

'Well, well?' she questioned eagerly. 'What does the rav say?'

Malinke answered firmly, 'Kosher.'

Her mother was too excited to notice how pale the child was.

III

It was a happy family that sat down to supper when Yösele returned from evening prayer in the synagogue.

Breine Henne had replaced the cotton kerchief by her wig, which she wore only on holy days and ceremonious occasions. Yösele's patched trousers were mercifully invisible under the table, and from his thighs to his neck he was conscious of his Sabbath jacket. It had belonged to his father, may he rest in peace! but Yösele was a big boy for his age, and the jacket fitted not so badly, if he puffed himself out a little in front, and sat firmly on the tails of the coat behind, and turned up the cuffs of the sleeves.

Malinke was even more splendid than Yösele. She wore a blue woolen dress, trimmed with rows of gold braid on the skirt and a double row of gilt buttons on the waist. The dress was frayed and stained and choky, — Malinke was obliged to leave the waist and the neck-buttons unfastened, — but the gold trimmings redeemed every fault. She had earned the dress by hulling quarts and quarts of strawberries for a neighbor, whose little girl's cast-off clothes fitted her well enough.

Dear to Malinke's heart was the dress, and dearer still the boots on her feet. Yes, a pair of Sabbath boots had Malinke, and such boots! They were whole, they were new, they were shiny. They had patent-leather tips, and patent-leather tops closing with three buttons on each side, and all the buttons were on. All the poor little girls in the neighborhood envied her those boots. They squeaked delightfully. They were the pride and joy of her heart.

How came Malinke by such superior footgear? 'God is good,' she somewhat tactlessly remarked, when Aunt Leah presented her with the boots, which had belonged to Cousin Fredke, who died of cholera. Aunt Leah never gave away anything till it was shabby enough for a beggar, but because poor Fredke had been fond of Malinke — 'God is good,' said the beneficiary of Aunt Leah's sorrow.

Arrayed in all her finery, Malinke sat down to the unwonted feast with a face of glowing happiness. There was no shadow in her heart. The anguish of the afternoon was washed away in a flood of peace. Having struggled so bitterly and come to a great resolution, she was abiding by it with all the courage of her fiery young soul. By her prayer on the doorstep she had bravely assumed all the responsibility for her conduct. If she had sinned, the punishment was to fall on her alone: no innocent person should suffer. She did not doubt for a moment that God had heard and would heed her petition. And until God gave her a sign of His displeasure, she would not call herself a sinner, but would enjoy herself to the utmost.

All joys come to an end, but the joy of sucking chicken-bones bade fair to outlast all others. The Sabbath candles, stuck in a basin of sand, for want of candlesticks, had burned down to half their length before Breine Henne could induce the children to give up the clean-picked bones to which they clung.

'M—m,' protested Yösele, 'there's more on it'; and 'M—m,' pleaded Malinke, 'it still tastes of chicken.'

The mother got up and brought the soup to the table, and set it steaming under their noses. Then, and not till then, did they consent to part with the bones.

'Oh!' triumphed Malinke, gloating over her plate, 'there *is* a fat-spot in mine!'

'Take care,' warned Breine Henne, 'it's very hot. Blow on it, children.'

The soup was pronounced delicious with every mouthful. Malinke dipped up very scant spoonfuls, to make it last. Yösele, finishing before her, made a dive at her plate to help himself.

'She had more than I,' he grumbled, when his mother ordered him to let his sister's plate alone. And Malinke, not feeling safe enough even under her mother's protection, began to gulp her soup hastily, lest her brother rob her of any.

She had almost finished, when she gave a short cough, accompanied by a convulsive jerk of the head. She grew red in the face; her eyes started out; her tongue protruded. She was choking.

Breine Henne and Yösele jumped up in a fright, and began to thump and shake her.

'A bone!' wailed Breine Henne. 'Oi, *weh!* She'll choke to death. Take a drink of water — there, try to drink. Woe is me, she's choking!'

Breine Henne set Malinke's plate on her head, while she and Yösele pounded her on the back and chest simultaneously. It was the best remedy they knew, and it failed to dislodge the bone. The mother next inserted her forefinger into the girl's throat as far as it would go, but without result. The child struggled convulsively. The sweat was on her blackening face, the tears in her eyes.

Yösele began to bawl with fright. His mother was out of her wits.

'Oi, weh! Woe is me! I always knew no good would come of that hen. Malinke! Malinke! little daughter! Take a drink of water. God Almighty, have pity on us! Run, Yösele, call the neighbors. Oh, Malinke, Malinke!'

Yösele ran out, calling, 'Help! Help!'

Jacob the tailor, who occupied the rear of the house, answered the call, and his frightened family flocked after him to the scene of distress.

Jacob stopped in front of Malinke, helpless and aghast. Not so Peshe Frede, his wife. Without a word she grasped the strangling child by the ankles, and turning her upside down, swung her back and forth with all her might.

Presently Malinke gave a gasp, followed by a wailing 'Oh — h!' Peshe Frede put her back in her chair, and everybody crowded around.

Slowly the red left Malinke's face. It faded and faded, till she was ashy white. She looked around the circle of faces, with a growing horror in her eyes. She tried to speak, but failed.

'There, there,' her mother crooned, 'sit still. You'll be better in a minute.'

She began to fondle the child, wiping her moist face with a corner of her own apron. Malinke avoided her touch with a strange gesture, always staring with eyes of horror.

'God has punished me,' she breathed in a strangled whisper. 'I have sinned, and God has punished me.'

'What is she saying?' they all asked one another. 'Better put her to bed, Breine Henne. She will be all right when she has rested.'

But Malinke pushed her mother away. Springing up, she threw out her hands in a gesture of despair, crying aloud, 'God has punished me! God has punished me!'

The others drew away from her in amazement. 'What do you mean? What does she mean?' they questioned.

Again Breine Henne tried to soothe the child, and again Malinke avoided her.

'Don't touch me!' she cried. 'I am a great sinner. God has punished me.'

Then she told them. Standing in the middle of the room, with wild eyes, panting and sobbing, she told them the whole story of the rav's decision and her false report. She did not excuse herself, although she tried to explain to them the thoughts and feelings that led up to her wicked resolution; but she saw that they did not understand.

'Do with me what you will,' she cried. 'I have sinned. God has punished me.' With a sob that shook her whole frame, she threw herself prone on the floor in abject surrender.

No language but the Yiddish can reproduce the exclamations of horror, anger, reproach, that broke from the lips of the bystanders. Breine Henne sank upon a chair and threw out her arms across the table, moaning as one mortally hurt. Yösele shrank into a corner, his jaw hanging, his eyes roving around the room as if seeking support. The assembled neighbors turned horrified faces on one another, gasping and ejaculating. Jacob's two little girls clung to each other, backing away toward the door, as if they feared contamination. And the culprit shook the floor with her sobs.

'Oi!' moaned the unhappy mother, when she could speak. 'Dark is my world; my eyes may not look upon the light of day. God in heaven, why didst Thou punish me with such a child? A monster — a renegade! Why dost Thou leave her in the world, such a wicked spirit? Woe is me, woe is me! dark is my world.'

Peshe Frede, herself weeping from pious sorrow, tried to soothe her neighbor.

'What good will it do to cry? Calm yourself, Breine Henne. The Almighty knows it is not your fault. The girl is possessed by an evil spirit. I always warned you that she would grow up a renegade. A trifle is it, to impose *trefah* upon a clean house? Such treachery! An honest Gentile would not do such a thing. Mark my word, this will not be the end of her wickedness. She would poison all Polotzk if her evil heart told her to. But what is the use of crying? Calm yourself, Breine Henne. What is done, is done.'

After a while, Breine Henne lifted her heavy head. Her eyes fell on the dishes standing on the table. She broke into fresh weeping.

'Tref — tref — everything tref! All

the dishes defiled. Woe is me, she has ruined me!'

'Don't lose your head, Breine Henne,' Jacob spoke up. 'Defiled vessels can be purified. The crockery must be scalded, the knives must be stuck into the cracks of the floor for half an hour, the—the—the rest of the things must be taken to the rav to pass upon.'

The tailor was not much of a scholar, but so far as he had ventured to advise, he was correct. Every housewife knew as much. A gleam of comfort came to Breine Henne's heart as Jacob spoke, but the mention of the rav brought her shame back to her. She wept and prayed and wrung her hands. Peshe Frede at last gave up the attempt to comfort her, and retired, followed by her family.

'The whole town will ring with this,' the poor egg-woman wailed. 'Peshe Frede will have it all over town tomorrow. They will call us *trefah fressers* [eaters of unclean food]. Everybody will point a finger at us. Where shall I bury myself? Good God, just God, I beg Thee open a grave for me, and let me sink in and hide my disgrace.'

Far into the night Breine Henne wept, exhausting the vocabulary of lamentation. The candles burned out, the oil in the lamp was low, and still she rocked herself in her grief. Yösele had long since curled up on his bench, too stupefied by misery to bother with the bed-clothes. Finally she dragged herself over to the bed and fell asleep, exhausted. At Malinke she did not look.

Malinke had not moved since she had thrown herself on the floor. She heard the hubbub excited by her confession, as one hears the rustle of summer leaves on the brink of a cataract. The greater tumult was in her own heart. Her own conscience hurled the bitterest reproaches at her. She knew, better than all her censors, how often she had questioned the written Word of God, defied the authority of her elders, and set up her own unhallowed standards. Nobody knew but she of the foreign petitions she injected into her daily prayers. For weeks past she had prayed, morning and night, that her hair might grow long, so that her playmates could not twit her about her pigtail. Now, in her hour of repentance, she realized how irreverent were her prayers. She had mocked at Yösele's rebbe, a pious and learned man, because he could not answer her impertinent questions about the Creation. Finally, she had disregarded the express commands of the rav himself, and betrayed her own mother and brother, for the sake of a chicken-bone and a plate of watery soup. Her most pitiless judge could not have drawn up a more bitter indictment than Malinke's conscience presented to her.

Now that she had had a sign from God, her remorse was bottomless. With all her soul she repented. She knew she would never be wicked any more, but she longed for a means of immediate atonement for the past. She threw her soul at the feet of God in utter humility at last, and she prayed Him to trample upon her and leave the mark of His chastisement on her.

IV

Worn out by her agonized thoughts, Malinke finally fell asleep. When she awoke, stiff with cold and sore from lying on the bare boards, the windows were opaque with dawn. She sat up, amazed to find herself on the floor. She made out her mother's figure lying on the edge of the bed. There was a curious atmosphere of disorder about the room.

Breine Henne moved on the bed with a groan. In a flash Malinke remembered everything. Her torment-

ing thoughts of the evening rushed back into her brain. The sense of guilt once more overwhelmed her. It seemed to her that she was not herself, but somebody else, — a monstrous, unclean creature, from whom the real Malinke shrank in horror. She longed to cry out, to struggle, to shake off the hideous thing that grappled her, but she was afraid to wake the sleepers. She must get out of the house, or she would stifle.

Slowly creeping across the floor, inch by inch, she reached the door. Noiselessly she lifted the latch and stole out. The chill of the autumn morning struck to her very bones. She wished she had taken a shawl, but she dared not go back.

Like a ghost she wandered away through the empty streets. She had never been abroad at such an hour in the autumn; she thought it was her sins that had turned the world so gray and unfamiliar. The watchmen had gone home with the first glimmer of day. In all the sleeping city, she alone was awake. It was a symbol of her isolation from the world of righteous men.

Her dress reminded her that it was Sabbath. The people would sleep late, but presently they would awake. The men would go to the synagogue, and so would some of the women. The children would put on their best clothes, and call to one another from the doorways, and go visiting until dinner-time. Where should she go then, she that was neither man nor woman nor honest child?

Crying softly, she wandered blindly on. At the bottom of a steep street, the river gleamed pale in the ghostly light. Malinke descended to the edge, and being unable to go farther, looked about her for the first time.

On the bank above her a low gray building was just visible between the palings of a sagging fence. Beyond the fence she could make out a gray ribbon trembling down a shallow gash in the bank. That was where the spring flowed out which was reputed among the Gentiles to cure blindness. The building behind the fence was the Old Synagogue. By these landmarks, Malinke identified the spot. It was where the Jewish women came on New Year's Day for the ceremony of shaking their sins into the river, that they might start the new year with clean hearts.

A sudden thought came to Malinke. A flash of hope lighted up the gloom of her troubled soul. Why could not she, like the pious women of Polotzk, shake her sins into the river and begin a holy life? Was repentance only for New Year? Did God grant pardons only on the Day of Atonement? She did not realize that she was once more committing the sin of religious innovation — once more reasoning outside the book. Swept away by a genuine longing to make her peace with God, she cast about for means to carry out the symbolic rites of the season of atonement, fervently praying that the Almighty should see and understand.

Contrition, prayer, fasting, and sacrifice. She could not think of any other processes that went to the solemn drama of annual repentance. Contrition? Her soul prostrated itself in deepest humility. And prayer? She prayed with all her being that God should have mercy on her and forgive her sins. Her every breath should be a prayer. Fasting also she could fulfill. She would fast as long as her body would hold out. A whole day — two days she would fast. Sacrifice was left. What could she sacrifice? What had she that would be acceptable to God?

Malinke's heart sank as she failed to find a solution to this problem. Was she to give up the hope of God's for-

giveness because she had nothing to sacrifice? No, no! she must think of something.

Her pockets were empty, because it was Sabbath. She looked down on herself, and so got her inspiration. She would sacrifice her Sabbath clothes — the dress with the gold trimmings, *and the boots!*

Joy unspeakable lighted Malinke's pinched face. With feverish fingers she unfastened and tore off her dress, half laughing, half crying with excitement. Then, sitting down on the wet bank, she unlaced her boots and started to roll them up in her dress.

What pretty boots they were! The patent-leather trimmings were as shiny as water. They were almost new: the varnish was not all worn off from the instep. She had worn them very little, of course: only on Sabbaths and holy days. It was the only pair of boots she could remember that had come to her new. She always had other people's cast-off boots. If they were too big, she stuffed them with rags; if too small, she slit them in the tight spots. Her Sabbath boots, now, fitted her as if made to her measure.

Malinke could not forbear trying them on once more, for the last time. It was light enough now for her to make out the stitching on the patent-leather tops. It was a pretty pattern, all scrolls. She wondered if Fredke had loved those boots as much as she did.

With a deep, deep sigh, Malinke pulled off the beautiful boots again, and resolutely rolled them up in the blue dress. The sacrifice was ready.

But now a new difficulty assailed her. In what manner was the sacrifice to be performed? On Atonement Day, when money was offered, it was put into the poor-box; if a fowl, it was cooked and eaten at the close of the fast. What was she to do with her clothes? And the formula — she could not remember the formula by which the sacrifice was offered, because it was used only once a year. She also suspected that it would not fit the novel sacrifice she proposed to offer.

After some hard thinking she threw up her head with a gesture of finality, and turned an appealing face to heaven.

'Good God,' she prayed, her teeth chattering with cold, 'I have nothing to sacrifice except this. I don't know how to do it. I'll just tie a stone to it and throw it into the river. I beg Thee to pardon me if I do wrong, and accept my sacrifice like a real one. I would pray from the prayer-book, but it 's at home, and there is nothing in it about atonement in the middle of the year. Forgive me for everything. Amen.'

V

Malinke never knew how she got home that day, nor how the time passed. Her faith in the validity of her atonement had lifted her into a state of exaltation past all physical sensation. She heard herself, in a voice not her own, communicate the great news to her mother: that she had atoned, by prayer and sacrifice, and all was well. Her mother seemed unaccountably affected by the news. Malinke dimly perceived that her mother's fresh tears were not the tears of joy; but she was too far removed from the world to be troubled, or even puzzled. She was fasting, in accordance with her resolution. She felt as buoyant as a chip floating on the bosom of the river.

It was well along in the afternoon when Malinke awoke from her trance. She was lying on the bed, staring wide-eyed at the wall, when she became aware of some unusual commotion in the room. Presently her mother's voice penetrated her dazed consciousness.

'Do you hear, Malinke? Get up and

go to the rav. He has sent for you. Do you hear?'

Breine Henne's voice, though on the verge of tears, expressed a sort of awe-struck elation. Genuinely grieved by the sinful conduct of her untractable child, the poor mother yet felt a tinge of bitter pride in the enormity of Malinke's crime, that attracted the notice of the rav himself.

'Get up, Malinke,' she urged in a deep voice. 'Reb' Nossen wants to speak to you. His messenger is waiting.'

The mention of the rav's name brought Malinke to her senses. She jumped up and looked about for the messenger. He was a sickly-faced youth, a poor student in the seminary, who lived on the charity of the community. As she looked into his dull, unspeculative eyes it came over Malinke that in the sight of the world she was still a sinner, a law-breaker at large, no matter how sure she was in her heart of God's forgiveness. She would have to answer to her neighbors for her backsliding. The rav's summons was only the beginning. With quick imagination she visualized the mocking children that would follow her in the street, the mothers who would scowl her out of all companionship with their good little daughters; and she heard the taunts and jibes of inventive enemies. The expiation of her sin would be the long punishment at the hands of her neighbors. It was well for Malinke that she had so promptly made her peace with God. She had courage now to face the disapproving world.

She suffered her mother to wrap a shawl about her head and shoulders, but of the messenger she took no notice. Did she not know the way? She kept several yards in front of her guide, and presented herself at Reb' Nossen's gate with brave promptness.

The elderly servant ushered her into the rav's presence without a word. Even the customary 'Good Sabbath' stuck in her throat at sight of the juvenile sinner. The woman knew Malinke's story by this time, as did every person of sound hearing and fair understanding in Polotzk. For Peshe Frede, the tailor's wife, had been to the synagogue, and started the story on a town-wide career by a score of sure, unobstructed channels. Before the Gentile chore-women had unsealed the Jewish ovens, to draw out the Sabbath pots, there was not a bit of stale gossip current in Polotzk. Malinke and her misconduct furnished the fresh topic for every domestic circle.

Reb' Nossen had heard the story from his good wife, who had it from her good neighbor, who overheard the women exclaim over it in the rear rows of the women's gallery in the synagogue after service. The rav was one of the most liberal that Polotzk had ever had. Hearing the story of Malinke, he was a little shocked, and more than a little interested. He had taken but scant notice of Malinke the day before, when she came with the chicken. Now he wanted to see what manner of child was this who could plot and deceive, and invite the wrath of God, and make public confession of her sins, all in one short Sabbath eve.

Malinke's heart beat quite evenly as the great man bent his short-sighted gaze on her. Her own look was clear and direct. She wished for nothing so much as that the rav should see to the very bottom of her soul. The peace that filled her heart — the gift of a forgiving God — would be the answer to his bitterest reproaches. And as Reb' Nossen continued to study her face, without speaking, Malinke's mind was flooded with a sudden intuition of the nature of the judge before whom she stood. She had tested his wisdom — God Himself had confirmed his judgment: how could he fail in understand-

ing and mercy? She was eager to speak, to tell everything, but restrained her tongue out of respect.

At last the rav began to question her. Very earnestly he listened to her artless account of her family, and the history of the luckless fowl up to the time of Breine Henne's great resolution concerning it. He made her repeat certain details, and led her to quote freely from her mother's comments on their daily life. From time to time his fine head moved in a barely perceptible nod of comprehension, but he said nothing, except to direct the child's narrative, until she came to the account of her temptation and its tragic consequences.

Here, to Malinke's amazement, he took up the story himself.

'You were very hungry, little girl,' he said, in as simple words as she herself would have used. 'It seemed to you a cruel decision. You thought perhaps I had made a mistake, after all.'

Malinke gasped. Such perfect comprehension she had never expected from anybody below God.

'Is that so, little girl?'

'Oh, yes, yes!' she affirmed eagerly. 'I thought there might be a mistake. But I know now it was true — the chicken was unclean. That's why it choked me.' A touch of confusion made her speech waver. She did not know just how to express her newer faith in the rav's wisdom. 'But I know, Reb' Nossen, that it was true. You could n't make a mistake.'

Reb' Nossen put up his white hand to silence her.

'Hush, my child; do not speak so. There was a great mistake — a great mistake. No man has a right to give judgment who does not know his people. A wise teacher is like a physician, who has one medicine for the strong, and another for the weak. The Law must be read with one eye on the scroll, and the other on the world, lest the Torah become a writ of bondage, and the pent people rebel. The rabbi alone cannot keep the Torah holy. The people must be with him, and he with them.'

Reb' Nossen spoke as if to himself. Malinke gazed at him in wonder, not half comprehending his meaning. After some moments of silence, the rav came out of his reverie. The child had been respectfully standing all this time, but now he bade her be seated. He set a chair for her himself, in the light of the window, near his own. He had been blind long enough with respect to this poor, uninstructed child. He, too, wanted to atone.

He brought Malinke back to her story.

'And so you ate of the forbidden meat, and thought you had a sign from God when you choked.' There was not a trace of reproof in his voice.

'Yes, and then I was so sorry, and in the morning I prayed, and I had nothing to sacrifice except my things.'

She was not surprised at his knowing more of her story than she had told him. The rav seemed to read her thoughts of yesterday.

'And those were your Sabbath clothes?'

For answer Malinke looked down on her very shabby dress. Anybody might know *that* was not her Sabbath dress.

'You had a pair of good boots, eh?'

'Oh, they were beautiful!' Malinke grew loquacious again. 'They were the best I ever had. They were almost new. Aunt Leah would n't have given them to me, but Fredke died, and the other girls could n't wear them, because Fredke was the smallest. They were trimmed with patent leather, and they fitted me —'

She broke off, unable to express the perfection of the relation between the now historic boots and her abused

little feet. Unconsciously she looked down upon the ruinous boots that replaced them.

The rav's eyes followed hers.

'Do you regret the pretty boots, Malinke?'

The child jumped up in her excitable manner, her eyes full of protest.

'Oh, no, *no!*' she cried earnestly. 'I'm glad they're at the bottom of the river. I shall never have such beautiful boots again as long as I live, but I'm *glad*, because it was my sacrifice, and God will forgive me. Reb' Nossen,' she repeated, vehemently, 'I'm *glad!*'

The rav put up his hand to hide his eyes from the little penitent. Short-sighted as he was, he had a sudden vision of spiritual vistas. After a moment, he raised his head and drew Malinke to him. Stroking her thin hair, he regarded her with grave, sad eyes. He reproached himself inwardly for his blindness on the occasion of their first interview. The signs of privation and suffering were plain in the little girl's pinched face, in the sharp angles of her figure, visible under her scanty apparel. And suddenly, across his vaguer speculations, shot a clear idea of the child's immediate want. If the chicken was rejected as unclean, what did those poor people have for dinner?

'Malinke,' questioned Reb' Nossen, looking hard at the child, 'what did you eat to-day?'

She returned his look with a smile of triumph.

'Nothing,' she replied, with the least touch of pride in her voice. 'I'm fasting, you know, for atonement.'

'Fasting!' exclaimed the rav, in a tone of reproach, and rising as he spoke. 'Why, you're too young to fast, my child, and too weak. Besides, it is wrong to fast on Sabbath. Your head is full of strange ideas. There are a great many things to explain to you — a great many. But there will be time enough for that when you have had something to eat.'

Pushing her gently back into her chair, he went to the door and called aloud, 'Deborah! Tamareh!' Once aroused, the rav was practical enough.

'You shall eat,' he said again to Malinke, going back to her chair and looking down upon her. 'Why, you are as thin as a skeleton. What business has such a child with fasting? You shall eat, and then we can talk. There are a great many things we can learn together, my child, but the body comes before the mind.'

Malinke's eyes, that had met his so bravely at the beginning of the interview, when she expected accusation and reproof, now wavered and fell, as the old man's sympathy focused in his gaze. And then, to her own amazement, a great sob broke from her, followed by a flood of tears.

The rav strode over to the door once more, the tails of his long frock coat flying back from his white-stockinged legs. He called impatiently, 'Deborah! Tamareh!'

In answer to his summons came neither his wife nor the servant, but a strange, disheveled figure, with pale eyes in a tear-blotched face. It was Breine Henne, the egg-woman, impelled by a dozen contradictory impulses to be present at what she imagined to be her child's bitter trial. At sight of Reb' Nossen's stern face, and Malinke sobbing in her chair, all her motives resolved themselves into an overpowering instinct to defend her little girl, against the rav himself, against all the world, if need be.

'Reb' Nossen, Reb' Nossen,' she began to plead, 'listen to me, I beg you. Don't be too hard on the child. She is so young, and so ignorant. She has no father, and I am a poor, ignorant woman, and all day long she is among strangers, because there is nobody at

home to take care of her. It was a great temptation — she was so hungry, poor child. She had hardly tasted meat for weeks. We cook nothing but grits when times are so bad. She was out of her head with disappointment. May you never know what it is to be hungry for a decent meal. And it was all my fault, anyway. I should have killed the chicken last Atonement Day, and then this dreadful thing would n't have happened. And oh, Reb' Nossen! as I am a Jewish woman, I believe the child is out of her head this day. She stole out of the house at daybreak, will you believe me? on purpose to throw her best clothes into the river, because she imagined that would be a sacrifice in atonement for her sins! You know, Reb' Nossen, that no sane child would do such a thing. It was her only decent dress, and the boots were the best she ever had in her life. If you had seen her when she came back, blue with cold, and saying such wild things — Oh, Reb' Nossen, don't, don't be hard on my poor child!'

The rav waited patiently for Breine Henne to stop.

'Calm yourself, my good woman,' he said, as soon as he could speak. 'Take a seat — here — and try to be calm. I did not mean to be harsh with the child. I do not blame her for anything. On the contrary — Ah, Tamareh! yes, I called. Bring this child something to eat. She has not eaten to-day, Tamareh. Bring it in here, and be quick.'

While the famished child was eating, the rav drew from the mother many details bearing on Malinke's character and education, which Breine Henne adorned with numerous comments and apologies. She was very much puzzled at the rav's benign attitude toward the child, — the very opposite of what Malinke had earned, — but she would have thought it disrespectful to question him. No doubt he knew what he was about, and if she did not understand, — why, she was only a poor, ignorant female. So she babbled on in a happy excitement, her eyes resting now and then on Malinke, feasting there in the house of the rav, and at his own invitation.

There was little more than crumbs left on Malinke's tray when she leaned back, with a smile of utter contentment on her face, and remarked to the friendly air, 'I really can't eat any more.'

The rav turned and looked at the tray.

'That's good — that's good,' he said. 'Now come over here. I've been talking with your mother, and I find your education has been a little defective. I have caused you — I might have saved you much trouble. I should like to make amends.' He embraced them both in his look. 'I shall be very glad to provide for your tuition in the future, if you will let me choose the teacher — and if you care for lessons, Malinke.'

The child drew in her breath.

Breine Henne broke out in a flood of thanks and blessings, which the good man did not hear. He was waiting for Malinke to speak. At last she opened her lips.

'Shall I begin to-morrow?' she asked.

The rav smiled, pleased with her directness.

'To-morrow,' he said. 'It is well to hasten to a good thing. And shall I name your teacher?'

Malinke ventured on a petition.

'I hope it will be a rebbe, not a *rebbetzin* [female teacher],' she said. 'The rebbetzins don't know so much.'

Breine Henne broke out in reproof.

'Hush, you bold child! There you go again, talking as a child should n't. That's her great fault, believe me, Reb' Nossen — that tongue of hers. You

ought to be more respectful, and grateful, and, whatever you do, keep your tongue quiet.'

The rav uttered no direct reproof.

'If the rebbe knows more than the rebbetzin, it is because he has spent more time in study, my dear. Perhaps a rebbe would be best for you. Well, now, I cannot afford to pay much; I am not known for my riches. I must choose some one who will not ask too much tuition. What would you say to taking a few lessons with me? I have never taught girls, but I can try.'

It was Breine Henne who gasped now, and Malinke who babbled excitedly.

'Oh, will you teach me everything?' she cried, 'the same as a boy — the same as Yösele? I'd like to read *everything*. Yösele says a girl can't understand, but I don't think that's true, do you? Do you mean you'll teach me the *Humesh*, and *Gemara*, and everything?'

The rav smiled again.

'Not all at once, my child, not all at once. We must make a beginning first. You come to-morrow before sunset prayer, and then we'll see. The Torah is inexhaustible. There are a great many things to learn — about conduct, and sacrifice, and many other things. I pray that I have the wisdom to teach you.'

For the second time that day, Malinke walked home without touching the earth. But if she did not know the way she took, a third of Polotzk did. That much of the population followed her to her door, as a volunteer escort of honor.

For in the quiet of the Sabbath afternoon, the movements of the rav's messenger had been observed, and a knot of the most irrepressible gossips in Polotzk lay in wait for Malinke and her mother at Reb' Nossen's gate. Breine Henne, bursting with pride, was glad to fall upon the bosom of the first gossip with an apron who presented herself; and so the story of the great interview was out.

Before the first corner was turned, the original knot of gossips had become the indistinguishable nucleus of a rapidly growing procession, at the head of which a fairly straight version of Malinke's story was told, and at the tail of which it was rumored that Reb' Nossen was going to adopt Breine Henne's girl, and make a great scholar of her.

But Malinke heard nothing of what the people said. In the midst of the throng she was communing with herself about the mystery of divine justice. She who had sinned the most was the most blessed of all little girls in Polotzk. The Lord had accepted her atonement. In compensation for her blindness, that had led her into error, God had sent her a teacher.

THE HANDICAPPED

BY ONE OF THEM

It would not perhaps be thought, ordinarily, that the man whom physical disabilities have made so helpless that he is unable to move around among his fellows, can bear his lot more happily, even though he suffer pain, and face life with a more cheerful and contented spirit, than can the man whose deformities are merely enough to mark him out from the rest of his fellows without preventing him from entering with them into most of their common affairs and experiences. But the fact is that the former's very helplessness makes him content to rest and not to strive. I know a young man so helplessly deformed that he has to be carried about, who is happy in reading a little, playing chess, taking a course or two in college, and all with the sunniest good-will in the world, and a happiness that seems strange and unaccountable to my restlessness. He does not cry for the moon.

When one, however, is in full possession of his faculties, and can move about freely, bearing simply a crooked back and an unsightly face, he is perforce drawn into all the currents of life. Particularly if he has his own way in the world to make, his road is apt to be hard and rugged, and he will penetrate to an unusual depth in his interpretation both of the world's attitude toward such misfortunes, and of the attitude toward the world which such misfortunes tend to cultivate in men like him. For he has all the battles of a stronger man to fight, and he is at a double disadvantage in fighting them. He has constantly with him the sense of being obliged to make extra efforts to overcome the bad impression of his physical defects, and he is haunted with a constant feeling of weakness and low vitality which makes effort more difficult and renders him easily faint-hearted and discouraged by failure. He is never confident of himself, because he has grown up in an atmosphere where nobody has been very confident of him; and yet his environment and circumstances call out all sorts of ambitions and energies in him which, from the nature of his case, are bound to be immediately thwarted. This attitude is likely to keep him at a generally low level of accomplishment unless he have an unusually strong will, and a strong will is perhaps the last thing to develop under such circumstances.

That vague sense of physical uncomfortableness which is with him nearly every minute of his waking day serves, too, to make steady application for hours to any particular kind of work much more irksome than it is even to the lazy man. No one but the deformed man can realize just what the mere fact of sitting a foot lower than the normal means in discomfort and annoyance. For one cannot carry one's special chair everywhere, to theatre and library and train and school-room. This sounds trivial, I know, but I mention it because it furnishes a real, even though usually dim, 'background of consciousness' which one has to reckon with during all one's solid work or en-

joyment. The things that the world deems hardest for the deformed man to bear are perhaps really the easiest of all. I can truthfully say, for instance, that I have never suffered so much as a pang from the interested comments on my personal appearance made by urchins in the street, nor from the curious looks of people in the street and public places. To ignore this vulgar curiosity is the simplest and easiest thing in the world. It does not worry me in the least to appear on a platform if I have anything to say and there is anybody to listen. What one does get sensitive to is rather the inevitable way that people, acquaintances and strangers alike, have of discounting in advance what one does or says.

The deformed man is always conscious that the world does not expect very much from him. And it takes him a long time to see in this a challenge instead of a firm pressing down to a low level of accomplishment. As a result, he does not expect very much of himself; he is timid in approaching people, and distrustful of his ability to persuade and convince. He becomes extraordinarily sensitive to other people's first impressions of him. Those who are to be his friends he knows instantly, and further acquaintance adds little to the intimacy and warm friendship that he at once feels for them. On the other hand, those who do not respond to him immediately cannot by any effort either on his part or theirs overcome that first alienation.

This sensitiveness has both its good and bad sides. It makes friendship the most precious thing in the world to him, and he finds that he arrives at a much richer and wider intimacy with his friends than do ordinary men with their light, surface friendships, based on good fellowship or the convenience of the moment. But on the other hand this sensitiveness absolutely unfits him for business and the practice of a profession, where one must be 'all things to all men,' and the professional manner is indispensable to success. For here, where he has to meet a constant stream of men of all sorts and conditions, his sensitiveness to these first impressions will make his case hopeless. Except with those few who by some secret sympathy will seem to respond, his deformity will stand like a huge barrier between his personality and other men's. The magical good fortune of attractive personal appearance makes its way almost without effort in the world, breaking down all sorts of walls of disapproval and lack of interest. Even the homely person can attract by personal charm. But deformity cannot even be charming.

The doors of the deformed man are always locked, and the key is on the outside. He may have treasures of charm inside, but they will never be revealed unless the person outside cooperates with him in unlocking the door. A friend becomes, to a much greater degree than with the ordinary man, the indispensable means of discovering one's own personality. One only exists, so to speak, with friends. It is easy to see how hopelessly such a sensitiveness incapacitates a man for business, professional or social life, where the hasty and superficial impression is everything, and disaster is the fate of the man who has not all the treasures of his personality in the front window, where they can be readily inspected and appraised.

It thus takes the deformed man a long time to get adjusted to his world. Childhood is perhaps the hardest time of all. As a child he is a strange creature in a strange land. It was my own fate to be just strong enough to play about with the other boys, and attempt all their games and 'stunts,' without being strong enough actually to succeed

in any of them. It never used to occur to me that my failures and lack of skill were due to circumstances beyond my control, but I would always impute them, in consequence of my rigid Calvinistic bringing-up, I suppose, to some moral weakness of my own. I suffered tortures in trying to learn to skate, to climb trees, to play ball, to conform in general to the ways of the world. I never resigned myself to the inevitable, but over-exerted myself constantly in a grim determination to succeed. I was good at my lessons, and through timidity rather than priggishness, I hope, a very well-behaved boy at school; I was devoted, too, to music, and learned to play the piano pretty well. But I despised my reputation for excellence in these things, and instead of adapting myself philosophically to the situation, I strove (and have been striving ever since) to do the things I could not.

As I look back now it seems perfectly natural that I should have followed the standards of the crowd, and loathed my high marks in lessons and deportment, and the concerts to which I was sent by my aunt, and the exhibitions of my musical skill that I had to give before admiring ladies. Whether or not such an experience is typical of handicapped children, there is tragedy there for those situated as I was. For had I been a little weaker physically, I should have been thrown back on reading omnivorously and cultivating my music, with some possible results; while if I had been a little stronger, I could have participated in the play on an equal footing with the rest. As it was, I simply tantalized myself, and grew up with a deepening sense of failure, and a lack of pride in what I really excelled at.

When the world became one of dances and parties and social evenings and boy-and-girl attachments, — the world of youth, — I was to find myself still less adapted to it. And this was the harder to bear because I was naturally sociable, and all these things appealed tremendously to me. This world of admiration and gayety and smiles and favors and quick interest and companionship, however, is only for the well-begotten and the debonair. It was not through any cruelty or dislike, I think, that I was refused admittance; indeed they were always very kind about inviting me. But it was more as if a ragged urchin had been asked to come and look through the window at the light and warmth of a glittering party; I was truly in the world, but not of the world. Indeed there were times when one would almost prefer conscious cruelty to this silent, unconscious, gentle oblivion. And this is the tragedy, I suppose, not only of the deformed, but of all the ill-favored and unattractive to a greater or less degree. The world of youth is a world of so many conventions, and the abnormal in any direction is so glaringly and hideously abnormal.

Although it took me a long time to understand this, and I continued to attribute my failure mostly to my own character, trying hard to compensate for my physical deficiencies by skill and cleverness, I suffered comparatively few pangs, and got much better adjusted to this world than to the other. For I was older, and I had acquired a lively interest in all the social politics; I would get so interested in watching how people behaved, and in sizing them up, that only at rare intervals would I remember that I was really having no hand in the game. This interest just in the ways people are human, has become more and more a positive advantage in my life, and has kept sweet many a situation that might easily have cost me a pang. Not that a person with my disabilities should be a sort of detective, evil-mindedly using

his social opportunities for spying out and analyzing his friends' foibles, but that, if he does acquire an interest in people quite apart from their relation to him, he may go into society with an easy conscience and a certainty that he will be entertained and possibly entertaining, even though he cuts a poor enough social figure. He must simply not expect too much.

Perhaps the bitterest struggles of the handicapped man come when he tackles the business world. If he has to go out for himself to look for work, without fortune, training, or influence, as I personally did, his way will indeed be rugged. His disability will work against him for any position where he must be much in the eyes of men, and his general insignificance has a subtle influence in convincing those to whom he applies that he is unfitted for any kind of work. As I have suggested, his keen sensitiveness to other people's impressions of him makes him more than unusually timid and unable to counteract that fatal first impression by any display of personal force and will. He cannot get his personality over across that barrier. The cards seem stacked against him from the start. With training and influence something might be done, but alone and unaided his case is almost hopeless. At least, this was my own experience. We were poor relations, and our prosperous relatives thought they had done quite enough for us without sending me through college, and I did not seem strong enough to work my way through (although I have since done it). I started out auspiciously enough, becoming a sort of apprentice to a musician who had invented a machine for turning out music-rolls. Here, with steady work, good pay, and the comfortable consciousness that I was 'helping support the family,' I got the first pleasurable sensation of self-respect, I think, that I ever had. But with the failure of this business I was precipitated against the real world.

It would be futile to recount the story of my struggles: how I besieged for nearly two years firm after firm, in search of a permanent position, trying everything in New York in which I thought I had the slightest chance of success, meanwhile making a precarious living by a few music lessons. The attitude toward me ranged from, 'You can't expect us to create a place for you,' to, 'How could it enter your head that we should find any use for a man like you?' My situation was doubtless unusual. Few men handicapped as I was would be likely to go so long without arousing some interest and support in relative or friend. But my experience serves to illustrate the peculiar difficulties that a handicapped man meets if he has his own way to make in the world. He is discounted at the start: it is not business to make allowances for anybody; and while people were not cruel or unkind, it was the hopeless finality of the thing that filled one's heart with despair.

The environment of a big city is perhaps the worst possible that a man in such a situation could have. For the thousands of seeming opportunities lead one restlessly on and on, and keep one's mind perpetually unsettled and depressed. There is a poignant mental torture that comes with such an experience, — the urgent need, the repeated failure, or rather the repeated failure even to obtain a chance to fail, the realization that those at home can ill afford to have you idle, the growing dread of encountering people,—all this is something that those who have never been through it can never realize. Personally I know of no particular way of escape. One can expect to do little by one's own unaided efforts. I solved my difficulties only by evading them, by

throwing overboard some of my responsibility, and taking the desperate step of entering college on a scholarship. Desultory work is not nearly so humiliating when one is using one's time to some advantage, and college furnishes an ideal environment where the things at which a man handicapped like myself can succeed really count. One's self-respect can begin to grow like a weed.

For at the bottom of all the difficulties of a man like me is really the fact that his self-respect is so slow in growing up. Accustomed from childhood to being discounted, his self-respect is not naturally very strong, and it would require pretty constant success in a congenial line of work really to confirm it. If he could only more easily separate the factors that are due to his physical disability from those that are due to his weak will and character, he might more quickly attain self-respect, for he would realize what he is responsible for, and what he is not. But at the beginning he rarely makes allowances for himself; he is his own severest judge. He longs for a 'strong will,' and yet the experience of having his efforts promptly nipped off at the beginning is the last thing on earth to produce that will.

Life, particularly if he is brought into harsh and direct touch with the real world, is a much more complex thing to him than to the ordinary man. Many of his inherited platitudes vanish at the first touch. Life appears to him as a grim struggle, where ability does not necessarily mean opportunity and success, nor piety sympathy, and where helplessness cannot count on assistance and kindly interest. Human affairs seem to be running on a wholly irrational plan, and success to be founded on chance as much as on anything. But if he can stand the first shock of disillusionment, he may find himself enormously interested in discovering how they actually do run, and he will want to burrow into the motives of men, and find the reasons for the crass inequalities and injustices of the world he sees around him. He has practically to construct anew a world of his own, and explain a great many things to himself that the ordinary person never dreams of finding unintelligible at all. He will be filled with a profound sympathy for all who are despised and ignored in the world. When he has been through the neglect and struggles of a handicapped and ill-favored man himself, he will begin to understand the feelings of all the horde of the unpresentable and the unemployable, the incompetent and the ugly, the queer and crotchety people who make up so large a proportion of human folk.

We are perhaps too prone to get our ideas and standards of worth from the successful, without reflecting that the interpretations of life which patriotic legend, copy-book philosophy, and the sayings of the wealthy give us, are pitifully inadequate for those who fall behind in the race. Surely there are enough people to whom the task of making a decent living and maintaining themselves and their families in their social class, or of winning and keeping the respect of their fellows, is a hard and bitter task, to make a philosophy gained through personal disability and failure as just and true a method of appraising the life around us as the cheap optimism of the ordinary professional man. And certainly a kindlier, for it has no shade of contempt or disparagement about it.

It irritates me as if I had been spoken of contemptuously myself, to hear people called 'common' or 'ordinary,' or to see that deadly and delicate feeling for social gradations crop out, which so many of our upper middle-class women seem to have. It makes me wince to hear a man spoken of as a failure, or

to have it said of one that he 'does n't amount to much.' Instantly I want to know why he has not succeeded, and what have been the forces that have been working against him. He is the truly interesting person, and yet how little our eager-pressing, on-rushing world cares about such aspects of life, and how hideously though unconsciously cruel and heartless it usually is.

Often I had tried in argument to show my friends how much of circumstance and chance go to the making of success; and when I reached the age of sober reading, a long series of the works of radical social philosophers, beginning with Henry George, provided me with the materials for a philosophy which explained why men were miserable and overworked, and why there was on the whole so little joy and gladness among us,—and which fixed the blame. Here was suggested a goal, and a definite glorious future, toward which all good men might work. My own working-hours became filled with visions of how men could be brought to see all that this meant, and how I in particular might work some great and wonderful thing for human betterment. In more recent years, the study of history and social psychology and ethics has made those crude outlines sounder and more normal, and brought them into a saner relation to other aspects of life and thought, but I have not lost the first glow of enthusiasm, nor my belief in social progress as the first right and permanent interest for every thinking and true-hearted man or woman.

I am ashamed that my experience has given me so little chance to count in any way toward either the spreading of such a philosophy or toward direct influence and action. Nor do I yet see clearly how I shall be able to count effectually toward this ideal. Of one thing I am sure, however: that life will have little meaning for me except as I am able to contribute toward some such ideal of social betterment, if not in deed, then in word. For this is the faith that I believe we need to-day, all of us,—a truly religious belief in human progress, a thorough social consciousness, an eager delight in every sign and promise of social improvement, and best of all, a new spirit of courage that will dare. I want to give to the young men whom I see, — who, with fine intellect and high principles, lack just that light of the future on their faces that would give them a purpose and meaning in life, — to them I want to give some touch of this philosophy — that will energize their lives, and save them from the disheartening effects of that poisonous counsel of timidity and distrust of human ideals which pours out in steady stream from reactionary press and pulpit.

It is hard to tell just how much of this philosophy has been due to my handicaps. If it is solely to my physical misfortunes that I owe its existence, the price has not been a heavy one to pay. For it has given me something that I should not know how to be without. For, however gained, this radical philosophy has not only made the world intelligible and dynamic to me, but has furnished me with the strongest spiritual support. I know that many people, handicapped by physical weakness and failure, find consolation and satisfaction in a very different sort of faith, — in an evangelical religion, and a feeling of close dependence on God and close communion with him. But my experience has made my ideal of character militant rather than long-suffering.

I very early experienced a revulsion against the rigid Presbyterianism in which I had been brought up,—a purely intellectual revulsion, I believe, because my mind was occupied for a long time afterwards with theological questions, and the only feeling that entered

into it was a sort of disgust at the arrogance of damning so great a proportion of the human race. I read T. W. Higginson's *The Sympathy of Religions*, with the greatest satisfaction, and attended the Unitarian Church whenever I could slip away. This faith, while it still appeals to me, seems at times a little too static and refined to satisfy me with completeness. For some time there was a considerable bitterness in my heart at the narrowness of the people who could still find comfort in the old faith. Reading Buckle and Oliver Wendell Holmes gave me a new contempt for 'conventionality,' and my social philosophy still further tortured me by throwing the burden for the misery of the world on these same good neighbors. And all this, although I think I did not make a nuisance of myself, made me feel a spiritual and intellectual isolation in addition to my more or less effective physical isolation.

Happily these days are over. The world has righted itself, and I have been able to appreciate and realize how people count in a social and group capacity as well as in an individual and personal one, and to separate the two in my thinking. Really to believe in human nature while striving to know the thousand forces that warp it from its ideal development, — to call for and expect much from men and women, and not to be disappointed and embittered if they fall short, — to try to do good with people rather than to them, — this is my religion on its human side. And if God exists, I think that He must be in the warm sun, in the kindly actions of the people we know and read of, in the beautiful things of art and nature, and in the closeness of friendships. He may also be in heaven, in life, in suffering, but it is only in these simple moments of happiness that I feel Him and know that He is there.

Death I do not understand at all. I have seen it in its cruelest, most irrational forms, where there has seemed no excuse, no palliation. I have only known that if we were more careful, and more relentless in fighting evil, if we knew more of medical science, such things would not be. I know that a sound body, intelligent care and training, prolong life, and that the death of a very old person is neither sad nor shocking, but sweet and fitting. I see in death a perpetual warning of how much there is to be known and done in the way of human progress and betterment. And equally, it seems to me, is this true of disease. So all the crises and deeper implications of life seem inevitably to lead back to that question of social improvement, and militant learning and doing.

This, then, is the goal of my religion, — the bringing of fuller, richer life to more people on this earth. All institutions and all works that do not have this for their object are useless and pernicious. And this is not to be a mere philosophic precept which may well be buried under a host of more immediate matter, but a living faith, to permeate one's thought, and transfuse one's life. Prevention must be the method against evil. To remove temptation from men, and to apply the stimulus which shall call forth their highest endeavors, — these seem to me the only right principles of ethical endeavor. Not to keep waging the age-long battle with sin and poverty, but to make the air around men so pure that foul lungs cannot breathe it, — this should be our noblest religious aim.

Education — knowledge and training — I have felt so keenly my lack of these things that I count them as the greatest of means toward making life noble and happy. The lack of stimulus has tended with me to dissipate the power which might otherwise have been concentrated in some one product-

ive direction. Or perhaps it was the many weak stimuli that constantly incited me and thus kept me from following one particular bent. I look back on what seems a long waste of intellectual power, time frittered away in groping and moping, which might easily have been spent constructively. A defect in one of the physical senses often means a keener sensitiveness in the others, but it seems that unless the sphere of action that the handicapped man has is very much narrowed, his intellectual ability will not grow in compensation for his physical defects. He will always feel that, had he been strong or even successful, he would have been further advanced intellectually, and would have attained greater command over his powers. For his mind tends to be cultivated extensively, rather than intensively. He has so many problems to meet, so many things to explain to himself, that he acquires a wide rather than a profound knowledge. Perhaps eventually, by eliminating most of these interests as practicable fields, he may tie himself down to one line of work; but at first he is pretty apt to find his mind rebellious. If he is eager and active, he will get a smattering of too many things, and his imperfect, badly trained organism will make intense application very difficult.

Now that I have talked a little of my philosophy of life, particularly about what I want to put into it, there is something to be said also of its enjoyment, and what I may hope to get out of it. I have said that my ideal of character was militant rather than long-suffering. It is true that my world has been one of failure and deficit, — I have accomplished practically nothing alone, and can count only two or three instances where I have received kindly counsel and suggestion; moreover it still seems a miracle to me that money can be spent for anything beyond the necessities without being first carefully weighed and pondered over, — but it has not been a world of suffering and sacrifice, my health has been almost criminally perfect in the light of my actual achievement, and life has appeared to me, at least since my more pressing responsibilities were removed, as a challenge and an arena, rather than a vale of tears. I do not like the idea of helplessly suffering one's misfortunes, of passively bearing one's lot. The Stoics depress me. I do not want to look on my life as an eternal making the best of a bad bargain. Granting all the circumstances, admitting all my disabilities, I want too to 'warm both hands before the fire of life.' What satisfactions I have, and they are many and precious, I do not want to look on as compensations, but as positive goods.

The difference between what the strongest of the strong and the most winning of the attractive can get out of life, and what I can, is after all so slight. Our experiences and enjoyments, both his and mine, are so infinitesimal compared with the great mass of possibilities; and there must be a division of labor. If he takes the world of physical satisfactions and of material success, I at least can occupy the far richer kingdom of mental effort and artistic appreciation. And on the side of what we are to put into life, although I admit that achievement on my part will be harder relatively to encompass than on his, at least I may have the field of artistic creation and intellectual achievement for my own. Indeed, as one gets older, the fact of one's disabilities fades dimmer and dimmer away from consciousness. One's enemy is now one's own weak will, and the struggle is to attain the artistic ideal one has set.

But one must have grown up, to get this attitude. And that is the best thing the handicapped man can do. Growing up will have given him one of

the greatest, and certainly the most durable satisfaction of his life. It will mean at least that he is out of the woods. Childhood has nothing to offer him; youth little more. They are things to be gotten through with as soon as possible. For he will not understand, and he will not be understood. He finds himself simply a bundle of chaotic impulses and emotions and ambitions, very few of which, from the nature of the case, can possibly be realized or satisfied. He is bound to be at cross-grains with the world, and he has to look sharp that he does not grow up with a bad temper and a hateful disposition, and become cynical and bitter against those who turn him away. But grown up, his horizon will broaden; he will get a better perspective, and will not take the world so seriously as he used to, nor will failure frighten him so much. He can look back and see how inevitable it all was, and understand how precarious and problematic even the best regulated of human affairs may be. And if he feels that there were times when he should have been able to count upon the help and kindly counsel of relatives and acquaintances who remained dumb and uninterested, he will not put their behavior down as proof of the depravity of human nature, but as due to an unfortunate blindness which it will be his work to avoid in himself by looking out for others when he has the power.

When he has grown up, he will find that people of his own age and experience are willing to make those large allowances for what is out of the ordinary, which were impossible to his younger friends, and that grown-up people touch each other on planes other than the purely superficial. With a broadening of his own interests, he will find himself overlapping other people's personalities at new points, and will discover with rare delight that he is beginning to be understood and appreciated, — at least to a greater degree than when he had to keep his real interests hid as something unusual. For he will begin to see in his friends, his music and books, and his interest in people and social betterment, his true life; many of his restless ambitions will fade gradually away, and he will come to recognize all the more clearly some true ambition of his life that is within the range of his capabilities. He will have built up his world, and have sifted out the things that are not going to concern him, and participation in which will only serve to vex and harass him. He may well come to count his deformity even as a blessing, for it has made impossible to him at last many things in the pursuit of which he would only fritter away his time and dissipate his interest. He must not think of 'resigning himself to his fate'; above all he must insist on his own personality. For once really grown up, he will find that he has acquired self-respect and personality. Grown-up-ness, I think, is not a mere question of age, but of being able to look back and understand and find satisfaction in one's experience, no matter how bitter it may have been.

So to all who are situated as I am, I would say, — Grow up as fast as you can. Cultivate the widest interests you can, and cherish all your friends. Cultivate some artistic talent, for you will find it the most durable of satisfactions, and perhaps one of the surest means of livelihood as well. Achievement is, of course, on the knees of the gods; but you will at least have the thrill of trial, and, after all, not to try is to fail. Taking your disabilities for granted, and assuming constantly that they are being taken for granted, make your social intercourse as broad and as constant as possible. Do not take the world too seriously, nor let too many social conventions oppress you. Keep sweet your

sense of humor, and above all do not let any morbid feelings of inferiority creep into your soul. You will find yourself sensitive enough to the sympathy of others, and if you do not find people who like you and are willing to meet you more than half-way, it will be because you have let your disability narrow your vision and shrink up your soul. It will be really your own fault, and not that of your circumstances. In a word, keep looking outward; look out eagerly for those things that interest you, for people who will interest you and be friends with you, for new interests and for opportunities to express yourself. You will find that your disability will come to have little meaning for you, that it will begin to fade quite completely out of your sight; you will wake up some fine morning and find yourself, after all the struggles that seemed so bitter to you, really and truly adjusted to the world.

I am perhaps not yet sufficiently out of the wilderness to utter all these brave words. For, I must confess, I find myself hopelessly dependent on my friends and my environment. My friends have come to mean more to me than almost anything else in the world. If it is far harder work for a man in my situation to make friendships quickly, at least friendships once made have a depth and intimacy quite beyond ordinary attachments. For a man such as I am has little prestige; people do not want to impress him. They are genuine and sincere, talk to him freely about themselves, and are generally far less reticent about revealing their real personality and history and aspirations. And particularly is this so in friendships with young women. I have found their friendships the most delightful and satisfying of all. For all that social convention that insists that every friendship between a young man and woman must be on a romantic basis is necessarily absent in our case. There is no fringe around us to make our acquaintance anything but a charming companionship. With all my friends, the same thing is true. The first barrier of strangeness broken down, our interest is really in each other, and not in what each is going to think of the other, how he is to be impressed, or whether we are going to fall in love with each other. When one of my friends moves away, I feel as if a great hole had been left in my life. There is a whole side of my personality that I cannot express without him. I shudder to think of any change that will deprive me of their constant companionship. Without friends I feel as if even my music and books and interests would turn stale on my hands. I confess that I am not grown up enough to get along without them.

But if I am not yet out of the wilderness, at least I think I see the way to happiness. With health and a modicum of achievement, I shall not see my lot as unenviable. And if misfortune comes, it will only be something flowing from the common lot of men, not from my own particular disability. Most of the difficulties that flow from that I flatter myself I have met by this time of my twenty-fifth year, have looked full in the face, have grappled with, and find in nowise so formidable as the world usually deems them; no bar to my real ambitions and ideals.

THE INDETERMINATE SENTENCE

BY A PRISONER

DESPITE the fact that the indeterminate sentence is designed to benefit the criminal as well as the body politic, nearly every prisoner is opposed to its adoption. In the majority of cases this opposition is based on the belief that the chances for a 'square deal' would be very much reduced under the proposed plan. When asked what he thinks of the indeterminate sentence, the prisoner's reply is almost invariably a negative but none the less trenchant arraignment of the system which at present permits and countenances the employment of incompetent and irresponsible men as guards in penal institutions. Generally speaking, the only qualifications now required of an applicant for prison-guard duty are that he be an elector, and that he be of good physique.

For this reason — because there is always an element of uncertainty as to the nature of the men who are to control his life and destiny — the lawbreaker prefers the five minutes' gamble with fate before a magistrate, to an indefinite, soul-racking jugglery at the hands of Jim-Crow political beneficiaries; nor can he be blamed for thinking that the guards of the future will not be any better qualified than are those of the present. Quite naturally he judges from what he sees and knows, failing utterly to apprehend that the adoption of the indeterminate sentence will necessitate a more capable and intelligent body of official prison subordinates, if the benefits which must accrue from a fair and impartial application of the principles underlying it are to be realized.

The criminal class — the professional malefactors — oppose the indeterminate sentence for an entirely different reason. Collectively, they realize that its general adoption would ultimately result in their extinction; individually, they balk at the idea of being compelled to make a sustained and apparently sincere effort for self-betterment — the only 'open sesame' under the proposed reform.

These objections from prisoners, especially from professional criminals, constitute the strongest arguments in favor of the indeterminate sentence.

Under present conditions the prisoner's character and temperament is judged, where it is judged at all, by purely inverse methods. He is hemmed in by certain restrictions which he must not infract. He need not heed them in spirit. In short, he drifts along the lines of least resistance, the same as does the brute creation, and his fitness for parole, where the parole system is in practice, is, with one or two notable exceptions, based on his drifting ability. If, instead of merely being required to refrain from certain overt acts, the prisoner's release should depend upon his acquirement of certain knowledge and standards, coincident with a strict observance of the prison rules, we should soon reduce the number of indolent 'yeggs' and high-collared 'check-kiters,' not to mention even less desirable parasites.

Under the indeterminate plan an

offender would be sent to prison not for a term of years, but, if the case did not warrant probation, until cured, just as a person suffering from physical disease or infection is sent to a hospital or asylum, to remain for such period as may be necessary for his restoration to health.

In nearly every state where the indeterminate sentence has been adopted, its object and the good results which should come from it have been fatally circumvented by fixing a maximum limit beyond which the offender cannot be detained, no matter if he evidence criminal tendencies of the most pronounced character. This maximum is absurd. We do not predetermine the length of time a patient shall remain in a hospital or insane asylum, neither do we plough the ground and plant seed with the expectation of reaping an arbitrary harvest before the plant has matured. Why, then, should such predetermination obtain in the treatment of persons suffering from moral turpitude?

Many persons, and especially police officials, oppose the indeterminate sentence on the ground that it permits the criminal to get out of confinement 'too soon' — one year being the minimum prescribed in many of the states where the indeterminate sentence is in effect. They ridicule the idea of reform, and regard prisons solely as places designed for the punishment of those who commit crime. This view is held also by a surprising number of ratepayers.

Probably the time is not yet ripe for the elimination of the idea of punishment in dealing with those who violate the law, but a compromise may be effected pending evolution. This may be accomplished by fixing a minimum penalty based and graded on the specific nature, degree, or magnitude of the offense, by which the delinquent in each case may be kept in training a definite period before becoming eligible for tentative freedom, or trial, on parole.

To illustrate: the person committing larceny to an amount not exceeding one hundred dollars, and without the element of cunning or premeditation, might be sent to the State Detention and Reformative Institute, with the stipulation that he may, if he comply with the rules and regulations and evince the proper degree of improvement, be paroled at the end of one year. The person committing larceny by trick and device and premeditation might be committed with the stipulation that he be detained two years before becoming eligible for parole. The person committing robbery with violence might be committed with a stipulated minimum of four, or five, or more years, as the nature of the case might warrant; and so on up to offenses which are at present punishable by imprisonment for life, where a minimum service of eight, or ten, or fifteen years might be prescribed. This minimum determination might be left, with certain limitations, to the jury which hears the evidence and determines the guilt of the accused. The writer, however, believes that the officials in charge of institutions for the detention of criminal delinquents should not be hampered or restricted in any manner in determining when the subject is fit for trial on parole; which connotes that such officials shall be men of the highest character and qualifications.

If a prisoner sentenced as outlined above should remain refractory, or persist in criminal practices, he would remain in confinement for life if he did not change. It would be 'up to him.'

A number of extraneous arguments may be advanced why the indeterminate sentence should be adopted. Chief among these, perhaps, is the fact that the imposition of definite sentences by

magistrates of different temperaments and prejudices works many glaring injustices. Case-hardened criminals, familiar with court procedure and well versed in the weaknesses of human nature, wheedle judges into imposing 'light' sentences, while others, comparatively unsophisticated, perhaps accidental rather than deliberate offenders, get 'heavy' ones.

Two judges sitting in adjacent counties will sentence two men to prison on the same day and for the same character of offense and under circumstances practically parallel, one for two years, the other for ten. It is also well established that rural judges impose much severer sentences than do city magistrates. The explanation of this lies in the fact that the sparsely settled and remote communities, having few criminal cases, sacrifice each convicted person on the altar of that old and thoroughly exploded fallacy, 'an example.' As a result, hard-working laborers, capable miners, and good farmers are sent to prison for longer terms than are brutal 'yegg-men,' desperate 'prowlers,' and 'good 'pickpockets.

The farmer or miner thus consigned to prison for an unconscionable term finds the place overrun with professional thieves, — many of whom are in for their third or fourth 'jolt,' — who are serving one quarter, or perhaps one half of the period he has been sentenced to serve. The farmer cannot help making comparisons, and before he finishes the long grind he determines to 'get even' with that society which has treated him so unjustly. Not only this, but being a farmer he does not become 'prison wise,' readily becomes the cat's-paw for schemers against the prison rules, and undeservedly gets the reputation of being a 'hard man.' It is the professional thief who is a good prison drifter; he rarely gets into trouble — under the present slipshod methods. Naturally the farmer throws up the sponge, so to speak, and before the date of his release he is in reality a very dangerous and desperate man. He is purely and simply the victim of society's stupidity and indifference.

Men of the farmer class who return to the community whence they were committed, determined to redeem themselves, usually find all hands raised against them, and learn the bitterest truth of all — that the penalty for their offense was not paid when the prison gate clanged them into 'freedom.' It is your rural community that is steeped in self-righteousness.

A great many men in prison possess creative ability. Some one argues that this makes them all the more to be feared. Quite true, so long as they are not encouraged to turn this ability into legitimate channels, so long as it is considered insubordination for a prisoner to manifest initiative. Creative ability is at a premium in the world at large; in prison it is generally interpreted as indicating 'criminosity.'

Under the indeterminate sentence this, and all other injustices, would be eliminated, and each prisoner would be encouraged to direct his energy along the best lines for himself and for society. But to be effective, to be practical, the indeterminate sentence must be just what the term implies. The indeterminate sentence with a predetermined maximum is an emasculation.

HILL-FANTASY

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

Sitteth by the red cairn a brown One, a hoofed One,
High upon the mountain, where the grasses fail.
Where the ash-trees flourish far their blazing bunches to the sun,
A brown One, a hoofed One, pipes against the gale.

. . . . . .

I was on the mountain, wandering, wandering;
No one but the pine trees and the white birch knew.
Over rocks I scrambled, looked up, and saw that strange Thing,
Peakèd ears and sharp horns, pricked against the blue.

Oh, and how he piped there! piped upon the high reeds,
Till the blue air crackled like a frost-film on a pool.
Oh, and how he spread himself! like a child whom no one heeds,
Tumbled chuckling in the brook, all sleek and kind and cool!

He had berries 'twixt his horns, crimson-red as cochineal, —
Bobbing, wagging wantonly they tickled him, and oh,
How his deft lips puckered round the reed, and seemed to chase and steal
Sky-music, earth-music, tree-music low!

I said, 'Good-day, Thou!' He said, 'Good-day, Thou!'
Wiped his reed against the spotted doe-skin on his back.
He said, 'Come up here, and I will teach thee piping now,
While the earth is singing so, for tunes we shall not lack.'

Up scrambled I, then, furry fingers helping me.
Up scrambled I. So we sat beside the cairn.
Broad into my face laughed that hornèd thing so naughtily:
Oh it was a rascal of a wood-land Satyr's bairn!

'So blow, and so, Thou! Move thy fingers faster, look!
Move them like the little leaves and whirling midges. So!
Soon 't will twist like tendrils and out-twinkle like the lost brook.
Move thy fingers merrily, and blow! blow! blow!'

Brown One! hoofèd One! beat the time to keep me straight.
Kick it on the red stone, whistle in my ear.
Brush thy crimson berries in my face, then hold thy breath, for — wait!
Joy comes bubbling to my lips. I pipe! oh hear!

Blue sky, art glad of us? Green wood, art glad of us?
Old hard-heart mountain, dost thou hear me, how I blow?
Far away the sea-isles swim in sun-haze luminous.
Each one has a color like the seven-splendored bow.

Wind, wind, wind, dost thou mind me how I pipe, now?
Chipmunk chatt'ring in the beech, rabbit in the brake?
Furry arm around my neck: 'Oh, thou art a brave one, Thou!'
Satyr, little satyr-friend, my heart with joy doth ache!

Sky-music, earth-music, tree-music tremulous,
Water over steaming rocks, water in the shade,
Storm-tune and sun-tune, how they flock up unto us,
Sitting by the red cairn, gay and unafraid!

Brown One, hoofèd One, give me nimble hoofs, Thou!
Give me furry fingers and a secret furry tail!
Pleasant are thy smooth horns; if their like were on my brow,
Might I not abide here, till the strong sun fail? —

Oh, the sorry brown eyes, oh, the soft kind hand-touch,
Sudden brush of velvet ears across my wind-cool cheek!
'Playmate, Pipemate, thou askest one good boon too much.
I could never find thee horns, though day-long I should seek.

'Yet, keep the pipe, Thou; I will cut another one.
Keep the pipe and play on it for all the world to hear.
Ah, but it was good once to sit together in the sun!
Though I have but half a soul, it finds thee very dear!

'Wise Thing, Mortal Thing, yet my half-soul fears thee!
Take the pipe and go thy ways, — quick, now; for the sun
Reels across the hot west and stumbles dazzled to the sea.
Take the pipe, and oh — one kiss! — then run! run! run!' —

Silence on the mountain. Lonely stands the high cairn.
All the leaves a-shivering, all the stones dead-gray.
Oh, thou cold small pipe, which way is fled that Satyr's bairn?
I am lost and all alone, and down drops the day.

. . . . . .

I was on the mountain, wandering, wandering.
There I got this Pipe o' dreams. Strange, when I blow,
Something deep as human love starts a-crying, troubling.
Is it only sky-music, earth-music low?

THE CREATIVE LISTENER

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

How is an artist going to make a masterpiece unless the public makes half of it.
— SENHOUSE, in *Halfway House.*

I

SVENGALI never really hypnotized Trilby, and where the book says so it is merely indulging in poetic hyperbole. The fact is, Svengali was such a master of the art of listening that, whenever he was in the audience, Trilby could n't help singing better than she knew how. Too bad that the dramatic requirements forced the author to make him such a crawly old villain! Otherwise he might have stood as the classic type of that most inspiring and necessary and admirable person, the creative listener.

Although very few realize it, there is nothing uncanny nor very difficult about the practice of creative listening. A few weeks of work that is more than half play will fit almost anybody to be as organic a part of the concert performance as is the business-like little man behind the drums, or the shaggy being who breathes vernal zephyrs into the French horn.

Wagner called true listeners natural-born poets. Now, while it is true that creative listeners, like poets, are born and not made, yet far more of the former are born. In fact, nearly everybody enters life with possibilities along this line. And how is any deaf, inglorious dummy in the audience to know whether or not he was intended to be the Milton of listening until he has given his intellect a chance at the possibly latent gift? Just as plough-boy poets must, some time or other, quaff at the fount of metrics and form, so the best of natural listeners have to learn the science of their art before they can be called finished artists.

These facts are, as yet, known only to the initiated few. And this is where the fun of writing about creative listening comes in. Because, while music is by all odds the pet art of humanity, humanity has at present such a wistful, hopeless attitude toward it.

The ordinary person regrets few things more in life than his inability to play or sing. Or, if he does play or sing, he regrets all the more wistfully his inability to play or sing *well*. He calls music 'the universal language' and, unless he can talk it loud and clear, he looks as pathetically shamed as the after-dinner orator who, after mute agonies, sinks back into the poignant silence without having been able to utter a syllable.

Look closely enough during any concert and you will see, hovering above the audience, the sad smoke of heart-burning. The folk in the plush seats are sick for self-expression. They yearn to bear a hand in this divine game. They too would be 'all glorious in song,' — pitiful, barren souls that they suppose themselves to be, grieving like Lamb, the lonely bachelor, for their 'dream-children.'

To all such mourners it is my delightful privilege to explain that their dream-children need not be compacted of dreams alone; to hold out the promise of an art whereby they may become as creative as that great hearer whom Wagner once thanked for the inestimable gift of *Tristan*, implying that she listened to his playing as mightily as 'Brünnhilde listened to Wotan.'

II

It takes two to make music: one to perform, one to appreciate. And he is wise indeed who can discern which of these is the more important.

Now, in olden times it would not have occurred to any one to decide the relative importance of performer and listener, because when the arts were young they were such intensely democratic affairs. No distinction was drawn between artist and audience, for all men were alternately artist and audience.

Even to-day in some of the more primitive parts of the world no social function is complete until the psaltery has passed from hand to hand, or the harp with the solemn sound, or whatever the local instrument happens to be, and each member of the circle has extemporized a song to his own accompaniment. Such functions are reminders of the good old days when all men were free and equal in the realm of music,— when, even though the other fellow happened to be performing, you kept on listening to the music with the player's active sense of creation, but unembarrassed by his handicaps.

Then after a while an aristocratic thing called technic came, and seemed to fix an unbridgable gulf between player and listener. Hence the wistfulness of modern concert audiences who gaze across this gulf to the realms of gold on the other side with as poignant a longing in their eyes as if they had once been driven out of them by a flaming sword.

At this sad stage of the proceedings enters science to declare this gulf a figment of the modern imagination, — to show that the audience is a more integral part of the performance than it has ever suspected. The recent tendency of scientific thought is to explain man's craving for artistic expression along social rather than individualistic lines; to discuss the apparently passive function of the appreciator in active, creative terms.

A bird's-eye view of this speculation is so essential to a proper understanding of the art of creative listening that there is here proposed to my more vigorous readers a brief but stony and rather steep scramble among the foothills of æsthetics. Non-climbers please skip.

A number of prominent European thinkers have come to believe that when we enjoy a statue, for instance, we unconsciously imitate its pose and

suggested movements. Not only with our eyes but also, in a rudimentary way, with our whole bodies do we follow its outlines. We feel our way into the statue physically as well as mentally, so as to incorporate it into our actual experience. And thus with the products of the other arts as well. With unsuspected thoroughness we feel our way into their appreciation. Our very bodies resound to the rhythms of Rembrandt and Shakespeare, of von Steinbach and Beethoven.

Every one has experienced his body's tendency to feel its way into music by nodding or tapping time to it. And I believe that most of us may detect in our throats or lips, even when we think of a tune, certain slight, involuntary contractions or puckerings which are the rudimentary attempts of our subconscious selves to sing or whistle in imitation. And not alone do our bodies thus try to reproduce reality; they even imitate our ideals. Witness the unconscious contortions of the billiard-player as his cue-ball misses the other by a hair.

This imitation theory of art-enjoyment has been of service to the Finlander, Yrjö Hirn, in his brilliant, pioneer work of demonstrating how social a thing the creative impulse is. He believes that art came into existence chiefly because it is natural for every 'feeling-state' to 'manifest itself externally.' This process tends, in the first place, to heighten the artist's pleasure and relieve his pain. And, because 'art is essentially social,' it tends, in the second place, to 'awaken similar feelings in other human beings who perceive the manifestation; and their sympathetic feeling reacts upon the author of the original manifestation . . . heightening in him the feeling-state which gave rise to it.'

Years ago Emerson's prophetic vision caught a glimpse of this truth and embodied it in the splendid passage where he spoke of 'that which man was tending to do in a given period, and was hindered, or, if you will, modified in doing, by the interfering volitions of Phidias, of Dante, of Shakespeare, the organ whereby man at the moment wrought.'

Hirn explains how the sympathetic response of the appreciator is greatly intensified by the sort of unconscious imitation which we have been considering; and how it recoils back from the appreciator to the creator and back again to the appreciator, and so on, back and forth, gaining in stimulating power at each recoil. The whole process is like a hot 'volley' in tennis, with the opponents closing in on each other and the ball shuttling across the net faster with every stroke as the point gains in excitement and pleasure. 'Social resonance' might be a good way of describing the thing. And it resounds more effectively in music than in any other art.

There is a vast difference between the creative appreciator who feels his way into statue or cathedral, painting or printed poem, and the creative listener to a musical — or dramatic — performance. However fully the former may project himself into the statue and resound its rhythm, his feeling cannot alter the finished marble in the least; although of course the expectation of his sympathy may have stimulated the sculptor in his modeling, or the memory thereof may lift him to higher flights in future work. Still, the appreciator is powerless to affect the stone as it stands on the pedestal, simply because a statue cannot be re-created, like a symphony.

Music, on the other hand, is a sort of chronic Nicodemus. It must be born again whenever it would enter into the kingdom of the human soul.

It is exactly this necessity that makes

the listener so important a factor in music; for every listener in some way affects the quality of its reproduction. And if he is a mighty man of creative valor, he can even reduce the player at times to a mere vehicle for what science would call the 'exteriorization' of his own emotion, as Svengali reduced Trilby.

The performer is the violin string, and the listener the resonant body of the instrument. Without that wooden sounding-box the strand of sheep's-gut would strike ludicrously thin upon the ear. Without the string the music would be mute.

Thus, though the player first makes audible the poetry of the universal language, his recitation will not be effective without the coöperation of the creative listener. The two are absolute correlatives. The beautiful thing is that the more such a listener receives, the more he gives. Mundane music would soon come to be a fitting overture to the music of the spheres if our audiences were composed wholly of listeners, like a man I read of in *The Hibbert Journal:* 'a most pitiable cripple, shipwrecked in all save the noble intelligence,' who 'hobbled away from the hearing of a Beethoven symphony exclaiming, "I have heard that music for the fiftieth time; you see what I am; yet with this in my soul I go down Regent Street a god!"'

After all, what is this strange give-and-take in the world of art but a fair symbol of the larger give-and-take of life? 'Our souls,' said Balzac, in *Eugénie Grandet,* 'live by giving and receiving; we have need of another soul. Whatever it gives us we make our own, and give back again in overflowing measure. This is as vitally necessary for our inner life as breathing for our corporeal existence.'

Perhaps it is not yet clear why any mere listener to music should be dignified by the royal title of 'creative.' Now, just as the supremely creative thing about the great composer is his ability to store up emotion on music-paper, and the creative thing about the great player is his ability to liberate this emotion by mingling with it his own, — so the creative thing about the great listener is his ability to saturate this complex of emotion with his own and return it to the player in the form of heightened inspiration. At each step of this process the music is born again.

Who will deny that Svengali is at least as creative as the lady to whom he listens?

'The potential poet or painter,' says our Finlander, 'whose embryo work is bound to remain forever a fact only of his own experience . . . is not aware that he is composing a poem or a picture for himself as spectator or audience. Instinctively, however, he pursues . . . an end which is essentially similar to that of the actually creating artist. In both these cases . . . the creative activity aims at making an emotional mood independent of the accidental and individual conditions under which it originally appeared.'

All this, applied to a 'cello recital, for instance, would mean that the creative listener is unconsciously endeavoring with might and main to help the 'cellist overcome his spiritual handicap in being more or less preoccupied with his fingers, wrist, and treacherous accompanist, with the beams in the ceiling that spoil the acoustics, or the perfidious usher who opens the door and lets an icy draft blow in upon his sensitive-plant of an instrument. But for the help of the creative listener the 'cellist could never transcend these conditions; and then where would the music be?

This in effect is what Mr. Hirn means by all his learned jargon. And I hope that our æsthetic scramble, now hap-

pily ended, will make it clear why a concert-hall full of creative listeners is such a wonderful place. Instead of an inert herd of humanity passively acquiescing in a single paltry act of attempted creation on the stage, you find a place fairly alive with acts of creation. You hardly recognize that piece for the battered old Chopin nocturne you have known so long: for the good angel of every true listener present is taking it and actually remoulding it nearer to the heart's desire. Hush! Can you not feel the atmosphere of those gracious presences? Can you not well-nigh catch the eager rustle of myriad mysterious wings?

A still more wonderful experience it is to be so palpably the sole creative listener in the audience that all four members of the string quartette look to you alone to uphold the public's end of the spiritual tennis game. And what a lark to be so *en rapport* with them as to share even their musical jokes and humorous by-play, undreamed-of by the rest; to have them take you into their tonal confidence as to what they really think of the music they are playing; and with them gravely explode with hidden hilarity when the pompous virtuoso comes in and, by way of doing the piano part of his own quintette, makes the unhappy instrument commit hari-kari!

The splendid thing about being a creative listener is that you alone can provide the necessary correlative for every great effect in the art. A musical Ulysses, you are a part of all that you have heard.

'But,' some one objects, 'why lay such stress on the audience? Surely the player carries about his own best listeners with him in his two ears.'

A plausible fallacy. Few, in fact, are in a worse position to hear music than the one who makes it. He is under the malign spell of proximity, like some scene-painter who is unable to get farther away than the wings for a view of his masterpiece. For the instrumentalist is too near his instrument to catch more than hints of the tone-color that enchants his audience.

And his handicap is more than acoustic. Considerations of technic or *ensemble*, a frayed string, a squeaking pedal, or some bored philistine fidgeting in the front row, are usually there to bind him to earth with leaden chains. However passionately he may long to

> fling the dust aside
> And naked on the air of heaven ride —

he is allowed but few breaths of the upper ether.

How different the practical atmosphere of the concert stage is from that down below in the quiet audience, where music isolates pure spirits and convinces them of their high destiny, fulfilling the poet's prayer: —

> Ye gods, annihilate both time and space.

The player, like a harassed hostess, 'is careful and troubled about many things'; the creative listener has chosen the better part. And if music is to prove itself indeed the most spiritual of the arts, it must do so by aid of the audience.

One naturally supposes that the symphony orchestra needs less help from the public than does the quartette, say, or the soloist, — that five-score musicians working together can generate any amount of the necessary atmosphere.

Far from it! Notoriously dependent on financial support, the orchestra is yet more dependent on that spiritual fee which no box-office ever demanded and no creative listener ever left unpaid.

Acoustically the orchestral player is at more of a disadvantage than any other musician. It depends somewhat on where he sits whether the tone-poem entitled, let us say, 'The Afternoon

Sunbath of a Mountain Faun,' resolves itself for him into one prolonged growl of double-bass thunder that seems to loosen his very vertebræ, or a series of lightning flashes from the piccolo, like so many vigorous jabs of a hypodermic needle.

Though I first played in *The Messiah* at an age when music had begun to be almost more to me than food and raiment, the major impression I carried away of the performance was that of an adult trombone announcing directly into my right ear, 'He *is* the-e King of Glo-ree!' while, into my left, a large brass trumpet annotated this proposition with exhaustive — and exhausting — foot-notes.

In a situation like this the player is in the trough of a high sea, and hears only the breaking of the crest on either hand. He cannot see the wood for the trees. Or rather, he is somewhat in the position of our wretched scene-painter, supposing he were driven out of the wings and forced to contemplate his canvas from the lumber-room in the rear of the stage.

Nowhere, then, is the creative listener more needed than at the symphony. For, in large measure, both player and conductor must feel the spiritual force of the music by indirection, — through its effect on their audience.

In playing the 'cello the most delightful adventures have befallen me in connection with creative listeners. Two of my closest friends originally began the friendship by gleaming out from amid a crooked and perverse audience and helping me so potently as to turn what threatened to be a nightmare into a 'pipe-dream.' By the end of each of those performances we had advanced too far in intimacy ever to turn back.

And far better players than I can tell you the same sort of thing *ad infinitum*. One of the Kneisel Quartette once assured me that he never began playing in public without looking about for the most creative listeners there. He said that he could always recognize them at sight by a little sixth sense of his own. And then he played all the evening to no one else.

Nay, gentle amateur of listening, it is more than possible that Elman or Carreño, Gerardy or Wüllner, Zeisler or Spiering or Schumann-Heinck, may at this very moment be cherishing the picture of your glowing features and mysteriously revealed personality in one of those inner photograph-albums which are solely reserved for their dearest, most creative stranger-friends.

And, though you might never dream it from their stolid shoulders, the greatest orchestral conductors count on you as implicitly as any mere soloist. They have appreciative eyes for you in the backs of their heads. Hear the beloved father of American music on this point:

'Very few people,' said Theodore Thomas, 'have any idea how intelligent and discriminating listeners react upon the performers. A stupid audience kills the orchestra dead in five minutes, as water kills fire; whereas an intelligent and responsive audience will stimulate the musicians at once to their best efforts.'

My theory is that an exclusive, contemptuous, undemocratic spirit is a sorry defect in any musician. Of two otherwise equal conductors or players, the more democratic will be the better one every time. Any one who calls his public 'the rabble,' and proudly insulates himself, will always labor under a serious disadvantage. One feels the chill in such a man's work. It is eccentric, abnormal, devoid of that human, emotional quality which is the soul of art.

After hearing a certain famous and frigid European conduct in New York not very long ago, I was not surprised

when he remarked to me afterwards with a contemptuous grimace, 'The masses — they are stupid! What do they care or understand? When I play or conduct I try to forget all about the audience absolutely.'

No wonder he found them stupid! This exclusive attitude is the surest means of putting listeners on the offensive, and quenching every creative spark that they may have brought as their offering.

It is a significant fact that Thomas, with far more provocation, never called his audiences stupid. This is why he left them far less so. For he valued and intensively cultivated every vestige of the creative instinct in his public.

Strange as it may sound, I believe that one proof of the rapid development of the art of listening among us may be seen in the popularity of the mechanical piano. For manipulating the stops of this musical makeshift is perhaps as satisfactory an outlet, and even training, for the listener's creative faculty as he could find in radiating inspiration to the more stolid, uncreative kind of singer or player.

On the other hand, the existence of the art we are discussing is the surest guarantee that music will never be entirely mechanized. Even the most perfect possible reproduction of the efforts of the great interpreters will never supplant the actual throat and hand product, because the true listener will always insist on polling his own vote in the democracy of Tone. He will never consent to take his fingers from the reins of government. And thus he will never allow the human performance to be replaced by the mechanical; because the wildest imagination cannot conceive of a machine that will reproduce the spirit of some past performance of Paderewski and still be sensitive to the telepathic influence of its present audience. It is not enough for the creative listener to hear how distant places and persons influenced the Polish wizard. He resents anything that shuts him out from making himself an organic part of that music, and from actually influencing the spiritual quality of every note as Paderewski makes it. The mechanical substitute petrifies the *Moonlight Sonata* into a statue-like thing, so irrevocably finished that we may appreciate it until we break our hearts, yet never alter it by a grain.

No! One of the most precious parts of music is its capacity for infinite reincarnation, and the blessed opportunity that this offers the listener for self-expression. And this part will never be relinquished.

III

There is nothing that our music needs more than creative listening, unless it be apostles of creative listening.

The best musical missionary I ever knew was Walthers. And as the story of his labors is so illuminating, perhaps I would better tell how he began the movement for the conversion of Chicago, which has flourished so vigorously ever since.

In the old days of the Thomas Orchestra, every Friday afternoon would find Walthers in the parquet of the Auditorium. At first, he was of all men most miserable, for his creative listening was always being broken up by the musical impiety about him. For a time he was fiercely intolerant of this sort of thing, which he called destructive listening. His glare was superb and his hiss was of such a dismaying sibilance as to silence even the most abandoned whisperers, for a few measures. Now he and they would sit rigid in armistice; now Walthers would again be cutting single-mouthed a wide swath of silence about him.

But common sense foretold that things could not continue thus. And

he began to make a study of the situation. Experience had furnished him abundant data to work with. As an accomplished amateur violinist he had learned, painfully, what the destructive listener means to the player. He knew that he who is not for the fiddler is against him, — is so much dead weight upon his bow-arm. He knew that the fiddler must either drag him up or be dragged down; and he used to say that the latter alternative was wont to distress him even more than he had been distressed in youth when compelled to stammer 'Excelsior' to derisive mates and a coolly critical schoolma'am. That was pure fun compared with trying Orphean miracles on human stocks and stones. He knew that one nodding head or fishy eye in the audience can sometimes reduce the player to depths wherefrom a whole row of eager, telepathic, creative listeners can scarcely rescue him.

Walthers grew convinced that the destructive listener has quite as pernicious an effect upon his fellow hearers as upon the music-makers; that he permeates the musical atmosphere somewhat as a drop of ink permeates a goblet of wine. Finding that his warlike methods only made matters worse about him in the Auditorium, he resolved to try the arts of peace, and deliberately scraped acquaintance with the most destructive listeners in his vicinity. Before long he made the important discovery that most of these were simply undeveloped listeners and, under the proper course of treatment, were capable of growing wonderfully creative. Thereupon, Walthers decided to convert the Auditorium.

He began with the sort of woman who attends concerts simply because that is the fashionable thing to do, and who exhibits to the world her exquisite culture by means of a voluptuously metronomic hat-plume, which comes to grief, however, at every change in the time.

Walthers found that this lady's one genuine artistic interest was sculpture. He promptly loaned her a book that thrilled her with the disclosure that the music she had supposed to be an amorphous hodge-podge of notes was actually moulded into as fascinating forms as ever was clay or bronze.

A young violin student sat near by who never heard anything at a concert but fiddle technic. He used to finger out sympathetically on his right coat-sleeve every simple passage and writhe in envy during every difficult one. Beauties of tone or *nuance* or construction did not exist for him. Every emotional appeal flew over his head. Music held nothing for him but finger-twiddling.

Walthers began by showing him broad, human horizons. He introduced the lad to Schubert, the poverty-stricken teacher, pouring out his deathless melodies on the back of a supper-card in a wretched tavern. He made him know what a droll, sunshiny old chap Papa Haydn was; let him see something of the hopeless passion that lay behind the writing of *Tristan*; and drew him word-pictures of poor, cold, deaf Beethoven, working in the room where his miserable brother would not even allow him a fire, — or on the stage, being turned around to *see* the people applauding his last great symphony.

The musical lotus-eaters next claimed Walthers's attention. These are the sort that never really *live* at a concert, but only exist there, as Arnold Bennett puts it, 'in a state of beatific coma, like a baby gazing at a bright object.' Or, if they are more active than this, they merely know, with Elia, what it is to 'lie stretched upon a rack of roses . . . to pile sugar upon honey, and honey upon sugar, to an interminable . . . sweetness.' Year in and year out they

will take their symphony as regularly as their bath without coming the least bit nearer to knowing Johann Strauss from his namesake Richard, or a trombone from a shin-bone.

Walthers found some of these people actually afraid of knowing anything about music for fear the knowledge would make pedants of them. And then he would spout at them passages from Souriau's *L' Imagination de l'Artiste* or quote Krehbiel where he says, 'Real appreciation . . . is conditioned upon intelligent hearing. The higher the intelligence, the keener will be the enjoyment, if the former be directed to the spiritual side as well as the material.' But more often he would scold the lotus-eater. 'Oh, you don't understand music, eh?' he would growl, 'you just enjoy it? Now, would you have the face to say that about any other element of human culture that you'd paid half as much attention to? Do you realize that a few days' pleasant browsing in any library would make you decently intelligent about music?' Then he would adopt a milder tone and tell them about philanthropists like Dickinson and Krehbiel, Mason and Henderson, who have compressed musical culture into tabloid form. For he knew that one taste of a tabloid is often enough to begin the reformation of the most abandoned.

Walthers's success with people of the types I have mentioned was extraordinary. He used to say that almost any destructive listener may be reformed if you can get him to do four things: namely, to hear none but worth-while music; to take tabloids (which would give him the essentials of form, musical æsthetics, instrumentation, history, and biography); to interest himself in the human side of the players; and to cultivate his musical memory.

With some kinds of destructive listeners, however, Walthers never had the least success: with those who, in the Meredithean phrase, 'fiddle harmonics on the strings of sensualism'; with musical prigs, and pedants; and with the rank sentimentalists who insist on translating the infinite art of the composer into the finite art of the poetaster, tagging every musical number with a programme and explaining it either as 'a song of undying love,' or as 'the struggle of a mighty spirit.' 'Confirmed programmatists like these,' he used to declare, 'are worse bores and nuisances than confirmed epigrammatists, — and that is saying a good deal.' Then there were the intellectual debauchees who take music instead of whiskey to stimulate cerebration.

Finally came people like the two matinée girls who sat just behind Walthers. Month after month they continued to whisper and giggle and crunch explosive taffy, in the same soft passages, in the same zestful way. Hissing only lent flavor to their outrageous repast. They appeared to gloat over the ability to give the listener more of pain than a hundred musicians could give him of pleasure. They took a morbid delight in impaling those curious worms of music-lovers on their vocal hat-pins to see them wriggle.

This sort of environment it was that finally drove Walthers into his memorable experiment.

IV

The laws of crowd-psychology lose none of their force when applied to the art of listening. Just as they can turn into so many murderers men who, taken one by one, would not stroke an insect the wrong way, so they can take a couple of destructive listeners and put their heads together and make the combination more deadly than any dozen isolated philistines.

One day while he was hopelessly con-

templating the phenomenon of the hat-pin girls, it occurred to Walthers that crowd-psychology, like a poor mule, would work both ways; that in listening, as in so many of the other best experiences of life, it is not good for man to be alone; that creative listeners, as well as destructive, must be effective inversely as the square of their distance apart, so that if you add them together you do not add, but multiply, their separate efficiencies.

At once he subscribed for half a dozen seats in the balcony and began to build about himself a bulwark of his most brilliant converts.

This proved such a delight that for the following season he chartered half of Section K and transformed it into a veritable Arcady for music-lovers. The sole requirement for admission was a passion for the true art of listening. This was the motto: —

> No gold can buy you entrance there
> But beggared Love may go all bare.

By an instinct akin to that of the homing bee, Walthers singled out creative listeners from every part of the great audience. It mattered not if they were perfect strangers, he went straight for them. And the fact that they almost invariably met him half way and hailed the idea of the 'Ear Club' with joy, is simply one more proof how the appreciation of music, besides breaking down the spiritual barriers between stage and audience, breaks them down as well between all true appreciators.

For, whether its members are formally known to each other or not, there are few fraternities more intimate than fraternities of creative listeners. Therefore the Ear Club was almost as close as nineteenth-century conditions allowed to that state of things the prophets predict when, ages hence, brain technic will be so far advanced that the spoken word and the furtive thought and lying and conspiracy will be obsolete, because the secrets of all hearts will be revealed.

When the supply of Auditorium material ran short, Walthers cheerfully resorted to the highways and hedges that his fraternity might be full. And, as he never would risk hurting the feelings of proud poverty, many a watch-pawning enthusiast, starved for music, found in his mail a season ticket for Section K, the address type-written; and never afterward consciously beheld his benefactor nor realized who that lean, austere man in the third row was who seemed so popular; nor that he himself was a member of that epoch-making organization, the Ear Club.

Earnest neophytes were sometimes admitted on probation, but the line was absolutely drawn against any one who even faintly suggested kinship with the three most destructive classes of listener: grammarians, gluttons, and ghosts. These were defined respectively as: 'all head and no heart,' 'all heart and no head,' and 'no head and no heart.'

This does not mean, of course, that all the members of the Ear Club were perfected in their art. In those old days the perfect listener — that exquisite balance of emotion and intellect which too many of us think of only in terms of the first person — was as hard to run to earth as a Platonic idea. Certainly there were no such persons in Section K, for even the leading spirits there were far from being such accomplished listeners as the delighted players of the Thomas Orchestra so often find to-day glowing in the heart of their audience like an Australian opal burning deep within its dull, brown matrix.

It was wonderful to see the Club's influence spread. In a few brief months Sections J and L began to be honeycombed with creativeness, and small hives even began to appear in the des-

ert of the parquet. It was no time at all before Flogan, K's eager young usher, had counterbalanced his great heart for music by gathering from our lips and our libraries an astounding mass of erudition. Word was passed around the building that Flogan found it even more blessed to give than to receive. The public soon learned when in doubt to consult our encyclopædic *protégé*, and during the intermission he would face a fusillade of questions.

'Valkyries? Them 's Amazons-like. They fly on hossback and screech somethin' turrible.'

('Telephone 's down two flights and to your right, sir.')

'Batch? Inventor o' this here modern music.'

('First to the left, ma'am.')

'Bass clarionet? That's the thing like one o' them Dutchman's pipes. Party with the brick-colored beard, looks like he was suckin' instead o' blowin'.'

('Sorry, but the programmes is all gone.')

'Master Hugues? One moment please.'

And Flogan would rush down to consult Walthers on the hero of Saxe-Gotha.

The Ear Club had been organized some weeks before the blessed Friday when Walthers first brought me to Section K. To my last hour I shall never forget the thrill of that moment when the master's baton descended out of the tense, eloquent silence, invoking the power and the glory of the fifth revelation according to Beethoven. And then, as I felt something within me not only resounding the new creation of that music by reed and string and brazen throat, but vibrating as well to kindred resonances from the hearts about me, I suddenly was made conscious of art as a social power, binding one by myriad strands to all those other humans in space or time who have tasted, or are to taste, the ecstasy of creative listening.

Not long before that experience I had read with loud hilarity Tolstoi's book on art. But that afternoon in Section K I realized that his pernicious theory had been irradiated by more than one golden gleam of truth. And on going home I re-read and assimilated into my creed these wonderful words:—

'In this freeing of our personality from its separation and isolation, in this uniting of it with others, lies the chief characteristic and the great attractive force of art. . . . Sometimes people who are together are, if not hostile to one another, at least estranged in mood and feeling, till . . . music unites them all as by an electric flash, and, in place of their former isolation or even enmity, they are all conscious of union and mutual love. Each is glad that another feels what he feels; glad of the communion established, not only between him and all present, but also with all now living who will yet share the same impression; and more than that, he feels the mysterious gladness of a communion which, reaching beyond the grave, unites us with all men of the past who have been moved by the same feelings, and with all men of the future who will yet be touched by them.'

Then, in reaction from this mood, I began to fear that the music I had just heard, fraught as it was with the splendor of its human revelation, had set me on the supreme heights of experience, and that any future concert must bring descent and disappointment.

The only thing doomed to disappointment proved to be the fear itself. Each new venture within the circle of Section K brought a deepened sensibility to art and to humanity,—and not the humanity of my fellow listeners alone, but of our friends in the orchestra as well.

Friends they literally were, thanks to Walthers who had led a pioneer expedition behind the stage during one historic intermission, to explore the sources of the symphonic waters. It had not been long before the Ear Club and the Orchestra were heartily attached to one another, and the musicians came definitely to depend for their inspiration on the wireless streams of sympathy that kept flowing over the footlights from Walthers and his listeners.

And after the Ear Club had organized an amateur orchestra it was the pleasure of our new friends to help us in our modest concerts, and to bear offerings of precious instruments such as oboes and bassoons and bass clarionets, like so many rare flowers and fruits for the bare spots on our musical banquet board.

True to its proud position as the American source of collective, creative listening, Chicago has not been content with pioneer honors. It has developed the art so consistently as to be the first, so far as I am aware, to attain an acknowledged state of sympathy between player and hearer. Not long ago the University Club invited the Thomas Orchestra to a banquet in their honor. The musicians, in turn, gave the Club a private concert in Orchestra Hall. And these events passed off with so much mutual satisfaction as to mark a period in the evolution of the art of listening.

A rather early period, however, as we must admit. For the hearing ear is still the weakest of American organs. Although we have imported an unequalled body of musicians, and have been hoodwinked into allowing a few native ones to struggle to eminence under various foreign disguises; although we boast a couple of the world's foremost quartettes and orchestras, and one of the leading operas; although the greatest conductor of his time sacrificed his life to the task of making creative listeners of us,—Germany is nevertheless still justified in growling '*Schweine!*' at the flippant, noisy and remorseless bulk of our audiences. For the German can listen every bit as well as he can play (an even surer test of musical culture), and it is for this reason that his land remains the fatherland of Tone.

What our musical development most needs is a few more Waltherses, and a few million magic ear-trumpets.

SUZANNE

BY WILFRED T. GRENFELL

Uncle Jonas had missed the fish. For the first time within the memory of many neighbors in Deep-Water Creek, Uncle Jonas's schooner had 'come back from t' Larbador, clean.'

Under ordinary circumstances even the catastrophe of one family's being unable to purchase supplies for the winter would not have been a matter of deep concern to the inhabitants of the Creek. For they were accustomed to having 'to make things do', and no one ever heard a real Livyere from the Atlantic seaboard 'squealing' because it had 'pleased t' Lord they should n't be able to reach to fats after Easter.'

But this case was somewhat different: Uncle Jonas's hospitality was an institution. It was as much a matter of course as the ice in the harbor. Every benighted traveler; every desolate family following the komatic track, because they had no longer any food in the larder at home; even every starving dog-team whose lord and master could no longer find them a morsel to put in their stomachs, knew which way to turn when they caught sight of the blue smoke of the cottages above the cliffs that made the harbor of Deep-Water Creek. Uncle Jonas's had ever been a veritable city of refuge for many miles of coast both north and south. No one, good, bad or indifferent, had ever been known to knock at Uncle Jonas's door without getting, whatever the time of day, the cheery invitation 'to sit right in and have a cup o' hot tea.'

But though this unaffected love out of a pure heart had ever proved to the man's own soul the truest of God's blessings, it had not been purchased without cost. For Uncle Jonas enjoyed yet another blessing straight from God's hands, and that was a quiverful of children — possessions of which a millionaire might have well been proud. His four stalwart boys were already able to help with the trap-net, and though the youngest could scarcely yet row 'cross-handed,' that is, handle two oars at once, all four were rated in the crew of the Saucy Lass when Uncle Jonas cleared in the spring of the year for the annual voyage 'Northward Ho.' His five lasses also, having come early in the sequence, had been invaluable, first in helping in the home and in the garden and with the rapidly following babies — while the eldest had twice sailed as cook in the schooner before the boys had been of an age to leave home. She was eighteen now, and although as bonnie a lass as the country-side could produce, with her clear rosy cheeks and the curly shock of black hair she had inherited from her mother, she was still living at home. There are no industries in the Creek at which young women can earn money to help out on expenses. When the men bring home a 'full fare,' however, they are able to earn quite a bit at washing, cleaning, and spreading the fish, and so helping to get it earlier to the market and secure a better price. This year even that occupation was denied them.

It is not unnatural that the families

in these out-of-the-world places should cling together with even more than the tenacity we are accustomed to in the more crowded centres. For everything outside is like one vast unknown land, and ghosts of the dangers that lurk there unseen haunt the fancies of our home-loving fisher-folk. Indeed, who shall blame them for the sensitiveness of their imagination, seeing that the contempt of familiarity has so often proved the path to ruin among our own.

However, with Uncle Jonas's failure to secure a 'fare of fish,' a crisis of unusual portent faced the Creek. If he had no fish under salt, there were certainly others in the same situation, and there could be little doubt that there would be more mouths than the supplies attainable before navigation closed could be expected to fill. No wonder that a certain amount of gloom lurked in this usually happy little cove.

Reluctantly, as Virginius of old, Uncle Jonas realized that only one course was open to him. His eldest girl, Suzanne, would have to go out to service. It was neither a pleasant nor an easy task finally to bring the matter to an issue, and it was only after many tearful farewells that at last, with her home-made seaman's chest filled with all the little tokens of love her family and friends could 'reach to,' Suzanne finally embarked on the last schooner from the harbor that was going south. Thus she fared forth into the wide and unknown world beyond the dearly loved though rugged cluster of rocks that closes the harbor in, and that is not inappropriately known as Break-Heart Point.

The letters that reach Deep-Water Creek in winter are few and far between. True, twice during the long months of frozen water, toiling dog-teams bring what we please to call the winter mails. But they are unsafe and uncertain at best. Many prefer to consider no news good news rather than risk anxious weeks because they have trusted to what has so often caused entirely unnecessary worry.

One letter, however, did come through. It brought the joyful news that Suzanne had found a home with a fine Christian planter, whose wife promised well to be a second mother to her, the maid that helps being as much one of the family as those she ministers to, in our unsophisticated country.

No letter was ever received from Suzanne again — only a brief line from the planter to tell Uncle Jonas the sad news that his own young wife had died during her first confinement just before Christmas, — consequently Suzanne had been thus out and about a good deal during the spring. Eventually she had sailed north for the summer, having shipped as cook on a Labrador schooner entirely against his will. She insisted that she had filled a similar position twice before.

I was cruising late that year in our mission hospital-boat with the most northern fleet of vessels. We had been threading our way through a veritable archipelago of uncharted islands, seeking a place to bring up for the night where we might be in the neighborhood of other vessels and so get the chance to do some medical or surgical work for the fishermen. Suddenly the watch reported a small schooner with flag at half-mast, and a six-oared seine skiff, with a spudger (or sign) up, crossing the ship's run to intercept us.

It was only necessary to slow down and throw their bowman a line, soon to have the seine master on board. 'Skipper's compliments, Doctor,' he said as he gripped my hand. 'We've a girl very bad on board. We wants you to come alongside if so be you can manage it.'

We needed no second invitation: the

opportunity to serve is the daily quest of our vessel. So while our new friends returned to relieve their skipper's mind and prepare for our arrival, we moored for the night, and got ready such accessories as we deemed, from the information derived from our visitors, that the case called for.

The circumstances and details that among so many others impressed this case vividly on my memory do not bear retelling here. Ushered into the schooner's small and dark after-cabin, which had been abandoned by the kindly men for her entire use, by the light of a tiny kerosene lamp, I found a young girl lying in the dark bunk built into the side of the ship. Her bloodless face, hollow eyes, parched lips, and fevered cheeks surrounded by a tangled mass of endless jet-black wavy hair, loomed up as soon as my eyes got accustomed to the semi-darkness. She was peering directly into my face with the hungry look of a wild animal at bay.

Her only companion, a child of fifteen, was crouching at the foot of the bunk, and adding to the pathos of the moment by her pitiful wailing, that seemed to beat time to the sounds of the lapping waves against the planking of the vessel's quarter.

It was the old story — a trusting girl, a false lover, a betrayal, and a wild unreasoning flight to anywhere, anywhere that seemed to offer, however vaguely, still a temporary postponement of the inevitable harvest of shame and sorrow and suffering. Hither, hundreds of miles from home, this mere child had fled, hoping that possibly death, with its false offer of mercy through oblivion, might spare her seeing the grief of those who loved her. For well she knew the inevitable consequences when the sorrowful tale should reach the peaceful hamlet by the sea, from which she had but so recently set out.

This was no time for philosophy, however. Every minute was precious. For it was a case in which one had to work single-handed.

The baby had been born four days and was dead. Every member of the crew was a stranger to the girl, and anyhow, even with all the sympathy and kindliness so universal in our men of the sea, they had been far too fearful that they might do injury, to touch even a rag of the poor coverings that fairly littered the bed. For they had contributed generously of whatever they had, that might possibly be useful.

An hour later my patient, wrapped up like a mummy in clean linen and blankets, was tenderly carried on deck, and ferried over in the ship's jolly boat to the mission steamer. The boat that served us at that time, was, indeed, so small that she allowed no special provision for patients. Aside from my own cabin and the saloon, there were no spare accommodations below decks. On the settle of the saloon, which was the more airy and convenient for moving about in, we built up a bunk, which should prevent at least the risk of a serious fall in a seaway. As soon as the first rays of dawn permitted we weighed anchor and ran for a Moravian mission station, where we hoped we could induce a married woman with some knowledge that might be useful to us in our dilemma, to come south as far as our most northern little hospital.

It was not until next day, however, that we anchored once more in the quiet waters of Okkak Bay under the great cliffs that flank the harbor. At this little station, for over one hundred years the self-sacrificing missionaries of the Moravian church have been doing their best to uplift the Eskimos of the bleak north coast. One might have supposed that a mother with children

of her own would hesitate even in such a dilemma to venture forth in so small a vessel as ours. For the troubles of the sea are by no means confined to the sensitive organizations of those who live in civilization. But this mother looked upon the opportunity as only one more gift of Him whose service had called her from the homeland nearly twenty years before. So without hesitation, as if it were an ordinary daily duty, she set about preparing for the trip. Her husband agreed to accompany us, that he might see her home when her services should be no more needed.

The evening was by no means idle. To afford even a chance of saving my patient an operation became necessary, and the help from the station and the quiet of the harbor made it possible and wisest not to risk the delay that would be inevitable before we could reach hospital if the weather should be boisterous.

Things went well. Before night the patient's pulse had fallen, and the watchers in turn reported a much better rest. When morning came the girl herself felt that she could face another stage of the journey. To run out to sea and make the necessary crossing and run in on a parallel of latitude to the hospital, would be our quickest way. But such a course with the wind on the land made the heaving and rolling dangerous. By keeping the inside runs, we got smooth water, but could not move during the darkness. A brilliant aurora favored us the next night and we pushed on until about midnight, when its sudden disappearance left us in such absolute darkness that we again were compelled to anchor at once.

The girl's improving pulse and temperature and the steady diminution of physical symptoms that had caused us much grave anxiety during these first two days gave me a light heart. Every time I visited the patient I expected to recognize the corresponding assurance in her face that she was really on the road to recovery, but every time I looked in vain. It became such a puzzle to me at last that to cheer her I assured her that she would soon be up and about, so that when the mail steamer should come to hospital we should be able to send her back to her own home once more, as well as ever. I had watched her carefully to see whether the thought of an early return to her loved ones would not act as a stimulus, an encouragement to bring into play the force of her will, which to my mind is a most important factor on the road to recovery. It needed no Sherlock Holmes to tell me I had failed. She just lay there looking at me, with that far-away look in her large black eyes, as of some terrified fawn that is too frightened to fly, though fearful of impending danger.

I thought perhaps the loving encouragement of the woman who had ventured on the trip solely that for the Christ's sake she might be of service to a sister in distress, might help me in the dilemma. I explained to her exactly the need, and begged her to do her best to effect that which I seemed utterly unable to attain. Tenderly and prayerfully she tried, but only once more to meet with failure.

In the dusk, just before we weighed anchor, a trap-boat crew going to their nets caught sight of our riding light, and came aboard with a man who had a badly poisoned hand. They had not expected us to be going south so soon, and were delighted beyond measure to be able to obtain relief and dressings. When they learned that we were running south with a sick girl for hospital they at once inquired who it could be, and, much to my delight, claimed acquaintance and expressed a willingness to wait. I went down to prepare her for

their visit, in the hope that they might be able to cheer her. I had hoped that so irresistible a reminder of the love of home might help her to cry, and so relieve the tension of soul that was killing her. But once again it was simply to count failure. I could find no way to get her consent to see them, and I had sorrowfully to convey that information to the kindly fellows on deck.

It was no longer possible to avoid recognizing the inevitable. I tried a final appeal to her to live for her parents' sake; her only reply at once was, 'I want to die, Doctor, I can never go home again.'

The end came sooner than I had anticipated. She began to fail so rapidly and so obviously that I decided to abandon the attempt to reach the hospital, and finally anchored in the still waters of a lovely inlet to await the last chapter of the tragedy.

We had not long to wait. It was a scene I shall never forget. Overhead the sun had all day long been pouring down out of a perfect sky. It spoke eloquently of life and the presumption of its permanence. Beneath, in their exquisite blue, the deep waters of the fjord were so still that the last thing in one's mind was any realization that storm and danger lurked in them and on them.

The bold relief of the massive granite cliffs, flanked here and there with jet-black columns of out-cropping trap dykes, gave an entire sense of security and of endurance. A majestic iceberg, carried in by the tides, lay only a few hundred yards away. The deep greens and blues in the great crevasses that relieved its dazzling whiteness made one forget for the moment that even so immense a mass of matter was, like ourselves and all the rest, merely a thing of a day. Beyond that was silence — not even a single fishing craft lay within several miles of us. Nothing disturbed the sense of rest and security. The sun sank behind the hills. The tide was returning to the great ocean whence it had come. It seemed to me after all not an unfitting setting for the passing of a soul out on that tide, which is ever carrying on its bosom all humanity into the great unknown beyond, and which was bearing out with it the visitor from the Arctic which it had brought us in the morning, as we rendered the last service within our power to the poor girl whom we had so hoped to save.

Wrapped in a simple flag, covered with a monument of unhewn boulders, we left her on the lonely headland looking out over the great Atlantic, to wait till the day when the graves shall give up their dead. A simple wooden cross indicated the reason for this interruption in the journey. That emblem of our highest life was placed there to signify that that which is wrong in this life shall eventually be put right in that which lies beyond.

The cross piece bore the legend:—

SUZANNE

Jesus said, neither do I condemn thee!

In a letter to her parents we did our best to comfort them, as we did not think the tragic sequence of events which led to the poor girl's death ought to be laid to her charge.

Two years passed away. Meantime many troubles were poured into my ears, and the memory of the pitiful little story of Suzanne had almost faded from my mind.

Once again we were on the Labrador coast. Guided by the twinkling decklights of fishing schooners 'putting away' the day's catch after dark, we had anchored among them for the night, in the roadstead near some high cliffs behind whose shelter they were working. We had announced our ar-

rival with two blasts of our fog whistle — a signal known now to most of the fishermen. The usual crowd of visitors that resort to our little vessel for news, or medicine, or other reasons, had come and gone. All was silent on deck, and we were just 'stowing away' for the night, when the sound of yet another boat alongside brought me up again.

As I came out of the companion, a single white-haired fisherman was climbing over the side with his painter in his hand. He was evidently well on in years, though the feeble ray of our riding light scarcely did more than reveal the darkness.

'Anything I can do for you, friend?' I inquired, as he finished tying his boat fast and turned around as if uncertain what to do next.

'No, not much. Thank ye all the same,' he replied. And then hesitatingly, 'I jest wants to see t' doctor.'

'I'm the doctor, friend. What do you need from me?'

'Be you t' doctor what tended a girl 'bout two years agone on t' schooner Shining Light, down north? The baby were born dead on board.'

'If you mean a girl called Suzanne, yes: I tended her, and buried her.'

Without another word the old man reverently took off his well-worn sou'-wester hat, and stood bareheaded before me. I remember in the weird setting of the night that his long white hair and gentle manner suggested the visit of some departed saint. I waited for him to speak, not knowing exactly what he wanted, though it was plain he had something of moment on his mind.

'Do you'se think there be any hope us'll see her again, Doctor?' he ventured at length. 'I'd dearly love to tell the old woman what you think.'

'No, friend, I don't think it, I know it. I'm certain of it, as certain as that I see you now before me. But better than that, she knew too before she left us.'

'What makes you say that, Doctor? I'd give all I have, glad enough, to be able to think that.'

'Well, friend, her face told me so. She was afraid to go back to Deep-Water Creek, but you too would have known that she had no fear of entering the harbor to which you and I are also bound. The peace of God which the Master promised to give us was hers.'

The old man said no more. But I saw, even by the feeble glow of our swinging lamp, a bright sparkle on both of his rugged cheeks. He took my hand in both of his. The silent pressure, the wordless good-bye, will remain with me till my last call also comes.

As the sound of his retreating oars gradually disappeared into the night, I found myself still standing in the hatchway, thinking that surely for the humblest service done in His name, the Master gives, here and now, the reward which is above all else worth while.

BUSKINS OR SLIPPERS?

BY HOLBROOK WHITE

It is Horace Walpole who writes somewhere, 'I do not love great folks till they have pulled off their buskins and put on their slippers.' He might very well have added that he was accustomed to compel the great folks of his day to walk *sans* buskins. For however stiffly shod they stalked about ordinarily, upon entering the domain of his letters they must put their shoes from off their feet. By no stretch of metaphor can those letters be said to be holy ground, yet the writer of them, like the custodian of an Eastern mosque, suavely insists upon the donning of slippers. There are instances where he refuses even the dignity of slippers.

Walpole did not object to joining sometimes in the free-and-easy promenade he describes; yet in general his foot-gear was of the trim, high-heeled fashion, suited to the dancing of court gavottes. It must be admitted that he did not go out of his way to discover the *déshabille* of his acquaintances. To loiter in dark corners and to frequent back stairs in order to stumble upon subjects for discourse, was not his custom. He did but observe what came within his ken (he had a seeing eye)and write down his impressions. However, to be 'written down' in Walpolesque fashion was often an easy descent into depths from which it was hard to get out. The mere plucking off of buskins seemed to cause an extraordinary shrinkage in stature. How men and women had managed to walk at all on such stilted affairs remained a wonder. With all his maliciousness, Walpole did not like to see his victims dismantled, disrobed. He left them a good deal. That was more than Swift was in the habit of doing; in his rage he would snatch ermine and velvet from rulers and judges, rejoicing to see unclad humanity shiver; unless he deprived them of humanity altogether, and made them *marcher à quatre pattes.*

This making free with coronets and fingering of robes of state is a practice that has persisted down to our own day, though the disposition which prompts it may have altered somewhat with the years. Apparently it is not now a spirit of mockery, still less is it a high scorn, that urges. It is, for the most part, curiosity. We are anxious to know whether the coronet is copper, whether the velvet is cotton, if the fur is moth-eaten. That is to say, if the crown is copper, and the velvet is cotton, we want to know it. There is no end to this curiosity of ours. It is leading us up and down and round about the wide world, noting, listing, cataloguing. The highways, from end to end, are known and read of all men; the byways now must deliver up their secrets. Not a hamlet, safely hidden away hitherto from all inquisitive travelers save the swallows, but is indexed in some county guide-book. Not a far hillock that crouches unseen. Little streams, so remote that only the kingfisher's wing has brushed them, woodland ways dear only to the rabbits, are drawn in all their windings on prosaic maps. Glens and grassy dingles,

where the fairies once danced unmolested — the trail of the surveyor's tape-line is over them all. Mountains at which we used to gaze from afar with a wholesome awe have become familiar ground to unconcerned climbers. No longer is the ocean horizon haunted by shadowy islands, retreating homes of the fancy. Like that Aprositus, sought of ancient mariners, they are lost to sight; they have burst like the South Sea Bubble. The seas are charted.

As a record of all this research, a multitude of books in long-drawn-out series appears periodically, devoted to the description of nooks in every corner of the earth. Photographs and picture post-cards, more than any man can number, spread abroad the semblance of far-away spots, magnified thenceforth in the sight of all nations. Not content with all this, we have turned our serious attention to the beasts of the fields and the fowls of air. Comes another multitude of books. From the ant to the elephant, we know them all — know them 'as they really are.' The beguiling little fictions in which animated nature used to be served up to us are proved delusions. No more does the lion stand up before us in the fine, kingly pose of old picture-books. The heron is not now permitted to take the one-legged, thoughtful position beloved of amateur artists. So with all the rest: they have been come upon unawares, caught in undress, so to speak, and are revealed to us in new, and usually ridiculous, attitudes. We do, indeed, know them well — too well!

But knowing the earth in its fullness is not enough. There remain our fellow creatures to be found out. And we are finding out a great deal. Thorough investigation in this quarter brings another procession of books, in which are disclosed the lives of the distinguished, and undistinguished, dead. Not only are we offered an intimate and exhaustive knowledge of their lives, from the cradle to the grave, but of their 'times' as well; a capital device, by the way, for padding a lean volume into corpulence; for something is sure to be going on somewhere throughout the two hemispheres. It is astonishing what one poor human document can be edited, re-edited, revised, and foot-noted into. Many of the more favored subjects could stand in the shade of the heaped-up volumes that commemorate them. And some of the subjects *do* stand in the shadow of the volumes they have evoked.

There must be indignant dwellers in the Elysian Fields when they gather around new-comers who bring the latest news from this planet. Old prophets and old poets must be bewildered at the strange meanings twisted out of their texts. Old masters — be they painters, warriors, or saints — must be aghast at the activity, little short of fiendish, ascribed to their earthly career. The younger dead surely are confounded at the Books of Revelation which have been opened, in the name of memoirs, to extend their fame. I fancy that Jane Carlyle may have spoken somewhat emphatically on this subject as she gathers the celestial asphodels in wide meadows. How the voice of her husband may have thundered along those flowery plains, shaking the blossoms to their very rootlets, one dares not think. Have the Brownings murmured a wish that the smoke of their burning letters might have risen betimes as incense on their altars? Does Shelley regret that from those who would 'see him plain' he had not been removed further into his own 'Unapparent'? I am not sure but there are martyrs who would cheerfully walk again into the fire, if assured that the faggots had been kindled with the books which blazon their names.

The good, the great, the wise, all

appear to us to be of a 'questionable shape.' Like the watchers on the platform at Elsinore, — though without their perturbation, — we are trying to make many an uneasy ghost explain himself. Victims have been wounded by arrows of their own feathering. If there is not a proverb there ought to be one, to the effect that familiar letters in the hands of a foolish friend are as a poniard in the hand of an enemy. If letters have sometimes gained immortality for some men or women, they have been the undoing of others. In those moments of slippered ease we catch the writer unawares, and those moments outweigh hours of buskined dignity. The intense interest that the public feels nowadays in the sons of fame is apparently confined to these moments of slippered ease. There is a widespread disposition on the part of readers to push unannounced into the privacy of the elect, a determination not to be kept waiting in the anteroom until the great man is 'on view.' Like tourists who come to inspect a Ducal abode, they are not content with seeing the state apartments, but insist on being shown the rooms that are lived in. They would fain have the keys to the closets (hoping perhaps for a skeleton or two), and seek an opportunity for cutting away a button from a gold-laced coat, as a souvenir. Strange things in the way of souvenirs are cherished by travelers. No less strange are the souvenirs of illustrious personages which afford satisfaction to curious readers — tawdry, rueful bits, of no more worth than a tarnished button, or a splinter from a wrecked flying machine.

The idea seems to be, in this desire for familiar acquaintance, if idea there be beyond curiosity, that in this way only can one escape being imposed upon. If a hero is not a hero to his lackey, it is deemed important to know the reason why; a proper regard for truth — the whole truth — forbids the leaving of anything to conjecture. The discovery that those hitherto looked at from a distance are subject, after all, to common failings and foibles is encouraging — so it is claimed. Possibly. There *is* something agreeable in the ability to feel *camaraderie* for a genius by simply sharing with him certain foibles of which one might otherwise be ashamed. If the eccentricities of genius lean toward the grotesque, or the mean, so much the more entertaining. To readers like these the fact that the author of the *Ode on Immortality* went 'booing' his lines among the hills is of greater moment than any intimations the lines themselves convey. The story that Landor once threw his cook out of the window is relished, if there is no relish for *Pericles and Aspasia*. The Shakespeare of *King Lear* is obscured by the Shakespeare who left in his will his 'second-best bed' to his wife. *There* is something to ponder on!

This frame of mind accounts for the cordial welcome extended to the volumes — becoming frequent — of racy gossip and belittling anecdote. Anniversaries are sure to call out an innumerable number of these illuminating studies. One who has a reverence for a name great in history or literature must needs feel apprehension as the centenary draws near. As Renan once said, *Les centenaires ne sont la faute de personne; on ne peut pas empêcher les siècles d'avoir cent ans.* So each year we celebrate somebody. And our celebration consists in recalling and recounting in detail all the facts which have no particular bearing upon his proudest achievements. If his ancestors were nothing to speak of, they are exactly what we feel called upon to speak of — from the house-tops. An early, unhappy love-affair, if it can be

traced, will fill a chapter. Several love-affairs will ensure an extra volume, if not a work by itself. The inquiry, in its far-reachingness, is of the nature of a civil-service examination. And now that the philosophers are giving us, one and all, a subliminal self, why must not the biographers be expected to chronicle also the vagaries of that undivided half part of an individual? How can they afford to neglect an opportunity like that?

The 'candid, unvarnished tales,' as the reviewers call them, — truthfully enough, — which result from these exhaustive inquiries are crowding the 'best-sellers' on the shelf. Biography has become as entertaining as a novel.

Feminine wit has not been behindhand in furnishing these side-lights on history which snap, and sparkle, and surprise like electric wires. Such light may lend piquancy to a scene; still, for a work-a-day illumination, one would rather depend on something a little slower — a steady glow, not a flash-light. To some of us it does not seem quite fair play to perpetuate a fleeting expression on the face of an unconscious 'sitter.'

At all events we are glad that among those dwellers in ampler ether there are some who have never been held up by literary highwaymen — who can declare, as Dr. Johnson once declared to his friend, with no little asperity, 'You have not traveled over *my* mind, sir, I promise you.'

In this small circle of happy spirits who abide free from any anxiety as to earthly recording, is that statesman in buskins, Lord Chatham. The truth seems to be that he was such a consummate actor through all the troubled years of his later life, even down to that last dramatic scene in the House, that he walked, as it were, *incognito*. The recent biographer of his early years admits that the task of interpreting his life as a whole is well-nigh impossible. No one knew the 'real' Chatham — Pitt *en pantoufles*. However much we may regret a fact that perhaps deprives us of another piece of brilliant writing, there is, withal, a savor of satisfaction that a great man, in contentious times, was able so to baffle the watchers at his elbow.

The Father of his Country, by no means a *poseur* like Chatham, remains with him in an assured rest. He has been conjured to render his reasons. That one oath he did fling out, that one lie he did not tell, have been wonderfully manipulated in an attempt to make us feel the acquaintance desirable among kin. It is useless. Washington is still something 'Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,' like — I was about to say — one of those ancient menhirs by the sea in Brittany; but I remember that now they say those monstrous stones, once in a century, on Christmas eve at midnight, rush in a wild scramble down to the water for a drink. Such is the impertinence of this generation! It has been prying into the habits of solemn Druid relics which have heretofore maintained, by common consent, an unalterable, Washingtonian calm.

Shakespeare and his fellows are of this serene company. In what dark depths of ignorance concerning them have we been left to stumble! How tantalizing have been those Elizabethan hints as to 'things done at the Mermaid'! All those great actors on the world's stage sitting together, buskins tossed aside, and no nimble Boswell there to peck up 'copy' as pigeons pease! If they thought of us at all, they deluded themselves with the belief that if we were to have *Philaster*, and the *Alchemist*, and *Hamlet*, and the rest of the mighty lines, it would suffice us. They little guessed that our spirits would be vexed because we have not

the table-talk of the author of *Hamlet*; that the possession of the *Alchemist* ill repays us for our uncertainty as to what the quarrel between Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden was all about. Information of that kind appears to be necessary before a correct appraisal of a man's work can be made.

We are more cautious in the giving of halos and laurel crowns than were they of olden time. Their liberality in this direction was — one must say — reckless. It is not so easy to be a saint or a hero as that! Our duty is, plainly enough, to guard against the further misuse of these badges of superiority; and duty, in this case, is happily not so far removed from inclination as oftentimes. No matter with what assurance the partial friends of an aspirant for honors may set forth his claims, a rigorous search will usually produce disqualifying facts.

Here is one, say, who took it upon himself to run down dragons, and succeeded in slaying two or three. Why! well done! But the truth is, slaying of dragons is not so highly considered as of old. The beasts are looked upon as rather picturesque features in the landscape. Moreover, this candidate for saintship was unprepossessing in his appearance — and was never quite at ease in society. Here is another who did lead a forlorn hope with something not unlike heroism; still, it is no secret that he was given to borrowing money of his friends, and was slow in repaying. A third may have writ lines which have the ring of poetry; yes, one must call them real poetry; but his early days were passed amid repellent surroundings — and there is a year out of his life which has never been accounted for.

The tendency to disqualify is in the very air of the times. One who has ears to hear can overhear, along with the crisp crackling of the paper in some latter-day books, the stir of withering bay-leaves.

In the matter of making up our minds about contemporaries, we are largely aided by the modern fashion of 'interviewing.' A man is quite sure to be at a disadvantage during that inquisition. The greater the man, the greater, probably, will be his discomposure; and so much the more will the lucid expounding of the reporter be in demand. For if, as they say, genius is a profound mystery to itself, its disquieted possessor is nevertheless no mystery to the usual interviewer. Deep-sea fishing, or bent-pin experiments in the village duck-pond — all 's one to him. Equanimity and persistence! is his motto. 'His,' I say. For 'her' interviewing, if one may judge by printed results, is apt to be attended by a little more fluttering of the eyelids. She generally succeeds, somehow, in making the conference read like the confidential outpourings of a burdened heart into sympathetic ears.

Boswell was, of course, the father of interviewers. When he planted himself squarely before his eminent friend and inquired, 'If, sir, you were shut up in a castle, and a new-born child with you, what would you do?' there you have the system inaugurated. In the fullness of time we have arrived at the reporter behind the note-book, and the lier-in-wait behind the kodak. There is this much to be said of the parent, which cannot always be said of his descendants — that he was steadfastly resolved to make his subject pose well. If the foretops of Dr. Johnson's wigs were all burned away in reading, the biographer feels bound to mention the fact; but he speaks disparagingly only of the candle. He would not have hesitated, I feel sure, to inquire of Socrates concerning his domestic infelicities, or of Henry VIII concerning his religious

belief; but in his report of the matters Socrates would preserve his dignity, the king his piety.

Latter-day interviewing is not always so comfortable for the party of the second part. To our thinking the kodak-snapper is sometimes not unpleased to surprise an awkward gesture, an unimproving grimace. The 'personal note,' the 'human interest,' are catchwords of the day, and in response to them we are scanning our brother man rather ungently. If the unabashed curiosity of the public suffer no abatement, a time may come when there will be installed in the homes of the interesting, some phonographic gear that records accurately what goes on within the four walls; a kind of domesticated Sherlock Holmes. Future generations are not to be so defrauded in the matter of 'true histories' of their great men as we have been in the case of Shakespeare. We are miserably uncertain whether in giving shelf-room to Bacon we are not entertaining Shakespeare unawares. They will be gloriously sure not only upon what meat their Cæsars feed, that makes them grow so great, but, as well, of the size of the slippers which fit their Justice Shallows and Master Slenders.

Of men whom we wish to honor we set up statues in public places. It is true enough that many of these statues leave something to be desired, yet there was, in every case, an honest intention to make them dignified, effective, honorable. We never commission a sculptor to represent the man in dressing-gown and slippers, as he may have sat by the home fire. Why, then, are we so anxious to see him, in the mind's eye, dishevelled?

Among the statues of Cæsar at Rome there is one which represents the man standing with the left arm extended in front of him. A photograph of the statue will render that hand larger than the other — out of all proportion to the body. Yet looking at it you are not straightway convinced that the hand of Cæsar was strangely deformed. You suspect that the camera was untrustworthy at that point, distorting the marble hand because it approached too near. So it might be wise to distrust the biographer who, in his narration, dwells insistently upon the trifling incidents of a day, the small talk of the hour, the petty weakness of the moment. He stands too near his subject, and gives us a distorted view of the one he professes to picture. Some one said once of Fontenelle that he dwarfed the heavens when he explained them, so little could he apprehend the majesty of the universe. He is not the one to whom we would direct an earnest seeker after truth. Nor ought we to rely on the story of a writer who cannot — or will not — perceive the full stature of a man. Be it his misfortune, or be it his fault, it is our good fortune that we can turn to other observers who were better fitted for the task of interpretation. We have noble biographies written with sympathy and a becoming reticence. There is no more inspiriting reading. We have letters edited with unfailing good taste; and there is a perennial charm about the volumes. The men and women so commemorated are not led out to a sorry dance in morning undress and sandals. They are left, as Hamlet said to the player, nearer to Heaven by the altitude of a buskin.

AN APOSTLE TO THE SIOUX

BISHOP HARE OF SOUTH DAKOTA

BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

SANCTITY and chivalry were so inherent in the nature of William Hobart Hare, that 'saint' and 'knight' stand in the first rank of the generic terms by which he may be characterized. More specifically, he was also an 'apostle' and a 'pioneer.' If John Eliot had lived in the nineteenth century, it is easy to imagine that his apostleship to the Indians would have expressed itself in many of the words and deeds of Bishop Hare. As a pioneer, moreover, he exerted an influence not exclusively limited to the work of a Christian missionary. He bore an important part in preparing a wild region for civilization; and when civilization began to come, it came the more quickly and surely for what he had done, and continued to do, towards making the Indians better neighbors to the whites and to each other, and towards working a corresponding benefit to the whites themselves. This vital and many-sided service he rendered through overcoming difficulties which a man of his sensitive fibre, both physical and spiritual, might have dodged without cowardice. He faced them all, with a high fortitude and helpful humor, and with a deep devotion to the Christian religion as a system, and to its founder as a living, personal director of daily life.

When such things can truly be said of a man, it is impossible to say also that he is of those regarding whom

> . . . no one asks
> Who or what they have been.

The world has a right to ask and to know something about them. Some glimpses at Bishop Hare's early experiences in what is now South Dakota may suggest why the titles of saint and knight and apostle and pioneer may be linked with one modern name.

William Hobart Hare was born in Princeton, New Jersey, May 17, 1838. Most of his boyhood was spent in Philadelphia, where he received his education and took orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church. After about ten years of parish work in and near Philadelphia, he became Secretary and General Agent of the Foreign Committee of the Board of Missions, with headquarters in New York. In January, 1873, he was consecrated Missionary Bishop of Niobrara, a new jurisdiction made up largely of the present State of South Dakota. Thirty-five years old, seven years a widower, he went forth to his labors.

The conditions of life about to confront the young bishop presented the sharpest contrast with those under which his life so far had been spent. He had lived only in the two leading cities of the country and their immediate surroundings. His personal background had been enriched by a multitude of kinsmen and friends holding definite places in a long established social order. All the comfortable amen-

ities of life in the Middle States in the decade beginning with the Civil War had been his by every right of inheritance and possession. Over against all this was to be set a frontier existence of the roughest sort. The colonization of Dakota Territory had begun but little before 1860. The first territorial legislature met in 1862, but even in 1873 the population of whites was scanty and scattered. Railroad building had begun only in 1872, and in 1873 had been carried up the Missouri River only so far as Yankton. The buffalo were virtually gone, — Bishop Hare confessed after four or five years in the country that he never saw one, — but every other token of primitive conditions remained. The Indian population greatly outnumbered the white, and most of the Indians were unreclaimed from barbarism. The work of the pioneers of civilization was waiting, almost in its entirety, to be done.

In the field of Indian missions, the Roman Catholics had already done something; the Congregationalists and Presbyterians, especially through the labors of Riggs and Williamson and the attendant translation of the Bible and hymns into the Dakota tongue, had more specifically cleared the way. The Protestant Episcopal Church was represented by the thriving work of the Santee Mission, and in several remote posts. Under the policy of the Grant administration, the Indian agents were appointed on the recommendation of the religious bodies working at the several agencies. The field was rough, but it was full of opportunity and promise.

On the way to his field, Bishop Hare visited the Oneida Mission in Wisconsin, and confirmed the grandchildren of Indians whom his own grandfather, Bishop Hobart, had confirmed in New York, fifty years before. He also visited the Indian Territory. In some *Reminiscences*, written fifteen years later, he pictured his taking up of the work before him: —

'While I was *en route*, the whole country was plunged into a frenzy of excitement and of denunciation of the whole Indian race, by the Modoc massacre, and the mouths of many sober men were filled with calls for revenge, such as at other times they were wont to denounce as the characteristic of the vindictive Sioux. The general of the army telegraphed a subordinate that he would be "fully justified in the utter extermination" of the Modocs. Friends wrote me that a blow had been struck at all efforts for the Indians which was simply fatal, conclusive; and that it would be folly in me to persist. I pressed on, nevertheless, only lamenting that the treachery of a *handful* of Indians was allowed by an intelligent people to govern opinion, while the good behavior of tens of thousands of Indians was utterly forgotten.

'From the Indian Territory I made my way to Dakota, like Abraham, who went out not knowing whither he went. I reached Yankton City, April 29, 1873. A military officer, to whom I was there introduced as being the Missionary Bishop to the Indians, somewhat bluntly replied, "Indeed! I don't envy you your task." I recalled the words, "Let not him who putteth on his armor boast himself as he that putteth it off," and simply replied, "A minister, like a military officer, obeys orders." Whatever was uncertain, I was at least sure of my commission.

'My arrival in Yankton occurred just after one of the most memorable storms that Dakota has ever known, and the effects of it were plainly to be seen in the carcasses of cattle which had perished in it, and in huge banks of snow which lay still unmelted. The storm had overtaken Custer's celebrated cavalry, while they were encamped about a mile or two outside of

Yankton, and brave men, who never quailed before the foe, had fled in complete rout before the tempest and taken refuge in any house where they could find a shelter, leaving all their camp equipment and horses to their fate.

'From Yankton I passed up the Missouri River, along which the main body of the Missionary enterprise of our Church among the Indians was then located. I found that Missionary work had been established on the Santee, Yankton, and Ponca Reserves, and three brave young deacons, fresh from the Berkeley Divinity School, had, the previous fall, pressed up the river and begun the task of opening the way for Missionary effort among the Indians of the Lower Brulé, the Crow Creek and Cheyenne River Reserves. . . .

'It was not long before I saw both sides of Indian life. The better side: said a shrewd Christian Yankton chief, as I was about to leave the rude chapel erected among his people, "Stop, friend, I have a few words to say. I am glad to hear you are going to visit the wild, upper tribes. Companies of them often come down to visit my band, and I always take them to see this chapel. I think a good deal depends upon the impression my chapel makes on them. I think if it was put in better order it would make a better impression than it does. The rain and snow come through the roof. This floor is not even. Now, you are called an Apostle. That is a good name. I believe it means 'one sent.' But there are many people to whom you are sent to whom you cannot go; for they are wild people. But these visitors of mine go everywhere, and tell everywhere what they have seen." The wilder side, too, I saw; for among the Lower Brulés, a fellow rode up by the side of our party, with an airy, reckless, dare-devil manner, and remarked, as he flourished his weapon: "I want my *boy* to go to school, but *I* am an *old man*. I am wounded all over. I like to fight. I love war. I went off the other day among some strange Indians. They said: 'Go away, or we'll kill you.' 'Kill away,' said I: 'that's what I like.'" He was a type of hundreds and thousands. But is it an unheard-of thing for white men to hate the restraints of religion and morality for themselves, and yet wish them for their children?'

The *Reminiscences* proceed with an account of the plans he made at once for boarding-schools and other undertakings for the good of the Indians. Passing from details to general considerations, he wrote: —

'From the first, therefore, I struggled against the notion that we were missionaries to Indians alone, and not missionaries to all men. I pressed the study of the English language and its conversational use in our schools, and, however imperfect my efforts, the aim of them has been to break down "the middle wall of partition" between whites and Indians, and to seek not the welfare of one class or race, but the *common* good.

'The character of the work to be done appears from the fact that the Indians with whom the Mission has had to deal were some of the most reckless and the wildest of our North American tribes, and scattered over a district some parts of which were twelve days' travel distant from others. So desolate was the country that on one of my trips I remember not seeing a human face or a human habitation, not even an Indian lodge, for eight days. Emissaries of evil had reached the Indians long before the Missionaries of the Cross appeared. "All the white men that came before you," replied a chief, "said that they had come to do us good, but they stole our goods and corrupted our women; and how are we to know that you are different?"'

'This,' said Bishop Hare in another account of the incident, 'was carrying the war into Africa with a vengeance; but I replied, "Well, you must watch and see how we live."'

The life which he proceeded to live was a thing which the Indians could see with their own eyes. We can see it chiefly through the pictures which Bishop Hare himself made of it from time to time. A vigorous passage at the end of his first annual report will suggest something of the spirit behind all his activities.

'Discussions of the probable future of the Indians are beside the question and dangerous, because they drown the call of present duty. Suppose these people to be designed by Providence to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. Our duty is to fit them for that lot. Suppose that they are to be merged in our more numerous race. Our duty is to fit them for that absorption by intermarriage, and so arrest the present vicious intermingling. Suppose that they are to die out. Our duty is to prepare them for their departure. Our duty is the plainer, because the treatment which will fit these people for any one of these lots will fit them for either of the others.

'But I have heard it said that practical men have come to the conclusion that Indians should be EXTERMINATED. What if some one should make this reply? If they are to be exterminated, now is the golden opportunity. Nature has laid the Santee Indians low with small-pox. Let the advocates of extermination come to her help. Their task is easy. Whole tribes of Indians have perished from small-pox in the past. Parched with fever, its victims have crawled to the river brink to slake their thirst, and, too weak to make their way back again, have died there, until the river's bank has been lined, for miles, with row upon row of ghastly corpses. With a little timely help given to nature's work among the Santees, such a scene may be beheld again. There are thirty or forty Santee scouts just on their way back towards their homes, from service with a military expedition sent out to protect a railroad survey from molestation from their savage brethren. Brave, gallant fellows they are, some of them communicants of our Church, who have won commendation of their officers. A telegram has been sent that they ought not to return. Let some advocate of extermination telegraph them just the contrary. They are panting to see their wives and children, and will be glad of an excuse. Indians have children, black-eyed and merry as larks. Let the gentle members of the Sisterhood of Extermination wrap them up and sing them to sleep in infected blankets stripped from their dying mothers. Let them gather together the cast-off clothing and bedding of the sick and send it off among the upper tribes. The winter is coming on. Many are shivering for want of clothing. The advocates of extermination may easily scatter these infected garments and the fatal plague with them wherever they will. Here, then, is work for the advocates of extermination. I call for volunteers.

'Manifestly, the cry for extermination is but a grim joke — perforce, perhaps, resorted to by intensely practical men to startle our too great enthusiasm into common sense. Rightly conducted and presented, Missions to the Indians will commend themselves to all. Real advocates of extermination, there are none.'

These are the words of a man passionately in earnest. The intensity of feeling in them was matched by the intense activity which he brought to his work at the first, and maintained to the end. The Indians in general came

to know him primarily as a traveler, moving from camp to camp, from agency to agency, with a celerity which won him the name of *Zitkana duzahan*, or swift bird. We may well turn, then, to a few passages illustrating the method and scope of his movements about the jurisdiction. In the early days of his work, before the railroads had stretched far into the country, the Missouri River was an important highway. A picture of travel on one of its steamboats is found in an early letter, 'To the Indian Aid Associations and to my many dear friends among the children of the Church': —

On board the Steamer Far West.
Missouri River, *September* 27, 1875.

My dear Friends, — . . . Having visited our lower Missions, I am now on my way farther up the Missouri River to the Missions among the Yanktonnais Sioux Indians, and to those among the Sans Arc, Blackfeet, Minneconjou, and other bands of Sioux. Far up the River as you think of the Yankton Mission as being, and shallow as the River is here (the Mate, even while I write, stands upon the side of the boat, and, as he plunges his measuring pole into the water, in a drawling tone calls out its depth, 'Five feet scant!' 'Four feet!' 'Three and half feet!'), boats capable of carrying three and four hundred tons of freight navigate its waters for about seventeen hundred miles above our Missions. The Steamer Far West, on which I am traveling, is, like the rest of these up-river boats, about twice the length of the little stern-wheel steamers which ply on the Schuylkill and Connecticut Rivers.

Fortunately, the berths on this boat are cleaner than those one sometimes hits upon, which is a great comfort. It is not over-crowded either, the only passengers besides myself being Mr. Hall and Mr. Ashley, of the Mission, and an officer and post-surgeon stationed at one of the river Posts. The Captain, Clerk, and Engineer are a pleasant, hearty set of fellows. We are on the best of terms, and out of this state of things issued two very interesting Services yesterday, Sunday.

The boat hands, however, are the lowest of the low. They are taken from the loafers who frequent the river towns, who are called out here 'roustabouts,' I suppose because they have no settled homes, but roost about, now here, now there. They are men who, having ended a trip and got their pay, go off on a wild carouse till their money is all spent, when they re-ship, their eyes bunged up, their bodies stiff and black with bruises, their faces cut and battered, and their minds so stupid from the effect of their excesses, that they know only enough to stumble down to the levee and aboard a boat and to answer automatically with their tongues, 'Aye, aye, Sir,' to the orders of the Mate, while they have such imperfect control of their arms and legs that they can at first hardly do more than fumble pointlessly at, or spread themselves over, the gang-plank and other articles that he bids them lift. They have been two or three days aboard now, however, and are a little straightened out, and I managed to induce even a number of them to attend the Service.

I was down among them on the lower deck a number of times on Saturday, wishing to win their good opinion in the hope of gaining some of them. They looked at me askance at first, as if they felt that a Parson and they had nothing in common. They laughed and half-excused themselves on Sunday, as if they hardly took in what I meant, when I told them that I was going to have Service and wished that they would come. They took the invitation a little more seriously when I added that the Captain said they might come

if they chose. Then several of them went off and shouted down the hold to their companions in a half-serious, half-comic tone, 'Say, Bill, Joe, come along. We're going to Church!' And presently a dozen or twenty of them appeared in the saloon and became very attentive listeners. . . .

But a word more about these miserable men. It is from them and such as they that the Indians get their first notions of what we white men are. The laboring man they first see is not the honest farmer who each year finds the reward of his labor in the increase of his stock and the improvement of his farm buildings, but the half-drunk 'roustabout' who, notwithstanding his hard work, never betters his condition. Shall we wonder if the Indians are slow to adopt the white man's ways? Shall we be impatient if the new Missionary has to spend a year or so in earning for himself a character? And when the world is thus pouring the dregs of civilization into the Indians' cup, already full of barbarism, shall Christian liberality not send them men of love who will offer them in farms and schools and churches the cup of Salvation? . . .

The steamers were not always so good as the Far West, an historic craft of which one my learn more in Mr. J. M. Hanson's *Conquest of the Missouri*. From another steamer Bishop Hare once wrote to his sister, 'It is not very comfortable. They had nothing to offer me but a berth in the clerk's office and the soiled sheets of its previous occupant!' His son recalls the discomforts of other trips, — the tedious waiting for irregular boats, the laborious gaining of forty miles a day against the current, the sharing of state-rooms with utter and none-too-cleanly strangers.

In after years Bishop Hare quoted with relish a Maori saying apropos of crude conditions, and the different ways in which noble-minded men and vulgar missionaries took them. 'Gentlemen-gentlemen don't mind; pig-gentlemen mighty particular.' There were frequent occasions on river and in camp in these early days to show himself one of the 'gentlemen-gentlemen.' A single passage from a letter to his sister will throw its light upon both the difficulties and the humors of travel in these earliest days: —

(TO MISS MARY H. HARE)

YANKTON CITY,
February 22, 1874.

MY DEAR SISTER, — My dating from this place needs explanation. You may remember that I mentioned in my annual report the enterprise of some Santee Indians who had given up all their tribal privileges and gone off to Flandreau and there entered claims and formed a community as ordinary citizens of the United States. They are about one hundred and five miles northeast of this town. They have sent me many messages asking me to come and see them, and I have wished ever since I came out here to grant their request.

Thursday last I started from the Agency to put my long-deferred hope into execution. A prosperous day's drive brought me a little over sixty miles to this town Thursday evening. Friday early I started for Flandreau, being somewhat alarmed on starting at hearing that there was a good deal of snow a little farther north. We have had so little snow, however, and the country has been so bare for weeks and weeks that I hardly credited the stories which I heard. We had not gone a dozen miles north, however, when we came upon the snow, which increased in depth every mile we drove north, until it became so heavy that it was almost impassable. No one knows the

oppressive sense of helplessness that comes over a traveler on these vast plains when he finds his horses' strength giving out, and the natural warmth of his body departing, and remembers that timber and therefore fuel there is none within ten or twenty miles. To add to my alarm the wind began to rise towards twilight, and the mercury to fall, and when I saw a house in the distance and drove up to it about half past eight o'clock, I could hardly have been more relieved had I pulled up at 1345 Pine.

The wind blew a gale, and was so keen that it seemed that it was hopeless to face it and live. To my dismay I found that a donation party had assembled during the day at the house where I was to find entertainment, which was that of a Baptist Minister. The building was literally *jammed*. They were the best-natured people in the world, but, oh, how I longed for rest and quiet! The party was kept up till about half past ten when the company began to disperse. Hardly a half hour had elapsed, however, before many of them came back again, reporting that it was impossible to face the storm and asking accommodation for the night. Twenty-seven people slept there, a few in beds, more in chairs, and still more on the floor. Fortunately I was treated as a favored guest and had a bed assigned to me and my Indian deacon who was with me. The wind seemed to drive right through the thin boards, and I believe my ears would have frosted while I slept had I not taken the precaution to go to bed with my fur cap drawn down over my ears and most of my face.

I determined that it would be foolhardy to attempt to push on farther, and therefore retraced my steps with the morning light and reached Yankton without mishap about nine o'clock last night. A storm of snow which came on during the night and has prevailed all day admonishes me that I did not return too soon. . . .

Thus moving about 'in journeyings often,' it was primarily as the minister of the Gospel that he came and went. To the impulses of every messenger who believes with all his heart in the message he is bearing, Bishop Hare in his travels added specifically the duties of a pioneer in Indian Education and of an official or semi-official representative of the 'Great Father' at Washington, and of the whole encroaching manner of life known as 'the white man's way.' In each of these three capacities he needed all the confidence that his course soon won for him with the unfortunate people to whom he ministered. In each capacity he gives an adequate account of himself.

As a minister of the Gospel he found a people with primitive religious instincts, responsive to the spiritual elements of Christian belief. Again and again his thought reverted with satisfaction to one of his first journeys and the meeting with a chief who, receiving him courteously inside a tepee, listened unmoved for some time to the message he brought. 'As I talked on, however,' said Bishop Hare, 'an Indian motioned to another near by to lend him his pipe. Tobacco pouch and pipe were produced and the owner, having filled the bowl with tobacco, handed the stem to his companion and touched a live coal to the tobacco. The latter took a puff or two, and, as the smoke was wafted by the heat of the fire toward the sky, lifted the pipe, pointing it toward heaven, and simply but reverently said, "I smoke to God."' Bishop Hare liked also to tell of a chief who once illustrated for him the religious courtesy of the Sioux by saying, 'We Indians have no paper from God (no Bible); but we pray to God; and when we think we have something that will please Him,

like a piece of meat, or skin, we lift it up and ask Him to take it and have pity on us.' Their sense of chivalry appealed to him, their vigor of thought and speech. 'You white men come to teach us!' said one of them. 'You white men killed the Son of God. Our people never did anything like that.'

Their mysticism touched him. 'These Indians,' he said in the course of an early speech in New York, 'generally do not pass the age of sixteen or seventeen without getting in some way or other a deep sense, a vivid sense, of some particular spirit who shall be their patron God. It is very common for their boys of that age to go aside and seclude themselves, fast days and nights, until they have got their bodies in such condition that all sorts of strange hallucinations come over them. Then they think they see a musk-rat coming to them, or an elk, and it is singing a song, and they hear the musk-rat say that if in the hour of extremity they will appeal to him and sing that song, his spirit will always come to them and be their guardian spirit. Our boys here of sixteen or seventeen never — at least, I did not — fast day and night for two or three days to get a keener sense of the invisible. I say these people are an intensely religious people. You must not hand them over to mere civilization.'

The singing muskrat and elk are characteristic figures in the folk-lore which provided the Sioux with their religion. The primitiveness of it all may be illustrated by a Dakota tradition, narrated with much earnestness by the old Chief Red Cloud to members of the Black Hills Commission visiting the Red Cloud Agency in September, 1876. It was printed in the June, 1878, number of *Anpao* or *The Daybreak*, a Dakota journal established by Bishop Hare. If the legend seems unduly long, its significance and this opportunity to put it on record may plead in extenuation.

'Red Cloud began by asking Gen. Gaylord, then legal advisor for the Interior Department, whether he, or any of the gentlemen present, had ever heard of a mule's giving birth to a young one. When all had said "no," with some surprise at his curious inquiry, he replied that neither had he or any of the Dakotas heard of such a thing yet, but that after we were all dead it would occur, and with that event the Indian and white races would become one people, and there would be no more wars or trouble between them, for they would then both be alike in appearance, interests, customs, habits, etc. God, he said, had particularly favored you white men in all respects, and given to the Indian that which was of less value, yet we Indians have ever listened to His words and been content with our lot as assigned to us by Him, while you white and highly favored ones have always been disobedient and dissatisfied.

'Again, God sent to the white man his only Son to be his guide and teacher — the best gift possible for Him to bestow; but they despised His teachings and crucified their Saviour. To the Indians God sent His daughter — a woman. She came on earth about the same time His Son came to the whites, and lived and taught among a tribe of the Dakotas on the upper Missouri. They loved, respected, and obeyed her, and have ever treasured her words as the words of God to them, and looked forward to the fulfillment of her prophecies for their people.

'She came in a cloud from Heaven, and was first seen by two young men who were out hunting buffalo. One of these youths was virtuous and desired only what was pure and good, the other was of bad character and evil habits. As they went over

the prairie far from their homes, they saw at a short distance from them a beautiful white maiden with golden hair and perfect form. As they stood filled with admiration for her graceful form, the bad young man suggested that this was an opportunity which they should not lose to obtain for themselves a woman of such rare beauty, and proposed that they should seize and take her captive. The other protested strongly against such a wicked act, but to no purpose. His companion rushed forward, and was about to lay his hand upon her when, suddenly, with a noise like that of a powerful whirlwind, both she and the young man were enveloped in a cloud. This cloud took the form of a cone, beautiful from the top to where it rested on the earth, with colors in order: at the top bright scarlet, then blue, yellow, white and black. The white and black represent the white race, and the others are the colors of the Indians. Scarlet being at the top meant that it was the highest order, and hence the Dakotas prize it above all the rest, and use it and the others for painting themselves, ornamenting their pipes, blankets, etc. The cloud gradually arose and disappeared from sight, but nothing was ever found of the bad young man but his bones lying on the prairie where the cloud had rested.

'The maiden told the good young man that she would meet him at a certain time in a particular lodge, and vanished from sight. She met him according to this appointment, and as the Dakotas had no books she gave to them a pipe (which they still have) that his people might remember her words and the future of the Indian race, which she revealed to him as follows: It was that the Indian, from the first the less favored race, was to be the first to pass away, or rather to be merged into the more favored one. There were yet ten generations to come, and at the end of those generations a mule should give birth to a young one, and with that event the Indian race and white race should become one. "Now," said Red Cloud (somewhat in error as to his chronology), "seven of those generations have passed away, and but three yet remain to the Indian. This is the decree of God, made known to us by his daughter — you have not the power to alter that decree or to hasten the set time — let us live in peace until the appointed season, and then the Indians will cease as a race, and the white man will possess both them and all else." '

The element of imagination revealed in this legend, joined with the other Indian qualities already mentioned, made the soil of their nature fertile for the labors of a man with just such a nature as Bishop Hare's. The chivalric and romantic elements in him responded quickly to corresponding traits in the Indians. This response was always under the control of a strong element of common sense. His own conception of his duty as a missionary was set forth clearly in a letter which he wrote in 1875 to a clergyman who was planning to join his force of workers. 'You are about to enter a work where a hopeful and kindly heart and a high sense of duty are the first requisites. I pray you to make the possession of them your earnest endeavor. Your duties will be to teach school daily, and to prove yourself a friend of the Indians in every way, however practical and humble, which interested ingenuity can devise.'

Stronger than all the other appeals which the Indians made to Bishop Hare was the appeal of their essential humanity. In June of 1873 he wrote: 'The sum of the whole matter is this: the Indians are Men. We differ from them in *degree*, not in kind. Exactly

where, or nearly where, they now are, we once were; what we are now, they will (if not absolutely, yet according to their measure) by God's blessing yet become. This is my wish. This is my prayer. This is my belief.' Concerning the unexpectedness of their offenses against good order, he wrote in later years: 'All this is thoroughly Indian, but very thoroughly Indian because completely human.' Because so human they deserved in his eyes the same opportunities for development that make other human beings what they are. So many of the opportunities are those of educational training that the problem of schools immediately presented itself with great force. The Indians were all as children, and all needed what good schools could give them. But there was no possibility of giving it to any but the young. Hence the early concentration upon the conduct of boarding-schools. One good reason to hope for their success was naïvely expressed by a Christian Indian, formerly 'one of the most exultant warriors of the dare-devil sort,' who came to Bishop Hare in the early days and asked to have his grandchildren baptized. 'Are their parents Christians?' asked the bishop. 'No,' said the Indian, 'they are not, but I am.' He continued, 'I have noticed that old antelopes are very wild and scary, and our hunters find it very hard to catch them. So they catch the young ones. The old ones come to seek their young, and then our hunters catch them too. And I thought if you would take and baptize these little grandchildren of mine, you might catch their parents too.'

Though the Indians in general believed that their children would develop better if left wholly to themselves, there were those besides the maker of the antelope similitude who saw the value of the new opportunities offered to them. One of them was reported by Bishop Hare as saying, —

'My friends, all animals take care of their young. No — I am mistaken. One animal does not. It is the mud-turtle. It comes up out of the water and lays its eggs in the sand, and then goes back to the water and leaves them to take care of themselves. When the young turtles are hatched, they run right down to the water. I think the Great Spirit teaches them. Their parents do not.

'We Dakotas, my friends, are those mud-turtles. We are unlike other men. We have not taught our children. The Great Spirit has taught them direct, I think. Otherwise they could not have lived at all. And now I think that as the Great Spirit has been so kind to us when we were foolish, we ought to be very thankful to him and try henceforth to teach our children wisdom as well as we can.'

The wisdom offered to them in Bishop Hare's boarding-schools — long before the principles of industrial training had won their present repute — was that which they needed most for every-day living. 'The ideas which governed me,' he wrote, 'in laying out the whole boarding-school work of the Jurisdiction were that the schools should be plain and practical, and not calculated to engender fastidious tastes and habits which would make the pupils unhappy in, and unfitted for, the lowly hard life to which their people are called; that, as the Indians had not been accustomed to labor, the school training should be such as would not only cultivate their intellect but also develop their physical functions, and teach them to do well the common acts of daily humble life.' The carrying of Christian influences back into their uncivilized homes was of course a fundamental part of the plan.

It is possible to reconstruct in some

measure the daily life in St. Paul's School for boys at Yankton Agency where Bishop Hare himself lived in these early years. His son recalls a visit to his father at the school, where he arrived even before the pupils were received.

'The plaster in it had not dried. There was no means of heating it except by sheet-iron stoves placed in each room. The only fuel was cottonwood, which burned like tinder and made the stove red-hot for half an hour, then rapidly died down unless re-fed. On going to bed at night the room was comfortably warm. On rising in the morning its temperature was often below zero, and the dampness in the plaster had turned into frost on the walls. When the cottonwood fire got fairly started, this moisture would trickle down the walls. This went on for many days and nights. As all food had to be hauled by wagon for sixty miles, it was most limited in variety and none too good. The only water obtainable was that of the muddy Missouri River, flowing at the rate of four miles an hour under eighteen inches of ice, and it was customary to send a wagon loaded with barrels to the river, to cut a hole in the ice, fill the barrels with water and drag them about half a mile up the bluff to the School. There was, therefore, no water for ordinary bathing, and very little for any other purpose. The cold was so great, I remember, that even the chickens, which were allowed to roost in the stable where the horses were, all lost their combs through frost-bite. At this time the Indians were still disposing of their dead on scaffolds, and erected one not far from the schoolhouse, upon which they laid a corpse, and then killed a horse underneath in order that the warrior might have something to ride on in the Happy Hunting Grounds. Meat was obtained by killing a steer, quartering, and then laying it at the foot of the haystack, where it remained frozen for as many days or weeks as passed before it was devoured.'

Writing to the Secretary and General Agent of the Indian Commission in New York, Bishop Hare himself described the effects of a winter storm in his new residence:—

(TO REV. R. C. ROGERS)

YANKTON AGENCY,
January 8, 1875.

. . . We have now a terrific storm upon us; the mercury 23 degrees below zero; wind blowing almost a hurricane. We quail before it in our stone building. God pity the poor Indians in their tepees! The boys while asleep instinctively hugged themselves, heads and all, under the clothes, and I believe slept through it all. The dormitory looked this morning more like a snow-bank than a bed-room.

On the sounding of the 'Rising Bell,' the boys were lifted from their snowy beds and carried to the other end of the room, from which they scampered away, without much regard to appearances, crying out, 'Osnida! It's very cold!' to the warm wash-room on the floor below.

Our water privileges hardly deserve the name. When the water for this large household of fifty people has to be dipped in buckets from the river and hauled in barrels a quarter of a mile, while the temperature is so low, that what is water one moment is (to exaggerate a little) ice the next. The boys who constitute the Water Squad have done their duty nobly throughout this whole cold term of ten days, during which the mercury has each morning ranged from 5 degrees to 23 degrees below zero. The Wood-Chopping Squad deserves equal credit. Our consumption of fuel in this school and in Emmanuel Hall near by is enormous.

The boys have to cut all the wood in the open air, and, even with the violent exercise of wood-chopping, it is a question often whether they can generate as much heat as old Boreas can cold. Of course, we save them all we can, and they are required to do nothing which the head master and other teachers do not join in.

Three years later, Bishop Hare told something of the efforts the Indian boys themselves made to enter St. Paul's School. He had recently met on the prairie two boys trudging from their homes at Santee, thirty-five miles away. A white boy driving with him exclaimed that he would never walk thirty-five miles to go to boarding-school, and Bishop Hare admitted that as a boy no more would he have done it. But another Indian boy made his way on foot to St. Paul's from Flandreau, a hundred and fifty miles away, and two others from Cheyenne Agency, a distance of two hundred miles. With 'all outdoors' as home to run away to, there were some at first who fled from the restraints of a routine life. There were difficulties, too, with parents: some half or wholly hostile; others so friendly that they made themselves a nuisance by sitting about with loaded rifles on their knees to guard the teachers against possible attacks; all ignorant of the rights of privacy, and walking unbidden into any room the teachers might occupy. But, one by one, the difficulties were overcome.

A wise accommodation of means to ends appears in an account of an early commencement at St. Paul's where the 'meritorious,' the 'very meritorious,' the 'most meritorious,' pupils received as prizes respectively a pair of chickens, a pig, and a heifer apiece, to be held conditionally until the school course was finished, and to become their absolute property when they should graduate with the certificate given to those who had won their teachers' commendation. In manifold ways the basis was laid in the work of the boarding-schools for an ultimate success with the mission at large, which must have seemed in those days of small beginnings hardly more tangible than a dream.

In representing the government to the Indians, in the days when they knew it chiefly through rapacious agents and commissions which generally contrive to get the better of land bargains, Bishop Hare had frequent opportunities to show himself the Indians' friend. The government itself promptly recognized the value of such fair-minded service as he was ready to render. Directly and indirectly, acting himself upon government commissions, meeting and corresponding with the President and the Secretary of the Interior, urging the use of military power where a merely sentimental churchman would have counseled against it, constantly leading the Indians forward on the road to self-helpfulness, he exerted an influence of the highest value. Through thirty-seven years his service in the cause to which he gave himself in early manhood continued unbroken except for the vicissitudes of uncertain health. The fruit of his labors, measured by mere statistics, stands as one of the most extraordinary achievements of civilizing missions. Measured by the truer tests of personal character and of the love and admiration of a community on which so rare a character stamped itself, the work of Bishop Hare becomes a national possession.

THE BIGNESS OF THE WORLD

BY HARRIET MONROE

'WHY doesn't Kipling write his masterpiece?' I said to an Observer the other day, and the Observer replied laconically, 'He can't.'

'But why can't he?' I persisted.

'I don't know,' said the Observer, 'unless it's the bigness of the world.'

And so I followed this hint of the bigness of the world, its relative bigness, compared with the dimensions of any earlier world that ever inhabited this planet.

The littleness of the world is a commonplace; we meet our friends by chance at a festa in Assisi, at a snake-dance in Walpi, or a carnival in Caracas, and exclaim platitudinously, 'How small is the world!' Yet the encounter proves not our contention, but its reverse; not the smallness, but the vastness, of this modern world of closely gathering nations, of this hurrying epoch wherein minutes and life-times are gone before the individual has had time to measure his stature against the huge bewildering human mass.

What was the world of Euripides, the world to which he appealed, whose feeling and activity he expressed? A little cityful of people under a templed hill — no, not even a cityful, but the elect thereof, a few hundreds of men and a handful of women, whose applause was the whole round wreath of fame, and from whose yea or nay there was no appeal. Even the other Greek tribes did not exist for Euripides — those unfavored Lacedæmonians and Thebans who gathered together in sordid cities beyond the shadow of the Acropolis; and for him the other races of the earth were a dim outer fringe of fabulous barbarians, as remote and inaccessible and unreal as are to us those later children of myth and dream, the inhabitants of Mars.

Virgil's world was a little larger; it included not only the intellectuals of Rome, but somewhat, though remotely and condescendingly, those sophisticated Athenians who sat in judgment upon the crude culture of their conquerors, even though their own was no longer creative. Petrarch's world was a neighborly coterie of little Italian courts, all keen for his latest verselet, all exaggerating its importance. Racine's world was France, as Rostand's world essentially remains, in spite of vaporous praises and solid royalties which come to him from over-seas. For France still sets intellectual boundaries which her filial sons escape but little; and France meant to Racine, as it means to Rostand, Paris, though in Racine's time it was a small Paris of the court and the salons, while in Rostand's it is a larger Paris of the boulevards.

Shakespeare's world was little London — an aristocratic and Bohemian little London. France and Spain did not count for him, Italy was a mere treasure-trove of romantic stories, and the immense background which was beginning to appear — America, Africa, and the rest — was still vague on the horizon, a fabulous region of savages and mystery. The world of Pope and Addison was even a lesser London, a

London which had lost its background altogether, and had dwindled intellectually to a little intriguing would-be-cultivated court, and a half-dozen coffee-houses from whose literary dictation there was no appeal. And throughout this provincial eighteenth century, always making much of little things, each one of its separate little worlds, each London or Paris, was quite sufficient unto itself, until revolution bombarded the narrow walls, and Goethe, Shelley, Byron, and the rest, escaped into the vastness of the modern age.

At last the gates were down, at last poets began to discover that the earth was round, and that the neglectful democracy they spoke for knew neither barriers nor boundaries from the slums to the court, from London to Cathay. At first this sudden widening of the world was a vision and a glory rather than a literal fact. Goethe stood off and contemplated it from afar, tried to map the wilderness in *Faust*, to foresee ordered ways in the chaos, and to set them down on pages of light with his eagle's quill. Shelley flew into the uncharted country on those strong white wings of his, sublimated his vision, in *Prometheus Unbound*, and cast out into the drifting winds wild lyrics of his ecstasies of wrath and hope. Byron was sane and solid-minded enough to explore and discover on the ground level; but the immensity of the task in comparison with the pathetic slightness of human personality, aroused in him that stultifying sense of tragic incongruity which is perhaps the most distinctive modern note, — a note which he struck in *Don Juan* and which, throughout the century that has passed since then, was to be sounded through a wide range of humor and protest and mad mockery, and to make the world laugh that it might not weep.

Burns was the first martyr, perhaps, the first great genius to be crushed between old and new; the first to feel the whole passion and thrill of the modern movement and yet to be tied hand and foot by ancient tangles so that he could not get his message out, and his pitiful refuge was drink and despair and stupefying vices which would dull the vision and silence the voices. But there have been other martyrs during this century or more of an expanding world: martyrs of a fate less obviously tragic than that of poor Burns because they were less entangled in the past, but perhaps no less profoundly bitter since, like him, they could not utter more than a passing strain or two of the truth that was in them.

For minds imaginative enough to have grasped, and creative enough to have moulded into some shapely image, those lesser worlds of long ago, are confronted in our larger world by the whole huge incoherent scheme of things, through which the little old compasses will not guide, against which the little old tools are impotent. It is as if one small pair of hands were set to carve a mountain into some winged image of man's new hope of brotherly love and joy; and were armed for the purpose with strange new engines — turbines and hydraulic dredges and pneumatic drills. How utterly and inconceivably stupendous would be the task of these hands! They would have to convert the huge implements of science to the delicate service of art, and summon wild refractory forces to cope with nature's bleak immensity. Old Egypt, carving the Sphinx at the dawn of time, when the primitive vastness of the world had not yet been obscured by babbling, trafficking, self-worshiping civilizations, achieved a babyish task compared with that which confronts the adequate creative mind to-day.

And so that adequate creative mind,

which is to do for us what Dante did for mediævalism, must be not only greater in sheer bulk and power of intellect and imagination than the mind of the supreme artists of the past, but it must be also more heroic, resourceful, and persistent.

Did Dante believe in his time — did he wear proudly its gorgeous fabric of dogmatic theology and intriguing tyranny, even while he raged against all that stained its splendor and violated its ideal? Even more lovingly must our poet and prophet believe in our vaster modern age; even more proudly must he wear its garment of light; even more triumphantly must he find the order in its seeming chaos, and put down the evil things that obscure and retard.

Thus it is no wonder that great men fall by the wayside, that minds apparently adequate get lost in the wilderness, tangled in vast obscurities. They start out grandly amid the deafening and confounding blare of the whole world's many-tongued applause; and we have Maeterlinck revealing the very inmost soul of brooding and bewildered youth in those marvelous little early plays of his; we have Kipling hinting, in his early stories, at the conflict and coming together of East and West, — suggesting something of the scope and meaning of this modern cosmopolitan movement of nations. But the years pass, and the disappointed world finds its prophets wandering in by-paths: the one confused by evidences of power in militarism and materialism, lost in a mere detail of the immense whole; the other wandering vaguely in obscurities, yielding fitfully to ancient worn-out seductions; both losing creative energy, making no headway, baffling our hopes and dreams, leading us nowhere. The flourish of trumpets came too soon and too loud; its effect was to deafen and deaden, and not to inspire. These men were not robust enough to endure the strain of that bold acclaim, not grand enough in stature to see over the heads of the crushing, clamorous crowd, not strong enough to put the world ruthlessly behind them, that they might lead the world on to the truth.

Or if the *vates*, the poet-prophet, meets dispraise and neglect, he meets them not in human forms which he can strike at, with human voices which he can answer. He starts out with gifts and weapons, — his message, his love, his wit, his wrath, — but encounters merely a vast immensity, a stultifying silence. He goes on shouting in the wilderness, but his voice sounds hollow and impotent, for no one hears. Or if voices come back to him they are not stout cries from a hardy enemy, but vague, half-articulate whispers, unintelligent, irresolute, unauthoritative, coming from no-whither, out of mere intolerable confusion. He is not Chatterton, superciliously snubbed by Horace Walpole and the other illuminati; or Keats under the bludgeon of the *Quarterly;* but a figure more tragic at last than they — a creature silenced by silence, enfeebled by lack of response from friend or enemy, dispirited by the blasting loneliness of a wilderness without metes and bounds. Power must expend itself on power, love must meet love or at least hate, wit and wrath must cross swords with wit and wrath; or else the work must go undone, the message unuttered, the result must be decay and death.

Francis Thompson, John Davidson — here are two tragic figures to prove the bigness of the modern world. Not that these two were giants; the rôle of vates might have been beyond them even if they had met enough, and not too much, of human sympathy and conflict. But they were true poets; no 'idle singers of an empty day,' but men

aware of their time and in love with it. Yet Thompson was destroyed before he began; he never even got the pitifulest hearing until starvation, and unsheltered London lights, and drugs and hideous misery, had ruined him beyond reach of the human sympathy which finally discovered and strove to save him. And John Davidson, trying to find his way through all the modern drift and turmoil, striking out bold discords and a few grand strains, journeyed alone, heard no reply, until the immensity seemed simply emptiness; until his shouting, as if uttered in a vacuum, seemed to make no noise; until he was baffled and defeated by the very grandeur of the continent he was sent to explore.

And so a more adequate man than these, one fully aware of modern life, one devoting to it all his energy of passion and hope, and meeting thus only an immense blankness, — the world's blind preoccupation, its universal turning away, — such an one may credibly feel a corroding sense of inadequacy, a gradual loss of faith and power, ending in some kind of tragic impotence, like that which killed Burns in his youth, or which drove MacDowell to madness, or destroyed Nietsche.

For great art, the highest art, comes only when profound energy of creation meets profound energy of sympathy. The leader must have his army behind him, the vates must hear an outcry of passion and understanding from all his world. Of old, when the poet spoke for a few, the response of the few was enough. To-day, when he must speak for the many, the many must hear him, must not only hear but understand him in their profoundest secret instincts of sympathy or rebellion; else he cannot utter the truth that is in him, and modern democracy must go uninspired.

Thus we shall hardly have our vates until our huge heterogeneous crowd becomes as aware of the spirit as it is to-day of the flesh, as keen for truth and beauty as it is to-day for comfort. I do not mean to scoff at our striving for ease, at the world's century-long preoccupation with inventions which should lessen human misery and increase opportunities for knowledge and happiness. How otherwise shall democracy rise to spiritual consciousness except through the conquest of soul-destroying hunger and ignorance and pain? How otherwise shall the nations be brought together, and the brotherhood of man be revealed, except through locomotives and reapers and flying-machines, — perhaps even battleships and repeating-rifles, — all the miraculous modern bound-obliterating machinery of peace and war?

The inventors have had their world behind them; modern democracy is still giving them its commands. Science takes no steps forward that the man in the street does not know; he thrills over X-rays and radium, he is eager to test the mono-rail, he jokes about the inhabitants of Mars. In this direction lies increase of comfort and knowledge; here the creative energy of our age meets equal energy of sympathy, and each day records a new miracle. And all these are glorious deeds, necessary to the making of a larger world. We live in a great age, but a greater age must come.

Already there are many signs of an awakening of spiritual consciousness in the crowd — confused and scattered signs of far-blown sympathies, exaltations, ideals. Democracy is becoming awake and aware, is discovering a deeper need than the need of food and raiment. At present this instinct is vague and formless, voiced in dim and clouded questionings, almost world-wide political doubt, spiritual unrest.

The new democracy must grope and wander, lingering among vast uncharted uncertainties. It must search long for its poet-prophet who shall sing the old era away and usher in the new. And when he comes he must be of spiritual stature great enough to stand fitly on mountain-tops and behold a world more vast than ever man has seen.

ON CARPACCIO'S PICTURE

THE DREAM OF ST. URSULA

BY AMY LOWELL

SWEPT, clean, and still, across the polished floor
From some unshuttered casement, hid from sight,
The level sunshine slants, its greater light
Quenching the little lamp which pallid, poor,
Flickering, unreplenished, at the door
Has striven against darkness the long night.
Dawn fills the room, and penetrating, bright,
The silent sunbeams through the window pour.
And she lies sleeping, ignorant of Fate,
Enmeshed in listless dreams, her soul not yet
Ripened to bear the purport of this day.
The morning breeze scarce stirs the coverlet,
A shadow falls across the sunlight; wait!
A lark is singing as he flies away.

THE FARMER'S PEDIGREE

BY DAVID BUFFUM

As my sons and I were mowing a field of heavy grain, we began, for the sake of coolness, to cut in the face of the wind. This makes bad work, but the mowing was hot and we tried several swaths across the field before we changed and mowed, as we should have done in the first place, with the wind at our backs. And there flashed across my mind the antiquity of the rule, so familiar to every farmer: 'Always mow with the wind at your back.' For it was laid down, centuries ago, by that grand old Greek farmer and military commander, Xenophon. 'For it is annoying, both to the eyes and the hands,' explains this old-time authority, 'to reap in the face of the stalks and ears.'

Present-day farmers do not read Xenophon to any great extent, nor, for that matter, any of the old classical authorities on agriculture: Cato, to whom Pliny refers as 'a man of consummate authority on all practical matters,' and 'deserving of high honor as the first agriculturist of his time'; Varro, who, at the age of eighty, wrote one of the most complete agricultural treatises that was ever written, full of the practical knowledge of a man who had spent a lifetime in the study and practice of agriculture; or Virgil, who, although a man of letters and the greatest poet of his age, was also a farmer, and did not deem agriculture a subject unworthy of the best efforts of his genius. I fear that the 'up-to-date' farmer — especially if he have a smattering of the sciences and can talk with some degree of near-correctness about nitrates and phosphates and bacteria — has little respect for the classics, and would regard it as the sheerest waste of time to dig into the musty pages of these world-old authorities. And yet he might do so to advantage. Not one farmer in ten thousand knows as much about horses as Xenophon did; and Cato and Varro could give almost any of them points in land-management that are well worth the knowing, and show a greater intimacy with the subject than they themselves possess.

But it is not as text-books or as works of reference that these old authorities are of especial value; few, in these days, even of their admirers, would think of using them thus. It is that they contain a certain charm, hard to define and yet easily perceived, that is lacking in the treatises of modern times — a certain flavor of the fields and woods and honey-bees that runs, an unconscious accompaniment, through all their practical teachings. Then, too, their point of view, as a rule, was essentially right, and the honor that they paid to agriculture seems to have always come from a clear recognition of all that it really stands for. 'When agriculture flourishes,' observes Xenophon, 'all other pursuits are in full vigor; but when the ground is forced to lie barren other occupations are almost stopped, as well by land as by sea.'

Of these old farmers, although all are full of interest, Xenophon appeals to me the most. None of the others, it seems to me, has put into his writings quite so much heart — so much of the

spirit of the man who knew the land and loved his work, and to whom horses and dogs and sheep and cattle were as familiar as his own children.

And then, too, his fine sense, which runs like a thread of gold through all his writings, of agriculture as 'the most fitting employment for men of honorable birth'! No thoughtful man, from his day to ours, could affirm otherwise, however many there may be who are constrained to other callings. For the heritage of good birth unquestionably imposes obligations; and the management of land should not be left to those who do not realize its high mission or the service that is rendered by the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before.

To me, holding as the first article of my agricultural faith the moral obligation that attaches to the ownership of the soil, and, as one of no less importance, the necessity of physical labor to the permanent well-being of mind and body, Xenophon speaks across the intervening ages with the intimacy, the sympathetic quality, of an old friend. 'It is less creditable,' says he, 'for a man to remain in the house than to attend to things out of doors. The pursuit of agriculture is at once a means of enjoyment and of increasing resources; and it is also an exercise for the body, such as to strengthen it for discharging the duties that become a man of honorable birth. For, though it offers blessings in the greatest plenty, it does not permit us to take them in idleness, but requires us to accustom ourselves to endure the colds of winter and the heats of summer; to those whom it exercises in manual labor it gives an increase of strength, and in such as only oversee the cultivation of it, it produces a manly vigor by requiring them to rise early in the morning and forcing them to move about with activity.'

Then follows an observation that shows, even if we did not know it from other sources, how dearly this old Greek farmer loved his horses and dogs. 'Again, farming offers the greatest convenience for keeping horses; and it also affords some incitement to exertion in hunting over the land, supplying facilities for the keeping of dogs and supporting beasts of game. The horses and dogs, moreover, which are kept by farming benefit the farm in return, the horse by carrying his master early in the morning to the scene of his labors and furnishing him the means of returning late; the dogs by preventing wild beasts from destroying the fruits of the earth and the cattle and by affording security, even in the most solitary places.' In this readiness to find a reason for keeping animals whose chief excuse is to give pleasure and which, except in limited numbers, are rarely necessary on a farm, Xenophon shows a very human weakness, which at once proclaims him of the same kind as ourselves, and brings him nearer. For my own part, I have almost always had more horses on my farm than I needed, and, if questioned about it, have usually found myself ready with some excellent reason why I should keep them.

But if Xenophon loved horses and dogs, he was none the less a practical farmer, and he gives important suggestions for the selection of good farm land, and for tillage, fertilizing, and the multitude of matters upon which a good farmer should be informed. Almost all of his views are singularly sound and shrewd, and as applicable now as in his day. He also addresses himself to those who are not versed in agriculture but contemplate taking it up, and he makes it very clear that farming, to be successful, must be learned, like any other business, — a truth which should be self-evident but which, strangely enough, is seldom realized outside the farmer's

ranks. It would be to the advantage of all who think that farming can be taken up without any special training to read what Xenophon has to say on the subject. 'Agriculture,' says he, 'is an art that renders those who understand it rich; but leaves those who do not understand it, however much they may labor in it, to live in poverty.' The term 'goods,' he tells us, may be defined as 'something that is serviceable to the owner. The same things, therefore, are goods to him who knows how to make use of them, but not goods to him who does not know. Land certainly cannot be called a part of a man's goods if, instead of supporting him, it brings him nothing but hunger.' It may be doubted if the matter were ever more truthfully presented.

Xenophon does not take up the management of horses in the *Economics*, but devotes a separate book to it; and on this subject he displays a knowledge that leaves all the other classical writers far behind. A great deal of the horse-treatise, if translated literally and printed in a modern magazine or agricultural paper, might easily pass for the work of a present-day writer. There are some few matters in the treatise with which, as a horseman, I could hardly agree; but, in the main, it is sound, and it remains one of the best treatises on horses and horsemanship that was ever written.

Like the *Economics*, the horse-treatise is very little read to-day. But, as to its real value and its adaptability to present-day needs, I may add that horsemanship is an art that is never new and never old. We may breed different types of horses, and we may harness and use them differently; but the points of excellence that combine to form the most perfect horse are the same in one age as in another. Xenophon, it is true, attached some importance to points that we care much less about now, — as, for instance, a smooth, round back that is 'easy to sit upon,' which was owing to the fact that the Greeks did not use saddles but only a cloth, fastened to the horse's body by a surcingle; but these are minor matters. He knew the points of a good horse, and he knew horse-nature. And he had, too, that delight in horses that is only found in the true horseman, the man who loves as well as knows them. 'It is upon horses,' says he, 'that gods and heroes are painted riding; and men who are able to manage them skillfully are regarded as deserving of admiration. So extremely beautiful and admirable and noble a sight is a horse that bears himself superbly, that he fills the gaze of all who see him, both young and old; no one, indeed, leaves him or is tired of contemplating him so long as he continues to display his magnificent attitudes.'

Xenophon lived long on his farm, and when an old man still rode horseback and personally superintended its details. His personality is of a kind that all lovers of agriculture like to contemplate: an enthusiastic and successful farmer, an expert horseman, a writer who strove to instruct and help others in what he considered the highest of all sciences. It is no wonder that he lived to be old, for he understood and practiced the things that promote longevity. 'Health,' says he, 'is a surer attendant on a man when, after he has taken sufficient to eat, he works it off by proper exercise.' And we also find these sentences in the *Economics:* — 'I take my morning meal eating just so much as to pass the day neither empty nor over-full; and I never dine till I have put myself into a perspiration by some military or agricultural exercise.'

Cato's treatise, *De Re Rustica*, is much less gracefully written than Xenophon's books. Its author devotes little time to observations upon agriculture

as a calling, but lays down rules for its practical conduct, in sharp, incisive paragraphs in which no words are wasted. He was evidently a very different kind of man from Xenophon, and I fancy would have sneered at the latter's horses and dogs, and his fondness for riding horseback and for hunting. It is very easy, after reading his treatise, to imagine him saying that Xenophon might put in his time more profitably. He has none of the humor which appears so often in Varro's works; nor do the more graceful features of the business, which appealed so strongly to Virgil, seem to have interested him. He is nothing if not practical: he is economical to a marked degree, and there is so much about him that reminds one of a shrewd, forehanded old New England country deacon that one might almost suppose the latter had had him for a model. The value that he sets on frugality is shown in scores of places in his treatise. Thus, in stating the amount of clothing that a farmer should allow his farmhands, he says that 'a tunic of certain value' (whatever that may be) 'and a coarse cloak every other year' is enough. This would not seem a very heavy allowance, but, even with this, he proposes to take no chance of loss, for he adds, 'As often as you give a tunic or coarse cloak, first take the old one, as *centones* can be made from it.' The *cento* was a garment of patchwork, worn by slaves. Is there not here a suggestion of the patchwork quilt of New England, by which all stray scraps of cloth were to be saved and turned to account?

Reminders of New England ways and habits of thought are, in fact, constantly recurring in the treatise: the author's exceeding thrift, and his intolerance of what our forefathers called 'vain amusements,' are conspicuous features. His chapter on the duties of a housewife is especially characteristic. 'Take care that the housewife does her duty. Let her live in awe of you. Let her have as little intimacy as may be with the neighboring women, and let her not receive them in the family. Let her not go to entertainments, nor be fond of visiting. Let her not perform religious duties, but let her know that the master does religious offices for all the family.' This last is a masterstroke, showing that even in religious matters there may be economy and thrift, for surely it would be a waste of time for each member to do individually what can be done in a few minutes by one for all. 'Let her take care,' he continues, 'always to have victuals in readiness for you and the family. Let her keep a stock of hens that there may be a supply of eggs. Let her have dried peas, dried grapes and pears and quinces in casks carefully laid up every year.' The picture called up is strongly suggestive of the New England 'preserve closet,' and the attic with its strings of dried apples. How could our forefathers have refrained from reading Cato!

The mention of the attic reminds me that Cato was likewise not behindhand in the matter of herbs and home remedies. He does not mention hardhack, thoroughwort nor catnip, but I am sure he must have had them. 'Brassica' seems to have been his special pet. Concerning this plant, I am unable to speak more definitely than that it is of the botanical family to which cabbage belongs; and, as there are several varieties, it is not always clear (at least, to me) which one he means. 'The brassica,' says he, 'is a general medicine: it is salutary to the bowels, and a decoction of it is salubrious in all cases.' And he shamelessly adds that 'if you wish to drink plentifully at a feast and to sup freely, eat as much as you wish of it, raw, with vinegar, before supper, and when you have supped eat some more of it: it will promote digestion and enable

you to drink as much as you please.' This is hardly what one would expect from so austere a soul as Cato: but it is at least practical — and Cato was practical above all things. Possibly he thought it would be selfish to withhold so valuable a piece of knowledge.

He mentions a number of other things for which brassica is useful, and adds that it can always be used with entire safety — which certainly is a good recommendation. In many of his prescriptions there is a vein of strong sense; for 'an overloaded stomach,' for instance, he prescribes his pet remedy, brassica, but also recommends that the patient go to bed without supper and, on arising in the morning, eat no breakfast but '*walk for four hours*, and then go about his usual occupations.' There is little doubt that this would effect a cure. He also advises that in cases of fever the patient be allowed to drink what water he wants, in which, though an agriculturist and not a physician, he shows more intelligence than the trained doctors of a later period. On the whole, however, I do not think I should care to take his remedies. Few, even of the most nauseous, are prescribed in any stinted quantity: one — which he strongly advises 'when a cathartic is needed' — contains eleven ingredients, 'any one of which' he observes, complacently, 'is of a purgative quality, and the concoction will physic the patient with efficacy.' I should think it might.

But let no one suppose that Cato was a mere writer on household rules and home remedies. Despite his weakness for doctoring, it is in the practical work of farm and garden and stable that he is at his best. He is a master of the art that he essays to teach. No single subject connected with the agriculture of his day escapes him, and he begins at the beginning by telling how to choose a farm. He recommends that it be within easy distance of good markets, and that it be situated on a river or a good road. There is no guess-work in his talk, and the many present-day farmers who cannot tell, with any degree of accuracy, the cost of raising a crop or keeping a cow or sheep, might learn a valuable lesson from this old Roman, who calculated to a nicety the cost of everything, and tells just how much of fodder and grain and litter is required to carry an ox or sheep through the winter. Next to his thrift, this accuracy is, perhaps, the most noteworthy thing in the treatise. Thoroughness, too, he always insists upon. 'What is good tillage?' he asks. 'First, to plough thoroughly: second, to plough: third, to manure.' In the original this seems still more concise and epigrammatic. 'Primum, bene arare: secundum, arare: tertium, stercorare.' The other part of tillage, he adds, is 'to have good seed, to sow plentifully,' — which makes one wonder whether the farmers of that time had that strange proneness to scanty seeding that so many have to-day, — 'and to take up all the weeds that may grow during the season.' It would be impossible to express the matter any better or in fewer words.

Cato realized, as fully as Xenophon, that agriculture must be thoroughly learned before it can be made profitable. He characteristically observes that the farmer, to obtain the knowledge he needs, 'must not only *think* about planting, but he must *do* it,' — thus emphasizing the importance of that actual experience in the field without which no man, however much he may study farming in books, can ever succeed. He even expresses the opinion that it is necessary for the farmer to have been familiar with agriculture 'from his earliest infancy' — a flying start, surely. But in this extreme opinion he differs radically from Xenophon, who points out clearly that a man by diligent study

and practice can, at any time of life, become a good farmer, — a statement that I think no intelligent agriculturist would be inclined to dispute. Both books bespeak eloquently the personality of their writers, and the extreme and caustic opinion expressed by Cato is exactly what the reader would expect.

What strikes any reader of these old treatises is the thoroughness, the attention to minute details, with which every agricultural operation was carried out. No one who reads the careful and explicit directions for the planting of crops, the planting, grafting, and pruning of fruit trees, the care of grape-vines, and the breeding and management of live stock, could, by any possibility, suppose that the farming of those days was crude. Indeed, many of the rules tally exactly with our present-day practice. If I take, for instance, Cato's directions for planting an asparagus bed, and compare them with those of Peter Henderson (whose work on gardening is the commonly accepted standard among market-gardeners), I find no difference worth the mentioning. Henderson, indeed, says that the plants should be set nine inches apart in the row, while Cato says six; and Henderson states how far apart the rows should be, while Cato simply says they should be far enough apart to leave room to cultivate the ground between them. But a man could follow either authority and succeed equally well.

In scores of other instances the rules laid down by the classical authorities are strikingly familiar. The agricultural journals, every year, urge upon farmers the desirability of having some green forage to feed to their stock in time of drouth, so as to leave intact the hay that is stored up for winter. Cato also recommends the feeding of 'green leaves' in the same way, and says, 'Keep the dry provender which you have laid up for winter and think how long a winter it may be.' The best modern authorities recommend the mowing of grass for hay before it has gone to seed. Cato says, 'Mow your hay in the proper season and be cautious that you do not mow it too late. Cut it before the seed is ripe.' Even in the more unusual departments of farming, which in many English and American works on agriculture are wholly omitted, we find the old Roman entirely at home. Take, for instance, the French rule for cramming fowls for fattening (I quote from Tegetmeir's standard work), which is to make *patons*, or pellets, of buckwheat or barley flour and always to dip these pellets in water when fed. 'The dipping in water is essential,' says the writer; and adds that 'the chicken should have two meals in twenty-four hours, twelve hours apart.' Cato, writing on the same subject, says, 'Make pellets of flour or barley meal; dip them in water; administer them. Cram them twice a day.' The French authority says the amount fed is to be 'gradually increased till it reaches twelve or fifteen pellets.' Cato's rule is, 'Add a little gradually every day. Judge of what is sufficient from the chicken's voracity.'

Cato's treatise is worth reading, if only for the closer acquaintance it gives us with the writer. It throws strong light on his character, his way of looking at things, his prejudices, even his superstitions — for he was by no means free from the latter. There was a great deal to admire in this old farmer who was so thorough and painstaking in his work; and if, in many ways, he was the prototype of the New England deacon, there was often much to admire in the deacon, too.

The treatise of Marcus Terentius Varro, who was a friend of Cicero's and reckoned one of the most able and learned men of his time, is, on the whole,

a more complete work than Cato's, taking up the various subjects at greater length and confining itself more closely to strictly agricultural matters. The author states, by way of preface, that he has reached the age of eighty, that he realizes that man's life is but a bubble, and that he is writing down his instructions in farming for the benefit of his wife, Fundania, that she may have less trouble in managing the farm after he is dead.

Varro seems to have had none of Cato's austerity; indeed, he writes in a very cheerful vein, and often indulges in pleasantries; nor had he the great Censor's fondness for household recipes and loathsome remedies for coughs, colds, and bowel troubles. He believes that such things have no place in an agricultural treatise, and indulges in a rather sharp thrust at Cato for including them in his book. Referring to the trivialities and superfluous matter to be found in the works of certain writers on agriculture, whom he evidently considers of little account, he adds, 'As if, indeed, such things are not to be found in other writers! Are there not in the book of the celebrated Cato, which is published concerning agriculture, such things as these: how you are to make cakes, and in what manner you are to salt flitches of bacon? Not to mention that other prescription of his that if one wishes to indulge in overeating and drinking at an entertainment he must eat some leaves of brassica steeped in vinegar!'

Like both Xenophon and Cato, Varro points out that farming must be learned before it can be profitably engaged in; and the conscientiousness of all these classical authorities who, while praising agriculture as a calling, are very careful not to lure any one into it who has not had sufficient training, cannot be too highly praised. 'The two things most essential in agriculture,' he says, 'are, whether the profit will be adequate to the expense and labor; and whether the situation is healthy or not. If either of these is not attainable and any one wishes to farm, he is insane and is to be put under the custody of his relations. For no one, of sound mind, ought to wish to incur expenses in farming if he sees that there can be no recompense; or, if there be a probability of a recompense, if he sees that destruction is likely to ensue from pestilence.'

He also makes it clear that to make a farm pay, the kind of farming that is carried on must be adapted to its situation. A florist, for instance, he says, is not likely to succeed on a farm that is too remote from the class of people who buy flowers, 'the business of raising violets and roses' being profitable only in the near neighborhood of large cities. He tells us, too, how, even on a good farm, a man may fail through bad judgment and the failure to grasp the true proportion of things, — as for instance, in erecting too large or too small a farmstead. 'For we build great houses at considerable expense, and we keep them up with greater,' says he; 'and when they are less than the farm requires, the produce is usually wasted.'

As in the other treatises, the importance of diligence, close economy, and so managing that every feature of the farm shall be turned to account, is always urged. Indeed, in the latter respect, he sometimes fairly out-Catos Cato — as, for instance, when he is speaking of the love-affairs that are always taking place on a farm between the farm-hands and the maids in the kitchen — a matter that, from his day to ours, has been a source of more or less annoyance to every farmer who employs much help. To provide for the possibility of a serious outcome of any of these amours, he advises that only strong, healthy young women be employed, who would be likely to pro-

duce vigorous offspring. This, from a staid old gentleman of eighty who, as he tells us, realizes that man's life is but a bubble, and who is writing for his wife, because he expects so soon to leave her, is perhaps hardly what we should expect. The old pagan cheerfully adds, however, that 'such a pastoral Venus has usually no higher ambition,' and explains that farm-hands who are born and raised on the farm are generally more satisfactory than those obtained from elsewhere.

Varro lived up to his privileges as an octogenarian by lamenting, in good, orthodox style, the decay of the good old times. 'Our illustrious ancestors,' says he, 'preferred those who lived in the country to the inhabitants of cities, and not without reason. But families have now crept into towns, having taken leave of the scythe and the plough, and choose to be in the theatre and circus, rather than in the field and vineyard.' Has not this a familiar ring? I think it ought to make some of our present-day advocates of 'back to the soil' blush for their lack of originality.

But if Varro thus lamented, he was, on the whole, a cheerful and sociable old gentleman, and his book is full of allusions to calls from neighboring farmers who dropped in to discuss various farm topics with him, and is, in fact, largely made up of these discussions. And there is scarcely a page that has not a touch of his dry humor. In his discussion of the profits of fish-culture, he says, 'When our friend Q. Hortensius had fish-ponds built at great expense I have been frequently with him at his villa and I have always known him to send to Puteoli to buy fish for supper.' And, as if this were not a sufficient commentary, he further observes that Hortensius not only had to buy fish for his table, but often had to lay in a large supply of small fish to feed to those he was raising.

Hortensius was evidently a man who farmed for pleasure rather than profit, and of this kind of farming we already know Varro's opinion. He also recounts characteristically the exploit of Lucullus, another Roman who farmed for pleasure, and was a great bird and poultry fancier. Lucullus, who was an original and inventive soul, had a dining-room constructed in his aviary 'where he might sup in style and see some birds dressed and served up while others were flying about the windows.' Apparently he did not find dining in a hen-house as satisfactory as he expected, 'For the birds flying about the windows,' observed Varro, 'do not please the eye so much as the disagreeable smell of the place overpowers and offends the nose.'

Virgil's agricultural poem — the Georgics — takes up the same points as the other treatises. Although, as we would expect in a poet, he sometimes branches off in picturesque descriptions of rural scenes and events, it is nevertheless evident that he was a thoroughgoing farmer, and one likes to think of him in his villa, looking out at his colts in their pasture as he wrote the famous line in the Æneid, —

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

No man could have written that line who did not know something about horses and did not love the soul-stirring music of hoof and wheel. I do not think the Georgics as valuable a book on agriculture as Varro's treatise, but it shows its author to have been no less well-versed in agricultural knowledge and skill. It is simply that he was poet first, and farmer afterwards.

Now, what are we to learn from these old agriculturists who wrote so conscientiously and painstakingly of the art they loved? First, perhaps, that agriculture has not advanced as much since their time as the scientific farmer

of to-day likes to think it has. For if we go even further back than the Greek and Roman writers we find that the Arabs understood the science of horse-breeding as fully as does any one to-day; and Jacob, when he tended the flocks of Laban in Padanaram, solved a problem which no one who did not understand the principles of heredity and atavism could possibly work out. They teach us, too, how in any old and advanced civilization agriculture comes to hold a higher place, and to be considered one of the most fitting matters for the attention and efforts of men of intelligence and culture.

But none of these, it seems to me, is the chief lesson — namely, that the immutable principles upon which good agriculture depends were first learned, not by chemistry or soil-analyses or laboratory experiments, but by simple experience and observation in the field itself. It is quite probable, for instance, that Jacob knew nothing of chemistry. But he understood the laws of heredity when he bred his ring-streaked and spotted cattle — just as Moses understood them when he said that the result of the sins of the fathers would show in the children to the third and fourth generation. And it is almost certain that Cato could not have told the proportion of ammonia or phosphorus or potash in a given manure, but he could and did tell the kinds of manure best suited to different soils and crops, and I have not found a single instance in which he was in error.

'The elements of agriculture,' says Varro, 'are the same as those of the world: water, earth, air, the sun. These things are to be understood before you sow your seed, which is the origin of vegetation.' This is in every respect as true to-day as when it was first written. 'These things are to be understood,' and they are to be understood practically: the knowledge must be a working one. And the man who, by his own experience and observation, has learned the kind of soil and the kind of manure adapted to a certain crop, and the kind of cultivation necessary to bring it to its greatest perfection (even though he have no knowledge of chemistry or of soil- or manure-analyses), has gone a great deal further toward successful agriculture than he who, without this practical training, has all that can be learned in school or laboratory at his tongue's end.

Nor can science do much more, in many instances, than to explain the principles that are thus practically learned. Let us take, for instance, the effect of manure and tillage on young plants. Liebig tells us (*Organic Chemistry*) that a young plant derives its nourishment from carbonic acid, which is supplied by the gradual decay of humus in the soil. This decay (and consequent formation of carbonic acid) is, of course, hastened by the presence of oxygen. 'Humus acts in the same manner in a soil permeable to air as in the air itself,' says Liebig, 'and, by loosening the soil which surrounds young plants, we favor the access of air and the formation of carbonic acid; on the other hand, the quantity of [plant] food is diminished by every difficulty which opposes the renewal of air.'

The explanation has never been quite satisfactory to me, but it has long met with a very general acceptance. But many a man who knows nothing of such matters knows the value of manure and the necessity of frequent and thorough tillage. He knows not only that the loosened earth serves as a mulch, to retain the moisture below, but also that in some other way, not so easy to understand, tillage favors the growth of the plant. Cato knew it when he wrote 'Primum, bene arare; secundum, arare: tertium, stercorare.' In other words, chemistry only explains a pro-

cess that every good farmer already knows is necessary.

But there remain many laws of nature — laws, too, with which all are familiar, and which the trained agriculturist, even more than the ignorant one, is obliged constantly to take into consideration — that science cannot explain. In the breeding of animals, for instance, no one can tell why two animals, of exactly the same blood, and bred under exactly similar conditions, are different. Even twins when, so far as can be discovered the conditions of creation do not vary in the slightest degree, differ both physically and mentally. Darwin points out that this phenomenon has never been made clear; the reason for it seems to be beyond our ken. But the action of the law itself is known and recognized; no horse-breeder expects to raise two horses that are exactly alike, and he knows that, having produced one animal of a marked degree of superiority in any given respect, his ability to produce another is uncertain. The tendency to individual variation seems to be as fixed as the tendency to general similarity. And yet he knows that the tendency to variation is much less in thoroughbred stock than in mongrels; that to breed with any certainty as to result he must confine himself to such stock; and that the older the type — the longer the stream has run in the same channel without contamination or admixture — the greater are his chances of getting the result he desires. And the breeder who, after half a life-time of study and experiment has come to certain conclusions regarding heredity and pre-natal influences and food-values, is confronted by the fact that, after all, he has probably learned nothing that is new; and that Moses and Jacob and the descendants of Ishmael knew the same things three thousand years ago.

Does all this indicate that such things as biology and chemistry, and soil- and food-analyses are of no value? By no means. They are both useful and desirable to the student of agriculture. But it teaches us that the great laws upon which good agriculture and successful stock-breeding depend are made evident through phenomena which are open to the perception of all; and that they can be learned by any man who will observe and study and practice, — just as Varro and Xenophon learned them, — without experience in the laboratory or having ever heard of Liebig.

I would not wish to be misunderstood, or to appear to underestimate our agricultural schools and colleges and the good and conscientious work that many of them are doing. But I believe that the tendency of many of our agricultural instructors is to attach too much importance to theoretical knowledge, and too little to the knowledge that comes from a close intimacy with the subject in a purely practical way; as, for instance, the raising of a horse that *must* go fast and go far to answer his purpose, or a crop that *must* be large and heavy to have its value exceed the cost of growing it. In other words, that the tendency is to treat agriculture as a science that furnishes an interesting field for study and experiment and research, rather than as a business which must be made to pay a profit.

It was in this latter aspect alone that the classical writers studied agriculture; and therein, I think, lay the reason for the surprising accuracy of many of their conclusions.

ARISTOCRATIC AND DEMOCRATIC EDUCATION

BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

PROFESSOR Grant Showerman in a recent essay very cleverly ridicules what he calls our 'national belief in universal education': 'Having therefore settled that knowledge was power, and that power was happiness, and that every one had the inalienable right to it, the American democracy set to in a fine glow to make straight the way for every one to lay hold on that same knowledge which was power, which was happiness. It universalized elementary education by making it the public right. It went further, and made it a public duty — a duty first because education was a necessary ingredient of good citizenship, and again a duty because it was a factor in the happiness of the individual. Whether the individual wanted it or not, he should have the instrument of knowledge and power thrust into his hands. To be sure, it was a free country; but still, if a man didn't know enough to be happy of his own accord, he ought to be compelled to. He should be saved from himself, even if it took a truant officer.'

This, of a democracy. One might suppose that only democracies believe in universal education. Such is, of course, not the case. More than forty years ago Matthew Arnold, investigating continental education for the Schools Enquiry Commissioners wrote: 'It may be broadly said that in all the civilized States of Continental Europe education is compulsory except in France and Holland. . . . Instruction is obligatory for lower, middle, and upper classes alike.'

The modern world — democratic and aristocratic alike — appears, then, to be of one mind respecting the wisdom or necessity of universal education. Meanwhile the various societies of this modern world work on very different social theories; therefore, though they agree that universal education is necessary, they cannot possibly agree as to the reason. A short distance they travel together. Universal education, they say in concert, is necessary because it is designed to put men into possession of such elements of knowledge as they may need for the purpose of earning a livelihood or of communicating with their fellows. But this is not the whole of it; popular education has long since gone a good way beyond this point. It has become perhaps the main tool by means of which a given society, or the governing part of that society, endeavors to promote the most dearly cherished objects for which the society as a whole believes itself to exist. Universal education, then, must have just as many different reasons for promotion as societies have — or think they have — for existence.

To bring this out clearly let us contrast from this point of view two diverse societies, Prussia and the United States. They are both prosperous, progressive, and highly self-conscious peoples. Both ardently believe in education, and in universal education. They are seeking, however, very different social and national ends. They must therefore believe in education and in universal education for very different

reasons; they must practice it with very different expectations as to what they are going to get out of it.

The presupposition of universal education in Prussia is the existence of a society organized on an aristocratic basis; universal national education must be so construed as to aid in conserving this organization. It has indeed much to do besides: national eminence is, for example, conditioned by economic and social efficiency. Universal education has therefore to promote industrial vigor. But the larger conservative purpose is never forgotten in the nearer aggressive one. Subtly and fundamentally qualifying the method and spirit of the schools is the purpose to maintain the present social organization stable and intact. The schools are a means of social discipline, devoted to the maintenance of the *status quo*. The more thorough they are educationally, the more effectual they are as means of social constraint.

The Germans drill the mind as they drill the body; they have educational, as they have military, conscription, purchasing a specific sort of power — physical and mental alike — at the expense of range and spontaneity. A strong presumption is thus created that the child will not disturb the social structure by breaking away from the station to which he is born. The nineteenth century witnessed an enormous expansion in university attendance; but it barely touched the lower strata of society. It did not disturb social adjustments. Even now the son of an inferior workman very rarely reaches the University; the sons of artisans are less numerous in the University and Gymnasium than they were a few generations ago. A full third of the present university enrollment hails from official and professional circles; a fourth are sons of academically bred fathers. 'Higher education,' says Eulenberg, 'is obviously a family tradition'; by the same token, other grades of education must be equally traditional. How unusual is marked displacement of an individual, one readily gathers from Paulsen's charming account of the way in which one peasant boy contrived to begin the career that ended in the professorship of philosophy and education at Berlin: —

'The destiny of the only son was a matter of course; I should be the successor of my parents on the little farm. That my inclination and talents were especially adapted to this could hardly be maintained. My parents were not deceived about this. I showed more predilection for books than became a peasant. On the other hand, my interest in oxen and sheep, my ability to tell them apart, and to value them, by no means came up to expectation, so that I had often to listen to the reproach, "You'll never make a decent farmer!" . . . It happened one day in my fourteenth year, as I was supping with my parents, that I was again chided on the ground that I would never make a capable farmer. Unexpectedly, but not accidentally, I broke in, "Well, I don't want to be a farmer, either." "What on earth do you want to be then?" asked my mother. "I want to study."'

And so he finally did.

Such an occasional transfer, however, imperils nothing. It is, in the first place, exceptional: only an unusual individual thus changes his place. In the second place, the Gymnasium, to which he is transferred from the *Volkschule*, is itself a highly conservative institution. Linguistic drill — ancient and modern — plays a considerable part; the instruction in history is designed to impose a distinctively Prussian version of historic development; that in religion is calculated to implant in the child's mind the official interpretation of the

universe. The general demeanor is favorable to the preservation of accepted distinctions.

I find it somewhat difficult to make my meaning clear without overstating the point which I wish to emphasize. German education is serious, substantial, and progressive. How efficient and successful it has been, no competing modern nation needs now to be told. In both productive and applied science and scholarship it has led, and on the whole still leads, the world. In its higher stages it even gives the individual unhampered scope, — but the sanctity of the particular form which society has historically assumed has been previously safeguarded. The German University student enjoys unique and total freedom; but his formative years were spent under a system concerned with the development of power, preconditioned by disciplined community in specific social and intellectual ideals. The Gymnasium trains classes rather than individuals. It trains them admirably indeed, but in the process consciously endeavors to commit them to a distinct and restrictive social ideal. That battle won, the University may safely leave things free; whether in the long run the battle is going to stay won depends on factors that I need not now mention.

Similarly, the German faculty is a thoroughly democratic body. It governs itself so far as it is governed at all; its members do what and as they please. We must not, however, overlook the existence of the initial control by which this freedom at the higher level is effectually preconditioned. It is quite safe to allow a good deal of internal democracy, if the entire organization is in the first place put upon an aristocratic plane. The inner relations of an aristocracy may be very democratic indeed, but the whole remains aristocratic still. Paulsen, a decidedly liberal thinker, argues strongly for the right and duty of the state to exclude from university chairs of political science teachers whose tenets conflict with the officially approved social order. The professor is, he insists, a state official; he may freely criticize abuse, but as an official he is bound to protect and defend the state he serves. The government has, however, gone much further than this in making the University a bulwark of the *status quo*. For, whatever be the essential character of the professor, the *Privatdocent* is not an official and hence has no official duties. In a critical case, a Privatdocent in physics, Dr. Arons, was, despite the opposition of the philosophical faculty of Berlin University, deprived by the government of his docentship because of membership in the Social-Democratic party.

That the University is — whatever else it is — a pawn in the social struggle, we can most clearly perceive in the preliminary fencing now taking place at Frankfurt-am-Main. The founding of a university is in Germany — as it should be everywhere else — a deeply serious business. Need must be conclusively proved; adequate facilities and resources must be clearly demonstrated. There was once in academic affairs a day of small things; in civilized modern communities that day has long since passed by. That an additional Prussian university is now required, the Government concedes; Frankfurt is an appropriate location; and the rich city already possesses a considerable part of the necessary material equipment in the shape of laboratories, hospitals, endowments, etc. Practically only the details of organization and policy remain to be settled: but, alas, they are already settled in advance.

The German University has been in recent years severely criticized even by its friends: Lamprecht at Leipzig, Bern-

heim at Greifswald, have, among others, pointed out serious maladjustments of mediæval origin; these are indeed pretty generally admitted. Correcting them, however, is a difficult matter, for in conservative countries ancient institutions lend themselves but awkwardly to experimental reconstruction. At such a juncture a new establishment would appear to furnish precisely the opportunity needed. Some new departures might be tried; if successful, they could be imitated elsewhere. But the government intends otherwise. The new university at Frankfurt begins by adopting the historical evolution of the existing University. In organization, administration, and policy it departs not a shade from institutions bound by the traditions of centuries. What Strassburg did in the seventies, Frankfurt will do half a century later: like the novice who enters a religious order, it is at once indistinguishable from its sister universities.

The details that remain to be settled are, as I have said, settled in advance. A local committee of fifteen has had the project in charge; it has split on social-political lines. Four Social Democrats have been consistently outvoted by eleven representatives of the official and professional classes. On both sides a political and social issue is felt to be involved in the creation of an institution of higher learning. To us at this moment the merits or demerits of the counter-proposal of the minority do not come into question. Significant of the character of the contest is, however, their declaration: 'We took part in the work of this Commission on the theory that it would be possible so to organize the new university that at least the well-known Prussian grievances due to political interference might be remedied, and a road be opened for progressive university development. Our expectations have been disappointed. The majority has taken the position that the new Frankfurt University has to comply with all existing regulations, if it hopes to receive the requisite governmental sanction.'

A single-minded educational scheme, be it ever so complex, lends itself readily to extension and systematization, from both the educational and the administrative point of view. Various social classes have each its appropriate form of discipline; immense administrative vigor is possible where definite notions as to what each class requires can be clearly stated in advance. The Prussian schoolmaster is, as a rule, untroubled by theoretic doubts; he has been carefully selected and skillfully trained so as not to have them. Whatever the part played by local authorities, the entire system is regulated by a central keyboard. From the common school, from the Gymnasium, from the University, from the technical school, all roads lead to the *Cultus Ministerium*. When every morning at eleven o'clock the bureau chiefs in the educational ministry in Berlin meet round a table in Wilhelmstrasse, all the school interests and school activities of Prussia have there come together, just as the spokes of a wheel converge upon the hub. From that table radiate outward lines which reach and bind together every Prussian university, every Prussian school.

To this intelligent, centralized guidance, the symmetrical development of higher education in Germany is attributable. Officials of competent intelligence and adequate authority ascertain what science and scholarship demand and make possible: laboratories, libraries, staff organization, what not, they proceed to furnish them. The German University presents therefore an even front. No branch lacks anywhere the internal organization to which it is entitled, or the support it requires

from other branches. Law, medicine, engineering, theology, are homogeneously developed at a high level; inferior alternatives are not tolerated.

Within the Gymnasium likewise progressive readjustment takes place; but with deliberation, and only after the new elements have been more or less subdued to the prevailing objects. A strong and wise government knows not only when to yield, but how to make even its concessions serve its own farsighted purposes. The history of modern Germany is conclusive proof that the government has steered a skillful course between repression and renovation. Indeed, the success which has attended its policy confirms the nation in its habit of trusting the leadership of the state. Professor Harnack, one of the most distinguished of living German scholars, in a recent paper urging that the time has come when private benefactors must supplement governmental funds devoted to educational and scientific ends, deplores the fact that, as he says, 'with us in Germany, one expects everything from the state.' But this is precisely the attitude of mind which German education has both presumed upon and aimed to foster. The government that desires to keep education in its own hands for purposes that it thoroughly approves must perforce expect to be its sole patron. The Prussian government supports its own version of universal education because it can thus, in an enlightened and effective manner, execute a policy calculated to maintain the order upon which it rests.

Very different is the presupposition of universal education in a democratic society. There, in the first place, society, instead of being more or less highly stratified, is regarded as in process of making. The individual, instead of being more or less certainly destined to a particular place, is to be rendered as free as possible to find his own place, and from it to exercise his powers in helping to determine the precise form the social revolution will next take. The late Professor William James, in this sense a characteristically democratic philosopher, used to insist that the entire universe is an unfinished affair, the course of whose development is bound to be novel and unexpected. In such an environment, whatever else an individual's education must do for him, it must first of all prepare him to participate in activities which it is open to him also to modify by the creative outcome of his own endeavors.

One sees at once how different the implicit presuppositions of the two educational systems actually are; what different purposes universal education may be made to serve. The Prussian system is part of the steel framework which tends to keep society and the distribution of social functions pretty much as they now are. Our own system, based on the assumption that our present imperfections can be remedied only by change, attempts, in theory at least, to promote and to take advantage of social plasticity. The reassignment of the individual is, of course, not impossible in Germany; but the educational system is not designed to facilitate it: not education, but industry, is the social solvent that is disintegrating German society. The reassignment of the individual on his own merits is, on the other hand, the explicit purpose of universal education in America. 'In the last one hundred years,' writes Professor Dewey, 'the right of each individual to spiritual self-development and self-possession, and the interest of society as a whole in seeing that each of its members has an opportunity for education, have been recognized in publicly maintained schools, from kindergarten through the college to the engineering and professional school.'

There is, however, another basis for American belief in education aside from the development of endowment as the ethical right of the individual. The perfectibility of social life on this earth has never been an accepted article of popular belief abroad: there the golden age has always been referred to a prehistoric past or a postmundane future; education had nothing to do with either. Our own social philosophy was in the first place highly optimistic; we began with thinking that, given favorable conditions — and here they were! — things would inevitably go well. The simple faith that all things must eventually go right with us, has strongly tinged American thinking, writing, and doing. We are disillusioned now. We have awakened from our dream to realize that, in new countries as in old, things do not of themselves go well. Mere transplantation across the Atlantic was not of itself enough. People thus change their skies, not themselves. The passions and weaknesses to which the defects of European society were due crossed the Atlantic with the immigrants who have filled our cities and taken up our farms. They hated inequality and oppression, partly at least, as it turns out, because they were the inferior and the oppressed. Too often where they have been able to get possession of the necessary resources and position here, they have been quick to assert a galling and unrighteous superiority. Again, our early political philosophers in expecting a beneficent order spontaneously to assert itself, were ignorant of the facts now embodied in the evolutionary philosophy. They did not realize how incompletely man has as yet outgrown the baser and fiercer traits of animal origin. Nor did they dream of the new powers, the new opportunities, the new temptations, that would accompany and offset the scientific developments of recent years.

In the face of disillusionment we did not abandon our faith. We are still fundamentally optimistic; we still believe that our democratic venture will pay. We even believe that the newly discovered and applied powers, from which gross evils have come, may in the end prove almost wholly beneficent. But we no longer think that things will, or even tend to, go well of themselves: they have got to be made to go well.

Education is what we nowadays rely on to make them go well. Education has therefore in a democracy a positive function in reference to an ideal hoped for, as against a negative function in reference to a status already established. The democratic world wants to be saved, not conserved; it is convinced that if it is to be saved at all, its salvation will come by education. Democratic purpose does not achieve itself spontaneously, however favorable the environment; it does not even get realized when the mere elements of a good education have been communicated to every child in the land. Something much more elaborate is found necessary. What Professor Showerman calls the 'democratic dream of education,' requires, as he very truly says, not only the grammar school, but the high school, the college, and the state university.

The fact is that we have discovered that democracy needs — more so than any other social form — to be both intensively and extensively educated, albeit extensive and intensive organization is not itself native to the genius of democratic society. Here we once more rub against a fundamental contrast. Organization comes relatively easy to monarchical, aristocratic, or other kinds of paternal government. They can go a long way without asking permission; they possess a good deal of initiative; within fairly large limits, they make up their minds as to what is

good for the people or in the interest of the governing classes, and 'jam it through'; they come nearer, then, to covering their field; in point of scope they are more adequately representative of the total national interest, as they conceive it.

Democratic government, on the other hand, tends necessarily to be inadequate to represent the total interest of its own society. And for this reason: what a democratic government can do depends upon consent. The sphere within which a government can act which must first obtain the consent and the support of the public tends always to be restricted to a minimum. Democracy lacks, therefore, driving force; it is deficient in initiative, in the ability to conceive and to execute comprehensive designs. The veto is very easily applied even by a minority. Sanitation and transportation and education and art are, for example, among the vital concerns of the nation. But until there is pretty general agreement about them, democratic governments are apt to be supine. Difference about even minor detail may remove a subject from governmental action for the time, or restrict governmental action to narrow limits. Democratic governments are therefore apt to lag a long way behind really intelligent opinion.

It is, then, on the face of the facts a simpler matter to organize and systematize the educational activities of an aristocracy than those of a democracy. Indeed, what democracy counts as the natural defects of systems as such, namely their resistant power, their inelasticity, are among the qualities which commend systematization to conservative thinkers. They want something that does not yield too easily, that tends to reduce the unit to conformity with the type, and that will even take over to itself the exception. Social stability is so important to a caste organization that it is on the whole safer not to make miscellaneous individual development too easy. On the other hand, organized educational system being necessary if democracy is to handle its undertaking, a way must be found to overcome, in the first place, its disinclination to comprehensive systematization; in the second, the defects to which systems as such are liable.

The creation of flexible 'wide-open' state systems of education now fairly under way is the response of society to this need, — a development which is assuredly one of the surprises of democracy. President Pritchett has very truly pointed out that 'the fathers would have looked upon a state university which crowned a compulsory public-school system as an autocrat dangerous to liberty.' The ultimate objects of democracy have thus already greatly modified some of its prominent original tendencies.

Still another striking and perhaps equally characteristic contrast may be pointed out, in respect to the origin and control of progressive movements in education. I spoke a moment ago of the tendency in paternal and aristocratic governments to leave everything educational to the state. I meant not only the routine conduct of education: the tendency applies to readjustment and reform as well. Education is in Prussia a thing for experts, the naturally conservative instincts of the expert being in this instance accentuated; for he is either an official or a teacher, both strongly conservative in tendency. Experimentation within the Prussian schools therefore takes place only within relatively narrow limits; nor is it much freer outside the system, for the state holds private educational ventures to the legalized school standards. Unquestionably the nation is thus protected against serious abuses not un-

known elsewhere; but there are disadvantages. Ostwald, in his interesting book on *Great Men*, after pointing out that as a rule the scientific investigator has found the humanistic Gymnasium a hostile discipline, shows how the situation is practically deadlocked so far as decisive improvement is concerned: 'With the well-known tone of conviction, the conservative declares, "One must not experiment with the schools." How then is one to improve education, if one is forbidden to experiment? Usually they expect to improve it by getting an expert or a commission of experts to work out a curriculum, which without further testing is put to work.' Protest and criticism therefore take place almost wholly within the system; the principle of progress is inside the system. It keeps to the point and is guilty of no absurdities; but it lacks volume and breadth of view.

By way of contrast, the principle of educational progress in the United States is largely outside the system. Here educational discussion and suggestion proceed merrily, without excessive attention to expert counsel. The bars are down. Teachers themselves may freely criticize and experiment. So may any one else. Indeed, professional training has hitherto been so feeble that it has hardly drawn a sharp line between teachers and laymen. The fact is that the struggle to construct educational systems which shall not operate restrictively, which shall not be based upon the acceptation of *a priori* conventional values, but which shall respond to the whole range of social and individual need, could not possibly be worked out by trained experts alone.

We shall need the expert at every stage; but even so, not the conventional expert whose point of view is identified with a traditional system. The drawbacks to the 'wide-open' school situation which results are obvious enough. It is for the moment confused beyond description. Pending the elucidation of the problem of values, no particular values are respected. There is no agreement as to what is more, what less important; as to what is essential, and what incidental or instrumental. Institutional competition has aggravated the confusion. Will the ultimate objects of democracy here again modify its original impulsive tendencies: will coöperation, largely voluntary, bring the necessary degree of control in reference to larger ends, the necessary organization and differentiation, once competing values have been permitted to try themselves out? Meanwhile the interesting characteristic phenomenon with which we are here concerned is the collaboration in criticism, suggestion, and construction of the educator and the interested layman in the United States. We have associations of educators, to be sure, as the Germans have their recent *Bund für Schulreform:* but we have parents' associations, employers' associations, and other non-professional educational associations besides.

A thoroughly characteristic organization of this kind is the Public Education Association of New York, made up of men and women none of whom may in any capacity be connected with the schools, and aiming in all possible ways to improve and to supplement the school system of the city. Its relation to the school system of New York is at once sympathetic, helpful, and critical. It assists the schools in their efforts to procure the larger funds which they imperatively need; it watches with a jealous eye all proposed educational legislation; and it maintains a staff of visiting teachers who ply between the school and the home, searching in individual cases for the causes of school failure and endeavoring to supply the

conditions under which better results may in each instance be obtained. The canny urchins of the East Side shrewdly designate these agents as 'lady cops.' Absolutely without official status, they are welcomed equally by the principal and teachers on the one hand, and by the parents and children on the other. The Public Education Association of New York is a striking example of the fecundity of a democracy in devising ways of *not* leaving everything to the state.

I suspect that we strike rock-bottom here; we touch a contrast that goes far beyond the single phase with which we have been dealing. Democracy marks itself off from aristocracy, not only in governing itself through agents of its own choosing; it goes far outside official lines in self-governance. In this sense we govern ourselves by the Child-Labor Society, the Consumers' League, the Civic Federation, or the Education Association, as truly as by departments of commerce, labor, education, etc. The official type of agency — governmental departments, for instance — represents what has made its way, has won recognition and formulation; the non-official type of agency represents the vague, the more or less inchoate. But democracy includes both; and the successful, responsive, progressive democracy is that in which official and non-official agencies are found in close sympathy and interaction.

Political philosophers once held that, as democracy is essentially a government in which all citizens freely participate, pure democracy perished when the town meeting went to pieces. In the town meeting, citizens met, discussed their problems, chose their officials, and later scrutinized their acts. Official and citizen coöperated in governing. As towns became bigger, population more numerous, and municipal problems more complex, the town meeting ceased to be feasible or effective. It remains true, nevertheless, that democratic government involves the participation of the citizen far beyond the point of merely choosing representatives and executives: he must actually coöperate. Is it fanciful to suggest that the spontaneous and supplementary organizations I have mentioned are an effort to provide a substitute for the town meeting? In these organizations the citizen once more participates in the actual conduct of affairs; through these organizations he retains things more or less in his own hands. He keeps in contact with problems, officials, and other citizens; and this contact develops civic sense and civic responsibility, — which was precisely the virtue of the old town meeting. Do we not thus reproduce in essence the town meeting?

Grant that nowadays the area is too wide for frequent assemblies. Well, voluntary association can be city-wide, state-wide, nation-wide, according to the problem at issue. Municipal communities are now unmanageably large. Very well! Voluntary associations devoted to particular objects are easily manageable. Problems have become too knotty for profitable discussion by ill-informed general gatherings. Very well then! By differentiation, by devoting separate bodies with expert guidance and advice to each of the several problems under discussion, we escape random and uninformed discussion. Finally, there are too many issues for any one assembly to handle. Differentiation breaks them up and distributes them feasibly. In this way the people are brought into direct contact with their own problems, just as they were in the old town meeting. And as all these varied activities come together, their unity reproduces the unity of more primitive conditions.

Voluntary association for specific social ends is thus the democratic way of not leaving everything to the state. By the character and spirit and earnestness and number of these bodies, the actual level of democratic life may at any moment be known. They are indeed the most unmistakable indications of the level of our social morality and intelligence. In this sense, a student seeking to gauge American democracy at this moment must give due weight to the Consumers' League, on the one hand, and to Tammany Hall on the other. They are all alike freely formed aggregates for the attainment of definite ends. Which is really representative of that which the American nation actually and permanently wills? Which of them will eventually bend to its purposes and ideal the authority and resources of the state? That issue still hangs undecided. Its decision depends largely upon the seriousness and earnestness which men and women can bring to voluntary organizations aiming to create sound public opinion, and to initiate and sustain measures that seek to give that opinion effect.

What is true elsewhere is true of education. The Prussian government can create and operate an admirable educational system; they can in some measure fashion the people by means of it. No American state government can do likewise. Here state institutions and privately endowed and supported enterprises under only indirect and ineffective state control exist side by side. Nothing but conscience, intelligence, goodwill, can ever bring them into harmonious relationship. For the time being no such harmony exists: confusion and feebleness everywhere result — in the field of elementary education, in academic education, in professional education. If harmony of ideal can be established through voluntary coöperation based on supreme regard for the public good, we shall gain the necessary vigor without sacrifice of democratic variety.

We have in America no way of achieving rational ends except by voluntary submission to rational ideals. Aristocratic societies are harassed by no such perplexities; nor, on the other hand, do they enjoy any such opportunities. With them, universal education is a closely articulated system worked from a central station, only slowly responsive to direct pressure from without. With us, universal education is loosely jointed, on some accounts repugnant to certain native tendencies, but self-imposed, because not otherwise are the ultimate objects of our experiment attainable. Universal education expresses then the sincerity of democratic endeavor. Whatever organs we create for carrying it on, it remains the responsibility of each individual still. In this, I say, it reflects the essential nature of our democratic enterprise. Though the citizen of a democracy may delegate power, he never absolves himself from responsibility; he never creates an organ so adequate to its total purpose that less formal organizations looking to the achievement of social ends may be altogether dispensed with.

THE LITTLE HOPPING FROG

BY LUCY PRATT

'Of course I should love to stay, but I must be back in Boston to-morrow evening for my paper at the club,' explained pretty, conscientious Miss Hope Hendon to Miss Jane Lane. 'Did n't I tell you about that paper—"Our Better Attention to the Negro"? I simply could n't get out of it.'

'Oh, surely, I remember. Well, this is a good place to come and consider a subject of that sort.' Her eyes wandered to the Institute buildings where faithful numbers daily gave their attention to the Negro, and then to the ever-moving, changing crowd which stretched across the green lawns before them. 'I wonder how many of these persons are considering the same subject. Well, I suppose that is what these visiting days are for.'

'It's picturesque,' murmured the other dreamily, her eyes resting, too, on the shifting crowds and the smooth, green stretches. 'Now, who's this little one coming along all by himself?'

'Why — why, that's Ezekiel!' declared Miss Jane briskly. 'What is *he* doing over here? It's time he went home to supper.'

The other looked up with a quick flash of interest.

'Ezekiel? Ezekiel, did you say? Oh, *I* know Ezekiel. Do make him come here. Don't you suppose he would?'

'Why, yes, Ezekiel is usually willing,' returned Miss Jane amiably; and she held out a hand significantly, while her friend's face beamed with undisguised delight, and she dropped contentedly on a low bench on the green bank.

'It's so lovely here, just beside the water, and I need a breath before starting.'

She glanced invitingly at Ezekiel as he came trotting on.

Miss Jane sat down on the bench and glanced at him too.

'Well, Ezekiel, what have you accomplished to-day?' she began without parley or preamble, as he hovered uncertainly before them.

'Wha'm? Wha'm yer say, Miss Jane?' questioned Ezekiel, a bit dazed just for the moment.

'I asked what you had accomplished to-day,' repeated Miss Jane. 'Did you have a good time at school? Were you satisfied with your lessons?'

'Yas'm, *I'se* satisfied,' returned Ezekiel politely; and Miss Jane scrutinized him anew.

'You have been at school to-day, I suppose?' she suggested.

Ezekiel looked puzzled.

'Wha'm yer say?' he repeated. 'No'm, *I* ain' been ter school ter-day, Miss Jane.'

'Why, Ezekiel! And what did you just say?'

'Yas'm,' agreed Ezekiel weakly. 'Yas'm. No'm. *I* ain' been ter school ter-day, Miss Jane.'

'Then you surely were not satisfied with your lessons. At least I hope not,' added Miss Jane with fervor.

'Yas'm, cert'nly hope so too,' murmured Ezekiel.

'Are you planning to go to-morrow?' went on Miss Jane, with perhaps justifiable suspicion.

Ezekiel's eyes rested on her soothingly.

'W'y, yas'm,' he assured. 'Co'se I'se *'blige* go ter school ter-morrer. Leas'ways ef I gits my edjercation, co'se I'se 'blige go ter school *some*time, ain't I?'

'Well, it would seem so,' agreed Miss Jane, glancing with some asperity toward the delighted friend at her side, 'but I doubt if your educ*a*tion ever amounts to very much, Ezekiel. Why, I thought you had given up those shiftless, unaccountable habits! What in the world can you expect to amount to if you persist in such irregularities? Going to school one day and staying out the next! Is that any way to do?'

'No'm,' agreed Ezekiel in no uncertain tones. 'Yer could n' git no edjercation dat-a-way, could yer! Gwine school one day an' stayin' out de nex'! Dat ain't no way ter git yer edjercation, is it, Miss Jane, gwine school one day an' stayin' out de nex'!' The idea was evidently quite revolting to him. ''Twuz a gen'leman wuk fer Mis' Simons done jes' dat-a-way too. A culled gen'leman he wuz. Yas'm, an' he say 'is edjercation ain' nuver 'mount ter ve'y much, cuz it wuz jes' gwine school one day an' stayin' out de nex', twell he 'cides he might's well stay out *all* time. I reckon dat's de way yer feels 'bout it anyway, after yer's been foolin' 'long like that — doan't yer, jes' gwine school one day an' stayin' out de nex'!'

'I think very likely,' agreed Miss Jane. 'What can one ex*pect* to accomplish without regularity?'

'Yas'm, Miss No'th, she's axin' me dat, too. Say yer cyan' 'spec' *nuth*'n' 'thout regerlarity. De sun cert'nly look r'al pretty on de water — doan't it, Miss Jane?' he added pensively.

Miss Jane glanced at the sun with doubtful appreciation, and Miss Hope Hendon glanced at it with delight still on her face, and then they both turned their heads, as steps sounded beside them on the grass and a familiar-looking group moved toward them.

'We are making our final rounds!'

The eager-looking young man in the lead glanced out at the quivering blue bay and drew a deep breath.

'George! This is a lovely country round here,' he breathed. His foot brushed Ezekiel, who had dropped down comfortably on the green bank to regard the sun. 'What's this?' he questioned.

'That's Ezekiel,' replied Miss Hope Hendon.

'Ezekiel? Who's Ezekiel? Well, he fits in with the scene pretty satisfactorily, does n't he, peacefully perched there on his green bank? Look here, Uncle Jo!'

Uncle Jo detached himself from the group and glanced about him briskly. 'What's that? Another one?' he demanded; 'good Lord, what's going to become of them all!'

'Why, that sounds pessimistic, Uncle Jo, after all that you've seen to-day!'

'Oh, I know,' answered Uncle Jo, a bit peevishly, 'I've seen so much that my head *whirls*, but what is it all going to amount to. That's the question. What are they going to make of all these opportunities?'

'Well, well, well! They're going out as *lead*ers. Is n't that the talk?'

'Of course it's the *ob*ject to train leaders, Jo,' joined in a soothing voice, 'that's what they're working for, of course.'

'I know, Fanny,' went on Uncle Jo querulously, 'but that's just the point. Now a — a *lead*er has to possess certain qualities of mind that will attract attention from other minds! Change the *current* of other minds! Command a following! How many leaders do you suppose they've got here? Look at all the passive, good-natured faces we've

seen to-day. Well, do you suppose there's a mind in the whole company that is really going to attract a following — effect anything — change anything — stir up the natural order — arrest attention? That's what I'm trying to get at!'

'Oh, you're talking about brilliant leaders, Jo. Of course there are n't góing to be a lot of brilliant leaders. But leaders in small ways, around homes and farms, and — and schools. You're looking for too much, Jo.'

'You did n't get my point at all, Fanny,' retorted Uncle Jo, in mild despair, 'not at all — '

'I suppose your point is,' interrupted a judicial voice, 'that the mind of the colored man is at present more passive than active, more receptive than productive, more — more calculated to follow than to lead.'

'That's just my point, Mr. Knowlton,' returned Uncle Jo warmly. 'I don't believe that there's a mind here that could successfully turn any *group* of minds from their own natural course. Arrest attention, break up the expected order, you know! That's my point!'

Uncle Jo himself sat down on another bench on the green bank, and critically regarded the low sun as it crept modestly down to meet the water.

'Well, I'm glad of a few minutes to *breathe*,' he declared. 'How soon do we start for that boat?'

'Not yet. We can all breathe first; sit down, sit down everybody!' encouraged the eager-faced young man, dropping contentedly down on the green bank. 'I'm sure you could n't ask for a more soothing spot. Hullo, young feller!' he broke out, as Ezekiel stirred uneasily beside him; 'what's his name, did you say, Hope?'

'His name's Ezekiel,' admonished Miss Hope Hendon gently. 'He's quite worth knowing, I assure you. I only wish he would tell you one of his nice stories.'

Ezekiel looked up at her and smiled shyly.

'You used to tell stories, did n't you, Ezekiel? About — about Emanuel — the little boy who lived all alone?'

'Yas'm — 'thout no kin,' agreed Ezekiel, with pleased recollection. '"Thout no kin," he repeated, 'cuz — cuz dey's all daid.'

'So did n't he get a — some sort of a little animal for company?'

Ezekiel looked at her, quite unconscious of anything but her questioning, riveted eyes.

'Yas'm,' he returned slowly, 'he — he gotten 'im — he gotten 'im — a li'l' frog.'

'A frog?' repeated Miss Hendon softly, 'what a nice companion!'

'Yas'm, a li'l' hoppin' frog,' meditated Ezekiel. 'He's a-settin' on de steps one mawnin', an' de li'l' frog come a-hoppin' in de ya'd.'

'What's that?' inquired Uncle Jo briskly, not entirely grasping the situation. 'What's that he's saying about frogs?'

He half closed his eyes and again glanced critically at the sun.

'Yas'm,' went on Ezekiel evenly, still conscious of nothing but Miss Hendon's appreciative eyes, 'he's jes' a-settin' dere on de steps, kine o' studyin' an' thinkin' 'bout bein' ser lonesome, w'en de li'l' frog come a-hoppin' *up* de steps.'

'Go on, tell us about it!'

'Yas'm — an' he's cryin' too, wid 'is haid bu'y in 'is lap.'

'Yes?'

'So fus' he didn' hyeah nuthin', an' de li'l' frog keep on hoppin' up de steps. An' she hop right up dere nex' de li'l' boy an' se' down 'side 'im.

'So 'Manuel open 'is eyes r'al slow, an' look down, an' by dat time li'l' frog wuz feelin' bad, too.

'"Well, w'at's yer name, frog?" 'Manuel say.

'An' den de li'l' frog she look up an' wipe 'er eye r'al sad 'n' gloomy an' look at de li'l' boy.

'"My name's Bella," she say: an' she jes' bu'y 'er haid an' bus' right out cryin'.

'"Well, 't ain' nuthin' ter cry 'bout ef 't is," 'Manuel answer 'er; "I reckon we better go out an' play a li'l' on de grass, ain't we?"

'Well, de frog she wipe 'er eye agin, an' den she start hoppin' right 'long down de steps siden de li'l' boy.

'"Doan't yer see de sun-spots on de grass?" 'Manuel say; "ef we runs 'roun' on de sun-spots I reckon we'll feel better."

'So dey run 'roun' on de sun-spots twell 'Manuel stop an' look at de frog 'gin. "Ain't yer no kin, frog?" he ask.

'An' li'l' frog she wipe 'er eye agin.

'"No, I ain' no kin!" she say.

'"Den I reckon yer better live yere wid me, ain't yer," 'Manuel answer 'er, "cuz my kin's all daid!"

'"My kin's all daid, too!" li'l frog answer, sobbin' like ez she speak.

'"Well, se' down an' res' yerself," 'Manuel say. An' he tukken a li'l' piece o' cake outen 'is pocket, an' dey bofe se' down on a sun-spot an' 'mence eatin' dey breakfus'.

'An' af' dat de li'l' boy an' de li'l' frog live dere 'lone tergedder.

'An' fum dat ve'y time seem like de li'l' frog 'mence ter feel diffunt. An' she tole 'Manuel it cert'nly seem r'al homelike to 'er. An' she's mos' allays up an' hoppin' outen de house 'bout five erclock in de mawnin'. She say she like ter look roun' a li'l' 'fo' de sun gits ole or dull, an' she say she like ter play a li'l' wid de bugs 'n' flowers w'en eve'ything's r'al clare 'n' bright, an' she say she like ter ketch de fus' breeze w'en it come runnin' fru de ya'd an' pas' de house.

'So Bella an' de li'l' boy dey keep a-livin' on so, an' cert'nly seem like dey ain' nuver gwine have no trouble 'tall.

'An' ef 't ain' been fer de *night*, dey prob'ly would n' nurrer. But it all start out in de night. An' one mornin' 'bout five erclock, ez de li'l' frog's gwine a-hoppin' out de do', she look out in de ya'd, an' den she look up in de sky, an' den she jes' stop right dere in de do' an' could n' go no furrer. Cuz 't ain' no sun an' 't ain' no ya'd — 't ain' nuthin' 'scusin' jes' de rain a-drappin' fum de sky, an' a gret big kine o' ribber like, a-flowin' fru de ya'd.

'"Oh, my!" li'l' frog say.

'An' den she went a-hoppin' down de steps r'al slow an' studyin', an' den she se' down on de bank by de ribber an' jes' set dere an' set dere, a-studyin' an' a-lookin' off.

'An' w'en 'Manuel come out 'bout 'leben erclock, de ribber wuz still a-flowin' fru de ya'd, an' de li'l' frog wuz still a-settin' on de bank.

'"Well, how come de rain ter do like dat, anyway!" 'Manuel say. "'T ain' no call fer no sech a shower's dat!" An' he went out an' se' down on de bank too, an' den dey bofe set dere studyin' 'bout it an' a-lookin' off.

'Well, 'twuz jes' de way de trouble come — in de night. Dey knowed 't wuz de way it come, an' yit w'en de nex' night come, dey went ter baid same's ever. But seem like dey ain' no mo'n went ter sleep 'fo' de win' it blow up awful cole, an' dey come a bangin' an' a slammin' on de do'.

'"W'at's dat?" de li'l' boy say, kine o' stickin' 'is haid out fun de baid cloes. "W'at's dat, Bella? Is it de win'?"

'"No, 't ain' no win'," Bella say, kine o' shiverin'; an' de bangin' an' de slammin' come agin.

'"I guess yer better go 'n' ax w'at 't is, Bella," 'Manuel say.

'An' de li'l' frog she's r'al brave any-

way, so she jes' start right off a-hoppin' ter de do', an' den she stop.

'"Is dat de win'?" she call.

'"No, 't ain' no win'," come back de answer.

'"W'at is it den?" she call again.

'"It's a hu'ycane!" come back de answer.

'"Is dat all?" Bella ask r'al nice — an' p'lite too.

'"No, 't ain't," come back de answer, "it's a hu'ycane an' de moon an' sky a-pitchin', — an' a bu'glar a-knockin' at de do'!"

'"Is dat all?" Bella say, r'al brave, an' jes' ez p'lite 's ever.

'An' den, w'y, she ain't even wait fer 'em to answer. She jes' open de do', an' 'fo' she kin say a word, de hu'ycane tukken 'er an' blowed 'er right up in a tree, wid de bu'glar a-blowin' 'long after 'er, twell de tree ketch 'im so he could n' git down. But Bella, co'se she hop righ' down an' went a-hoppin' right up de steps an' in de house agin.

'"Yer done r'al well, Bella," li'l' boy say, w'en she tole 'im 'bout it, "an' ter-morrer I reckon we kin run roun' on de sun-spots agin."

'But nex' mawnin', 'bout five erclock, w'en Bella look outen de do', 't ain' no sun, an' de ribber's flowin' 'long jes' same's befo'. An' w'en de li'l' boy come out 'bout 'leben erclock, Bella wuz settin' dere on de bank a-lookin' off.

'An' w'en de nex' night come, de win' it blowed up awful cole agin, an' dey come a bangin' an' a slammin' on de do'.

'"W'at's dat?" li'l' boy say, a-stickin' 'is haid outen de cloes; "is it de win'?"

'An' jes' soon's he spoke, w'y, Bella she jes' hop righ' down on de flo', an' hop off ter de do'.

'"W'at's dat?" she call out. "Is it de win'?"

'"No, 't ain' no win'," come back de answer.

'"W'at is it den?" she call agin.

'"It's a hu'ycane, an' de moon an' sky a-pitchin', an' a bu'glar, an' two 'free crim'nals a-knockin' at de do'!"

'"Is dat all?" Bella ax 'em; an' co'se she's r'al p'lite, but seem like 'er voice is jes' a li'l' unstiddy too.

'"No, 't ain't all," wuz de answer.

'But Bella she ain' wait fer nuthin' mo'. She jes' open de do' an' look out. But 'fo' she r'ally seen much, de hu'ycane it tukken 'er an' blowed 'er right *outen* de do' an' inter de ribber, wid de bu'glar an' de crim'nals a-blowin' right in after 'er, twell dey wuz drownded daid. But co'se Bella she hop right out an' went a-hoppin' up de steps an' inter de house.

'"Yer cert'nly done r'al well, Bella," de li'l' boy say, w'en she tole 'im 'bout it. "An' ter-morrer mawnin' I reckon we kin play roun' on de sun-spots agin fer sho'."

'But w'en Bella went a-hoppin' out agin 'bout five erclock in de mawnin' 't wuz all jes' same, an' de ribber wuz flowin' 'long sad 'n' slow, same's befo'.

'An' de nex' night, oh, 't wuz tur'ble! It's jes' like dis. Fus' de win' it blowed up awful cole an' rough, an' dey come a tur'ble bangin' an' slammin' on de do'.

'"W'at's dat?" li'l' boy say.

'An' Bella she ain' stop fer nary thing. She jes' went a-hoppin' ter de do'.

'"W'at's dat?" she say; only seem like 'er voice is awful small an' shiverin' dis time too. "Is it de win'?"

'"No, 't ain' no win'," come de answer.

'"W'at is it den?" Bella ax 'em.

'"It's a hu'ycane, an' de moon an' sky a-pitchin', an' a bu'glar, an' two 'free crim'nals, — an' fo' five murd'rers a-knockin' at de do'!"

'"Is dat all?" Bella say, kine o' chatterin'.

'"No, 't ain't all," dey say.

'But Bella wuz ser frighten she jes' frowed open de do'. "Is dat all?" she holler.

'"No, 't ain't all!" dey scream, "it's fo' five murd'rers, an' dey's gwine shoot yer wid dey gun!"

'An' w'at yer s'pose? Same time dey spoke dey jes' aim de gun right plum at Bella, an' bline 'er in de eye. But jes' zackly ez dey's fixin' ter aim it agin ter kill 'er, an' same time bline 'er in de udder eye, w'y, de hu'ycane it tukken 'em an' blowed 'em right outen de do', an' right up a top o' de house an' lef' 'em dere siden de chimley. But co'se it blowed Bella righ' *down* de chimley siden de li'l' boy.

'"Yer done r'al well, Bella," li'l' boy say, w'en she wipe de udder eye an' tole 'im 'bout it, "an' ter-morrer I'se mos' sho' de sun-spots 's gwine be dere."

'But nex' mawnin' 't ain' no change, an' w'en 'Manuel come out Bella wuz jes' a-settin' dere on de bank a-lookin' off wid de udder eye.

'An' 'Manuel he look up in de sky where de sun useter be, an' say, —

'"Look like de sun's los', ain't she, Bella? Look like we's 'blige go 'n' fine 'er, ain't we, Bella? Cuz 't ain' gwine be nuthin' but trouble twell we does."

'"Ya'as, sir," li'l' frog answer.

'She's feelin' r'al sad 'n' discou'ged, but she kin see de li'l' boy's right 'bout it, too. So dey bofe look clare 'way down ter de en' o' de road, where de sun useter git up in de mawnin', an' den 'Manuel spoke 'gin.

'"De sun she's a-hidin' down yonder," he say, "down yonder 'hine de road, Bella. We's 'blige go down de road an' fine de sun, Bella, cuz 't ain' gwine be nuthin' but trouble twell we does."

'So he start off down de road, an' de li'l' frog start hoppin' 'long beside 'im. An' dey keep a-gwine 'long like dat, 'Manuel and de li'l' frog a-hoppin' 'long beside 'im. An' de furrer dey went, de longer de road seem ter git.

'"Cert'nly's a long way," 'Manuel say.

'An' praesen'ly night 'mence comin' on', an' de dark wuz drappin' fum de sky, an' still dey's gwine down de road, 'Manuel an' de li'l' frog a-hoppin' 'long beside 'im.

'"It's gittin' dark," li'l' frog say, stoppin' jes' a minute ter wipe de onlies' eye she got, "it's gittin' dark 'n' kine o' lonesome!"

'"I knows it," li'l' boy say.

'An' still de night wuz drappin' fum de sky, an' still dey keep on down de road, 'Manuel an' de li'l' frog a-hoppin' 'long beside 'im.

'Praesen'ly dey stop. "Is yer tired, Bella?" 'Manuel ax 'er.

'"Ya'as, I'se kine o' tired," li'l' frog answer.

'"Cuz we's comin' ter de en' o' de road, an' de sun's down yonder behine de aidge, Bella."

'An' Bella she look up awful brave.

'"I'se gwine down yonder an' fine 'er," she say.

'"Hole on, Bella!" 'Manuel call out.

'But li'l' frog she went a-hoppin' erlong, an' den she turn 'er haid jes' a minute ter look back at de li'l' boy wid de onlies' eye she got, an' den — an' den she jes' hop righ' down behine de aidge o' de road ter fine de sun.

'An' 'Manuel's ser s'prise he could n' say nuthin', but jes' keep on standin' in de road.

'"W'y doan't she come back?" he w'isper praesen'ly, kine o' skyeered like.

'An' jes' ez he spoken de words he seen a li'l' rim o' red a-pushin' up over de aidge o' de road. An' de rim o' red keep pushin' up bigger 'n' bigger, twell praesen'ly de li'l' boy wuz stan'in' dere in de road a-lookin' at de sun.

'"She done it!" he holler, "she foun'

de sun! Bella foun' de sun! Now come back, Bella! Come — ba—ck!"

'An' de sun wuz shinin' at de li'l' boy as he stood dere in de middle o' de road, but 't ain' no answer.

'"Where is yer, Bella?" li'l' boy call.

'An' he stan' dere mos' all de mawnin', wid de sun a-shinin' on 'im.

'An' den he turn roun' r'al sad 'n' slow, an' went walkin' down de road all 'lone. An' w'en he gotten back home, de ribber wuz all flowed erway, an' de sky wuz bright 'n' shinin', an' de sun-spots wuz on de grass.

'An' af' dat 'twa' 'n' no mo' rain ner clouds, cuz de sun wuz allays up a-shinin' de ve'y fus' thing in de mawnin'. But co'se de li'l' boy knowed de cause fer it, too. He knowed de cause. An' eve'y time he se' down on a sun-spot, he feel sad 'n' lonesome, cuz he knowed 'twuz Bella erway down yonder, behine de aidge o' de road, where made de sun git up ser bright an' shinin' in de mawnin'.

'So she could n' nuver come back. Cuz she's ser busy down yonder wid de sun — she could n' nuver git de time. An' dat's de reason de li'l' boy feel sad' n' lonesome. Cuz he knowed he would n' nuver see de li'l' hoppin' frog no mo'.'

Ezekiel paused.

'He knowed he would n' nuver see de li'l' hoppin' frog no mo',' he repeated; and there was another pause.

The eager-faced young man on the grass sat up and rubbed his eyes.

'What!' he broke out. 'What!'

He sprang suddenly to his feet — and a distant clock broke softly on the stillness.

'What!' broke out Uncle Jo, bounding from his bench, 'what's that?'

'What — in Jerusalem are we doing!' shouted the eager-faced young man. '*What?* We — we've stayed too long! We've — missed our boat! We've missed our —'

'What are you talking about!' challenged Uncle Jo furiously, 'We have n't either! We can't! *I* can't! *What are you talking about!*'

Ezekiel, sitting on the grass, was gazing peacefully, uncomprehendingly, at a hitherto silent, well-behaved group of people, scattering confusedly in many directions, shouting to each other excitedly, beckoning for carriages despairingly, and then by a common impulse, falling back into a confused group again.

'You little good-for-nothing!' broke out Uncle Jo suddenly, turning helplessly on Ezekiel, 'it's all your fault! Here you've been keeping us listening to your — your delirious chatter till — till —'

Uncle Jo clenched his fist weakly, and then he broke away again, while the others trailed after him in scattered confusion. There was only one young man, with an eager face, who half turned and shot back an inscrutable look at Ezekiel. There was such an odd light in his eye!

'What was that about — about "arresting attention"? What was that about — "commanding a following — breaking up the expected order, you know"? What was that, Uncle Jo?'

There were queer, explosive sounds behind his words, and the odd light in his eye danced wickedly.

'Say, young feller,' he ventured cautiously, 'are n't you — are n't you about even with Uncle Jo this time?' And he turned and fled after the dispersed and routed company.

Only Miss Jane was left, still sitting on the bench. Only Ezekiel on the bank.

'Well —' she finally declared lifelessly, 'you have done strange things before, Ezekiel. *Now* — look — at — what — you — have — done!'

'Yas'm,' conceded Ezekiel cheerlessly.

'I don't *pretend to say* — what you

will do next!' she concluded with abject and final hopelessness.

'Yas'm,' agreed Ezekiel faintly. And still perched on his bank, he gazed sadly, humbly, away at the peaceful, flowing water.

At 'the club' in Boston, it was announced that Miss Hope Hendon, who was to have read a paper, entitled 'Our Better Attention to the Negro,' had been unavoidably detained in the South.

WILD MUSIC

BY HERBERT RAVENAL SASS

When noon draws on at Otranto the wise man rests from walking. There are some in the brotherhood of ramblers who cry shame upon you if you call a halt. The day is so short, they proclaim, and there is so much to be seen; and there was one that brought Hazlitt into the argument, as though he were a battery of horse-artillery, and discharged forthwith a volley of quotation: — 'Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner. . . . I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy.' The wise man scoffs at such; his legs cry out for mercy; and as for Hazlitt, he never tramped beneath the midday sun in Carolina, else had he refrained from all such rash excesses as running and leaping on his way. He would have marched along slowly and soberly enough, — with no unnecessary frisking, — mopping his brow from time to time, and resting now and then in the shade of the trees; and if the scene of his ramblings lay in that green country round about the Otranto lagoon, he would have turned aside in the heat of the day and gone down to the place where a slim-bodied, square-nosed punt was moored at the water's edge.

For the lagoon is the heart and soul of Otranto; and paddling, properly practiced, is a mild and easy form of exercise; and though there is much to be seen in those opulent forest lands of pine and oak and sweetgum and magnolia, through which the lover of nature and the student of her wild creatures might wander wellnigh forever and remain unsated, yet there is still more to be seen upon the quiet wine-colored waters that have stolen part of the forest for their own. The lagoon is beyond description, take it when and where you will; and so my picture of it shall be that of a mechanical draughtsman, not that of a painter.

It is about eight miles in length, and here and there as much as a mile in breadth. It is only about seven years old; for it did not exist until the historic city of Charleston, slowly awakening from the lethargy that followed the great and disastrous war, realized that she must have a new source of water-supply. Seven years ago deer ranged over all this area and wild turkeys 'kept' in the thickets. It was then a long curved basin drained by

a deep sluggish creek. Part of it was heavily wooded, part was abandoned rice-field and meadowland grown up in bushes and weeds, part was sufficiently moist for cypresses to subsist in it. All in all, there were more than two thousand acres supporting a luxuriant plant-life that perished almost *en bloc* when a dam was thrown across the creek and the whole basin was inundated. The cypresses and willows and other water-loving trees survived; but millions of bushes and saplings and smaller plant-organisms were killed outright by the flood, while the pine forest that covered a large part of the submerged area died in a season.

At once nature began the making of new life out of the débris of the old — by no unwonted process, mind you, but as she makes it every year in many laboratories for the benefit of thousands of college freshmen who are taking courses in elementary biology. The professor, wishing to obtain for study by his class some of the lowly microscopic forms known as protozoa, does not trouble to go out to the ponds and pools where these tiny creatures, no larger than a pin-point, are to be found. Instead, he simply places some dead grass in a jar, half-fills it with water from the nearest faucet, and after waiting a few days, finds his 'culture' fairly swarming with life. Not that this life originates directly from the dead grass and water and air; it most assuredly does not, unless the majority of our savants be at fault: but in the grass or in the water or in the air there is preexistent life, if only in the form of a single germ; and from this preëxistent animalcule or plant or germ, developing and reproducing with almost incredible rapidity, there will have sprung in a comparatively short time thousands of others of the same species. *Omne vivum ex vivo* is a dogma that bids fair to stand the test of all experiment, and though the first of all organisms must have been produced spontaneously by a combination of lifeless constituents, spontaneous generation at the present day is a thing unknown to science.

Yet all around us, and every minute, lifeless substance is being made alive; for both animals and plants use dead organic matter as food, and convert it into the living fabric of their bodies; and where, therefore, there is a quantity of such matter collected together, there is likely to occur a very swift increase of plant and animal life; since the germs from which this life will start are virtually omnipresent unless special precautions are taken to exclude them. So, in the lagoon and in the professor's jar precisely the same thing has taken place.

When the creek basin was flooded and practically all of its flora killed, a huge culture was formed. Here was a vast quantity of dead organic matter, hundreds of tons of it, washed by warm water and steaming in the sun. Out of it, as if by magic but in reality in strict accord with natural laws of reproduction, issued new life in wonderful abundance — one-celled and few-celled plant- and animal-forms, breeding and subdividing, multiplying a hundredfold each year in this great, new, food-filled, liquid world. Aquatic vegetable growths came into being with the spring, and spread out over the waters with the summer. In the open reaches, where the meadows and rice-fields had been, floating islands of rushes and 'wampee,' barely big enough at first to hide a redwing's nest, waxed larger and larger until now some of them are fifty feet in diameter and almost firm enough to support the weight of a man. The place became a teeming metropolis of the innumerable six-footed tribes; and close on the rapid increase of insects followed a commensurate increase

of birds. For every fish and frog in the creek, when the great change came to pass, there are in all likelihood fifty or a hundred in the lagoon to-day; and now the reptilian masters of the water, long-armored alligators that cruise like living submarines here and there beneath the surface, having a broadened kingdom and far more abundant prey, have probably doubled in numbers within a decade.

And to-day, at the end of seven years, nature has not yet finished her work. The lagoon is still a vast culture, ripe for the development of life; a hotbed of production, rich in the stuff of which living things are builded. Crowded as the place is, the limit has not yet been reached; and so this watery wilderness is still one of the busiest portions of the great mill, the food of which is death and the product life — life in an almost infinite variety of patterns and grades, fresh from the hand of the Master Miller, who is also the greatest of Alchemists. Matter is being marvelously transmuted and strangely fashioned anew. You cannot tell how it is being done, for the Miller works in an inner chamber, and science groping for the door has groped in vain, in spite of the efforts of Dr. Bastian and the rest. But you see the raw material and the finished product, the dead and the living; and comprehending the relation of these to each other, you have come into possession of a better understanding of the lagoon. The feeling comes to you that this is not the modern world, stable and complete. Rather you have been translated backward an æon or two to a creation still in the making, to a time not far this side of chaos, to an inlet of those ancient seas where, ages before the birth of man, life on our planet ran riot in strange and monstrous forms. And just as some gigantic saurian of Jurassic days would make a fitting centrepiece for the picture, so Pan himself, in all the corporeal reality of goat's hoofs and shaggy flanks, might tune his pipes in the tall rushes fringing the lagoon.

And there in truth he lurks and peers out across the waters. I have not seen him, but often I have heard him — and chiefly in the singing of the birds. These, when all is said, are the crowning glory of the lagoon; and so many of them are there that the coolest of ornithologists, unused to such tropical luxuriance of feathered life, may well own himself at first discomfited. There is so much to be seen in every part of the lagoon, there are so many songs ringing out at the same time, there is such a ceaseless and kaleidoscopic flashing of color on every side, that in seeking to hear and see it all he is apt to defeat his own purpose and become utterly bewildered. Even afterwards, when he has grown accustomed in some measure to the amazing abundance of birds, he is tempted to neglect minutiæ and give himself over to general effects: to view this marvelous feathered population as in itself a unit; to stand back a little way, as it were, and, in defiance of the rules laid down for the specialist's guidance, to look upon nature with an eye more comprehensive than searching. This, indeed, is the only thing to do if he be pressed for time; for to learn half the details of the ornithology of the flooded lands would require years of study.

As for me, if to follow such a course be heretical, I am not ashamed of having erred in this fashion, for I think that, even for the specialist, there are things more desirable than learning. It is better to have wondered at the grand chorus of the birds than to have catalogued impassively the singer of each song; better to have seen in a single hour the flaming gold of a hundred prothonotary warblers than to have filled five pages of a notebook with

dry items about the feeding habits of one of them; better to have been moved by the mysterious process that has brought into being this swarming joyous life to take the place of ruin and decay, than to know the name of every species inhabiting the lagoon.

Yet the rambler who is all impressionist is recreant to his avocation; and aside from the sheer abundance of it, there are points, as the saying is, about this bird-population that lend an added charm to a day spent on these quiet waters — details, minutiæ, if you will, that mean much to the happiness of the student of birds, and that cannot escape his attention. No matter how numerous or how beautiful its feathered folk, the place would be far less interesting if all these birds were of common everyday sorts to be found in the bushes by the roadside or in any grove.

I have not rediscovered the lost Cuvier's kinglet on the lagoon, and indeed I have seen there but one species that is very rare in this part of the world, — the blue grosbeak; yet, among the denizens of the flooded woods, there are some that would be notable in any company; and I never visit the spot without meeting birds of certain kinds that for one reason or another are of more than ordinary interest to the student of avian life. For instance, there is Anhinga anhinga, a strange creature indeed, and favored with a Latin name that suggests the war-cry of some barbarous tribe. Before I beheld him for the first time, perching on one of the dead pines of the ruined forest, Anhinga the snakebird was to me a sort of half-mythical thing, — like the dodo and the great auk and the mighty dinornis, — to be read about in books but never to be seen in the flesh. I know him now, and I think he must know me — for he has watched me often enough with those keen little eyes of his; and, although, with more familiar acquaintance, he is no longer wrapped in a veil of mystery, the weirdness of him remains.

'I doubt not,' wrote William Bartram, in that quaint volume wherein a century or more ago men read about the wonders of the savage and unexplored South, 'I doubt not but if this bird had been an inhabitant of the Tiber in Ovid's days, it would have furnished him with a subject for some beautiful and entertaining metamorphoses.' Possibly so, for Anhinga is sufficiently fantastic-looking to do credit to the wildest flights of fancy; yet, on the whole, things are well enough as they are: Father Tiber with his legends and his great city on her seven hills; the lagoon with its strange swamp-creatures, its teeming waters, and its tumult of song. And if a Roman poet was deprived of one source of inspiration for his muse, nature, nevertheless, knew what she was about.

Here, too, are to be found the least bittern, the uncanniest bird in America, and his bigger kinsman who croaks harshly in answer to the alligators and bullfrogs on clear spring nights; and herons of five kinds, from the little green 'skeow' to the milk-white egret and the stately great blue, whom the darkies, noting his leanness of build, called 'Po' Jo.' Purple and Florida gallinules abound, and weave many nests in the rushes along the shores and on the floating islands; and in the autumn and winter, hundreds of coots cruise in noisy squadrons here and there in the open reaches, or march in regiments back and forth over the plant-carpet that spreads across the water. Some fateful day I shall find a coot's nest hereabouts, for I have seen the bird in summer though it is not supposed to breed in this state; and some day, I am half-persuaded, I shall have the great good fortune to meet the ivory-billed

woodpecker himself. Why not? Improbabilities cannot dismay the hopeful rambler; nor is it sufficient that some twelve years have passed since this noble bird was last observed in South Carolina. All through this low country, in times gone by, the cypress swamps knew his clarion voice; and honest Alexander Wilson, rising to unwonted heights of eloquence, has recorded that, 'in these almost inaccessible recesses, amid ruinous piles of impending timber, his trumpet-like note and loud strokes resound through the solitary, savage wilds, of which he seems the sole lord and inhabitant.' It may yet happen that the king will come back to his kingdom. There are Welchmen, it is said, who will not be surprised when Arthur and Excalibur return from Avalon.

Meanwhile a successor not altogether unworthy rules in these fastnesses over the feathered hewers of wood. One accustomed only to the commoner species of the race of Picus remembers ever afterward the day on which he saw his first pileated woodpecker, and finds it no easy matter to believe that the vanished ivory-bill was even bigger than this scarlet-crested giant whose loud laughter reëchoes among the dead pines. Here in some sapless trunk of the flooded forest, Old Kate, as the darkies, with a fine disregard for trivialities, call both male and female, chisels a great hole in which she lays her eggs. Summer ducks, swimming about on shady waters far below, must look up with approval at the winged carpenters working noisily above them; for the summer duck also lays her eggs in the holes and hollows of trees, and having no tools with which to drill out a home, must find one ready-made. She will not rob Old Kate of her cozy domicile; but next spring, when the latter, who is far too fastidious to use the same hole twice, excavates another cavity, perhaps in the same dead tree, the demure lady-duck, infringing on no one's rights, will take possession of the vacant dwelling-place, before some sparrow-hawk, also on the lookout for a house, forestalls her.

Perhaps it is partly due to the presence of pileated woodpeckers, who can be relied upon to furnish safe nesting-holes well suited to a summer duck's needs, that the latter species is so abundant on the lagoon; for nature is full of such instances of interdependence among her children. Be that as it may, the high thin note of Aix sponsa's whistling wings is here a familiar sound, though the bird is now very rare over the greater part of its original range, and, if the books are to be relied upon, is already in danger of extinction. Here it is holding its own, beset by many perils. In season and out of season, in spring as in autumn, the Negro gunner is ever on the alert. He will shoot a female duck in May with her little ones swimming behind her, and afterwards his conscience will trouble him no more than does that of the alligator who also knows no law.

I have seen no prettier sight than a brood of tiny ducklings paddling behind their mother in some sun-splashed, willow-bordered opening in the flooded woods; nor met with a more mysterious occurrence than the sudden and complete disappearance of every down-covered infant as my punt shot into view from behind the fringe of bushes. In an instant the waters are empty, save for the mother fifty feet away, crying piteously and splashing half-helpless with a broken wing. The ruse is an old one. Perhaps she learned it from Madam Bobwhite, who also loves her children; but Bobwhite youngsters, though good at the game of vanishing, are mere clumsy bunglers when compared with baby ducks.

Yet, though I know, because I have

seen it demonstrated, the ability of the latter to efface themselves utterly and at a moment's notice, I find it hard to understand how in the long run they survive the ever-imminent dangers of their infancy.

At any moment the yawning jaws of an alligator may rise suddenly from below. Tropidonotus, the water-snake, — an extraordinarily voracious fellow, — and Ancistrodon, the deadly cottonmouth mocassin, are always eager for juicy duckling flesh; while giant glassy-eyed bullfrogs, whose voices boom deeply like the beating of bass drums, and whose appetites crave everything from a water-bug to a half-grown catfish, wait in ambush amid the green aquatic growths. Yet, in spite of all these and many other ogres, the mother, by craft and love, brings some of her children through. One of them was snapped up yesterday, and two perhaps will go to-morrow; but the little wings of the others are growing stronger hour by hour, and soon a time will come when the two or three or four or five that remain will adventure upward into the air. None of them will live long enough to die at last of old age; but some at least will elude the dusky hunters for a season and hide their buff-colored treasures in the dead hearts of the pines.

I have read, in books of equatorial travel, of wonderful swamps and bayous so filled with birds of brilliant plumage as almost to dazzle the eye, of wild places so populous with living things that the clamor of them never ceased for an instant. At the time, I confess, I took such stories with a grain of salt; but when once I had seen the lagoon in the spring, I was ready to believe. Each April that wonderful avifauna of the tropics overflows northward, spreading across half a continent; and I hope that each April I may be so fortunate as to spend at least one day of that month of months on the lagoon — to see again the flashing colors of hundreds of fragile warblers, the fantailed snake-birds soaring high, their slender necks outstretched, the wary greves, the tall deliberate herons, the vultures far up in the sky, the long-winged ospreys poised above the waters; to hear old Kate's bursts of laughter ring out above the varied notes of scores of her smaller kindred, the querulous call of the summer duck to her mate, the cachinnations of the loud-mouthed gallinules, the unending chatter of the garrulous grackle clan, the drowsy songs of gorgeous nonpareils, the glad pæans of martial orchard orioles, the far-off warning of a great horned owl, the screams of kingbirds and the shouts of crested flycatchers, the flute-like tones of graceful martins, the mingled strains of cardinal, mockingbird, wren, and redwing, and the wild love-language of circling red-shouldered hawks. The sum of all these is but a part of such a chorus as is worth any man's time to hear. What a gallant company they are, — how beautiful and how careless! For them there is no thought of the morrow, no fearful peering into the future, no foreboding of final death.

> We look before and after,
> And pine for what is not:
> Our sincerest laughter
> With some pain is fraught —

while they (to make free with another's phrases) living i' the sun, seeking the food they eat, and pleased with what they get, neither mourn what has been nor dread what is to be.

Out of their mouths Pan speaks a joyful message — Pan, the great god of nature, immortal as nature's self. To the music of their voices he preaches in lyric numbers a great and moving sermon for mankind. These, he tells us, are in love with life. These, with no heaven before them, are yet the happy ones of the earth.

THE LATER PHILOSOPHY OF MAETERLINCK

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

It has often occurred to me, as one of those innumerable Shakespeare meanings that Shakespeare undoubtedly did not mean, that Hamlet, if he had survived his sharp youthful bewilderment about the issues of life and death, might have grown into another Polonius, as all-wise, as glib in explaining the universe. One can almost hear him as, with the added sonorousness of voice that means greater girth, he expounds the reasons why there is no question at all about to be or not to be, showing convincing reasons why to be a bit elderly, to be perfectly comfortable, and all but omniscient, — because the vision of one's eyes has narrowed from the far horizon to the safe section bounded by drawing-room and kitchen, where one can really see what is going on, — is a vastly fine thing. Polonius we have always with us. He makes up a great company of elderly successful folk, who do God the honor to see through the universe, and to give, what He has never as yet chosen to do, a really intelligible account of it.

It is perhaps because I am half way between the Hamlet and the Polonius stage, and have begun to feel twinges of senile omniscience, evincing a readiness to explain to the young what it is all about, and to pity them because they have not had my experience, that I resent a little, in my better moments, the later philosophy of M. Maurice Maeterlinck. The author of those youthful symbolic dramas, — whose wistful questionings take us to the dim confines of things, —

> Where birth and death and all great names that be
> Like doors and windows bared to some loud sea —

challenge the depths within us, — has grown strangely reassured of late. The sensitive young thinker, who seemed at times an instrument whereon all the mystery and pain and sorrow of the world were playing, has narrowed his utterance to a triumphant expression of his own good time. It is almost as if one of the groping characters in that appealing drama, *The Blind*, had grown suddenly content over a pot of honey, stumbled upon in his groping, and had ceased his quest, settling down with the expression of one whose wanderings are over.

It is not that one would deride optimism; surely the strong win to it, but the strong win through struggle. In this case the optimism is too sudden, too passive; the author hits upon it as if by lucky accident. In a flash, the later thought reveals the weakness of the dramas even more fully than they reveal it themselves, and we realize anew how undramatic they are, how free from that struggle of the human will which is the essence of drama. In them the soul is but a helpless toy in the hands of sad fate; in the essays, the soul has ceased to trouble, and the human being is a toy in the hands of physical powers which are in some way beneficent because indifferent. A passive mood of physical content has succeeded the old mood of longing. Here is none of the fighting power of

Maeterlinck's early master, Carlyle, grim teacher of the reality of things unseen, who left his body by the rough stone wall of that green kirkyard in the north, when the last blow had been given and taken. I distrust M. Maeterlinck's sudden content with things as they are. We should achieve optimism if we can, but we should come honestly by it, should earn it by the travail of our souls. One sits upon the threshold and howls while Stepdame Life thwacks one soundly over head and ears; one sits inside upon the easy chair, and smiles between the bites, as Mother Life, grown kind, drops plums into one's mouth. But is it philosophy?

If M. Maeterlinck had traced for us the successive stages of his development in optimism we should find it, perhaps, more convincing; as it is, the basis is too alien from the basis of the earlier doubt and pain to let one think that it rests on a strong foundation. Mystery has dropped out of his consciousness; he has suddenly discovered, not only that the tangible things of life are very real, but that there is nothing beyond them. He derives strange comfort from the fact that there is no God; to us he would seem a wiser teacher if, instead of repeating so often that this is fact, he told us how he found it out. We want to share, if share we must, the stages that lead to this conclusion; but of the stages our philosopher says nothing. In taking the great leap, in deciding, for instance, that the earthquake is the result only of forces dumb and blind, it is well not to leap too far. That it is the action of the earth's crust, we recognize; but what may lie back of the earth's crust is, for all of science, as deep and real a mystery as it ever was. It is perhaps because in reading the symbolic dramas, we used to feel that, to such poignant questioning, some answer must be vouchsafed, that we are saddened by M. Maeterlinck's smiling assurance that he has been behind the veil of things, and that there really is nothing there. I do not believe him! It is he that seeks who finds, and this gifted author has dropped out of the ranks of the seekers. He deplores his early work, because of its sadness, but I would give all his later bland insistence that the honey-pot is enough, for the sense which the symbolic dramas give that great doors may suddenly open wide.

One's mind instinctively wanders back again to the earlier and greater questioner. What would have been the dramatic effect if Hamlet had lighted upon something among the funeral baked meats,— or even in Ophelia's presence, — that gave him sudden, absolute content with the world as it is, with all its problems unsolved? One is glad that he did not live to explain to the young the ultimate meanings of the world and of life. Surely, in reading *Hamlet*, we feel anew that mere death is not tragedy. To pass while our sense of the greatness of the issue, the depth of the mystery, is unabated is a boon to be desired. There is a fine and subtle meaning in Shakespeare's words that, over the body of this thinker and doubter shall sound

> The soldier's music and the rites of war.

Happy he, to die while still 'a fighter in the noblest fight.' Reading the later essays of the young Belgian questioner, whose philosophy has grown so stout and prosperous, one realizes that there are worse things wherewith to make one's quietus than the bare bodkin.

THE PIPES OF COMMERCE

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

This morning Daphnis was on the ferry-boat. He strode up to me sitting in the cabin. With his folded newspaper he clapped me on the shoulder. I looked up at him.

'You have a new hat,' I remarked. 'It is not becoming.'

Daphnis lifted the new black derby from his curly head. He jammed it firmly on again. 'Come on outside,' he urged. He slipped his young arm through my old one, pushed the door open, and we stood on the forward deck.

The breeze from the harbor laid a hand like a child's on our faces. We stood gazing at the sweep and wash of color and line. The freshness of the city morning held for me, as it so often does, amazement. I saw golden fire burning on turret, tower, and bridge, light budding on walls of brick and steel. Daphnis stood by me, but his gaze wandered, his head was thrown a little to one side. It struck me that he not so much looked as listened.

I used not to know Daphnis. I am an odd, cobwebby old man, walking now not so much with my stick as after it, still going to and from the city, because it takes more strength than I have to break the habit. I used to see Daphnis, with the other young bank clerks and brokers, hurrying by to take tube and ferry. I used to note the wonderful 'Must get there' expression of youth on his dark young face. Somehow, because I had plenty of time, and could follow at my own snail's leisure, I used to fall to wondering about this young fellow. He seemed to me different from the other youths, keener, more alive, more like a wild thing. Often, under his trim sack coat I thought I caught lines of woodland litheness, something like a young shepherd's grace.

I asked other people about Daphnis. Whence his birth? What his station? Why he, hurrying with the other men and women into the Trap of the city, was seeking the old, coarse, common bait? For it seemed to me that others must see what I saw, must recognize the young shepherd hidden in the bank clerk's disguise. Others must have known what I know: how, of his own choice Daphnis would only have asked for a loin-cloth of fur, bedding of fern, wild nuts and wild fruits, and a resting-place by a woodland pool.

For that was what I came to know about this young fellow. I came to know that all he wanted in the world was leisure; leisure for fantastic reveries, sitting by streams winnowed with shadows of leaves, having dryads for friends, young merry fauns for playmates. And, if he ever tired of these, such smiling, luring secrecy of sky and trees as would keep him mystically unsated, forever questing.

Now, then, I am accustomed to being 'pooh-poohed'; all old people are; therefore was I the more astonished when those to whom I stated my beliefs did not coldly stare me down.

I was, said those in whom I had confided, to a certain extent right about Daphnis. He would have liked leisure,

and reverie, and the brooks winnowed with green leaf-shadows. Yes, Daphnis would have liked those things. But the leisure for them had never come. When, in his earliest manhood, Daphnis might have gone to find them, Something Else came. Something Else had put its hand ever so gently on his shoulder, turned his young face in one terrible direction, and asked quietly, 'Do you dare?' Daphnis, so these people who knew told me, had dared. I could picture the rest. I could understand what had caused Daphnis to put off the dear shepherd guise, lay down the woodland pipe, and make ready to spring into the Trap.

How I first came to know Daphnis I very clearly recall. I remember having thought, with the curious helplessness of old age, 'He will, like all the rest, think that I am too long-winded, he will interrupt what I have to say with a careless, "That's right," and pass me by.' Therefore was I the more pleased when these things did not happen. When at last we did meet, the young shepherd looked long and intently into my eyes. He said quite simply, 'I have seen you before.' He meant, of course, on the ferry-boats and cars, but it did not please me to take it in just that way.

At the time I was speaking quite learnedly, I remember, of a certain swamp-flower, which in my younger days I had had good times searching for. I saw that, while the other young men to whom I described it looked bored or amused, Daphnis cared to know. I must have described the violet sac of that marvelous swamp-flower very well indeed, I must have made visible its silvery-fleshed petals, I must, somehow, have given body to its surroundings: smell of black muck, tangle of roots, stillness and breathing and mystery of the swampy woods; for suddenly Daphnis bent upon me the shepherd's eyes. He looked as if he, long thirsting, had found a spring. After that he invariably left his companions on the ferry-boat and joined me. Every morning we two hung over the rails and talked or were silent.

That was months ago. It was not until this morning that I learned Daphnis's secret and heard about the 'Pipes of Commerce.'

It all began at some mention of Neptune, called forth by the water. We had fallen to talking of the difference between men and gods. 'After all,'—Daphnis flung out his arms, he stretched his young body, clicking his boot-heels together,—'after all, a man is a god until he forgets it himself. It is the feeling of one's godhead that counts, only we don't feel it. Now I look like a plain, everyday sort of a chap, don't I? Anyway, a practical man?'

My eye ran over him. I saw every inch of him, in spite of that wilding shepherd grace, set with peculiar masculinity to meet his world.

'It's odd,' went on Daphnis slowly. 'I hope I act like one, but I *feel* in these clothes, this collar, these shoes, like an old granny, a cow, a duffer, a saphead.' The boy went slowly over the list of incapables. He bent over the rail, staring down into the harbor-water, saying as if speaking to himself, 'If we only acted more like men!'

I smiled to myself; I felt that I was going to get at Daphnis's secret now. 'Well —?' I said encouragingly.

'If we could only be what, out of our conventionality, we have grown to call "savage." Think,' urged Daphnis eagerly, 'think of watching the first spring sprouting of the maize, to know whether you're going to have bread or not! Think of plunging your body into cold forest lakes, feeling your blood rising with the morning sun; think of tearing boughs from good-smelling trees, because you needed fire

and a bed; think of following bees over the mountain for the sake of the taste of wild honey; think of tying your own little dream-string to every star, inventing your own whistle to answer the silver pipe of morning.'

'Think of forever hanging up the stiff derby hat, and the stiff shirt-collar on the sour-apple tree!' I concluded with my old man's flippancy. Then I dropped my voice quickly. 'I understand, oh *Lord*, how I understand! It all convinces me of what I have always believed: you, Daphnis, my young bank clerk, have known some other life, some other clime; you have been taught by Pan.'

At my teasing mention of the name, my young shepherd's head went up with a surprised lift. Very curious indeed were the eyes under the stiff derby hat. For an instant Daphnis might have been a mountain brook instead of a city youth. He looked full of the ripple of forked courses of clear spirit, a very whimsical vagrom human.

'Pan!' the youth whistled softly. 'Pan? ssssh! don't mention that name aloud! Pan's the one thing the Elect should keep to themselves. *Pan*, — well' — Daphnis looked at me and deliberately grinned. 'Pan, you might say, is my uncle.'

'Not your father?' I asked. I wondered what Daphnis's real father had been like.

The boy considered; for the moment his cheek hardened, but he smiled and went on with the game.

'No,' looking bravely into my face. 'A father is, I suppose, a sacred thing; the ideal, even if — if, humanly, it fails. But your uncle is the old fellow that gave you your first skates, and your gold pieces, and the cabinet for your birds'-egg collection.' Daphnis paused; then, 'Pan,' he repeated, 'is my uncle.'

'Indeed?' I murmured respectfully. '*Uncle Pan*, — that is a very interesting family connection. I may, since it is you, admit that Caliban has for a long time been my cousin.'

We leaned on the ferry-boat rail. Daphnis pressed a sharp young banker's grin close to my white-bearded face.

'Does your cousin Caliban wear a derby hat?' he inquired softly; then hesitated: it was clear that my young shepherd wanted to confess something. He looked to see how I would take it.

'You didn't know about Uncle Pan?' doubtfully: 'that he has come to live in the city?'

'Come to live in the city? your Uncle Pan?' I was astounded! 'How very injudicious; at his age, too! Why, may I ask?'

'Because every one else lives there; because the people to whom he is uncle have to be there; because some day there's going to be nothing but city to live in.'

The harbor tide was unusually tricky that morning. Our progress was slow. Our ferry-boat gave the curious slabsided lurch peculiar to ferry-boats, then halted. Something as lofty and long as a Gothic cathedral darkened our light, swept across our path. Our ferry-boat seemed for the moment like a floating chapel; we working people thronged on her decks, in the early morning light, might have been a body of the Priests of work, waiting, as the proud steamship swept by us, to break out into some strange matin song.

The powerful mass rested on the water berg-like, the strange pure pathos of the morning sun investing it. A few faces were strung irregularly like questioning masks along the rail as the steamer, gripped by clinging tugs, sank away on the tide.

I took off my hat, gravely saluting her.

'"To the Dream!"'

'What Dream?' asked Daphnis.

But I make it my habit not always to play into the hands of this impatient young shepherd. He knew, as well as I, what dreams go on out-bound steamers; besides, just then something happened that made Daphnis's eyes shine. There came from the haughty throat of the steamer one long note, purple black, ragged with cindery overtones; insolently, under a proud guidon of smoke, it floated over the harbor.

Though it was proud and pompous, this long grave note, it was blown with something of an experimental deliberation. I saw my young shepherd put his head on one side and listen to it. He looked at me, drawing a deep breath.

'That,' said Daphnis mysteriously, 'was Uncle Pan. You heard him? He's practicing polyphonic composition. That, you know, is the study of how to juggle notes.'

And then and there, because he could no longer withhold it, the shepherd boy told me his whole secret. It was a secret, he said, that had made things easier for him. 'You see,' said Daphnis simply, 'I always cared about music. I care for it in the way that a bird cares for the air it flies in, or a flower cares for the soil it grows from. I studied it up to the time I was fourteen. I was going to college and then I was going abroad to study more. Then, you know, everything went to smash. I—well—I went into Business instead.'

To go into Business instead of Music was to me a whimsical sort of idea. I listened attentively to Daphnis.

It was the very old story of the buried talent. Daphnis, as a young shepherd would be likely to do, hurried over the painful details of it. But he told me how that his one dream was, when the overwhelming debts should be paid, his father's name saved, and the responsibilities not of his making adjusted, to buy a piano and study evenings, after work-hours. Already, he confessed, he knew a little harmony and counterpoint. The composers, both ancient and modern, were to him more real than I.

Bach, Daphnis confided to me, was his favorite. 'Bach did away with "Willyism" in music. Unlike the Puccinis and Debussys, Bach fitted one to take up any sort of life. The garbage-man, for instance; that was a sad, painful sort of existence, once you considered it. Much Chopin, like much Shelley, would unfit all garbage-men for their uncongenial tasks; but give a garbage-man plenty of lusty, husky Bach, and all he would care about would be to handle the garbage-cans cleanly, deftly, with a technical sincerity of whirl that only Bach could teach.'

There was, I firmly believe, a tear in one of my old eyes, a twinkle in the other. Else, why should Daphnis, just here, stop and look at me so steadily? I saw the pained doubt of me in his young face. Did he, then, think I would fail him? 'Lord,' prayed I, 'Lord, I positively *must not* fail him.'

When I realized how thoroughly I was getting at the real shepherd in this young city bank clerk, I was as shy and blushing as a girl about to receive a proposal. To give myself pause, I hailed a passing bootblack. Having got him to begin at my grim, square-toed boots, I hemmed and hawed, and after the manner of an old man, asked a few apparently trivial questions. At last, I could see, I made the young shepherd trust me. He drew a long breath, he confided to me, how with his enforced giving up of the dreamy country life, of all beauty, contemplation, and leisure, he had decided that Uncle Pan might help him find them elsewhere. He looked at me eagerly, avid of sympathy in this idea.

At first, I may as well confess, I was not sympathetic. In my dry old throat, I scoffed a little. I could see, I said, how it would comfort a young musician to toy with an idea like that, but I thought it was a little too fantastic. Pan? in the city? I drew myself up a little pompously, 'Why, to my personal knowledge, Pan never plays unless he is sitting under a tree, or on a hill, or in a glade beside a woodland river. And, heaven knows, there are no trees here in the city!' I summed up crossly. 'Anyway, nothing that *Pan* would call a tree! And where do you get the least suggestion of music?'

Our ferry-boat made a slight turn, the wind came from another quarter, a whirl of harbor gulls flickered near us. These gulls swung in poised circles, round and round one another, darting as between two clefs of vibration, to the blue of the sky and the amber of the water. Round and round the air they wrapped themselves in repeated flights, in airy spirals. Sometimes in strings like cadenzas or arpeggios they dipped, sometimes the white bodies soared in chromatic lapping of wings. At times, they swept by like notes in a written scale, but for the most part they kept in a whirl, three by three, or two against three, with the regularity of irregular beat, that gave to the eye curious suggestion of syncopated script.

I was not surprised at the way Daphnis looked at this gull flight. I was not much surprised that he even whistled a fragment of music that seemed curiously to fit the beating of the gulls' wings. With a strange little air of triumph he turned to me. 'They are the Harbor Fugue,' he said quite simply. Then he took up my complaint that there were not enough trees in the city to help carry out the idea of the presence of Uncle Pan.

I remained quite sullen about the thing. I looked down at the bootblack and requested him to please to bear a little less heavily upon my gouty foot. '*There are practically no trees!*' I repeated obstinately.

The derby-hatted shepherd looked patient. His strong eyebrows thatched the brook-color of his eyes as he asked,

'Do you never come this way at night? Over the ferry, I mean?'

'Yes,' sulkily, 'instead of taking the Tube with the other rats.'

I wondered what he was beating about the bush for.

My young friend stopped to reprimand me.

'Not so fast, man. Not rats. It's the pick of the army that uses the Tube. That's the strange thing; the sad thing. The Best are the people who get there, are n't they? Well — the fittest of to-day's humanity goes underground. You and I, the old grannies, the duffers, the sapheads and the dreamers, take the ferry-boats.'

I hung my head. I bent over to the bootblack and told him to be very careful to get plenty of polish on my boot heels.

'Well, what about your old trees?' I went back to the subject obstinately.

It was at night, my young shepherd explained, that one got the illusion best. At night one saw the city harbor shores loom up like the shores of a forest stream, thronged with trees hung with lights like the golden apples of the Hesperides. 'What,' he demanded of my quizzical face, 'what were trees anyway but pyramids, obelisks, towers of shimmering light? Were n't trees huge dense shapes of shadow, bulks of myriad dartles, things that gleamed and glanced and twinkled? Well then,' he demanded, 'can't you see how these great buildings, hung with girandoles, with fretted branchlets of sparkle, were like trees, myriads of golden windows sparkling, shaking their illumination,

as a tree in autumn shakes its countless little patches of color?

'They fringe the water, don't they, this new kind of trees? They stand in clumps and groves, one group taller than the other, they make shadow, they strike the stars, they blot the night. In the daytime, like all good green trees, they are nothing but fairy castles astir with life, with song, with nesting. In the night, their countless little golden foliations seem to flutter. Why!' Daphnis's brook-eyes rippled at me, 'Why, the whole city is not only full of groves of golden trees, but of pergolas, trellises, vines!'

The wind freshened while my young shepherd was speaking. A string of tows went by. The cumbrous square masses of barge took the cross chop from passing craft. On the opaque wizardry of the water, the coarse black segments of the line were tossed like a floating Egyptian necklace, with huge mummy-like heads. The two tugs at the head of it sounded each a staccato whistle.

'*Stretto!*' Daphnis soliloquized. '*Stretto!* Uncle Pan, I have observed, often uses that closed form of fugue. Uncle Pan is a great old experimenter.'

Suddenly I found myself being immensely tickled with my young shepherd's attitude toward his Uncle Pan. My two shoes being polished, and all being well with me, I turned to help him play his game. Need I say that I began to feel a sort of challenge in this game, for I, also, had need of Uncle Pan in the city. Ah, I had long had need of him.

Now the ferry-boat turned. From where we stood, close to the gates, the straight slab of flooring moved, curiously uncouth, as Argo might have moved, over the slapping water. Our advance became to me suddenly a thing mysterious, adventurous. It was as if we did, indeed, sail down some new and strange woodland river. Objects fell behind us, or to either side. They drifted away wrapped in mists, muffled in smoky mirage, that made them well-nigh impalpable, unreal; until I, like Daphnis, saw craft as vague, as shapeless as twilight highway bushes, countless masts like reeds or cat-tails, elevator and derrick and tower as ethereal and feathery as pampas or milkweed.

Slowly, surely, I too began to get the illusion, this strange dream, with which Daphnis, all his poor young years, had been playing. Surely the harbor was no longer that hard-sounding name by which I had known it. It was instead a broad woodland river, along the banks of which were concealed the gods, fauns, nymphs, and satyrs of commerce. Invisible it is true, as those of the forest, but no whit less merry, magic, and potent. All at once I knew that strange ship-birds laid golden eggs in the floating wharf-nests. I saw lofty growing shapes, not trees indeed, yet filled with spirits as mystical as dryads, fringing the broad waterway. — Truly, Uncle Pan had had a wondrous vision! No wonder he sat in his secret nook, still trying fugitive bits of melody; no wonder he could not as yet fully interpret the Harbor Song, or perfectly play the 'Pipes of Commerce.'

For that was the noticeable thing about the piping of the harbor, it was catchy, snatchy, vague. At last I found courage to mention this.

'Your Uncle Pan,' I critically remarked, 'needs the Telharmonium to play on. Evidently his Syrinx is too delicate an instrument for these harbor melodies. I'd as soon expect to play Wagnerian strains on the "seven-stringed mountain-shell." Also,' I teased on, 'he's too spasmodic. I've been told that rhythm was the deciding element in music. Well, you get no rhythm in this Harbor Music!'

Daphnis turned his head away from the wind. He took off his hat, that unconsciously lying and mocking derby hat of which I have spoken; he stood there letting the breeze blow through his hair, just as it would have blown had he lain among the soft green hills, watching the slowly moving flocks and piping up the morning.

'I have n't yet decided just what kind of music Uncle Pan is trying to make out of this harbor,' the youth slowly admitted. 'It's got to be different from all music that has hitherto been made. So far, of course, you realize that it has been called just "Noise"?'

I nodded.

Daphnis had his explanation ready. 'It has been called "Noise" because it has never been absorbed into the perceptions with some mental picture, some heroic or lyric vision. Just as would Wagner's music, without the libretto, have been considered by many people mere "noise." Music has to have its controlling idea. You would n't care for a bird's song if it did n't mean blue sky, green leaves, wings, flowers, and dew. Even songs without words convey their idea in their titles.' My young shepherd turned; he looked dreamily out over the moving harbor. 'Now, so far,' he slowly said, 'so far this city music has no rhythmic power. It is Eastern in its development. Like some of the Modern French School it has two supreme qualities, Suspense and Mysticism. You get those?'

'After all,' I jeered, 'after all, your Uncle Pan will simply line up with Debussy and Vincent d'Indy — a sort of pagan Modern.'

But, as if in answer to his nephew's belief in him, from far down the broad waterway, out of that blue murkiness where rose the black, swamplike hummocks of city roofs, came a full chord. It was the dominant chord of the seventh. This chord was as clear, as defined, with its four voices, as if it had been firmly struck by a giant hand on a giant organ; but it was a blown chord — one could almost imagine the purse of the great lips that produced it. It was followed by a succession of smaller, more reedy pipings, which, one voice after another, gave what seemed to be the fragment of some plaintive melody. For a moment my dried old heart bounded like a cement ball.

'Why, it was like, yes, it was very like some one playing a set of pipes!'

I looked at young Daphnis; he, head still turned a little to one side, was smiling.

'Anticipation,' he murmured. '*Anticipation rises when one or more voices sing in a tone foreign to the present chord.*' Daphnis hummed the snatch meditatively. 'That is a very familiar little bit,' he said, 'it is one of the principal motifs of the Harbor Song.'

The Harbor Song. I drew a long breath. His putting it that way struck me very strangely. For after all, this idea of Daphnis's was not new, not unusual. I realized that I had always been hearing, always been listening for, the Harbor Song. I remembered that I had heard it many nights and many mornings, in many times of loneliness and defeat, of doubt and despair. The Harbor Song! How many thousands listened to it every day, all uncomprehending that the world's 'Uncle Pan,' hiding along the banks of the harbor, was trying to unify it, to make of it some clear harmony that all the world could catch.

I started to speak again to Daphnis, but he put up his hand, murmuring something about 'drone bass,' which was a thing, he said, used in pastoral music and in the music of the Middle Ages. 'One got,' he said, 'perfect examples of drone bass in the harbor'; he had just now half heard one.

For a long time we were silent, he listening, I staring down at the harbor-water flinging its tawdry foam-fringes.

At last,' Daphnis,' I cried out, 'Daphnis, I believe it's the harbor-water that holds the introductory *motif*, the meaning of the Harbor Music.'

My shepherd lad did not at first appear to hear me, seeming to try to catch again that little far-off misty thematic bit. But at last he gave it up, and turned to give my remark his young shepherd's consideration.

'I suppose you mean in its movement,' he agreed, 'in the signs and hints of flotsam and jetsam? Or along the wharf, the floating casks and bales, the gums and oils and cottons and fruits; or on the docks the dark, wild, fierce foreign faces?'

'Yes,' said I dubiously. 'Yes, except that all those things, done into music, would make a spicy piece, a rigadoon, a gaillard, a bold rondo. I hear nothing in this harbor but minor melodies, groping futile chords, intoning of portent, sad questioning notes that seem to haunt the misty waters. I say, Daphnis, people speak of the "*Tonic Chord.*" That means the original basis, the beginning of the musical sentence, does n't it? Well, then, what is the Tonic Chord of this harbor?'

Ah! — that was where I made my mistake. That was where I proved myself to be an old man. In Daphnis's startled eyes I read what, in a general way, I had always known, that these young shepherd lads hate to be held down to facts. They see life as one follows a brook; as they, lying on their backs, see clouds, watching them pass, wind-blown, white and soft, expanded, dwarfed, to a hundred fantastic shapes. Daphnis looked unwilling, almost uncomfortable; for the moment I was nonplussed as to how to get the truth out of him. But in my old man's way I was determined to have it.

'If you are any true nephew of Uncle Pan,' I challenged, 'you will tell me; think it over a little. Now — What is the Tonic of this harbor?'

A smoky, one-masted lugger, laden with lumber, got in our ferry-boat's way. She slid to starboard, passing so close that her sooty patched sail, all its little reef-points trembling, shook in our very faces. As she flopped into stays and fell impotently in the trough of our wake, Daphnis muttered, under his breath, —

'I suppose the blamed old Tonic Chord might be called the chord of Pity.'

'Pity?' I glanced around at the proud progress of the harbor shores, at the superb castle-like business houses, the brilliant bird-like shipping. 'Pity?' — My eyes tried to laugh into those of Daphnis.

But now that he had spoken this thing my young shepherd had become suddenly very grave. He had taken out his watch. His face had fallen into stern lines. He stood, clear eyes on the approaching wharf-clock, ready to jump into the steely Trap lying there with its bait ready for him and for millions of others.

'Yes,' he repeated sombrely, '*pity.*'

'Pity?' — Stupidly I repeated the word. Then, as I heard far behind us a long melancholy chord broodingly blown on the strange unseen harbor pipes, I tried to look as if I understood. 'Oh, yes,' I airily said. 'Oh, yes,' in my jaunty old man's way. 'Pity. Quite so. As you say — er — Pity?'

'Why not?' asked Daphnis gravely. He was very much a modern young man now. He stood very straight, his keen eyes set square ahead, his firm lips shooting out curt words. 'Why not pity for the wild dreams of power that come to us and enslave us? Why not pity for temples where only foul gods reign? Why not pity for the dream of

ideal love that makes men hurry and scurry to win the mere right of existence? Pity for treachery, weakness, disease, incapacity. Pity—'

He stopped short, looking at me. One more low musing chord came from far down the harbor. The Pipes of Commerce played one more strange detached little melody, and I saw a whole nature, like one note in some unalterable law of harmony, vibrate to it.

Daphnis, the brook-boy, the shepherd lad, suddenly shivered and grew pale.

Like a flash it came to me that I had a duty to 'Uncle Pan,' hiding there among the strange stone boscage that fringed the shores of the harbor. Uncle Pan, who had taken up his residence in the city in order to do what he could for young shepherds, would very likely depend upon me in this matter. Clearly the time had come for me to be a sort of Uncle Pan myself, in my strange, old man's way; yet I feared there was little I could say.

'Pity?' I asked once more; and then, very stoutly, very firmly, considering my age, '*No, not pity.* It is something better than that, Daphnis. Those few bits of melody we hear, those strange snatches of harbor song, are rather the Tonics of dream and desire. They mean Progress, Quest, Eternity. Yes, my impatient young man, don't you lift one eyebrow at me! You see, I know. Give your Uncle Pan time, can't you? a few million years or so! Boy, your Uncle Pan has got the right idea. He is sitting on the shores of this harbor, trying over all sorts of little phrases, little phrases of music that are some day going to form a wonderful symphony, some great shimmering fabric of balanced harmonies. He plays the thing that makes men brave for life, that holds their bodies alert to discipline, their hearts fixed in narrow sentry boxes of duty. True, he plays other strains: sorrow, of blank yellow-fogged morning, sin, of black reeking rainy nights. But, more than all, he plays the Tonic Chord of the old Human Dream, To See the Thing Through.' I stopped right there. 'Uncle Pan,' I added very quietly, 'plays for me only one meaning.'

'And what is that?' inquired Daphnis lightly.

He had got that derby hat jammed down very securely by now. As our ferry-boat blundered into the pier, he carelessly nodded to one or two acquaintances amongst the throng. As the huge unwieldy craft bumped first into one side of the yielding piles, then into the other, I staggered a little. In a familiar way, as if he had been my son, Daphnis caught at my old arm. For a moment he steadied me.

'What is that one meaning?' he whispered.

'Go along, young man,' said I crossly. 'I take an up-town car. Go along, you'll be late.'

For I could not tell Daphnis. I knew that some day he would find out for himself, and that then nothing would matter. Meanwhile, there was his Uncle Pan. So I, old and rheumatic, crawled contentedly along, not so much with my stick as after it, while my shepherd lad, dashing off the ferry-boat, sprang, far ahead of the other working men and women, into the Trap.

THE AVIAN SUPERSTITION

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

It is the thankless duty of middle age to bear witness to pricked bubbles. I was, all through my youth, conventionally sentimental about birds. I never had a canary in a cage, but that was because I was so sorry for caged canaries. I was ever melancholy in an aviary. I am so still; but now, I confess, for different reasons. I can no longer romance even about the lark at Heaven's gate. The fact is simply, I suppose, that birds have, since those days, entered into my actual experience. I was silent about my first disillusion, but I have been enough agreed with, now, to feel justified in speaking. All my intimate friends, I find, except the few who still write sonnets, are ready to admit that birds are for the most part detestable. They do very well in allegories; but they are best left there. I quite agree with the Audubon Society that birds should be kept off of hats. Yet if one has ever looked into the evil face of an ostrich, one is, forever after, at a loss to know what he is good for except millinery. My own idea is that most birds would be comparatively unobjectionable if they could be seen and not heard. But I must begin to explain myself, or I shall have all conventional metaphor arrayed against me. And I really need that on my own side.

It would be a platitude, at the moment, to say that the human imagination is immensely taken by the notion of flying; for at the moment the human imagination seems to be taken by nothing else. To be sure, the notion has usually been considered, hitherto, material for the imagination alone. Saint Paul to the contrary notwithstanding, I doubt if any Athenian would have consented to attend an aviation meet — unless, perhaps, Aristophanes. The people who invented Icarus would obviously have been shocked by a Wright biplane. It has taken the present generation to materialize that symbolic disaster. We have been taken in by the possibility of living in another element than the one proper to us. We fancy that there will be something supraterrestrial, ever after, in our point of view. We rejoice in the fact that we have 'bird-men.' But this, I am persuaded, is an over-poetic attitude. The only new impressions that successful aviators have reported to us, so far as I know, are that the earth looks hollow, and that it is extraordinary to lose all sense of direction. And those impressions, I feel sure, the birds themselves do not share.

I think that my first suspicion of bird-nature was gained, humbly, from the 'tame villatic fowl' of my country neighbor. A lover of larks may protest that a hen is not, in the finest sense of the word, a bird at all. Anything is a bird that has wings and feathers and can fly. That definition I insist on. There are, of course, people who like hens. Yet hens are awkward; their beauty is not even wing-deep; they have dreadful voices; they are utterly without reticence; and their personal habits are those of the traditional slum. I am quite sure that most people who

defend them merely do so to try to pay a debt of gratitude. No one could be fonder of eggs than I. I am willing to give any price that is asked for them, even in midwinter. I am not sure that, if hard-pushed, I would not barter a first edition for a really perfect egg. But I cannot believe that it is my duty to associate with the hen that laid it. Heaven often chooses strange ministers. It may even be (one recalls the threat of Kim's lama, attacked on the high Himalayan spur) that a hen is expiating in this vile incarnation her previous existence as a daughter of the Borgias. I am not fitted to discuss these spiritual economics. But whatever past misdemeanors the hen may be expiating, it is certain that the rooster is even now committing his sins. I have not seen M. Rostand's *Chantecler*. I share Charlotte Brontë's hatred of the *basse cour*, and my most pedantic friend would not expect me even to read it. It is bad enough to see women one likes wearing hats shaped, and veils woven, after the likeness of the hero. I said, I think, that birds were not amiss in allegories. But in real life, a lusty cock positively lessens one's respect for the sun.

Yet, after all, there is no poetic convention in favor of the barnyard. It is the melting song or the brilliant plumage that has, in most cases, made the bird's reputation. There is no species, to be sure, that a catholic person ought utterly to condemn. And, as for the nightingale, I must confess that, at home and abroad, Philomela shuns me. I have never heard a nightingale. Apparently no lyric poet has ever shared my deprivation. Indeed, I have always liked to realize that it was the author of 'Dream-Pedlary' and 'Dial-Thoughts' who cried: —

> I'll not be a fool, like the nightingale,
> Who sits up all midnight without any ale,
> Making a noise with his nose.

There is testimony from an English garden! How much that is raucous, on the other hand, I have heard! I have lain through convalescent weeks in late spring, listening in vain for the note of a thrush, but waked every morning — and kept awake — by a woodpecker's maddening simulation of an electric bell. One of my friends told me that she gave up the attempt to sleep on her *loggia*, not so much because she minded waking early as because, in the early morning hours, she got such a painful revelation of the real temper of birds. I have verified her comments, since then. To sleep outdoors in the country is rather like seeing Kalich act *Thérèse Raquin*. There are scenes at which, even across footlights, one does not like to assist; and there are vituperations which, even though they are inarticulate, it is positively embarrassing to hear. Better catbirds than cats — but is this praise? And the same unsatisfactoriness exists, to my mind, in the matter of plumage. For one glimpse of the oriole or the indigo-bird, one has a thousand of the English sparrow or the robin — who looks (I beg to say it) like a successful grocer turned into a 'sporting gent.' You cannot count even on the peacock's vanity. I nearly missed a train, a year or two since, at Chinon, because I stopped in my descent from the château to beg a dingy peacock to spread his tail for me. The peacock, however, on his historic rampart, would do nothing but sing. And he had the impudence to face me, as he did it, with the solemnity of a *basso profundo*.

One's disillusion, however, has its source, as it should have, in the discovery of moral baseness. No one, I fancy, has ever credited birds with much intelligence. You can see trained seals, trained mice, trained fleas. In what exhibition, pray, do you see trained birds? But, believe me, the ostrich,

hiding his head, is more knave than fool. He knows perfectly well that his countenance gives him away. There are degrees of viciousness in the feathered kind, as in others. It ranges from the mere bad manners of the mocking-bird, the sordid gluttony of the sea-gull (who does not remember him, fluttering in the wake of one's incoming ship, for scraps from the galley?), to the ghoulishness of the carrion crow and the frank brutality of the vulture.

Let us face the truth about birds; nor be duped by the beauty of their flight's incalculable curves. They are greedy, they are impertinent, they are untrustworthy, they are brainless, they are hopelessly unclean. They have not even the qualities of their defects. The least, for example, that one could expect of such matinal creatures would be punctuality. Myself, I have never depended on my woodpecker to wake me at a given time; but I once had a friend who counted on a cardinal-bird. Six mornings he waked her regularly just three hours before breakfast. This, she considered, constituted a precedent. On the seventh morning, she had an early engagement. The cardinal-bird had, by that time, sought other casements, and my trusting friend missed her appointment. This is the real meaning of 'flightiness.'

And I insist, too, that even the least objectionable birds have been overrated. I remember the welcome words of another friend when I confessed that during a week-end visit to a common acquaintance I had not slept well. 'Was it those damned doves?' he inquired eagerly. It *had* been those damned doves. I would almost rather keep a pet alligator in my bathtub (I know some one who does) than two doves in a cage outside my bedroom door. A French Jesuit, preaching recently to an audience of women, adjured them not to repeat themselves in the confessional. He assured them that they did not know how it racked the nerves of the priest. It must be very like listening, for a few hours, to moaning doves. They seem to be confessing the same sin over and over again. Where, among birds, is one to go for virtue, if doves have it not? As for parrots, they belong in Malebolge.

It was the late Professor Child, I believe, who suggested that an aviary would be of assistance to him in elucidating his lectures on the English poets. 'When we come to Wordsworth, for example,' he is credited with explaining, 'I need only say, "Johnny, poke up the lark."' Back of his plaintive irony we need not go. It is quite true that the English poets talked constantly about birds that American undergraduates have never heard. But we need not live with birds to appreciate poetry written about them. We can read our Shelley and our Keats joyfully without any such terrible intimacies. I shall antagonize the Nature-study classes by saying it, but take an example. The bittern, I believe, is nearly extinct: not only we, but our parents and grandparents in all probability, never heard it. The dragon, moreover, is a fabulous creature. Will any member of a Nature-study class agree that he misses, for this reason, the sublimity of the major prophecies? 'I will also make it a possession for the bittern, and pools of water . . . an habitation of dragons, and a court for owls . . . both the cormorant and the bittern shall lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice shall sing in the windows.' On the other hand, does the universal prejudice against the sparrow destroy for any one the Anglo-Saxon parable? 'Such do I see this present life of man on earth, oh, king, in comparison with the time which is unknown to us; even as if thou sattest in wintertide at a banquet among

thy chiefs and thanes, and the fire were kindled and thy hall were warmed, and it rained and snowed and stormed without; and a sparrow should come and should fly quickly through the hall, coming in by one door and going out at the other. Lo, while he is within, he is not touched by the storm of winter; but it is only for the twinkling of an eye and the briefest space, for he soon comes out of the winter into the winter again.' No: birds are not amiss in literature. It is in life that they are intolerable.

There is one bird that I have loved. He was lent me, for a time, to beautify a temporary lodgment in a foreign country. *Pavo Tibetanus* was the legend he bore; and underneath, in parenthesis, *Pavone del Regno di Tibet*. He was sky-blue, like the poppies that — they tell us — bloom along the road to Lhasa. Him I loved. But he was the arch-symbol of the inaccessible.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE NEW BURDEN

It is a weary world for this generation. The various modern time-saving and labor-saving inventions, instead of making life easier and giving us more leisure, have only increased our power of accomplishment. We are busy more hours in the day than our grandfathers worked, and go through them on the fourth speed instead of at a foot-pace. I use the word busy because I am not sure that the whirl of activities in which much of our time is consumed is altogether entitled to be called work, although it is often more wearing than the eight or nine hours' toil of the day laborer.

It is not usually the brick-layers and the carpenters who break down from overdoing. Most of us wear the better for steady work at any wholesome occupation. It is the hurrying from one thing to another; the fatigue and mental confusion from trying to do half a dozen things at once, while worrying over another half-dozen left undone, that are said to be filling the sanitariums. But the multifarious activities, the work, worry, and tumultuous unrest of modern life, are as nothing in their wear on human beings compared with the strenuous life we are leading with our own selves in this uncomfortable day. We have become our own greatest burden.

Prior to, let us say, the last fifteen years, by the time people had attained their first quarter of a century, they considered themselves pretty much formed as to physical and mental characteristics. If they were ambitious and energetic, they perhaps carried on some kind of exercise for their physical well-being, and guarded against mental deterioration as they advanced in years by occasionally taking up new studies or reviewing old ones; as a dear old lady of my acquaintance, at the age of eighty-nine, began to review her algebra to keep her mind active.

Now everything is changed. We cannot settle down comfortably in the thought of anything in the regular routine of life which we may not be called upon to alter at a moment's notice.

Most of us have found that few of our established habits are right, and that unless we are willing to be left hopelessly behind our associates we must learn over again all that we acquired in infancy, and that has since become a matter of automatic action.

Breathing would seem to be one of the processes for which the normal human being should not have to acquire the technique after maturity. But most people have been convicted of breathing improperly, and there is nothing for it but to begin over and learn to breathe with a much greater expenditure of thought and effort than would enable one to ride a bicycle.

In the high-school days of some of us there were only two known ways of breathing. One you did with your lungs; the other with your abdomen. The latter was considered the proper thing, so that many of us were at great pains to form the habit of abdominal breathing. Now a third kind has come in, and the abdominal method is held to ruin the figure and be the cause of all manner of evils. You must now imagine a string attached to a button on your diaphragm, and at each inspiration you must jerk the cord, drawing the chest out at that point. When you have been accustomed to breathing just naturally without any thought about it, having to keep your mind on your diaphragm with every breath you draw is enough to make you in need of a rest-cure at the end of two days. No wonder that so many middle-aged women have the muscles of the mouth and jaw rigid in a tension which, rightly interpreted, means, 'I am holding in my abdomen and raising my chest with all my strength.'

This conscious effort is noticeable in every gathering of women. When they sit they are evidently remembering the injunction to place the hips firmly against the back of the chair. In this position the back of the sitter and that of the chair of course make no connection, and the poor women, who in their youth were accustomed to lean back comfortably in their chairs, look weary and most unhappy trying to perch in the fashion of their greatgrandmothers. The man could make a fortune who would design a new chair which would fit the perpendicular back of the sitter.

It is the same with standing and walking. Many people do both of these things with the self-conscious stiffness which belongs to a new accomplishment rather than with the ease which accompanies an habitual action. Trying to mind the law laid down by one of our latest authorities in physical culture, to keep the back of the neck pressed firmly against the collar, and the directions of another as to the manner in which the leg should swing from the hip, the adult learner finds himself in much the state of mind of the unhappy centipede, to whom —

> the frog in fun,
> Said, 'pray, which leg comes after which?'
> This worked her mind to such a pitch,
> She lay distracted in a ditch,
> Considering how to run.

As if it were not enough that the physical culturists supervise our ways, from our rising in the morning to our going to bed at night, they must even regulate our sleep. It is a little hard on middle-aged people, who have slept all their lives in the old-fashioned way of lying on the side with the head on a pillow, to change their method. But there is no help for it. If we wish to do the proper thing, we must discard the pillow and turn over on our stomachs to sleep. Then, after two or three nights of aching muscles, vain attempts to dispose of the arms, and general discomfort, the unhappy victims of progress usually find that they have lost the art of sleeping in any fashion. Truly, there were advantages

in living at a time when women put on caps at thirty and new ideas were left to younger people.

But though the physical culturists are leading us a hard life, their worst 'stunts' are nothing compared with the nagging we are getting from the psychologists, the mental scientists, and the new-thought leaders. They have devised more ways of making us miserable than were ever dreamed of by our ancestors.

Professor William James is responsible for not a little of our present trouble. Before his time, psychology was not a branch of knowledge which any one expected to apply to ordinary living; but he has drawn from it such a clarion call to be up and doing that there is little peace for the shirker. Could there have been promulgated with malicious intent anything fraught with more discomfort to an already over-burdened generation than his injunction to do each day some unnecessary thing that you don't like to do? Think what it involves. On a stormy night when you particularly wish to stay by your fire, you must take off your slippers, put on your shoes, and go out, simply for the discipline. If you dislike early rising, on a cold winter morning you must get up in the dark and take an early train when a later one would answer your purpose as well. Few of us have the heroism to persist in daily self-discipline of this sort, but the thought that we ought to persist is a constant reproach to us.

The mental healers of various descriptions have become more numerous than the beauty doctors, and claim an even greater share of our time. We must give ourselves treatments for our memories, our nerves; treatments to promote our general health, prosperity, and happiness. Are we low-spirited, impatient, cross with our grandmothers, timid, lacking in business ability, not fond of dish-washing, or whatever work we have to do, we must each day give ourselves mental treatments for one or all of these things. Does any one wish to write a poem, play a musical instrument, be popular with his acquaintances, double his income, or own an automobile, he must create the proper mental impression.

An old lady who disapproved of her granddaughter's studying physiology, said she did n't think it was nice to know so much about your insides. We are all now too much occupied with our mental insides. The little book which your friend has for a constant companion is probably neither Shakespeare nor the Bible. You will be safe in surmising it to be *How to Win*, *Success Is for You*, *Betterment*, *Self Help for Nervous People*, *As a Man Thinketh*, *The Great Within*, *Right and Wrong Thinking*, *Why Worry*, *Mental Health*, or something of the sort.

The subconscious self has become the bane of our modern existence. It is only within a few years that most of us have known that there is such a thing as a subconscious self, and a happy thing it would be if we had been left in ignorance of its existence. The substance of our present knowledge concerning it seems to be that it is highly important to our welfare that this inner self should receive right impressions and that it has a fatal propensity for rejecting the right and absorbing the wrong.

Some time since, a friend, following the instructions in her manual for the training of this mysterious second self, wrote on slips of paper the particular ideas she wished to instill, such as: 'I will not be lazy'; 'I will not waste time'; 'I will not be discontented.' Every day she read them over several times, often repeating each admonition with her eyes fixed on a small red ball which was supposed to exercise an hypnotic influence. After two or three months

of diligent effort to inculcate ideas which should produce the desired result, she discovered to her utter consternation that she had been proceeding by a totally wrong method.

According to the mental scientists the subconscious self is an irrational thing which takes any suggestion presented without regard to the intention of the mind which offers it. So when my friend had day after day repeated with emphasis, 'I will not be discontented,' she had really been impressing the idea of discontent instead of its opposite upon this undiscriminating secondary mind. Could anything well be more disheartening than to have the responsibility of training a subconsciousness powerful enough to determine one's conduct and so stupid that one can never be sure that it understands its lessons! Oh, the happy days of our grandmothers, who never meddled with their mental insides!

The worst turn of the screw, however, comes from the generally accepted theory that 'sleep is the time for mental growth; the time when new resolutions become rooted and new ideas settled.' This is especially true we are told of the impressions and impulses that come to us on the verge of sleep. Hence, it follows as a practical corollary of this theorem that we must keep a strict watch over the ideas that drift through our minds as we become comfortably drowsy. There can be no more relaxation of the mind as we lapse blissfully into unconsciousness. We must be alert to marshal the proper thoughts and ward off all the useless, incoherent notions that float through our brains.

People used to say their prayers and then go to sleep peacefully, leaving everything in the hands of the Lord. Now they must labor with might and main to gain for themselves the results for which they formerly looked to Providence. And a weary task it is.

Having one night worked hard according to the instructions in *The Efficient Life*, putting my mind in order, giving myself 'thoughts of joy, of success, of accomplishment,' I was on the verge of sleep with the happy consciousness of duty done, when unluckily a bird twittered outside my window. That caused me to wonder sleepily if the grackles were going to wake me with their clatter early in the morning. In an instant I was wide-awake, realizing that by that unfortunate thought I had undone all my work and created a whole atmosphere of mistrust and apprehension which it would be most pernicious to go to sleep with. There was nothing for it, but to begin afresh and go through the whole process again.

Truly, the teachers, guides, and philosophers of this generation are leading us by no primrose paths, and some of us who find the pace a little hard long for an occasional brief vacation. But how can there be a vacation with the subconscious self for a companion?

DAYS OUT

I HAD followed up her advertisement, and she stood before me in the dim hallway to which she had given me entrance. As she fingered the front doorknob she told me her qualities. 'Yes, mum,' she concluded, 'I does my work, mum. I don't never have company, and I don't never want days out.'

I protested. 'I always give my cook one day a week, afternoon and evening.'

'Yes, mum, I know. But when I gets my work done, I likes to set right down in the kitchen. I don't want to go nowhere. If there's somethin' I need, — a spool o' cotton, or some stockin's, — why, I most gen'ally tells the lady, two-three days ahead, and then I runs out of a Saturday evenin', mebbe, fer an hour or two.'

'And Sundays?' I asked faintly, — 'I let my cook and waitress both go out on Sunday afternoon.'

'No, I don't never go out on Sundays at all. Ye' see, I likes to do my work, and when I gets through I likes to rest. That's the kind I am.'

I sighed. Undoubtedly hers was a good kind, but undoubtedly I did n't want her. I had had one experience of that kind. She stayed with me two years, and in all that time was never away over a meal-hour. She was as good a creature as ever lived, but when she left, I said to myself, 'Henceforth I shall *insist* on days out.'

The fact is, I have an unconquerable love for my own kitchen and pantries. When I was a child they were to me realms of bliss, where I was often tolerated, often even welcomed. They still seem this to me, and — not to be tolerated at all — it is too much!

Perhaps that is an exaggeration. My cooks have usually tolerated me. They have even been polite to me. When I slink half-apologetically into the kitchen, to have a finger, so to speak, in the pie, they bring me dishes, and materials, and clear tables for me, and try to make believe I am not in the way — at least the nice ones do. But they watch me furtively. If they are self-righteous, their attitude is slightly critical, if they are self-distrustful, it is apprehensive: — what am I going to find out about their pantry? And as I am idiotically sensitive to my cook's attitude, I am conscious of this, and it spoils the fun. I slip out of my kitchen — their kitchen — and hie me to other parts of the house, that seem more truly mine.

But, on the days out, — ah, those delicious days out! For the cook's outings are my innings. She is happy, too. How she works! The luncheon dishes are whisked out of the way, the kitchen is 'red up,' and she flies to her room to dress. I slip out, glance up the backstairs, go to the range and poke the fire, change the draughts, shift the kettle a little, then hastily retreat to the parlor, and play the piano, with the soft pedal down, until I hear the back door shut. Then! No more piano for me! I can play the piano any time.

I walk swiftly and boldly out into the kitchen — my kitchen — MY kitchen. I perch on a table and swing my feet, in a glory of possession. What shall I make? I go over to the range again. Good fire, — good oven. I can make anything, anything! A feeling of power comes over me. I go to the pantry and scan its contents. I am always careful to have it well stocked on these days, that my creative impulses, no matter how freakish, may suffer no thwarting by reason of a lack of materials. I pick up the cook-book and resume my perch. I am in no special hurry. It is not yet four, and one can do almost anything between four and half-past six.

The telephone rings. I go, with my thumb in the cooky recipes. I lay the book open on the table beside me, and my eye runs down the page as I take down the receiver.

'Yes? Yes, this is Mrs. —— Oh, Mrs. Grundy, good afternoon. — What? Another bridge? Are n't you a gay lady! — Oh, I'm so sorry. I don't play well, of course you know, but I suppose I *would* come to fill up, only you see I can't. It's my cook's day out. (I'm so glad I ordered molasses this morning!) — No, I can't change, she's gone already. (Would sugar-cookies be better, I wonder.) — Yes, of course, it *is* inconvenient sometimes, but they do want their days out, don't they? — Thank you, I'm sorry too. I hope you'll find somebody, I'm sure you will. — Yes, good-bye.' I hang up the receiver with a sigh of relief. — Yes, I think, — ginger cookies. Hester and Tom will be in soon, — and they're so

good when they're just out of the oven.

I go back, get into my big apron, give another look to my fire and my oven, and plunge in. There arises a delicious odor of spices and molasses and butter — an aroma of cooking, in short.

The front door opens and shuts, there is a stampede of feet up and downstairs. Then the kitchen door bursts open. 'Oh, GOOD! It's Sarah's day out! Hester! Come on. It's Sarah's day out!'

Hester arrives. 'May we make the toast?' 'May I set the table?' 'What do I smell?' 'May I stir?' 'May we scrape the bowl?' 'May we make griddle-cakes?"

It is like a frog-chorus in spring.

Perhaps I try to be severe.

'Griddle-cakes? Nonsense! Who ever heard of griddle-cakes at night? Ginger cookies are queer enough. Besides, they don't go well together.'

'No matter! Who cares! We always do nice, queer things when Sarah is out. And we can eat up all the cookies as soon as they're done, and then they won't interfere with the cakes.'

It makes really very little difference how it turns out, what things finally get cooked. The important thing is, that the cooking goes merrily on, and joy reigns.

It is, I maintain, a joy to rejoice in. I am heartily sorry for people who never do their own cooking. Cooking is an art, not only creative but social. It takes the raw materials and converts them into a product that is every way pleasing, and that brings the people who enjoy it into social harmony. The immediate products do not abide: the better they are, the more quickly they vanish; but they leave behind something spiritual and permanent. A busy mother, who was a wonderful cook, once said to me, 'Sometimes it hardly seems worth while to cook things when they go so fast; but then, I think, after all they leave behind them a memory of a jolly home-table that does last, so perhaps it pays.'

I am sure she was right. The memory of that home-table has lasted forty years and more, and does not yet seem to be fading.

There are other things to remember about that home, there are other things that are worth while in any home, but I think that in our modern conditions we lose too much of the pleasure that comes through doing practical things together. Almost all the physical work of our daily lives is delegated. Life is being systematized on that basis, and though there are great gains, there are also losses. The change is deeply affecting the character and quality of our hospitality. This is a big subject, and I am not going to be drawn into it too deeply. All I want to say is, that I believe we are letting ourselves be so involved in the machinery of our hospitality that we are cheated of some of its pleasures. We have submitted to certain conventions of 'entertaining,' and if we cannot satisfy these, we do not 'entertain.' What a pity! And yet, while I say this, I am aware that I too am enslaved. There are many people whom I have not the courage to invite to my house — *except* on my cook's day out. Then I am emancipated. There is no one whom I dare not invite, if I want her, when I am my own cook. Mrs. Grundy herself may come and welcome. And I believe Mrs. Grundy would have a good time. She might not ask to scrape the bowl, but I fancy she would be delighted to turn the griddle-cakes, or run out for the hot toast.

It is irresistible, this charm of doing things one's self, of doing things together. People have talked about the simple life until we are sick of the name. But we are not sick of the thing, the real thing. And our present conditions

are not satisfying us. They need to be shaken up and recombined. We cannot go backward, but we can, perhaps, while accepting what is good in the new order, try to hold fast to what was good in the old. Probably it is best for me not to do all my own housework, but it would, I am convinced, be little short of a calamity if I never did any. To feel that my cook is doing her work contentedly, that she needs her wages and I need my time — this is all very well. But, like Antæus, I must touch earth often. I yearn for the poker, I hanker for the mixing bowl, I sigh for the frying-pan. Man does not live by bread alone, but neither does he live by taking thought alone. I love to think, and talk, and feel, but I cannot forget that I have hands which clamor to be put to use, arms which will not hang idle. It does not satisfy me to do make-believe work that does not need to be done: picture-puzzles and burnt-wood and neckties. I want real work, primitive work. Hurrah for the coal-hod! Hurrah for the tea-kettle! Hurrah for the Day Out!

THE TRAIL OF THE FASHION MAGAZINE

We are, for the first time, subscribing to one of those domestic journals wherein literature and discussion of the styles are neatly sandwiched together, and where only the utmost correctness in human conduct, as well as in human costume, is admitted. Perhaps it is intellectual snobbishness which makes me add hastily that we are doing it for our maid, who is the only fashionable one in the family.

As this paper happens to fall, now and then, side by side with other illustrated magazines, our best and worst literary periodicals, taken regularly, or incidentally purchased, it throws a flood of light upon our vaunted art of illustration, which, we are often assured, whether done in delicate colors or in black and white, surpasses the art of illustration in all other lands. I had long wondered what could be the vague influence looming behind the varied show, dominating the *motifs*, determining the drawing, setting its seal upon the work, and producing an unpleasant sameness, a tendency toward type and toward commonplaceness in type. Slowly, but with unmistakable certainty, the answer comes, as the pages lie open side by side: it is the fashion magazine. In these superior weeklies and monthlies, full of tales and verse dealing with human souls and human emotions, the emphasis on clothes, as of paramount importance in life, is quite as obvious as in Butterick's fashion magazine, dealing with spring styles.

Observe, in this choice publication, the crucial moment when he — in the pergola studied from directions in *The Ladies' Own* for manufacturing Italian gardens — stands, with elbows correctly bent, a perfect facsimile of 'Gentleman's Afternoon Wear,' on page 2 of the fashion circular. She, in Empire style without folds, is gazing at him with that facial expressionlessness that means a perfect fit. It is most effective, after its kind; but should a man, at this great crisis in life, be thinking quite so hard about the lines of his shoulders? Should she, at this time, which *The Ladies' Own* would pronounce the supreme moment of a woman's life, be quite so careful to tilt her head in just the way that shows off the under side of her hat?

Again, in another equally superior journal, I encounter another heroine and see her waiting, all suspense, to know whether it is joy or doom; but the only idea that comes to me is, — 'Ladies' seven-gored skirt.' You see, I am paying for my recent sophistica-

tion at the hands of the fashion magazine, and cannot help seeing influences which so clearly present themselves. Is this despair? No, it is only old-blue chiffon-taffeta with Venetian point. Is this, bending over the cradle, the rapture of motherhood? Not a bit of it! It is an old-rose tea-gown, with pipings of a darker shade, and insertions of Irish lace. So it runs through the whole range of human feeling and experience. We have love, directoire; hate, princess; compassion, early Victorian, with capes. Into the subtlest moment of passion bursts the spring style in hats; into the deepest grief, when the mother bends over her dead child, intrudes the thought, that, if her house-dress of cashmere and silk is so correct, her mourning will be equally effective.

It is evident, after prolonged study of many magazines, first, that the various *motifs* of love, passion, grief, fear, are carefully rendered with a view to displaying late styles to best advantage; second, that no emotion must be carried to the point where it will wrinkle, injure or destroy the fit of a costume. Must our range of feeling, then, be determined by our clothes? You will see at once how this is going to limit our expression of passion. Must we confine ourselves to those phases of achievement that will not injure ruffle or waistcoat? How could yonder hero rescue, in boots so palpably tight, the heroine from a watery grave? Through his pictured self he will go down in memory as less than he really was, in the story at least, because of limitations set, not by his inner self, but by his costume. Prophetically I glance into the future, and I see represented in our art only correct moments of experience, met with unruffled composure, — unless ruffles should happen to be in vogue, — wherein *The Ladies' Own* shall dominate our ideals.

As I think of the faces and forms that have come before me in these illustrations, my mind dwells perhaps longest on the children, so like the simpering youngsters of the fashion magazines, thinking about their frocks, marching by the side of cat or dog with an eye to pose, looking out from under their lace hats with unnatural smiles. If I had a child that looked up at me this way I should be tempted to follow the example of the mother of a little girl who was with me long ago in boarding-school. My young comrade had been reading a story about an 'Elsie-book' kind of heroine, and tried to follow her example, looking up with a 'bright, engaging smile.' Her mother, mistaking it for impertinence, spanked her. As I look at the many faces representing our youngest I cannot help realizing that I, too, should consider such an intentional look of intelligence a breach of the Fifth Commandment.

Jesting aside, there seems to me in all this work, a fatal tendency away from close study of individual characteristics toward types, and rather foolish types, like the wax figures of show windows. Is this our nearest approach to the presentation of ideal beauty? A host of inferior illustrations, even a long line of our choicest and best, the Gibson pictures, answer 'Yes'!

But I am tired of the subject, and I throw aside literary magazines and fashion mazagines together. What will be the new style in love, this spring, I wonder, and how will jealousy be draped? Will anger have an overskirt? And human anguish tight sleeves?

THE SOCIETY FOR THE P. OF N. O. OF T.

Back in the literal Dark Ages of the early nineties, before sputtering arc lights and ghastly Hewitt tubes had 'made Darkness itself appear a thing of comfort,' I was driving through a

mountain valley on a golden day in June. All the fences were blazing with flame-colored posters, vociferating an announcement of a cheap-rate excursion to the neighboring city, the chief attraction of which was 'a grand night-celebration, with thousands of the new electric lights burning in reckless profusion'; and the catch-word ran:— 'Come! Come! See Night turned to Day!'

I pulled my hat over my eyes to shade them from the prodigal rays of the sun, and fell into a reverie over the trait of human nature appealed to by those unsightly posters. I thought it a very harmless and somnolent little meditation. I had not learned then how fatally any form of thought disturbs one's peace of mind, but it sowed a seed which has grown mightily in the involuntarily fertile soil of my New England temperament.

I remarked conversationally to myself: 'What a saving of energy for better purposes would ensue if people did not want night turned to day, and consequently (for the most energetic of us must sleep) day turned to night, but would accept the natural order of things.'

The hugely outspreading nature of the growth which sprang from this seed is now direly apparent. It overshadows the most unexpected parts of life for me. I cannot sit down to the well-furnished table of a friend without lamenting over the waste involved in eating strawberries in January and watermelons in June. 'Why?' I asked myself with passion, 'why not eat strawberries in June and watermelons in August when both are at their best, and use all the money, brains, efforts, and persistence now employed in turning nature topsy-turvy, to produce more cheaply some part of the world's necessary food? Talk about the waste of water-power!!'

Once I burst out with my question to a shrewd business-friend.

He answered, 'Why, there are millions of dollars invested in greenhouses!'

'That's exactly what I complain of!'

He was transfixed by the business man's horror of a possible depreciation of vested interests. 'Think of the loss to the investors if the custom should stop.'

I made answer, reasonably I thought, 'There was a flourishing trade once in chain-armor, and later in hoop-skirts, and later in ping-pong balls. I never heard that the people who gave up those industries starved to —'

But my friend was already moving towards the door.

'Oh, if you're going to talk metaphors —!' he said, and went away, leaving me to contemplate in solitary anguish the tragically extravagant waste of energy in a world where every minim is needed to solve real problems.

It was the fashion that winter to decorate ladies' evening dresses with bands of fur. My obsession was already so overmastering that I scarcely restrained myself from accosting the fair savages with: 'Why do you put on your décolleté chiffon gowns, material needed only by a missionary to the Esquimaux? Don't you realize that you are squandering the time and effort of thousands of men to procure you this unsuitable ornamentation?'

I never did so far forget myself as thus simple-mindedly to appeal to the reason of a woman of fashion, but if I had, I know what she would have answered: 'Sir! I pay for my furs!'

And then, so mercilessly has this conception transformed me into a stark moralizer, I should have hurled at her a bigoted, 'If you have money to spare, pay it out for something either useful or really beautiful — not merely expensive — and don't spend it for nose-rings!'

How could I have guessed that the effect of that little half-hour of meditation under the cheerful June sun could be so baleful!

On two other occasions I have broken my silence. Once to a lawyer, who heard me with a disillusioned, tolerant smile and said, 'That's inherent in men!' He spoke as though to bring to my notice an overlooked and conclusive argument: 'They have always desired what is difficult to procure, irrespective of its real value.'

'They've always desired to cut each other's throats!' I said, 'but some effort is made to keep them from doing it.'

'Oh, you can't make over human nature,' he said comfortably.

I cast an outraged mental glance back over the progress of the race. 'You *can't*, can't you!' I cried with more vigor than elegance. 'At what else is every effort of civilization aimed! There *are* things hard to get that are worthy. Why not concentrate on those and forbid by law carving the Lord's prayer on a cherry-stone?'

'Well, you can try if you want to,' he said. 'I'm busy trying to keep them from stealing each other's money.'

I directed my next remarks to a political economist. He swelled Delphically with the afflatus of his answer and evidently expected me to fall prostrate before the dread word. 'That is PROGRESS,' he pronounced, 'the subjugation of nature by man.'

But he reckoned without my years of thought on the subject. 'Poppy-cock!' I said; 'keeping one's house warm in winter is subjugation of nature by man if you will, and so is the telephone and the telegraph and antitoxin; but can you maintain that it is not a miserable waste of blood and brains and effort to obtain those sickly cut roses, perishing in the December air — the costume of that woman yonder — this white stone in your ring which, if it were common, would be recognized as ugly and colorless?'

He admitted lightly: 'Those are not quite wise manifestations of the spirit I spoke of.'

I raged. 'Not quite wise! A trifling folly that — which costs millions of money, oceans of blood, and more brain-power than can be hinted at in units of power. You admit it! Let us therefore ride forth upon a crusade against this inordinate and shameful abuse.'

He shrank from before my eloquence, — alas, he shrank out of the room in full retreat, murmuring, 'But — my great monograph on the Influence of the Physiocratic School upon the Policies of the Constituent Assembly.'

I turned from him. I turn from all his Pharisaical class. I address myself to the Sound Heart of the People. Here I sit me down on the street-corner calling upon all who pass to join a new reformatory society.

Yes, I do not even shrink from that name. Upon a world already hag-ridden by Sunshine Clubs, by Village Improvement Societies, by S.-P.-C.-A.-ites, by Associations for the Relief of the Color-Blind and the Knock-Kneed, I propose to launch another reform. Why not? To wait until all the others are settled would be to wait at a Broadway crossing for the traffic to finish passing. Besides, there is this fundamental, vital difference between *my* society and all the others. Mine is really important, is really needed!

If you smile at the familiar ring of this, let me entreat you to pull your hat over your eyes and give the matter a half-hour's thought, going over, item by item, the different expenditures of effort in your life. You will emerge — any sane human being will emerge — from such a meditation, an enthusiastic Charter member of the Society for the Preservation of the Natural Order of Things.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1911

WITHIN THE PALE

BY MARY ANTIN

I

When I was a little girl, the world was divided into two parts: namely, Polotzk, the place where I lived, and a strange land called Russia. All the little girls I knew lived in Polotzk, with their fathers and mothers and friends. Russia was the place where one's father went on business. It was so far off, and so many bad things happened there, that one's mother and grandmother and grown-up aunts cried at the railroad station; and when the father departed for Russia one was expected to be sad and quiet for the rest of the day.

After a while there came to my knowledge the existence of another division, a region intermediate between Polotzk and Russia. It seemed there was a place called Vitebsk, one called Vilna, one Riga, and some others. From those places came photographs of uncles and cousins one had never seen, and letters, and sometimes the uncles themselves. These uncles were just like other people in Polotzk; the people in Russia, one understood, were very different.

In answer to questions, the visiting uncles said all sorts of silly things to make everybody laugh, and so one never found out why Vitebsk and Vilna, since they were not Polotzk, were not as sad as Russia. Mother hardly cried at all when the uncles went away.

One time, when I was about eight years old, one of my grown-up cousins went to Vitebsk. Everybody went to see her off, but I did n't. I went with her. I was put on the train, with my best dress tied up in a handkerchief, and I stayed on the train for hours and hours, and came to Vitebsk. I could not tell, as we rushed along, where the end of Polotzk was. There were a great many places, on the way, with strange names; but it was very plain when we got to Vitebsk.

The station was a big place, much bigger than the railroad station in Polotzk. Several trains came in at once, instead of only one. Then there was an immense buffet with fruits and confections, and a place where books were sold. My cousin never let go my hand, on account of the crowd. Then we rode in a cab for ever so long, and I saw the most beautiful streets and shops and houses, much bigger and finer than any in Polotzk.

We remained in Vitebsk several days and I saw many wonderful things; but

what gave me my one great surprise was something that was n't new to me at all. It was the river — the river Dvina. Now the Dvina is in Polotzk. All my life I had seen the Dvina. How, then, could the Dvina be in Vitebsk? My cousin and I had come on the train, but everybody knew that a train could go everywhere, even to Russia. It became clear to me that the Dvina went on and on, like a railroad track, whereas I had always supposed that it stopped where Polotzk stopped. I had never seen the end of Polotzk; I meant to, when I was bigger. But how could there be an end of Polotzk now? Polotzk was everything on both sides of the Dvina, as all my life I had known, and the Dvina, it now turned out, never broke off at all. It was very curious that the Dvina should remain the same, while Polotzk changed into Vitebsk!

The mystery of this transmutation led to much thinking, as a result of which I came to understand that the boundary between Polotzk and the rest of the world was not, as I had supposed, a physical barricade, like the fence which divided our garden from the street. But while Polotzk and Vitebsk were bound together by the continuity of the earth, between them and Russia a formidable barrier still interposed. When people went to Russia it was a sign of trouble: either they could not make a living, or they were drafted for the army, or they had a lawsuit. For in Russia lived the Czar, and in Russia were the dreadful prisons from which people never came back. No, it was not good to go to Russia. And next I learned gradually that much as Polotzk disliked to go to Russia, even more did Russia object to letting Polotzk come. People from Polotzk were sometimes turned back before they had finished their business, and often were cruelly treated on the way. It seemed there were certain places in Russia — St. Petersburg, and Moscow, and Kiev — where my uncle or my father or my neighbor must never come at all, no matter what important things invited them. The police would seize them and send them back to Polotzk in chains, like wicked prisoners, although they had never done any wrong.

It was strange enough that my relatives should be treated like this, but at least there was this excuse for sending them back to Polotzk, that they belonged there. For what reason were people driven out of St. Petersburg and Moscow who had their homes in those cities, and had no other place to go to? Ever so many people, men and women and even children, came to Polotzk, where they had no friends, with stories of cruel treatment in Russia; and although they were nobody's relatives, they were taken in, and helped, and set up in business, like unfortunates after a fire.

It was very strange that the Czar and the police should want all Russia for themselves. It was a very big country; it took many days for a letter to reach one's father in Russia — why might not everybody be there who wanted to?

I do not know when I became old enough to understand. The truth was borne in on me a dozen times a day, from the time I began to distinguish words from empty noises. My grandmother told me about it, when she put me to bed at night. My parents told me about it, when they gave me presents on holidays. My playmates told me, when they drew me back into a corner of the gateway to let a policeman pass. Vanka, the white-haired little boy, told me all about it, when he ran out of his mother's laundry on purpose to throw mud after me, when I happened to pass. I heard about it during prayers, and when women quar-

reled in the market-place; and sometimes, waking in the night, I heard my parents whisper it in the dark.

There was no time in my life when I did not hear and see and feel the truth — the reason why Polotzk was cut off from the rest of Russia. It was the first lesson a little girl in Polotzk had to learn, but for a long time I did not understand. Then there came a time when I knew that Polotzk and Vitebsk and Vilna and some other places were grouped together as the 'Pale of Settlement,' and within this area the Czar commanded me to stay, with my father and mother and friends, and all other people like us. We must not be found outside the Pale, because we were Jews.

So there was a fence around Polotzk, after all. The world was divided into Jews and Gentiles.

This knowledge came so gradually that it could not shock me. It trickled into my consciousness drop by drop. By the time I fully understood that I was a prisoner, the shackles had grown familiar to my flesh.

The first time Vanka threw mud at me I ran home and complained to my mother, who brushed off my dress and said, quite resignedly, 'How can I help you, my poor child? Vanka is a Gentile. The Gentiles do as they like with us Jews.'

The next time Vanka abused me I did not cry, but ran for shelter, saying to myself, 'Vanka is a Gentile.' The third time, when Vanka spat on me, I wiped my face and thought nothing at all. I accepted ill-usage from the Gentiles as one accepts the weather. The world was made in a certain way, and I had to live in it.

Not quite all the Gentiles were like Vanka. Next door to us lived a Gentile family which was very friendly. There was a girl as big as I, who never called me names, and gave me flowers from her father's garden. And there were the Parphens, of whom my grandfather rented his store. They treated us kindly, as if we were not Jews at all. On our festival days they visited our house, and brought us presents, carefully choosing such things as Jewish children might accept; and they liked to have everything explained to them, about the wine and the fruit and the candles, and they even tried to say the appropriate greetings and blessings in Hebrew.

My father used to say that if all the Russians were like the Parphens, there would be no trouble between Gentiles and Jews; and Fedora Pavlovna, the landlady, would reply that the Russian *people* were not to blame. It was the priests, she said, who taught the people to hate the Jews. Of course she knew best, as she was a very pious Christian. She never passed a church without crossing herself.

The Gentiles were always crossing themselves: when they went into the church and when they came out, when they met a priest, or passed an image in the street. The dirty beggars on the church-steps never stopped crossing themselves; and even when they stood on the corner of a Jewish street, and received alms from Jewish people, they crossed themselves and mumbled Christian prayers.

In every Gentile house there was what they called an *ikon*, which was an image or picture of the Christian God, hung up in a corner, with a light always burning before it. In front of the ikon the Gentiles said their prayers, on their knees, crossing themselves all the time.

I tried not to look in the corner where the ikon was, when I came into a Gentile house. I was afraid of the cross. Everybody was, in Polotzk — all the Jews, I mean. For it was the cross that made the priests, and the priests made

our troubles, as even some Christians admitted. The Gentiles said that we had killed their God, which was absurd, as they never had a God — nothing but images. Besides, what they accused us of had happened so long ago: the Gentiles themselves said it was long ago. Everybody had been dead for ages who could have had anything to do with it. Yet they put up crosses everywhere, and wore them on their necks, on purpose to remind themselves of these false things; and they considered it pious to hate and abuse us, insisting we had killed their God. To worship the cross and to torment a Jew was the same thing to them. That is why we feared the cross.

Another thing the Gentiles said about us was that we used the blood of murdered Christian children at the Passover festival. Of course that was a wicked lie. It made me sick to think of such a thing. I knew everything that was done for Passover, from the time I was a very little girl. The house was made clean and shining and holy, even in the corners where nobody ever looked. Vessels and dishes that were used all the year round were put away in the garret, and special vessels were brought out for the Passover week. I used to help unpack the new dishes, and find my own blue mug. When the fresh curtains were put up, and the white floors were uncovered, and everybody in the house put on new clothes, and I sat down to the feast in my new dress, I felt clean inside and out. And when I asked the Four Questions, about the unleavened bread and the bitter herbs and the other things, and the family, reading from their books, answered me, did I not know all about Passover, and what was on the table, and why? It was wicked of the Gentiles to tell lies about us. The youngest child in the house knew how Passover was kept.

The Passover season, when we celebrated our deliverance from the land of Egypt, and felt so glad and thankful, as if it had only just happened, was the time our Gentile neighbors chose to remind us that Russia was another Egypt. That is what I heard people say, and it was true. It was not so bad in Polotzk, within the Pale; but in Russian cities, and even more in country districts, where Jewish families lived scattered, by special permission of the police, who were always changing their minds about letting them stay, the Gentiles made the Passover a time of horror for the Jews. Somebody would start up that lie about murdering Christian children, and the stupid peasants would get angry about it, and fill themselves with *vodka*, and set out to kill the Jews. They attacked them with knives and clubs and scythes and axes, killed them or tortured them, and burned their houses. This was called a *pogrom*. Survivors of the pogroms came to Polotzk, with wounds on them, and horrible, horrible stories of little babies torn limb from limb before their mother's eyes. Only to hear these stories made one sob and sob and choke with pain. People who saw such things never smiled any more, no matter how long they lived; and some became insane on the spot.

Often we heard that the pogrom was led by a priest carrying a cross before the mob. Our enemies always held up the cross as the excuse for their cruelty to us. I never was in an actual pogrom, but there were times when it threatened us, even in Polotzk; and in all my fearful imaginings, as I hid in dark corners, thinking of the horrible things the Gentiles were going to do to me, I saw the cross, the cruel cross.

I remember a time when I thought a pogrom had broken out in our street, and I wonder that I did not die of fear. It was some Christian holiday, and we had been warned by the police to keep

indoors. Gates were locked, shutters were barred. If a child cried, the nurse threatened to give it to the priest, who would soon be passing by. Fearful and yet curious, we looked through the cracks in the shutters. We saw a procession of peasants and townspeople led by a number of priests, carrying crosses and banners and images. In the place of honor was carried a casket, containing a relic from the monastery in the outskirts of Polotzk. Once a year the Gentiles paraded with this relic, and on that occasion the streets were considered too holy for Jews to be about, and we lived in fear till the end of the day, knowing that the least disturbance might start a riot, and a riot lead to a pogrom.

On the day when I saw the procession through a crack in the shutter, there were soldiers and police in the street. This was as usual, but I did not know it. I asked the nurse, who was pressing to the crack over my head, what the soldiers were for. Thoughtlessly she answered me, 'In case of a pogrom.' Yes, there were the crosses and the priests and the mob. The church-bells were pealing their loudest. Everything was ready. The Gentiles were going to tear me in pieces, with axes and knives and ropes. They were going to burn me alive. The cross — the cross! What would they do to me first?

There was one thing the Gentiles might do to me worse than burning or rending. It was what was done to unprotected Jewish children who fell into the hands of priests or nuns. They might baptize me. That would be worse than death by torture. Rather would I drown in the Dvina than that a drop of the baptismal water should touch my forehead. To be forced to kneel before the hideous images, to kiss the cross — sooner would I rush out to the mob that was passing and let them tear my vitals out. To forswear the One God, to bow before idols — rather would I be seized with the plague, and be eaten up by vermin. I was only a little girl, and not very brave; little pains made me ill, and I cried; but there was no pain that I would not bear — no, none — rather than submit to baptism.

Every Jewish child had that feeling. There were stories by the dozen of Jewish boys who were kidnaped by the Czar's agents, and brought up in Gentile families till they were old enough to enter the army, where they served till forty years of age; and all those years the priests tried, by bribes and daily tortures, to force them to accept baptism, but in vain. This was in the time of Nicholas I; but men who had been through this service were not much older than my father, when I was a little girl; and they told their experience with their own lips, and one knew it was true, and it broke one's heart with pain and pride.

There were men in Polotzk whose faces made you old in a minute. They had served Nicholas I, and come back unbaptized. The white church in the square — how did it look to them? I knew. I cursed the church in my heart every time I had to pass it; and I was afraid — afraid.

On a market day, when the peasants came to church, and the bells kept ringing by the hour, my heart was heavy in me, and I could find no rest. Even in my father's house I did not feel safe. The church-bell boomed over the roofs of the houses, calling, calling, calling. I closed my eyes, and saw the people passing into the church: peasant women with bright embroidered aprons and glass beads; barefoot little girls with colored kerchiefs on their heads; boys with caps pulled too far down over their straight flaxen hair; rough men with plaited reed sandals and a

rope around their waists, — crowds of them, moving slowly up the steps, crossing themselves again and again, till they are swallowed by the black doorway, and only the beggars are left squatting on the steps. *Boom, boom!* What are the people doing in the dark, with the waxen images and the horrid crucifixes? *Boom, boom, boom!* They are ringing the bell for me. Is it in the church they will torture me, when I refuse to kiss the cross?

They ought not to have told me those dreadful stories. They were long past. Alexander III was no friend of the Jews, still he did not order little boys to be taken from their mothers to be made into soldiers and Christians. With few exceptions, all men had to serve in the army for four years, and a Jewish recruit was always treated with severity, no matter if his behavior were perfect. But that was little compared to the dreadful conditions of the old régime.

The thing that really mattered was the necessity of breaking the Jewish laws of daily life while in the service. A soldier had to eat *trefah*[1] and work on the Sabbath. He had to shave his beard and do reverence to Christian things. He could not attend services at the synagogue; it was with difficulty that he managed to keep a Hebrew prayer-book with him all the time. He might resort to all sorts of tricks and schemes, still he was obliged to violate Jewish law. When he returned home, at the end of his term of service, he could not rid himself of the stigma of those enforced sins. For four years he had led the life of a Gentile.

There was a man in our town called David the Substitute, because he had gone as a soldier in another's stead, he himself being exempt. He did it for a sum of money. I suppose his family was starving and he saw a chance to provide for them for a few years. But it was a sinful thing to do, to go as a soldier and be obliged to live like a Gentile, of his own free will. And David knew how wicked it was, for he was a pious man at heart. When he returned from service he was aged and broken, bowed down with the sense of his sins. And he set himself a penance, which was to go through the streets every Sabbath morning, calling the people to prayer. Now this was a hard thing to do, because David labored bitterly all the week, exposed to the weather, summer or winter; and on Sabbath morning there was nobody so tired and lame and sore as David. Yet he forced himself to leave his bed, before it was yet daylight, and go from street to street, all over Polotzk, calling on the people to wake and go to prayer. Many a Sabbath morning I awoke when David called, and lay listening to his voice as it passed and died away; it was so sad that it hurt, as beautiful music hurts. I was glad to feel my sister lying beside me, for it was lonely in the gray dawn, with only David and me awake, and God waiting for the people's prayers.

The Gentiles used to wonder at us because we cared so much about religious things — about food and Sabbath and teaching the children Hebrew. They were angry with us for our obstinacy, as they called it, and mocked us and ridiculed the most sacred things. There were wise Gentiles who understood. These were educated people, like Fedora Pavlovna, who made friends with their Jewish neighbors. They were always respectful, and openly admired some of our ways. But most of the Gentiles were ignorant. There was one thing, however, the Gentiles always understood, and that was money. They would take any kind of bribe, at any time. They expected it. Peace cost so much a year, in Polotzk. If you did not keep on good terms with your Gen-

[1] Unclean food, in contradistinction to *kosher*, clean.

tile neighbors, they had a hundred ways of molesting you. If you chased their pigs when they came rooting up your garden, or objected to their children maltreating your children, they might complain against you to the police, stuffing their case with false accusations and false witnesses. If you had not made friends with the police, the case might go to court; and there you lost before the trial was called, unless the judge had reason to befriend you. The cheapest way to live in Polotzk was to pay as you went along. Even a little girl understood that.

In your father's parlor hung a large colored portrait of Alexander III. The Czar was a cruel tyrant — oh, it was whispered when doors were locked and shutters tightly barred, at night — he was a Titus, a Haman, a sworn foe of all Jews — and yet his portrait was seen in a place of honor in your father's house. You knew why. It looked well when police or government officers came on business.

The Czar was always sending us commands, — you shall not do this and you shall not do that, — till there was very little left that we might do, except pay tribute and die. One positive command he gave us: You shall love and honor your Emperor. In every congregation a prayer must be said for the Czar's health, or the chief of police would close the synagogue. On a royal birthday every house must fly a flag, or the owner would be dragged to a police station and be fined twenty-five rubles. A decrepit old woman, who lived all alone in a tumble-down shanty, supported by the charity of the neighborhood, crossed her paralyzed hands one day when flags were ordered up, and waited for her doom, because she had no flag. The vigilant policeman kicked the door open with his great boot, took the last pillow from the bed, sold it, and hoisted a flag above the rotten roof.

The Czar always got his dues, no matter if it ruined a family. There was a poor locksmith who owed the Czar three hundred rubles, because his brother had escaped from Russia before serving his time in the army. There was no such fine for Gentiles, only for Jews; and the whole family was liable. Now the locksmith never could have so much money, and he had no valuables to pawn. The police came and attached his household goods, everything he had, including his young bride's trousseau; and the sale of the goods brought thirty-five rubles. After a year's time the police came again, looking for the balance of the Czar's dues. They put their seal on everything they found. The wife was in bed with her first baby, a boy. The circumcision would be next day. The police did not leave a sheet to wrap the child in when he is handed up for the operation.

Many bitter sayings came to your ears, if you were a Jewish little girl in Polotzk. 'It is a false world,' you heard, and you knew it was so, looking at the Czar's portrait, and at the flags. 'Never tell a police officer the truth,' was another saying, and you knew it was good advice. That fine of three hundred rubles was a sentence of lifelong slavery for the poor locksmith, unless he freed himself by some trick. As fast as he could collect a few rags and sticks, the police would be after them.

Business really did not pay, when the price of goods was so swollen by taxes that the people could not buy. The only way to make business pay was to cheat — cheat the government of part of the duties. Playing tricks on the Czar was dangerous, with so many spies watching his interests. People who sold cigarettes without the government seal got more gray hairs than bank-notes out of their business. The constant risk, the worry, the dread of a police raid in the night, and the ruinous

fines, in case of detection, left very little margin of profit or comfort to the dealer in contraband goods. 'But what can one do?' the people said, with that shrug of the shoulders that expresses the helplessness of the Pale. 'What can one do? One must live.'

It was not so easy to live, with such bitter competition as the congestion of population made inevitable. There were ten times as many stores as there should have been, ten times as many tailors, cobblers, barbers, tinsmiths. A Gentile, if he failed in Polotzk, could go elsewhere, where there was less competition. A Jew could make the circle of the Pale only to find the same conditions as at home. Outside the Pale he could only go to certain designated localities, on payment of prohibitive fees, which were augmented by a constant stream of bribes; and even then he lived at the mercy of the local chief of police.

Artisans had the right to reside outside the Pale on fulfillment of certain conditions which gave no real security. Merchants could buy the right of residence outside the Pale, permanent or temporary, on conditions which might at any time be changed. I used to picture an uncle of mine on his Russian travels, hurrying, hurrying to finish his business in the limited time; while a policeman marched behind him, ticking off the days and counting up the hours. That was a foolish fancy, but some of the things that were done in Russia really were very funny.

Perhaps I should not have had so many foolish fancies if I had not been so idle. If they had let me go to school — but of course they did n't. There was one public school for boys, and one for girls, but Jewish children were admitted in limited numbers — only ten to a hundred; and even the lucky ones had their troubles.

First you had to have a tutor at home, who prepared you, and talked all the time about the examination you would have to pass, till you were scared. You heard on all sides that the brightest Jewish children were turned down if the examining officers did not like the turn of their noses. You went up to be examined with the other Jewish children, your heart heavy about that matter of your nose. There was a special examination for the Jewish candidates, of course: a nine-year-old Jewish child had to answer questions that a thirteen-year-old Gentile was hardly expected to answer. But that did not matter so much; you had been prepared for the thirteen-year-old test. You found the questions quite easy. You wrote your answers triumphantly — and you received a low rating, and there was no appeal.

I used to stand in the doorway of my father's store munching an apple that did not taste good any more, and watch the pupils going home from school, in twos and threes; the girls in neat brown dresses and black aprons and little stiff hats, the boys in trim uniforms with many buttons. They had ever so many books in the satchels on their backs. They would take them out at home, and read and write, and learn all sorts of interesting things. They looked to me like beings from another world than mine. But those whom I envied had their own troubles, as I often heard. Their school life was one struggle against injustice from instructors, spiteful treatment from fellow students, and insults from everybody. They were rejected at the universities, where they were admitted in the ratio of three Jews to a hundred Gentiles, under the same debarring entrance-conditions as at the high school: especially rigorous examinations, dishonest marking, or arbitrary rulings without disguise. No, the Czar did not want us in the schools.

II

As I look back to-day I see, within the wall raised around my birthplace by the vigilance of the police, another wall, higher, thicker, more impenetrable. This is the wall which the Czar with all his minions could not shake, the priests with their instruments of torture could not pierce, the mob with their firebrands could not destroy. This wall within the wall is the religious integrity of the Jews, a fortress erected by the prisoners of the Pale, in defiance of their jailers; a stronghold built of the ruins of their pillaged homes, cemented with the blood of their murdered children.

Harassed on every side, thwarted in every normal effort, pent up within narrow limits, all but dehumanized, the Russian Jew fell back upon the only thing that never failed him: his hereditary faith in God. In the pages of the *Torah* he found the balm for all his wounds; the minute observance of traditional rites became the expression of his spiritual cravings; and in the dream of a restoration to Palestine he forgot the world.

What did it matter to us, on a Sabbath or festival, when our life was centred in the synagogue, what Czar sat on the throne, what evil counselors whispered in his ear? They were concerned with revenues and policies and ephemeral trifles of all sorts, while we were intent on renewing our ancient covenant with God, to the end that His promise to the world should be fulfilled, and His justice overwhelm the nations.

On a Friday afternoon the stores and markets closed early. The clatter of business ceased, the dust of worry was laid, and the Sabbath peace flooded the quiet streets. No hovel so mean but what its casement sent out its consecrated ray, so that a wayfarer passing in the twilight saw the spirit of God brooding over the lowly roof.

Care, and fear, and shrewishness dropped like a mask from every face. Eyes dimmed with weeping kindled with inmost joy. Wherever a head bent over a sacred page, there rested the halo of God's presence.

Not on festivals alone, but also on the common days of the week, we lived by the Law that had been given us through our teacher Moses. How to eat, how to bathe, how to work — everything had been written down for us, and we strove to fulfill the Law. The study of the Torah was the most honored of all occupations, and they who engaged in it the most revered of all men.

My memory does not go back to a time when I was too young to know that God had made the world, and had appointed teachers to tell the people how to live in it. First came Moses, and after him the great Rabbis, and finally the Rav of Polotzk, who read all day in the sacred books, so that he could tell me and my parents and my friends what to do whenever we were in doubt. If my mother cut up a chicken and found something wrong in it, — some hurt or mark that should not be, — she sent the housemaid with it to the rav, and I ran along, and saw the rav look in his big books, and whatever he decided was right. If he called the chicken *trefah*, I must not eat of it, no, not if I had to starve. And the rav knew about everything: about going on a journey, about business, about marrying, about purifying vessels for Passover.

Another great teacher was the *dayyan*, who heard people's quarrels and settled them according to the Law, so that they should not have to go to the Gentile courts. The Gentiles were false, judges and witnesses and all. They favored the rich man against the

poor, the Christian against the Jew. The dayyan always gave true judgments. Nochem Rabinovitch, the richest man in Polotzk, could not win a case against a servant-maid, unless he were in the right.

Besides the rav and the dayyan there were other men whose callings were holy — the *shohat*, who knew how cattle and fowl should be killed; the *hazzan* and other officers of the synagogue; the teachers of Hebrew, and the students. It did not matter how poor a man was, he was to be respected and set above other men, if he were learned in the Law.

In the synagogues scores of men sat all day long over the Hebrew books, studying and disputing together from early dawn till candles were brought in at night, and then as long as the candles lasted. These eager scholars were the students of seminary rank, with their zealous teachers. Most of the students were strangers in Polotzk, and had no home except the synagogue. They slept on benches, on tables, on the floors; they picked up their meals wherever they could. They had come from distant cities, so as to be under good teachers in Polotzk; and the people of Polotzk were proud to support them, by giving them clothing and food and sometimes money to visit their homes on holidays. But the poor students came in such numbers that there were not enough rich families to provide for all, so that some of them suffered privation. You could pick out a poor student in a crowd, by his pale face and shrunken form.

There was almost always a seminary student taking meals at our house. He was assigned a certain day, and on that day my grandmother took care to have something especially good for dinner. It was a very shabby guest who sat down with us at table, but we children watched him with respectful eyes. Grandmother had told us that he was a scholar, and we saw something holy in the way he ate his cabbage.

As everybody was anxious to have a scholar in the family, all the boys were sent to *heder*[1] almost as soon as they could speak. My brother was five years old when he entered on his studies. He was carried to the heder, on the first day, covered over with a praying shawl, so that nothing unholy should look on him; and he was presented with a bun, on which were written, in honey, these words: 'The Torah left by Moses is the heritage of the children of Jacob.'

After a boy entered heder, he was the hero of the family. He was served before the other children at table, and nothing was too good for him. If the family were very poor, all the girls might go barefoot, but the heder boy must have shoes; he must have a plate of hot soup, though the others ate dry bread. When the *rebbe*[2] came on Sabbath afternoon to examine the boy, in the hearing of the family, everybody sat around the table and nodded with satisfaction if he read his portion well; then he was given a great saucerful of preserves, and was praised and blessed, and made much of. No wonder he said, in his morning prayer, 'I thank Thee, Lord, for having created me a male.' Girls said no such thing in their prayers — of course we thanked God for everything else, but it was not much to be a girl. Girls could not be scholars and ravs.

There was nothing in what the boys did in heder that I could not have done — if I had not been a girl. For a girl it was enough if she could read her prayers in Hebrew, and follow the meaning by the Yiddish translation at the bottom of the page. It did not take long to learn this much, — a couple of terms with a female teacher, — and after that she was done with books.

[1] The Hebrew school. [2] Teacher.

A girl's real schoolroom was her mother's kitchen. She learned to bake and cook and manage, to knit, sew, and embroider; also to spin and weave, in country places. And while her hands were busy, her mother instructed her in the laws regulating a pious Jewish household, and in the conduct proper for a Jewish wife. For of course every girl hoped to be a wife. A girl was born for no other purpose.

How soon it came, the pious burden of wifehood! One day the girl is playing forfeits with her laughing friends, the next day she is missing from the circle. She has been summoned to a conference with a marriage-broker, who has been for months past advertising her housewifely talents, her piety, her good looks, her marriage portion, among families with marriageable sons. Her parents are pleased with the son-in-law proposed by the marriage-broker, and now, at the last, the girl is brought in, to be examined and appraised by prospective parents-in-law. If the negotiations go off smoothly, the marriage contract is written, presents are exchanged between the engaged couple, through their respective parents, and all that is left the girl of her maidenhood is a period of long preparation for the wedding.

It is a happy interval, spent in visits to the drapers and tailors, in collecting linens and feather-beds and vessels of copper and brass. The former playmates come to inspect the trousseau, enviously fingering the silks and velvets. The bride-elect tries on frocks and mantles before her glass, blushing at references to the wedding-day; and to the question, 'How do you like the bridegroom?' she replies, 'How should I know? There was such a crowd at the betrothal that I did n't see him.'

Marriage was a sacrament with us Jews in the Pale. To rear a family of children was to serve God. Every Jewish man and woman had a part in the fulfillment of the ancient promise given to Jacob, that his seed should be abundantly scattered over the earth. Parenthood, therefore, was the great career. But while men, in addition to begetting, might busy themselves with the study of the Law, woman's only work was motherhood. To be left an old maid became, accordingly, the greatest misfortune that could threaten a girl; and to ward off that calamity, the girl and her family and distant relatives would strain every nerve, whether by contributing to her dowry, or by hiding her defects from the marriage-broker, or by fasting and praying that God might send her a husband.

Not only must all the children of a family be mated, but they must marry in the order of their ages. A younger daughter must on no account marry before an elder. A houseful of daughters might be held up because the eldest failed to find favor in the eyes of prospective mothers-in-law.

A cousin of mine was guilty of the disloyalty of wishing to marry before her elder sister, who was unfortunate enough to be rejected by one mother-in-law after another. My uncle feared that the younger daughter, who was of a firm and masterful nature, might carry out her plans, thereby disgracing her unhappy sister. Accordingly he hastened to conclude an alliance with a family far beneath him, and the girl was hastily married to a boy of whom little was known beyond the fact that he was inclined to consumption.

The consumptive tendency was no such horror, in an age when superstition was more in vogue than science. For one patient who went to a physician, in Polotsk, there were ten who called in unlicensed practitioners and miracle-workers. If my mother had an obstinate toothache that honored household remedies failed to relieve,

she went to Dvoshe, the pious woman, who cured by means of a flint and steel and a secret prayer pronounced as the sparks flew up. During an epidemic of scarlet fever, we protected ourselves by wearing a piece of red woolen tape around the neck. Pepper and salt tied in a corner of the pocket was effective in warding off the evil eye. There were lucky signs, lucky dreams, spirits and hobgoblins, a grisly collection, gathered by our wandering ancestors from the demonologies of mediæval Europe.

Antiquated as our popular follies was the organization of our small society. It was a caste system with social levels sharply marked off, and families united by clannish ties. The rich looked down on the poor, the merchants looked down on the artisans, and within the ranks of the artisans higher and lower grades were distinguished. A shoemaker's daughter could not hope to marry the son of a shopkeeper, unless she brought an extra large dowry; and she had to make up her mind to be snubbed by the sisters- and cousins-in-law all her life.

One qualification only could raise a man above his social level, and that was scholarship. A boy born in the gutter need not despair of entering the houses of the rich if he had a good mind and an appetite for sacred learning. A poor scholar would be preferred, in the marriage market, to a rich ignoramus. In the phrase of our grandmothers, a boy stuffed with learning was worth more than a girl stuffed with banknotes.

What was the substance behind the show of the Judaism of the Pale? Stripped of its grotesque mask of forms, rites, and mediæval superstitions, the religion of these fanatics was simply the belief that God was, had been, and ever would be; and that they, the children of Jacob, were His chosen messengers to carry His law to all the nations. Beneath the mountainous volumes of the Talmudists and commentators the Mosaic tablets remained intact. Out of the mazes of the *Kabbalah* the pure doctrine of ancient Judaism found its way to the hearts of the faithful. Sects and schools might rise and fall, confounding the simple with the clamor of their disputes; still the Jew, retiring within his own soul, heard the voice of the God of Abraham. Prophets, messiahs, miracle-workers might have their day; still the Jew was conscious that between himself and God no go-between was needed; that he, as well as every one of his million brothers, had his portion of God's work to do. And this close relation to God was the source of the strength that sustained the Jew through all the trials of his life in the Pale. Consciously or unconsciously, the Jew identified himself with the cause of righteousness on earth; and hence the heroism with which he met the battalions of tyrants.

No empty forms could have impressed the unborn children of the Pale so deeply that they were prepared for willing martyrdom almost as soon as they were weaned from their mother's breast. The flame of the burning bush that had dazzled Moses still lighted the gloomy prison of the Pale. Behind the mummeries, ceremonials, and symbolic accessories, the object of the Jew's adoration was the face of God.

This has been many times proven by those who escaped from the Pale, and, excited by sudden freedom, thought to rid themselves, by one impatient effort, of every strand of their ancient bonds. Eager to be merged in the better world in which they found themselves, the escaped prisoners determined on a change of mind, a change of heart, a change of manner. They rejoiced in their transformation, thinking that every mark of their former slavery was obliterated. And then, one day,

caught in the vise of some crucial test, the Jew fixed his alarmed gaze on his inmost soul, and found there the image of his father's God.

Merrily played the fiddlers at the wedding of my father, who was the grandson of Israel Kimanayer of sainted memory. The most pious men in Polotzk danced the night through, their earlocks dangling, the tails of their long coats flying in a pious ecstasy. Beggars swarmed among the bidden guests, sure of an easy harvest where so many hearts were melted by piety. The wedding jester excelled himself in apt allusions to the friends and relatives who brought up their wedding presents at his merry invitation. The sixteen-year-old bride, suffocated beneath her heavy veil, blushed unseen at the numerous healths drunk to the future sons and daughters. The whole town was a-flutter with joy, because the pious scion of a godly race had found a pious wife, and a young branch of the tree of Judah was to bear fruit.

When I came to lie on my mother's breast, she sang me lullabies on lofty themes. I heard the names of Rebecca, Rachel, and Leah as early as the names of father, mother, and nurse. My baby soul was enthralled by sad and noble cadences, as my mother sang of my ancient home in Palestine, and mourned over the desolation of Zion. With the first rattle that was placed in my hand, a prayer was pronounced over me, a petition that a pious man might take me to wife, and a messiah be among my sons.

I was fed on dreams, instructed by means of prophecies, trained to hear and see mystical things that callous senses could not perceive. I was taught to call myself a princess, in memory of my forefathers who had ruled a nation. Though I went in the disguise of an outcast, I felt a halo resting on my brow. Sat upon by brutal enemies, unjustly hated, persecuted, annihilated a hundred times, I yet arose and held my head high, sure that I should find my kingdom in the end, although I had lost my way in exile; for He who had brought my ancestors safe through a thousand perils, was guiding my feet as well. God needed me and I needed Him, for we two together had a work to do, according to an ancient covenant between Him and my forefathers.

This is the dream to which I was heir, in common with every sad-eyed child of the Pale. This is the living seed which I found among my heirlooms, when I learned how to strip from them the prickly husk in which they were passed down to me. And what is the fruit of such seed as that, and whither lead such dreams? If it be mine to give the answer, let my words be true and brave.

III

Among the mediæval customs which were preserved in the Pale when the rest of the world had long forgotten them was the use of popular sobriquets in place of surnames proper. Family names existed only in official documents, such as passports. For the most part people were known by nicknames, prosaic or picturesque, derived from their occupations, their physical peculiarities, or distinctive achievements. Among my neighbors in Polotzk were Yankel the Wig-Maker, Mulye the Blind, Moshe the Six-fingered; and members of their respective families were referred to by these nicknames: as, for example, 'Mirele, niece of Moshe the Six-fingered.'

Let me spread out my family tree, raise aloft my coat-of-arms, and see what heroes have left a mark by which I may be distinguished. Let me hunt for my name in the chronicles of the Pale.

In the village of Yuchovitch, about sixty versts above Polotzk, when my father was a boy, the oldest inhabitant still remembered my father's great-grandfather. Lebe the Innkeeper, he was called, and no reproach was coupled with the name. His son Chayim succeeded to the business, but later he took up the glazier's trade, and developed a knack for all sorts of tinkering, whereby he was able to increase his too scanty earnings.

Chayim the Glazier is reputed to have been a man of fine countenance, wise in homely counsel, honest in all his dealings. Rachel Leah, his wife, had a reputation for practical wisdom even greater than his. She was the advice-giver of the village in every perplexity of life. My father remembers his grandmother as a tall, trim, handsome old woman, active and independent. Satin head-bands and lace-trimmed bonnets not having been invented in her day, Rachel Leah wore the stately *knupf* or turban on her shaven head. On Sabbaths and holidays she went to the synagogue with a long, straight mantle hanging from neck to ankle; and she wore it with an air, on one sleeve only, the other dangling empty from her shoulder.

Chayim begot Joseph, and Joseph begot Pinchus, my father. Joseph inherited the trade, good name, and meagre portion of his father, and maintained the family tradition of honesty and poverty unbroken to the day of his death. For that matter, Yuchovitch never heard of any connection of the family, not even a doubtful cousin, who was not steeped to the earlocks in poverty. But that was no distinction in Yuchovitch: the whole village was poor almost to beggary.

Joseph was an indifferent workman and an indifferent scholar. At one thing only was he strikingly good, and that was at grumbling. Although not unkind, he had a temper that boiled over at small provocation, and even in his most placid moods he took very little satisfaction in the world. My mother tells how, at the wedding of his only son, my father, Joseph sat the whole night through in a corner, never so much as cracking a smile, while the wedding guests danced, laughed, and rejoiced.

It may have been through distrust of the marital state that Joseph remained single till the advanced age of twenty-five. Then he took unto himself an orphan girl as poor as he, namely, Rachel, the daughter of Israel Kimanayer of pious memory.

My grandmother was such a gentle, cheerful soul when I knew her, that I imagine she must have been a merry bride. But from all reports it appears that her husband was never pleased, and if he did not make his wife unhappy it was because he was away from home so much.

He was absent the greater part of the time; for a glazier, even if he were a better workman than my grandfather, could not make a living in Yuchovitch. He became a country peddler, trading between Polotzk and Yuchovitch and taking in all the desolate little hamlets scattered along the route.

Fifteen rubles' worth of goods was a big bill to carry out of Polotzk. The stock consisted of cheap pottery, tobacco, matches, boot-grease, and axle-grease. These he bartered for country produce, including grains in small quantity, bristles, rags, and bones. Money was seldom handled in these transactions.

A rough enough life my grandfather led, on the road at all seasons, in all weathers, knocking about at smoky little inns, glad sometimes of the hospitality of some peasant's hut, where the pigs slept with the family. He was doing well if he got home for the holidays

with a little white flour for a cake, and money enough to take his best coat out of pawn. The best coat, and the candlesticks, too, would be repawned promptly on the first work-day; for it was not for the like of Joseph of Yuchovitch to live with idle riches around him.

For the credit of Yuchovitch it must be recorded that my grandfather never had to stay away from the synagogue for want of his one decent coat to wear. Isaac, the village money-lender, never refused to give up the pledged articles on a Sabbath eve, even if the cash due was not forthcoming. Many Sabbath coats besides my grandfather's, and many candlesticks besides my grandmother's, passed most of their existence under Isaac's roof, waiting to be redeemed. But on the eve of Sabbath or holiday Isaac delivered them to their respective owners, came they empty-handed or otherwise; and at the expiration of the festival the grateful owners brought them promptly back, for another season of retirement.

While my grandfather was on the road, my grandmother conducted her humble household in a capable, housewifely way. Of her six children, three died young, leaving an only son, my father, and two daughters. My grandmother fed and dressed her children the best she could, and taught them to thank God for what they had not, as well as for what they had. Piety was about the only positive doctrine she attempted to drill them in, leaving the rest of their education to life and the rebbe.

Promptly when custom prescribed, Pinchus, the petted only son, was sent to heder. My grandfather being on the road at the time, my grandmother herself carried the boy in her arms, as was usual on the first day. My father distinctly remembers that she wept on the way to school; partly, I suppose, from joy at starting her son on a holy life, and partly from sadness at being too poor to set forth the wine and honey-cake proper to the occasion. For Grandma Rachel, schooled though she was to pious contentment, probably had her moments of human pettiness like the rest of us.

My father distinguished himself for scholarship from the first. Five years old when he entered heder, at eleven he was already a student in the seminary. The rebbe never had occasion to use the birch on him. On the contrary, he held him up as an example to the dull or lazy pupils, praised him in the village, and carried his fame to Polotzk.

My grandmother's cup of pious joy was overfilled. Everything her boy did was pleasant in her sight, for Pinchus was going to be a scholar, a godly man, a credit to the memory of his devout grandfather, Israel Kimanayer. She let nothing interfere with his schooling. When times were bad, and her husband came home with his goods unsold, she borrowed and begged, till the rebbe's fee was produced. If bad luck continued, she pleaded with the rebbe for time. She pawned not only the candlesticks, but her shawl and Sabbath cap, to secure the scant rations that gave the young scholar strength to study. More than once in the bitter winter, as my father remembers, she carried him to heder on her back, because he had no shoes, she herself walking almost barefoot in the cruel snow. No sacrifice was too great for her in the pious cause of her boy's education. And when there was no rebbe in Yuchovitch learned enough to guide him in the advanced studies, my father was sent to Polotzk, where he lived with his poor relations, who were not too poor to help support a future rav. In Polotzk he continued to distinguish himself for scholarship, till people began to prophesy that he would live to be famous;

and everybody who remembered Israel Kimanayer regarded the promising grandson with doubled respect.

At the age of fifteen my father was qualified to teach beginners in Hebrew, and he was engaged as tutor in two families living six versts apart in the country. The boy tutor had to make himself useful, after lesson hours, by caring for the horse, hauling water from the frozen pond, and lending a hand at everything. When the little sister of one of his pupils died, in the middle of the winter, it fell to my father's lot to take the body to the nearest Jewish cemetery, through miles of desolate country, no living soul accompanying him.

After teaching one term, the young scholar tried to go on with his studies, sometimes in Yuchovitch, sometimes in Polotzk, as opportunity dictated. He made the journey to Polotzk beside his father, joggling along in the springless wagon, on the rutty roads. He took a boy's pleasure in the gypsy life, the green wood, and the summer storm; while his father sat moody beside him, seeing nothing but the spavins on the horse's hocks, and the mud in the road ahead.

There is little else to tell of my father's boyhood, as most of his time was spent in the schoolroom. Outside the schoolroom he was conspicuous for high spirits in play, daring in mischief, and independence in everything. But a boy's playtime was so short in Yuchovitch, and his resources so limited, that even a lad of spirit came to the edge of his premature manhood without a regret for his nipped youth. So my father, at the age of sixteen and a half, lent a willing ear to the cooing voice of the marriage-broker.

And indeed it was high time for him to marry. His parents had kept him so far, but they had two daughters to marry off, and not a groschen laid by for their dowries. The cost of my father's schooling, as he advanced, had mounted to seventeen rubles a term, and the poor rebbe was seldom paid in full. Of course my father's scholarship was his fortune — in time it would be his support; but in the mean while the burden of feeding and clothing him lay heavy on his parents' shoulders. The time had come to find him a well-to-do father-in-law, who should support him and his wife and children, while he continued to study in the seminary.

After the usual conferences between parents and marriage-brokers, he was betrothed to an undertaker's daughter in Polotzk. The girl was too old, — she was every day of twenty years, — but three hundred rubles in dowry, with board after marriage, not to mention handsome presents to the bridegroom, easily offset the bride's age. My father's family, to the humblest cousin, felt themselves set up by the match; and the boy was happy enough displaying a watch and chain for the first time in his life, and a good coat on week-days. As for his fiancée, he could have no objection to her, as he had seen her only at a distance, and had never spoken to her.

When it was time for the wedding preparations to begin, news came to Yuchovitch of the death of the bride-elect, and my father's prospects seemed to have fallen to the ground. But the undertaker had another daughter, a girl of thirteen, and he pressed my father to take her in her sister's place. At the same time the marriage-broker proposed another match; and my father's cousins bristled with importance once more.

Somehow or other my father succeeded in getting in a word at the family councils that ensued. He even had the temerity to express a preference. He did not want any more of the undertaker's daughters; he wanted to consider the rival match. There were

no serious objections from the cousins, and my father became engaged to my mother.

This second choice was Chane Chaye, only daughter of Raphael, called the Russian, from his travels outside the Pale. She had had a very different bringing-up from Pinchus, the grandson of Israel Kimanayer. She had never known a day of want, had never gone barefoot from necessity. Her family had a solid position in Polotzk, her father being the owner of a comfortable home and a good business. But prosperity is prosaic, so I shall skip briefly over the history of my mother's house.

My grandfather Raphael, early left an orphan, was brought up by an elder brother, in a village at no great distance from Polotzk. The brother dutifully sent him to the village school, and at an early age betrothed him to Edle Dvereh, daughter of one Solomon, a dealer in grain and cattle.

Edle Dvereh was not yet in her teens at the time of the betrothal, and so foolish was she that she was afraid of her affianced husband. One day, when she was coming from the store with a bottle of liquid yeast, she suddenly came face to face with her betrothed, which gave her such a fright that she dropped the bottle, spilling the yeast on her pretty dress; and she ran home crying all the way.

At thirteen she was married, which had a good effect on her deportment. I hear no more of her running away from her husband.

Among the interesting things belonging to my grandmother, at the time of the marriage, was her family. Her father was so original that he kept a tutor for his daughters — sons he had none — and allowed them to be instructed in the rudiments of three or four languages, and the elements of arithmetic. Even more unconventional was her sister Hode. She had married a fiddler, who traveled constantly, playing at hotels and inns, all through 'far Russia.' Having no children, Hode should have spent her days in fasting, praying, and lamenting. Instead of this, she accompanied her husband on his travels, and even had the heart to enjoy the excitement and variety of their restless life.

I ought to be the last to blame my great-aunt, for the irregularity of her conduct afforded my grandfather the opening for his career, the fruits of which made my own childhood so pleasant. For several years my grandfather traveled in Hode's train, in the capacity of butcher, providing kosher meat for the little troupe in the unholy wilds of 'far Russia'; and the grateful couple rewarded him so generously that he soon had a fortune of eighty rubles laid by.

My grandfather thought it time to settle down now, but he did not know how to invest his wealth. To resolve his perplexity he made a pilgrimage to one of the holy men who were accepted as oracles by the pious; namely, the celebrated Rav of Kopistch. He advised my grandfather to open a store in Polotzk, and gave him a blessed groschen to keep in the money-drawer for good luck.

The blessing of the 'Good Jew' proved fruitful. My grandfather's business prospered, and my grandmother bore him children, several sons and one daughter. The sons were sent to heder, like all other respectable boys; and they were taught, in addition, writing and arithmetic enough to conduct a business. With this my grandfather was content; more than this he considered incompatible with piety, for he was one of those who strenuously opposed the influence of the public school. When he sent his sons to a private tutor, where they could study Russian with their hats on, he felt, no doubt,

that he was giving them all the education necessary to a successful business career, without violating piety too grossly.

If reading and writing were enough for the sons, even less would suffice the daughter. A female teacher was engaged for my mother, at three kopecks [1] a week, to teach her the Hebrew prayers; and my grandmother, herself a better scholar than this teacher, taught her writing.

My mother was very quick to learn, and expressed an ambition to study Russian. She teased and coaxed, and her mother pleaded for her, till my grandmother was persuaded to send her to a tutor. But the fates were opposed to my mother's education. On the first day at school, a sudden inflammation of the eyes blinded her temporarily; and although the distemper vanished as suddenly as it had appeared, it was taken as an omen, and she was not allowed to return to her lessons.

Still she did not give up. She saved every groschen that was given her to buy sweets, and bribed her brother Solomon, who was proud of his scholarship, to give her lessons in secret. The two strove earnestly with book and quill, in their hiding-place under the rafters, till my mother could read and write Russian, and translate a simple passage of Hebrew.

My grandmother, although herself a good housewife, took no pains to teach her only daughter the domestic arts. She only petted and coddled her and sent her out to play. But my mother was as ambitious to learn housework as she was to learn writing. She coaxed the housemaid to let her mix the bread. She learned knitting from watching her playmates. She was healthy and active, quick at everything, and restless with unspent energy. Therefore she was quite willing, at ten years of age, to go into her father's business as his chief assistant.

As the years went by she developed a decided talent for business, so that her father could safely leave all his affairs in her hands, if he had to go out of town. Her devotion, ability, and tireless energy made her, in time, indispensable. My grandfather was obliged to admit that the little learning she had stolen was turned to good account when he saw how well she could keep his books, and how smoothly she got along with Russian and Polish customers. Perhaps that was the argument that induced him, after obstinate years, to remove his veto from my mother's petitions, and let her take up lessons again. For while piety was my grandfather's chief concern on the godly side, on the worldly side he set success in business above everything.

My mother was fifteen years old when she entered on a career of higher education. For two hours daily she was released from the store, and in that interval she strove with might and main to conquer the world of knowledge. Katrina Petrovna, her teacher, praised and encouraged her; and there was no reason why the promising pupil should not have developed into a young lady of culture, with her teacher instructing her in Russian, German, crocheting, and singing, — yes, out of a book, to the accompaniment of a clavier, — all for a fee of seventy-five kopecks a week.

Did I say there was no reason? And what about the marriage-broker? Chane Chaye, only daughter of Raphael the Russian, going on sixteen, buxom, bright, capable, and well educated, could not escape the matchmaker's eye. A fine thing it would be to let such a likely girl grow old over a book! To

[1] A kopeck is the one-hundredth part of a Russian ruble, and valued at something over half a cent.

the canopy with her, while she could fetch the highest price in the marriage market!

My mother was very unwilling to think of marriage at this time. She had nothing to gain by marriage, for already she had everything that she desired, especially since she was permitted to study. While her father was rather stern, her mother spoiled and petted her; and she was the idol of her Aunt Hode, the fiddler's wife.

Hode had bought a fine estate in Polotzk, after my grandfather settled there, and made it her home whenever she became tired of traveling. She lived in state, with servants and dependents, wearing silk dresses on weekdays, and setting silver plate before the meanest guest. The women of Polotzk were breathless over her wardrobe, counting up how many pairs of embroidered boots she had, at fifteen rubles a pair. And Hode's manners were as much a subject of gossip as her clothes, for she had picked up strange ways in her travels. Although she was so pious that she was never tempted to eat trefah, no matter if she had to go hungry, her conduct in other respects was not strictly orthodox. For one thing, she was in the habit of shaking hands with men, looking them straight in the face. She spoke Russian like a Gentile woman, she kept a poodle, and she had no children.

Nobody meant to blame the rich woman for being childless, because it was well known in Polotzk that Hode the Russian, as she was called, would give all her wealth for one scrawny baby. But Hode was to blame for voluntarily exiling herself from Jewish society for years at a time, to live among pork-eaters, and copy the bold ways of Gentile women. And so, while they pitied her childlessness, the women of Polotzk regarded her misfortune as perhaps no more than a due punishment.

Hode, poor woman, felt a hungry heart beneath her satin robes. She wanted to adopt one of my grandmother's children, but my grandmother would not hear of it. Hode was particularly taken with my mother, and my grandmother, in compassion, loaned her the child for days at a time; and those were happy days for both aunt and niece. Hode would treat my mother to every delicacy in her sumptuous pantry, tell her wonderful stories of life in distant parts, show her all her beautiful dresses and jewels, and load her with presents.

As my mother developed into girlhood, her aunt grew more and more covetous of her. Following a secret plan, she adopted a boy from the poorhouse, and brought him up with every advantage that money could buy. My mother, on her visits, was thrown a great deal into this boy's society; but she liked him less than the poodle. This grieved her aunt, who cherished in her heart the hope that my mother would marry her adopted son, and so become her daughter after all. And in order to accustom her to think well of the match, Hode dinned the boy's name in my mother's ears day and night, praising him and showing him off. She would open her jewel-boxes and take out the flashing diamonds, heavy chains, and tinkling bracelets, and dress my mother in them in front of the mirror, telling her that they would all be hers — all her own — when she became the bride of Mulke.

My mother still describes the necklace of pearls and diamonds, which her aunt used to clasp around her plump throat, with a light in her eyes that is reminiscent of girlish pleasure. But to all her aunt's teasing references to the future, my mother answered with a giggle and a shake of her black curls, and went on enjoying herself, thinking that the day of judgment was very,

very far away. But it swooped down on her sooner than she expected — the momentous hour when she must choose between the pearl necklace with Mulke, and a penniless stranger from Yuchovitch who was reputed to be a fine scholar.

Mulke she would not have, though all the pearls in the ocean came with him. The boy was stupid and unteachable, and of unspeakable origin. Picked up from the dirty floor of the poor-house, his father was identified as the lazy sack-carrier who sometimes chopped a cord of wood for my grandmother; and his sisters were slovenly house-maids scattered through Polotzk. No; Mulke was not to be considered. But why consider anybody? Why think of a bridegroom at all, when she was so content? My mother ran away every time the marriage-broker came, and she begged to be left as she was, and cried, and invoked her mother's support. But her mother, for the first time in her history, refused to take the daughter's part. She joined the enemy — the family and the matchmaker — and my mother saw that she was doomed.

Of course she submitted. What else could a dutiful daughter do, in Polotzk? She submitted to being weighed, measured, and appraised before her face, and resigned herself to what was to come.

When that which was to come did come, she did not recognize it. She was all alone in the store one day, when a beardless young man, in top boots that wanted grease, and a coat too thin for the weather, came in for a package of cigarettes. My mother climbed up on the counter, with one foot on a shelf, to reach down the cigarettes. The customer gave her the right change, and went out. And my mother never suspected that that was the proposed bridegroom, who came to look her over and see if she was likely to last. For my father considered himself a man of experience now, this being his second match; and he was determined to have a hand in this affair himself.

No sooner was the bridegroom out of the store, than his mother, also unknown to the innocent storekeeper, came in for a pound of tallow candles. She offered a torn bill in payment, and my mother accepted it and gave change; showing that she was wise enough in money matters to know that a torn bill was good currency.

After the woman there shuffled in a poor man evidently from the country, and in a shy and yet challenging manner asked for a package of cheap tobacco. My mother produced the goods with her usual despatch, gave the correct change, and stood at attention for more trade.

Parents and son held a council around the corner, the object of their espionage never dreaming that she had been put to a triple test and not found wanting. But in the evening of the same day she was enlightened. She was summoned to her elder brother's house, for a conference on the subject of the proposed match, and there she found the young man who had bought the cigarettes. For my mother's family, if they forced her to marry, were willing to make her path easier by letting her meet the suitor, convinced that she must be won over by his good looks and learned conversation.

It does not really matter how my mother felt, as she sat, with a protecting niece in her lap, at one end of a long table, the suitor fidgeting at the other end. The marriage contract would be written anyway, no matter what she thought.

And the contract was duly written, in the presence of the assembled families of both parties, after plenty of open discussion, in which everybody had a

part except the prospective bride and groom.

One voice in particular broke repeatedly into the consultations of the parents and the marriage-broker, and that was the voice of the Chyene Rezel, one of my father's numerous poor cousins who had come to the betrothal in a frowzy wig decorated with an artificial red flower.

But the meddlesome cousin was silenced at last, the contract was signed, the happiness of the engaged couple was pledged in wine, the guests dispersed. And all this while my mother had not opened her mouth, and my father had scarcely been heard.

That is the way my fate was sealed. It gives me a shudder of wonder to think what a narrow escape I had: I came so near not being born at all. If the beggarly cousin with the frowzy wig had prevailed upon her family, and broken off the match, then my mother would not have married my father, and I should at this moment be an unborn possibility in a philosopher's brain. It is right that I should pick my words most carefully, and meditate over every comma, because I am describing miracles too great for careless utterance. If I had died after my first breath, my history would still be worth recording. For before I could lie on my mother's breast, the earth had to be prepared, and the stars had to take their places; a million races had to die, testing the laws of life; and a boy and a girl had to be bound for life to watch together for my coming. I was millions of years on the way, and I came through the seas of chance, over the fiery mountain of law, by the zigzag path of human possibility. Multitudes were pushed back into the abyss of non-existence, that I should have way to creep into being. And at the last, when I stood at the gate of life, a weazen-faced fish-wife who had not wit enough to support herself came near shutting me out.

Such creatures of accident are we, liable to a thousand deaths before we are born. But once we are here, we may create our own world, if we choose. Since I have stood on my own feet, I have never met my master. For every time I choose a friend I determine my fate anew. I can think of no cataclysm that could have the force to move me from my path. Fire or flood or the envy of men may tear the roof off my house, but my soul would still be at home under the lofty mountain pines that dip their heads in star-dust. Even life, that was so difficult to attain, may serve me merely as a wayside inn, if I choose to go on eternally. However I came here, it is mine to be.

[In the November issue Mary Antin will begin the story of her own life. — The Editors.]

REPRESENTATIVE AS AGAINST DIRECT GOVERNMENT

BY SAMUEL W. McCALL

It is not always that there is a direct relation between the sound and fury of language and its real meaning, but such imposing words as the Initiative, the Referendum, and the Recall do not indicate innovations of a light and trifling kind in the character of our institutions. As the doctrines which they convey are practiced in some of the states of the Union, and as they are proposed for adoption in other states, they involve no less than a radical change in our method of government. In effect, they propose the substitution of direct for representative government, the establishment of the direct action of the people, not merely in selecting their agents, but in framing and executing their laws.

To most of us the proposals are full of novelty, and it is not too much to say that, as a people, we have given them no consideration worthy of the name. Have we explored the past to learn whether similar experiments have been tried; and, if tried, what has been the effect? Have we reflected upon the obvious limitations upon the utterance by great masses of men of final and definite regulations for the conduct of a complex society? Have we considered to what extent the most doubtful results under our present structure of government are due to the overzeal of representatives to respond to the transient and noisy, and often misleading, manifestations of popular opinion, and to their failure to act bravely as the instruments, not of the people's passions, but of their interests, and to require them to select other agents, if they shall insist upon the doing of wrong?

At the threshold of the discussion we encounter the usual epithets. The advocates of change are apt to seek popular favor by decorating themselves and their proposed innovation with some lofty adjective, and in a similar fashion to cover their opponents with obloquy. The quality assumed by the proponents of one or all of this trinity of reforms they express in the word 'progressive.' They are advocating 'progressive' methods of government, while those who disagree with them stand for reactionary methods. 'Progressive' is an alluring word. Everybody believes in progress if it be of the proper kind, and a due amount of vociferation on the part of those claiming a monopoly of the virtue may serve to banish skepticism as to the kind. But if the question were to be settled by epithets, there is some ground at least for asserting that they should be transposed in their application. Representative government is comparatively modern; direct government of the democratic kind is ancient; and the latter was deliberately discarded for the former by the founders of our government. I will not cite such a statesman as Madison, not because the heavy debt which the cause of free and regulated popular government owes him can ever be discharged, but because in the passionate rhetoric of the self-styled Progressives, he is set down as a reactionary. I will choose an authority who still remains above suspicion, and will

take the author of the Declaration of Independence, which even to-day is considered radical in its democracy. In speaking of 'the equal rights of man,' Thomas Jefferson declared that —

'Modern times have the signal advantage, too, of having discovered the only device by which these rights can be secured, to wit, — government by the people, acting not in person, but by representatives chosen by themselves.'

The framers of the Constitution were entirely familiar with the failure of direct democracy in the government of numerous populations, and they were influenced by their knowledge of that failure in devising our own structure of republican government. It is now proposed to abandon the discovery of modern times, to which Jefferson referred, and which he declared to be the only method by which rights can be secured, and to put in its stead the discarded device of the ancients. Who, then, are the reactionaries: those who are opposed to the substitution of direct for representative government and are in favor of the progressive principles of the American Constitution, or the supporters of direct government who advocate the return to the reactionary policies which thousands of years ago demonstrated their destructive effect upon the government of any considerable populations? It does not follow that to be a reactionary is to be wrong. The wise reactionary may sometimes preserve the government of a state, and even its civilization. Whether the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall embody sound political principles must be determined by other tests. But their advocates should not masquerade. If they choose to attach to themselves any label, they should frankly spread upon their banner the word 'reactionary.'

The framers of our Constitution were endeavoring to establish a government which should have sway over a great territory and a population already large and which they knew would rapidly increase. They were about to consummate the most democratic movement that had ever occurred on a grand scale in the history of the world. They well knew from the experiments of the past the inevitable limitations upon direct democratic government, and, being statesmen as well as democrats, they sought to make their government enduring by guarding against the excesses which had so often brought popular governments to destruction. They established a government which Lincoln called 'of the people, by the people, for the people,' and in order effectively to create it they adopted limitations which would make its continued existence possible. They knew that, if the governmental energy became too much diluted and dissolved, the evils of anarchy would result, and that there would follow a reaction to the other extreme, with the resulting overthrow of popular rights. They saw clearly the line over which they might not pass in pretended devotion to the democratic idea without establishing government of the demagogue, by the demagogue, and for the demagogue, with the recoil in favor of autocracy sure speedily to follow; for they knew that the men of the race from which they sprang would not long permit themselves to be the victims of misgovernment, and that they would prefer even autocracy to a system under which the great ends of government should not be secured, or should be perverted.

We are in danger of forgetting the essential purpose of government: that it is not an end but a means, that the people do not exist for the government but that government exists for the people. The idolatry of government, or of its institutions, has been as debasing

and injurious as any idolatry that has ever afflicted mankind. It has frequently been the agent of gross and wholesale oppression; it has frequently been the means by which the many have been kept in servitude and subjection; and, until the establishment of our own system, the governments have been few which have had for their chief purpose to safeguard and protect the individual, and hold over him the shield of law, so that he might be secure in his life, his liberty, the fruits of his labor, and in his right as an equal member of the state.

And when I speak of the individual, I mean the chief thing that is essential in the meaning of the term 'the people.' I do not accept the latter term in the sense in which it is so often sweetly used by those who desire our votes. I am unable to see how any good, coming to a mass of men, can be felt in any other way than by the individuals in the mass. And until somebody shall point out a higher consciousness than that of the individual man or woman or child, he can hardly be heard to deny that the individual man or woman or child is the ultimate concern of the state.

The notion that there is a collective personality called 'the people,' separated from the individuals who compose it, and which may be used to oppress each one and all of its component parts in turn, may well have been a conception of the Greek demagogues by whom it was so fittingly illustrated in practice. I cannot understand how there can be any freedom that is not in the last analysis individual freedom. However great a mass of men you may have in a nation, however powerful physically it may be, if each individual is the victim of oppression, if he is denied rights, if there is no forum open to him, where he can be heard to say against the majority, 'This is mine,'— then 'the people' have no such thing as liberty, they have no such thing as popular rights. As to the 'composite citizen,' he obviously is nobody who ever has existed, or ever will exist. When the advocates of a reform, ignoring the man of flesh and blood in the street, are conducting their operations with reference to this mythical person, they should emigrate to Utopia.

Is it for the interest of the individual members of our society to have the great mass of us pass upon the intricate details of legislation, to execute our laws and to administer justice between man and man? That I believe to be in substance the question raised by the Initiative, the Referendum, and the Recall, as they are now practically applied in at least one of the states of the Union, the example of which is held up as a model to the other states. With an infinitesimal responsibility, with only one vote in a million, how seriously would each one of us feel called upon to withdraw from his own private pursuits and to explore in all their details the complicated questions of government? It would be imposing an impossible task, scattered as we are and unable to take common counsel, to require us in the mass to direct the work of government.

First, with regard to the Initiative. In our legislation the work of investigation and of perfecting details is of such great difficulty that proposed laws are distributed among various committees, which are charged with the duty of considering their exact terms. The legislative body as a whole, although its members are paid for doing the work, cannot safely assume to pass upon the intricate questions of legislation without investigation by committees selected with reference to their fitness for the task. The proposed law as perfected by a committee is brought

before the representative assembly and it is there again discussed and subjected to criticism, both as to policy and form, and in this open discussion defects often appear which require amendment, and sometimes the defeat of the bill. And even with these safeguards laws often find their way upon the statute-books which are not best adapted to secure the purposes even of their authors.

But what would be the procedure under the Initiative? In Oregon a law may be initiated upon a petition of eight per cent of the voters, and it then goes to the people upon the question of its final enactment without the intervention of any legislature. Some man has a beautiful general idea for the advancement of mankind, but beautiful general ideas are exceedingly difficult to put into statutory form so that they may become the rule of conduct for a multitude of men. Another man may have some selfish project, which, like most selfish projects, may be concealed under specious words. The beautiful idea or the selfish scheme is written by its author in the form of law, and he proceeds to get the requisite number of signers to a petition. With a due amount of energy and the payment of canvassers, these signatures can be secured by the carload, and the proposed law then goes to the people for enactment, and the great mass of us, on the farm, on the hillside, and in the city, proceed to take the last step in making a law which nine out of ten of us have never read. And this is called securing popular rights and giving the people a larger share in their government!

The people, at the election in Oregon held in 1910, passed upon proposed laws which filled a volume of two hundred pages, and they passed upon them all in a single day, each voter recording his verdict at the polling booth upon both the candidates and the proposed laws. In the ordinary legislative body, made up of no different material from that of which the people are composed, an important question may be considered for a day, or even for a week; and then, with the arguments fresh in their minds, the legislators record their votes upon the single measure. What a delightful jumble we should have if forty different statutes were voted upon in the space of a half-hour by the members of a humdrum legislature!

Of course, one must be cautious about expressing a doubt that the people in their collective capacity can accomplish impossibilities. You may say of an individual that he should have some special preparation before he attempts to set a broken arm or perform a delicate operation upon the eye. But if you say that of all of us in a lump, some popular tribune will denounce you. And yet there is ground for the heretical suspicion, admitting that each one of the people may have in him the making of a great legislator, that there should be one simple prerequisite which he should observe in order to be any sort of a legislator at all. He should first read or attempt to understand the provisions of a bill before solemnly enacting it into law. One can scarcely be accused of begging the question to say that the voters would not read a whole volume of laws before voting upon them. The slightest knowledge of human nature would warrant that assertion.

How many even of the most intelligent of our people, of college professors, of ministers, read the statutes that have already been passed and that are to govern their conduct? Even lawyers are not apt to read them generally, but in connection with particular cases. But if some proof were necessary, one has only to cite some of

the Oregon laws. For example, there are two methods of pursuing the salmon fisheries in the Columbia River: in the lower and sluggish waters of the stream, fishing is done by the net; and in the upper waters by the wheel. The net fishermen desired to prohibit fishing by the wheel, and they procured sufficient signatures and initiated a law having that object in view. On the other hand, the wheel fishermen at the same time wished to restrict fishing by the net, and they initiated a law for that purpose. Both laws went before the people at the same election and they generously passed them both, and thus, so far as the action of the people was concerned, the great salmon fisheries of the Columbia were practically stopped.

A law was 'initiated' by signatures and was enacted by the people at the election in November, 1910, providing for the election of delegates to the national political conventions by popular vote. The law forbade each voter to vote for more than one candidate. But upon the usual basis of apportionment Oregon is entitled to ten delegates in a national convention. If some candidate should be preëminently fitted above all others for the place and should receive all the votes, the state would have only a single delegate in the convention. If the voter has the right to vote for all the candidates for the whole representation of his state in the electoral college, what semblance of a reason can there be why he should not have the same participation in the preliminary election, when the candidate, who may finally be elected President, is to be chosen? The same law forbids a voter from voting for the nomination of more than one candidate for presidential elector. Thus a minority of a party in the state may nominate candidates for electors hostile to its presidential candidate.

If the vote of the presidential electors of Oregon shall not some time be divided, even though the popular vote may have been strongly in favor of a given candidate, it will not be the fault of this law.

It seems rather superfluous to cite instances to prove that, where the final legislative body is denied the power of meeting and discussing the provisions of a proposed law, there will be loose and freakish legislation of the worst kind. Mr. Woodrow Wilson, before he essayed the exacting rôle of the practical politician, declared before the students of Columbia University that a government 'cannot act inorganically by masses, it must have a law-making body. It can no more make laws through its voters than it can make laws through its newspapers.' And in the same course of lectures he declared that —

'We sometimes allow ourselves to assume that the "initiative" and the "referendum," now so much talked of and so imperfectly understood, are a more thorough means of getting at public opinion than the processes of our legislative assemblies. Many a radical programme may get what will seem to be almost general approval if you listen only to those who know they will not have to handle the perilous matter of action, and to those who have merely formed an independent, that is, an isolated opinion, and have not entered into common counsel; but you will seldom find a deliberative assembly acting half so radically as its several members have professed themselves ready to act before they came together into one place and talked the matter over and contrived statutes.'

After Mr. Wilson entered upon his political career, he changed his mind, but his recantation in no degree affects the weight of the argument to which I have referred. The 'common counsel,'

of which he speaks is an indispensable process in the making of laws, and whenever our legislative bodies impose serious limitations upon the process, it is usually to the detriment of the character of the laws passed; and the more grave and statesmanlike the deliberations of those charged with the responsibility, the better it will be for the state. For this vital process there would be substituted the enthusiasm of somebody who believes he has devised some statutory cure-all for the ills that afflict the body-politic, and embodies his enthusiasm in a bill. He seconds himself, as any one may, with the necessary signatures to a petition; and then without coming together and taking common counsel, and often without reading what has been written, the great mass of us solemnly proceed to vote. Such a procedure would put a test upon the people under which no nation could long endure.

The Referendum is somewhat better than the Initiative, but as a settled policy in the making of ordinary statutes it is indefensible. It can be used upon concrete propositions that are not complex in character, and especially upon constitutional propositions which ordinarily enunciate general principles. In the case of constitutional changes, however, they should never take effect without the support of a clear majority of the voters, and in advance of their action they should have the support of a large majority of the legislative body, such as is provided in Massachusetts, so that our constitutions should have more stability than mere statutes, and should not be subject to change with every passing breeze.

I may illustrate again from the example of Oregon, — which is pointed out by the friends of these reforms as a model, and whose people are heroically subjecting themselves to political vivisection in the testing of governmental experiments. An amendment may be made to the Constitution of that state by a majority of those who vote upon the proposition in question. An amendment was passed in one election, by barely one third of the legal voters, which provided that in civil cases three fourths of a jury might render a verdict, that no new trial should be had where there was any evidence at all to sustain the verdict, and making other important changes in the method of administering justice. Constitutional changes should not be made, except in deference to a pronounced and settled public opinion, which cannot better be determined under our system than to require the action of successive legislatures and afterwards a direct vote of the people.

The Referendum may sometimes profitably be used in connection with questions affecting municipalities, where each voter has an appreciable interest in the solution of the question and is familiar with the conditions upon which the solution depends; but as a step in the process of passing statutes of the usual character, statutes which create crimes and provide penalties for their violation, or which have complicated regulations of a business character, the use of the Referendum would be vicious. We are not in the mass adapted to pass upon questions of detail, just as the thousands of stockholders of a great corporation are not in a position directly to manage its business affairs. The function that we can best exercise is that of selecting agents for that purpose, and of holding them responsible for results. Upon the questions relating to the character of representatives, who are usually known personally to the people, they have excellent means for forming a judgment. But if they so often make a mistake in

their judgments of the men they select, as we must infer from the arguments put forward in favor of direct legislation, how much more would they be apt to make mistakes in dealing with the complicated questions involved in practical legislation?

The Referendum takes away from the legislature the responsibility for the final passage of laws, and permits it to shift the burden upon the people. Legislators will be asked: 'Are you not willing to trust the people to say in their wisdom whether a given bill should be enacted?' The prevailing vice of members of law-making bodies in our country is not venality, it is political cowardice; and they will be ready to take refuge in that invitation to trust the people. A witty member of Congress from Mississippi once said that he usually found it easier to do wrong than to explain why he did right. There will be no such difficulty under the Referendum. The legislator may dodge the responsibility of voting upon some bad but specious law where his political interests would lead him to vote one way and his sense of duty another way. He would only need to say that he believed in the people, and would vote to refer it to that supreme court of appeal. Even under the present system a legislator is quite too much influenced by the noisy demonstrations that may be made in favor of one side or the other of a pending proposition, and some of the worst laws that find their way upon the statute-books get there, not because they are approved by the judgment of the legislator, but in response to what he thinks may be the wishes of the people. And instead of voting for what he honestly believes to be just and for the public interests, even against what may appear at the moment to be popular sentiment, and then bravely going before his constituents and attempting to educate them upon the question, he quite too often tacks and goes before the wind.

While the prevailing fault of legislative bodies is, as I have said, political cowardice, the fault of the voter is political indifference. There are far too few of us who carefully study public questions and try to secure exact information about them. We are attracted by sensational charges, by lurid headlines in the newspapers, and by generalities. We too often complacently accept the estimate that is placed upon our profound and exact political knowledge by the men who are asking us to vote for them, and we are far from giving that serious attention to the political issues which we bestow upon our own private affairs.

There is a lawyer of very high standing at the bar of his state who was astonished to be told that the House of Representatives had an established order of business which consumed the greater part of its time. He imagined that the Speaker had practically unlimited discretion in recognition. Another intelligent man who was president of a great railroad could not give the name of his member of Congress, although he had probably voted for him for ten years, if he had voted at all. Such instances are by no means rare, and intelligent people of that sort who neglect their public duties often become the easy victims of every *ism* and *dum*.

We are so engrossed in our private business that many of us give no attention to public questions, or we too frequently bestow upon the latter such superficial study that our action becomes the dangerous thing that is based upon little knowledge. This condition of indifference, even under our present system, produces nothing but an evil effect upon the character of laws; and this evil effect would be greatly intensified

under the Initiative and Referendum. Legislation may be expected to represent in the long run the fair average of the information and the study of the body which enacts it, whether that body be composed of four hundred legislators or one hundred millions of people.

A reform that is most needed is one that will make difficult the passage of laws, unless they repeal existing statutes. The mania of the time is too much legislation and the tendency to regulate everybody and everything by artificial enactments. The Referendum would not be likely to furnish the cure for this evil, but would tend to increase the number of questionable statutes that would be referred to the people; and some of them would doubtless be enacted. If those who are chosen and paid to do the work, and upon whom the responsibility is placed, are sometimes found to enact vicious laws, what would be the result if legislation were enacted by all of us when we had made no special investigation of details, when we should be quite too prone to accept the declamatory recommendations of the advocates of legislative schemes, and submissively swallow the quack nostrums that might be offered for the diseases afflicting the body politic?

The most dangerous statutes are those which deal with admitted evils, and, in order to repress them, are so broadly drawn as to include great numbers of cases which should not fairly come within their scope, or to create a borderland of doubt where the great mass of us may not clearly know how to regulate our conduct in order that we may comply with their prohibitions. Just such statutes, with a basis of justice but with imperfectly constructed details, would be most likely to prevail upon a popular vote. If the forty-six states of the Union, and the national government which is the aggregate of them all, should have this system of direct legislation, our statute-books would very probably soon become a medley of ill-considered reforms, of aspirations sought to be expressed in the cold prose of statutes, of emotional enactments perpetuating some passing popular whim and making it a rule of conduct for the future; and the strict enforcement of our laws would mean the destruction of our civilization.

And then, in order to perfect this scheme of popular government and to safeguard the rights of a helpless people, in addition to all this, they offer us the Recall. Not merely are the laws to be directly enacted by the people, but the execution of the laws is to be conducted in the same way. There would be temporary agents for the purpose of governing, but the people would have ropes about their necks, and at any moment they would be subject to political extinction. This power involves the supposition that the people are omniscient and ever-watchful.

The Constitution of Arizona seems to be in line with the most advanced thought upon this subject. That constitution provides that twenty-five per cent of the voters may institute a proceeding for the Recall; and when it is invoked the man whom they have elected to an office is permitted either to resign in five days, or to defend himself in two hundred words, upon a proceeding to throw him out in disgrace.

In Oregon, it very rarely happens that there is an election in which the defeated candidate does not receive twenty-five per cent of the vote, and not infrequently he receives nearly one half of it. It would be a matter of no difficulty for him to initiate a Recall and practically to have the election over again; and so we should have perpetual warfare over the holding of

office. That result has already clearly developed where the Recall is in force.

A public officer could not take the long view; he could not patiently study the problems that confronted him and carefully look into the conditions with which his office had placed him in close contact, but of which as a private citizen he could have only the most general knowledge. But he would need to be careful to do only those things which might be justified, not by close inspection, but upon the most superficial view. The office to which he has been elected gives him an elevated point of view which he did not have before, but he cannot avail himself of his wider range, because if he is no sooner in office than he must justify himself or retire in disgrace, he will be likely to do the thing most pleasing to the prevailing fancy and which will adapt itself most easily to the momentary condition of the public mind. His political interests will lead him to do the plausible and easily advertised thing, and it may be the thing that will really injure the people.

Whether such a government may be called popular or not, we should be likely always to have under it government of the politician rather than government of the statesman. I have been criticized for using an expression similar to this, as if I had implied the converse: that we now always have government by the statesman; but such an inference can be drawn only by a careless or an unscrupulous thinker. That we sometimes have government by the statesman is undeniable; but that our government is perfect, nobody would pretend. Edmund Burke asserted in effect the same thing at a time in his career when he was the most liberal, as he was always the most philosophical, of British statesmen. In appealing to his constituents for the right of a representative 'to act upon a *very* enlarged view of things,' and not to look merely to 'the flash of the day,' he declared: —

'When the popular member is narrowed in his ideas, and rendered timid in his proceedings, the service of the Crown will be the sole nursery of statesmen.'

According to Burke's view the constant response to the popular mood would at least banish statesmen from the service of the people, if it did not limit it to the politicians.

It is not difficult to turn back to the supreme crises in American history, when its greatest figures were heroically struggling for what they saw to be for the interests of their country, and, if the policy of the Recall had been in force, to see how the whole course of history might have been changed, and how ambition and envy might have utilized a temporary unpopularity to terminate some splendid career.

As an illustration, take Lincoln in the earlier days of his administration. The disastrous defeats that the Union arms had suffered had been relieved only by slight successes. Lincoln scarcely had a friend even in his own Cabinet. Seward was willing to take him under guardianship and run the country for him; Stanton had written of the 'imbecility' of the administration; Chase was quite ready to be a candidate for the Presidency himself; the abolitionists were unsparing in their criticism; the great organs of public opinion were hostile to him; and there can be little doubt that, if a proceeding for Recall could have been had against him at the moment when he was enveloped in the clouds of unpopularity, the career of the greatest of Americans would have been brought to a disgraceful ending, with results to civilization which it is melancholy to contemplate.

And then we are to have the Recall of judges. The enforcement of laws by

judges subject to popular Recall would be likely to be quite in keeping with the character of the laws, if they had been enacted under the Initiative and Referendum. If we are to have all the other things, the Initiative, the Referendum, and the Recall of political officers, there would be this reason for having the judicial Recall. It would complete and make exquisite the harmony of this destructive system. The two fundamental things in the development of English liberty were the free Parliament chosen by the people and independent of the Crown, and the independence of the Judiciary, which had held its tenure only at the royal pleasure. The first great step for the independence of Parliament was won at Runnymede, and the most signal result of the Revolution of 1688 was the establishment of the independence of the Judiciary.

Every schoolboy knows the story of the bloody assizes, the black judicial murders, the gross travesties of justice which were seen under the old system, when the judges held their office subject to the favor of the Crown. It was only after the Revolution that English courts became the real theatres of justice, and the weight of the law and the evidence, and not the fear of a master, determined the decree. But the Recall of judges would make them on the instant subject to another master. The judge, in order to feel secure in his office, would have to consult the popular omens rather than the sources of the law. Instead of looking to the drift of the authorities, he would be likely to study the direction of the popular winds. If in some judicial district a strong labor-union or a great corporation should hold the balance of political power, the courts in that district would be likely to become mere instruments of oppression.

But if we, the people, are so perfect that we can do no wrong even though we are guilty of no investigation, and can with wisdom assume directly to enact and enforce our laws, what reason is there why there should be any constitutional restraint upon our action, and why should we be hampered with statutes or constitutions even of our own making? Why not have the present entirely free from restraints imposed by the past? Why not permit us in our omnipotent wisdom to decide each case upon its own merits, considering only the inherent principles of abstract justice, which in our collective capacity, according to our flatterers, we must of course thoroughly understand?

The democracy of Athens at last attained to this altitude, where the sublimated 'composite citizen' stood forth unfettered and showed what he could really do. In the latter days of that city the action of her people became so direct that in a single abhorrent decree, disregarding what was left of their Constitution, they ordered six of their generals, among them the son of Pericles, to be executed; because, although victorious over their enemies in the days when Athenian victories were few, the success had not been achieved without cost.

Those who advocate the direct action of our great democracy might study with a good deal of profit the history of the little state to which I have just been referring. No more brilliant people ever existed than the Athenian people. They had a genius for government. The common man was able to 'think imperially.' Their great philosopher, Aristotle, could well speak of the Athenian as a political animal. They achieved a development in literature and art which probably has never since been reached. They could boast of orators and philosophers to which those of no other nation can be compared. We

marvel when we consider the surviving proofs of their civilization. But when they did away with all restraints upon their direct action in the making and enforcement of laws, in administering justice and in regulating foreign affairs, their greatness was soon brought to an end, and they became the victims of the most odious tyranny to which any people can be subjected, the tyranny that results from their own unrestrained and unbridled action.

It is said that the history of those distant times can present no useful precedent for our own guidance; but in what respect is human nature different to-day? Whatever new stars our telescopes may have discovered, whatever new inventions may have been brought to light, and whatever advances may have been made in scientific knowledge, the mainsprings of human action are substantially the same to-day that they were in the time of the Greeks. We should be rash indeed to assume that we shall succeed where they failed, and that we can disregard their experience with impunity.

But we are told that the crime of our age is the inordinate love of wealth, and that to protect ourselves from its evils we must set aside our existing institutions. But is the love of wealth any new thing? The greatest of ancient statesmen were accused of the grossest forms of bribery. Thousands of years ago the love of money was declared to be the root of all evil. It is not the fault of an age to be satisfied with itself. Poets have always been singing of a golden age, and they have placed it sometimes in the past, sometimes in the future, but never in the present. We may go back almost to the oldest of poets, Hesiod, and we shall find him placing the golden age far back of his own day, while his own time he pictured as one stained with plundering, with envy, brawling, and perjury. Horace in a lively ode sought a poet's escape, and called upon the Roman citizens to abandon their wicked country and set sail for the mythical islands which Jupiter had set aside when he stained the golden age with brass and hardened the brazen ages into iron. And those islands were no more mythical than the refuge from our own crimes which the inventors of the Initiative, the Referendum, and the Recall have pointed out to us.

In what respect should we have been better if, during the amazing physical development of the last two generations, we had had direct democratic government? It cannot be contended that our legislators did not represent the people. If they had attempted by their votes to repress the universal sentiment for industrial expansion, they could not have remained in office. The people of the towns even of New England were found voting bonds as bonuses for the building of railroads, and exemptions from taxation in order to secure manufacturing plants. And in the growing West, the sentiment for empire and expansion was so strong that cities and towns were bidding against each other in the offer of gratuities, and if it had not been for the occasional conservatism of legislatures, and for the issuing of injunctions by judges, who under the Recall would quite likely have been thrown out of office, our Western country would have been covered with communities which had made themselves bankrupt by the gratuitous issue of bonds in aid of factories and railroads; and we should probably not have attained anything approaching our present development, because of the check that would inevitably have come through the gross corruption of the system.

The advocates of direct government cite the examples of Oregon and Switzerland, where they point to results

with an eloquence nowhere else to be found outside of a mining prospectus. Perhaps I have already referred sufficiently to Oregon. One must be easily satisfied who can be convinced by a careful scrutiny of results in that state, even though the experiment has been tried among her intelligent people. Switzerland is a small country, scarcely equal in area to some of our American counties, and a large proportion even of that small area is covered by uninhabitable mountains. The population is thrifty and conservative, and largely devoted to the work of caring for the vast numbers of tourists who annually visit the country. The conditions as to complexity of industry are radically different from those existing in America. But while Switzerland is one of the countries best adapted, as we certainly are one of the least adapted, to the operation of the Initiative and the Referendum, the results there are not such as to justify their adoption in any other country, if we may credit the report made to the State Department by our Vice-Consul at Berne, and presented to the Senate by Mr. LaFollette on July 13, 1909. This report says:—

'The great questions of centralization, civil status, laws of marriage and divorce, bankruptcy laws, the customs tariffs, the railroad purchase, employers' liability, factory laws, unity of the conflicting cantonal civil and criminal laws into a federal code, the military organization, the pure-food law, etc., all of which are things of the past, were congressional measures. It may safely be said that the initiative can be of decided and positive value only in districts small enough to enable the average citizen to form a conscientious opinion upon projects of such local significance as to be well within his practical knowledge, but, in addition, he must exercise his duty as he sees it at the polls. With a comparatively small number of signatures requisite for an initiative measure, its danger lies in the fact that it may easily be prostituted by factions, cliques, malcontents, and demagogues, to force upon the people projects of partisan, freak, or unnecessary legislation.'

As to the Referendum, there is no other veto power in Switzerland. While it is not so intelligently exercised as it would be by an upright executive, yet it has occasionally proved an important check. The most striking general result is seen in the relatively small number of voters who will vote upon laws; and while statutes have been passed to compel voting, their provisions have simply increased the great number of blank votes.

The most serious tendency under our present system is seen in the multiplication of statutes, which threatens to destroy liberty, and even to engulf our civilization. But much of this legislative rubbish is the product of those who are given to exploiting themselves as the especial champions of the people, or is the result of the readiness of the legislator to respond to what he thinks is the popular demand. The member who is most disposed to cast a negative vote is stigmatized as a reactionary. It is not difficult to place the most immature, visionary, and apparently popular schemes upon the statute-books of some of the oldest and, until recently, most conservative states of the Union. In one historic commonwealth the principal avocation of the people soon promises to be politics, assuming that they shall pay due attention to their political duties, and the next 'reform' will not unnaturally be the passage of a law to pay the voter out of the public treasury for the demand made upon him in listening, through each recurring summer, to the wooing of self-constituted candidates, —and there can well be no other candi-

dates; in voting upon their claims; and finally, in following the campaign conducted by the parties, and in voting in the chief election. The essential remedy for checking legislation would seem to be the education of the people so that they will present a body of sound and definite opinion to which the representative may respond. This work must be done by the people themselves, and it can be aided greatly by the newspapers, if they will pander less to sensationalism, indulge less in defamation of the agencies of government, and seek to become the veracious chroniclers of their times.

We should not experiment lightly with the fundamental principles of our government, and trust to our good fortune to escape danger. It is well to be an optimist, at least so far as faith is concerned in the final triumph of good in the universe, but we should be careful not to follow too willingly those professional optimists and political Micawbers who are always sure, in whatever condition of danger we put ourselves, that something will turn up to our advantage. One of the most radical mistakes our nation has ever made was contributed to in large measure by well-meaning people who employed eulogiums upon their own optimism instead of arguments, and denounced as pessimists those who did not cheerily agree with them. Faith that things will ultimately come out well, does not mean that we may recklessly take the next step.

It should be remembered that civilization has sometimes moved backward for a time, that liberty has been submerged, and that great and powerful nations have been brought to naught. Instead of changing our system of government because of the existence of evils which have existed since the beginning of time, and instead of attempting to seek refuge in a demagogue's paradise, our people should be incited to study closely the problems of government, to set higher standards for their own conduct, with the result that higher standards will be followed by their chosen agents; and there is no evil for which the Initiative, the Referendum, and the Recall are proposed as a remedy that cannot effectively be dealt with under our republican institutions, without the disintegration, demoralization, and ultimate destruction of regulated liberty and of individual rights likely to follow from the application of those reactionary policies, just as they have followed them when applied upon a large scale in history.

THE SQUARE AND THE CIRCLE

BY LEAVITT ASHLEY KNIGHT

'You have picked your farm as only the president of a life-insurance company could,' I assured Mr. Caysor, as I clenched the seat-rail of his touring-car. 'Death himself could never make his way over these roads up into your secret valley. You would have to fetch him in the auto — Hoo! Watch that boulder!'

Six winding miles we had pounded from the railway station, ever up grade and over rocks on whose surface some dust, having drifted more thickly in one direction than in another, claimed the courtesy of being called the Milbridge Turnpike. On the crest of a granite swell, our engine stopped, at the end of its patience, its gasoline, and its journey. Mr. Caysor dropped me on a porch as wide and as long as a race-track, while he stepped into the gray Titan he miscalled a 'farmhouse,' to summon a servant for my luggage. With a heart as full of contentment as my eyes were full of dust, I surveyed this place where, during the month to follow, I should earn twice my salary from the college merely by glancing through the table of probabilities which Mr. Caysor's experts had compiled for a new scheme of endowment policies. An ideal spot for brain work! The shrillest locomotive whistle and the smelliest factory chimney could not fling their irritations hither; a half-mile lay between us and the next house, and no Sunday stream of impious automobiles was to be feared over that alleged road. Its thank-you-ma'ams, taken at thirty miles an hour, had added a most unpleasant personal flavor to my task of figuring the chances of death for an insurance company. I resolved to defer work until the upland air had washed away that bad taste.

'Good!' said my host, 'let's stroll over the farm. I must visit a queer codger down by the brook' — He gestured toward a streak glinting across a far meadow. 'My superintendent cannot manage Sam Pelton. The fellow's chickens put the crows to shame when they hold a scratching-bee in my corn. His curs chase his cats and Nature's rabbits across my young potatoes. And three times this week we've driven his cow out of our Italian clover. I don't mind the damage in dollars and cents; but I am anxious to test some fertilizers. How can even a mathematician like you estimate their value, if the crops are going to be nibbled and trampled and uprooted?'

A city man, to whom is added the disability of being academic, must practice extreme caution and reserve when passing judgment on even the apparent axioms of agriculture. Modestly I suggested to Mr. Caysor that high fences and trespass signs might protect him.

'They are quite contrary to principle and policy,' he objected, as we stumbled down a jagged and jerky lane, at whose thin, frayed end I could see the swirl of a brook. 'If the fences are built as the law requires, I am in one mess; and I'm in another if I construct them myself. Suppose I compel Pelton and my other two obnoxious

neighbors to build their part of our line fences. First, they will be angry, for this has been a wide-open countryside ever since these stones and hills were put here. Before I came here, line fences would have cost more than the land and crops they were to protect, so of course the natives built none. Well, in the second place, if I brought the statutes to bear upon them, they would work at their fences only when they had nothing else to do — you know how often that is on a farm! And, after a year or two of pottering, they would have erected the flimsiest, lowest, openest barrier permissible, which would hinder the hens and dogs about as much as the Golden Rule does.'

'You could *almost* afford to put up all the fences at your own expense. Then they'd be right,' I suggested; and cleverly, I thought.

Millionaires, who, like Mr. Caysor, are not newly rich, are often flattered by the insinuation that they must count their pennies before spending.

'It's not the money cost,' he explained, 'but the reputation I should win by such a move, that I can ill afford. I do not wish to hear these rustics calling me a fool behind my back, and I resent being dealt with as an alien. My family comes from New Jersey soil, and it throve there longer than these people have. I've taken this farm to live on it, to bring up my boys wholesomely, to find rest and contentment. Once let Pelton and the others believe I am a fool, a soft mark, putting up other people's fences for them, — and they will set me apart as a freak, a rank outsider, a convenient loose-purse to swindle, but not a person to gossip with. We should all be shut out of the neighborhood life.'

A New York financier fancying that there was a 'neighborhood life' in this desolation! And that, if diplomatic, he might break into its smart set! Even the worldly-wise must beware of straying beyond the atmosphere which enshrouds their own little sphere. People judge distances by the air to which they are accustomed; as the seaboard native visiting Colorado who imagines he can walk before breakfast to a mountain fifty miles away, so was Mr. Caysor insensitive to the gulf between Hawk's Nest and the institutions of the vicinage.

'You really hope some day to mix with Pelton and his kind?' I laughed, toning down my incredulity as best I could.

'Why, yes! Why not? I'm no aristocrat.'

'But not all democrats can rub noses in brotherly love. Hop around with milkmaids at the barn dance, debate turnips, polish the counter of the cross-roads emporium with the seat of your orthodox jeans, — you will never take the measure of these folks.'

'That smells of college, Professor Maggam!' My host and employer bestowed a pitying smile upon me, allegorically knocking off the head of a wild carrot with his cane. 'You academics are odd weeds!'

'College often smells of truth,' I retorted. 'The human mind, like mathematics, is full of incommensurables. As the area of no circle can be exactly reproduced in the form of a square, so with men's thoughts, their standards, and ways of judging things. Smith's ideas are round —'

'Logical circles, as it were,' Mr. Caysor interpolated.

'While Brown's are square. Smith cannot match Brown's thoughts, nor can Brown duplicate Smith's. So it comes to pass that the world is full of inevitable misunderstandings. Genius in one of us seems madness to another; religion seems depravity, and morals corruption.'

'That's Pelton's!'

Mr. Caysor pointed at a wry chimney smoking over the ragged top of a wild-mulberry hedge. Where we walked, the rocks, victorious over the highway, thrust themselves heavily through the powdered clay. On our left, they had been expelled from a great, gentle field, for that was of the Caysor farm; but at the rise of ground on our right, they protruded everywhere between unpainted cottages, which reminded one of stranded fishes, spasmodically waving their window-blinds like fins, and panting desperately through long gill-slits between their gaping weather-boards. Dirty urchins, yelling in rustic unrestraint, chased gaunt dogs through a maze of despondent stumps.

'Now, my fine philosopher!' said Mr. Caysor. 'Watch closely, and tell me honestly whether I can measure Pelton, and Pelton me. When I was a young insurance agent, I made myself understood to queerer sticks!'

A ridge of insolent granite pitched the lane roughly to the west and brought the Pelton barnyard in view. A bent man — he might have been the 'Crooked Man who lived in a Crooked House' — was twisting a reluctant cow's tail, in a vain struggle to urge the animal out upon the road.

'An unruly beast!' I observed again with that caution and reserve which are seemly in an urbanite. 'If I had a cow —'

'Lord! That's my Jersey!' Mr. Caysor shouted and broke into a sharp jog-trot. 'What the devil is he doing with her? Hey! Leave her tail alone! I'll twist your —'

As he found his stride, he lost his breath. At the same instant one of those evil spirits which inhabit even the meekest kine prompted the Caysor Jersey to plunge down the road in the direction toward which Pelton had been advising her. Ours was a stern chase of a full half-mile.

'I'll have you arrested!' roared Caysor when we had overhauled the two children of the soil.

'No, y' won't, mister!' piped back the weazened Pelton, wrinkling the bridge of his long nose. 'This here cow is goin' t' th' pound! She's et up ten times her lenth 'n bredth o' my oats. 'N y'll pay th' poundmaster a dollar 'n me anuther one fer th' damages!'

'Oho!' Mr. Caysor was flustered only between two breaths. 'Well, it's a mile further to the pound.' He drew forth a dollar. 'That for the oats. Now spare yourself and Bossie the rest of the journey. It's a hot day.'

Pelton turned his back on us, sneering. 'Y' kin buy people off like that down in New York, mebbe; but we're law-abidin' folks out here, an' y'd better larn it spry! Cows that ruin other folks' grain goes t' th' pound; that's th' law!'

'To be sure, my good man,' Mr. Caysor assented gently, as he drew his wallet again. 'Here! Take two dollars, one for damages and the other for the poundmaster. I don't wish to dodge my fine!'

'Not so easy, mister!' Pelton cackled triumphantly, still moving off. 'This here cow's put me to a peck o' trouble, a catchin' her an' a draggin' her darned carcass outen the oat field. I've wasted 'n hour that I otto a spent in the cabbage patch. Now you've gotto do the same. An eye fer an eye, an' a tooth fer a tooth, says the Good Book; a peck o' trouble fer a peck o' trouble that means, if y've got th' brains t' unnerstand it.'

Mr. Caysor doffed his Panama affably. 'As you like it! Pray enjoy your walk to the pound and back! You'll spare me the trouble of leading Bossie home. George will drive over for her this afternoon. And you'll collect your dollar damages after the court has passed on the claim. — Let's cut back

through my wood lot, Professor. There are some odd mushrooms I should like to show you. Can you distinguish the poisonous kinds?'

I caught Pelton's eye as we turned. It flickered like a candle-flame caught in eddying gusts, knowing not which way to swing. Then the strong, deep draught of instinct blew it straight and clear. Pelton marched on toward the pound.

'That fungus you've just been talking to looks poisonous.'

I welcomed mushrooms as a pleasant change from incommensurables, which, I feared, might stir my employer and friend to measureless wrath, if broached now.

'Nonsense!' insisted Mr. Caysor. 'If you let a little misunderstanding like that affect you, you could n't sell life-insurance policies at a railroad wreck. I'll have him pacified before you leave Hawk's Nest.'

From our hammocks on the porch of Hawk's Nest, after luncheon, our field-glasses followed Pelton, as he limped wearily homeward. Once he seemed to look squarely into our faces and scowl.

'He has n't enjoyed his promenade,' smiled Caysor dryly. 'By the way, I must send George after Bossie.'

Under a cherry tree Pelton surlily watched the hostler flash down the lane on a lank bay mare.

'He's bitterly disappointed because I am not walking barefoot over the rocky road to haul the cow home!'

Though Caysor chuckled, he was mildly disturbed. The farmer puzzled him, the prince of insurance agents! I fancied Caysor was thinking no primitive man had a right to do that. Yet my host was above bitterness.

'He's just waking to the bad bargain he drove. He has spoiled his temper, his morning, and his feet, not to mention his chance of collecting his dollar damages. Poor devil! I'll spare him that last annoyance."

He dispatched a stable boy with the dollar. The lad returned grinning and passed the bill back. 'He say he can't make you go to the pound, but he can make you go to court; and he's going to collect the damages that way. I did n't catch on to the rest, sir; it was something about you having to waste as much time and strength as he has on your account.'

'Mad!' Mr. Caysor's exclamation was tinged with the feeling a child experiences on opening its first Jack-in-the-Box; he was shocked, tickled, and amused. 'He twists Moses as violently as Bossie's tail.'

'No!' I objected. 'And, far from being mad, he suffers from too much sanity.'

'What must I say now?' my host asked feebly. 'Spring your little jest.'

'Madness and genius are allied, you know; genius is useful originality, madness is useless originality. But Pelton is utterly unoriginal. You think you are a conservative, but you are as flighty as an aeroplane in comparison with Pelton; he is a brother to the boulders, he has n't moved since the Age of Ice. Primitive men took a goat from the poor thief who had stolen one; from the rich thief they confiscated five for every one he had purloined. The peasant, in the days of blood-money, paid a year's hard labor in penalty for murder, but his wealthy neighbor, for the same offense, had to yield up all his flocks. Crude, perhaps, but not absurd!'

I was on the verge of demonstrating the necessity of reviving this law, when Mr. Grace, the president's private secretary dashed up in a fagged runabout, bearing a bundle of urgent letters, one of which took Mr. Caysor to his desk at once, and to Chicago an hour later. His grief over the thought

of missing the comedy at court when Pelton's lawsuit should come up bulked disproportionately large in the midst of the momentous worries of high finance. Pelton had excited him; was causing the New Yorker to squander his fifty-dollar minutes on him, after all. Though I told my host I was sorry, I afterward rejoiced at his absence.

A week later, the judge reached Pelton *versus* Caysor. Mr. Grace and I found the primeval countryman strutting up and down the courtroom, proud as a conquering barnyard cock. The case was called. Mr. Grace, himself an attorney, rose and stated that his client would not oppose the claim. This the judge fixed at two dollars and costs, which Mr. Grace paid.

'That ain't the feller!' shrieked Pelton, pointing at the secretary. 'I never seen him. Mister Caysor is a big porker 'ith a hole in th' middle o' his hair.'

His Honor scanned the documents of the next case and the courtroom tittered, while the farmer gnawed his nails as a rat gnaws the wire of his trap.

'Next case! Meacham *versus* —'

The judge shot a startled glance at Pelton, who had advanced, one skinny arm outstretched.

'Jedge,' he cried, and in his throat sounded the sharp whistle of January wind, 'I've spent most o' two workin' days catchin' Caysor's cow, 'n pullin' her over t' th' pound, 'n comin' t' this here court fer my damages, when there wuz strawberries t' pick 'n peas t' hoe. Caysor ain't put himself out a minnit! He don't even come here t' be fined; 'n th' six dollars this hired man o' his'n pays, — I'll bet his boss never earned 'em ner even saw 'em! 'T ain't fair! 'T ain't square!'

'Silence!' thundered the court. 'Another word in that vein, and you will be fined ten dollars for contempt!'

Pelton slunk out of the courtroom, the laughter of spectators nipping him from behind like a street cur. As our car swished past him before the courthouse, he watched us with the despair and fright of a cave man seeing a mastodon for the first time, and knowing neither flint that can pierce the monster's hide nor trap that will hold him.

A few days afterward, Mr. Caysor returned with an amusing tale about an Illinois court which had fined his company five thousand dollars for 'a slight irregularity' by which the corporation had cleared two hundred thousand.

'I fired the State manager, who planned the clever trick and tried it out on his own hook,' said Mr. Caysor. 'We paid the maximum penalty the law allows, and we are not obliged, morally or legally, to surrender our profit, because we have cheated nobody.' Then he asked about Pelton. 'If he's so vindictive,' he commented at the close of my story, 'we'll have to build that line fence between him and my meadow, which has the best grass on my farm for Bossie.'

Mr. Grace and I visited the farmer, under instructions to let him choose the easier half of the fence to build. The secretary foresaw another row, I none; and I proved the better prophet. The sharing of line fences Pelton's moral code approved, and against that code he would not struggle, however painful submission might be. Caysor's meadow bounded Pelton's eight irregular acres on the north, the east, and the south. There were a thousand feet of fence to build over bed-rock topped with soil so shallow that posts were quite out of the question; a stone wall must be constructed. Pelton set to work a few days later with a small stone boat pulled by a horse which found it a burden unloaded. Mr. Grace put on ten huskies and four ponderous Percherons, which finished Mr. Cay-

sor's five hundred feet to the lawful height of four feet, six inches, before Pelton had laid twenty; incidentally, they transmuted twelve worthless acres of boulders into excellent grazing lands, stoneless and smooth.

On the glad mid-June morning when Mr. Caysor inspected the new wall, he and I saw from a distance Pelton and his bony horse panting in the shade of his wild-mulberry hedge. In a minute Pelton spied us coming and slipped into his cottage.

'He's not glad to see me,' Mr. Caysor laughed.

We strolled along the wall, my host poking at it with his cane, in search of loose spots. We rounded the southern tip of the mulberry hedge and met Pelton, his savage eyes, and the muzzle of an ancient rifle aimed at Caysor's face.

'Th' law sez I must build one half o' this here fence, 'n you, Mister Caysor, must put up th' other half. I've been slavin' at these stones a week, an' what've *you* done? Sat on yer front steps a-watchin' me an' grinnin'! Y' ain't lifted a pebble. Y' cheated me about the cow fine, but y' ain't goin' t' have the chanct to cheat me again! Jest pile another layer onto those five hundred feet o' yourn; there's some nice flat slabs o' shale over there,—see 'em? An' you,' Pelton nodded at me without quivering his rifle, 'you set down here by me, er I'll pop y' in the calf o' th' left leg, jest enough t' keep y' still a while!'

'Mind him, for heaven's sake!' Caysor warned me. 'The maniac can trim a squirrel's tail at two hundred yards!'

'Y' kin take my horse er y' kin carry 'em in yer arms.' Pelton returned to the stones and his delinquent neighbor. 'The fence'll keep yer cow outen my oats all th' better, if it's a foot higher! Get busy now!'

The president of the New York Friendly Mutual Insurance Company (capital, $12,000,000, undivided profits, $9,254,000, and outstanding insurance, $225,456,000) loaded the stone boat thrice and added to the stature of some six feet of wall, before his hands, scratched, bruised, and bleeding, rebelled. He held them up to Pelton.

'I can't do more! They won't work.' He smiled weakly.

'Th' bones 've stuck clean outen mine,' Pelton replied, 'but I've kept 'em at work, 'n I guess you kin! If y' can't, it's high time y' learned.'

Mr. Caysor sat down. Pelton counted three, warning him at each number, but Caysor watched a thrush fly past. At the end of the last count, Pelton fired, splitting the sole of my host's right shoe. The sting of the quick bruise brought the victim to his feet.

'The next bullet 'll bruise yer heel a little hotter.'

About the middle of the sweltering afternoon Caysor fainted.

'If this is sunstroke,' I shook my fist in Pelton's happy face, 'you will sit a year or two in jail!'

'Sunstroke, nuthin'!' he grunted. 'Th' loafer jist ain't used t' givin' folks a square deal an' abidin' by th' law! That's all! If he don't pick up soon, y' kin take him home in th' spring wagon.'

Mr. Caysor did not pick up soon. We picked him up. I brought him to Hawk's Nest in Pelton's creaky vehicle, still senseless, my coat over his head to baffle the merciless sun.

At the trial, Pelton's attorney was Moses, whom the court refused to recognize. As Mr. Caysor entered a vigorous plea for clemency, the convicted man was sentenced to jail for only ninety days; 'though you deserve two years,' protested the judge.

'Ninety days!' Pelton trembled and went as white as the morning mist that hangs about his cottage in the bot-

toms. 'Ninety days! Y' don't mean that, Jedge! Middle o' June — July, August, middle o' September. 'Fore I git home, my cherries 'll be withered t' th' pits, an' th' pears rotten. My rye'll be flat on th' ground, an' the peas — In God's name, Jedge, I won't have nothin' fer eatin' next winter! It ain't square!'

At a nod from the judge, an officer dragged the wretch off, and the next case was called.

'We may have erred,' Mr. Caysor told the judge afterward. 'His place may be the asylum, not the jail.'

And the judge nodded: 'Maybe.'

Pelton had sadly disarranged my work on the insurance company's papers. I took them home with me, still uninspected, when Mr. Caysor locked up Hawk's Nest and left for Canada on a two-months' fishing trip.

September was burning her continent-wide swath in the crimson-and-gold uplands when Mr. Caysor next jounced me to the retreat which Death could reach only in an automobile. Three of the six miles lay smoking in their own dust behind us when, rounding a bend, we barely missed a gaunt dog which was licking the face of an old man. The man, squatted on a stone in the middle of the road, was shrilly singing: —

> 'They have murdered God Almighty,
> They have slain the Lord of Hosts.'

His tune was that of 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.'

'Pelton!' I whispered, a little sick.

'By George!' A sudden memory came down upon the financier at the wheel. 'His ninety days ended yesterday.'

'So did his mind,' I added grimly.

We helped him into the car. He did not recognize us. He told us in confidence that a band of demons had slipped into Heaven through a crack in the Table of the Laws and had strangled God while He was asleep. As the robins had stripped his cherry trees and the ragweed was lording it over his garden, we fed him in the servants' quarters until an officer removed him to a still, green yard which the State provides for wandering minds. There November caught him on a bench, wondering where he should plant red cabbage next spring; and December answered his question as she swept him off with the last autumn leaves, crooning his Miltonic hymn in the music of that land whose citizens are born free and equal. There being no heir, Mr. Caysor bought his eight acres for three hundred dollars.

'I knew from the beginning that he was mad,' the insurance king said as we watched his workmen burn the Pelton cottage, one fresh April day.

'There was no common measure of justice between you,' I closed the tragedy. 'His moral ideas were cut square. Yours are circles. He tried to square the circle, and failed, as we all must.'

ONE VIEW OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE

BY MARY LEAL HARKNESS

By way of introduction, let me say that I am a believer in domestic science. I entertain much higher ideals for it than do its professional advocates and teachers. If I were a teacher of domestic science, I suspect that there would be almost no limit to the dreams I should indulge in as to the uplifting possibilities of my chosen work. Yet, for the most part, its most earnest votaries neither claim for it these possibilities, nor do they seem even to suspect their existence.

What is the reason for this lack of vision? Those who do comprehend the promise contained in this new branch of the pedagogical tree seem, like myself, to have evolved their ideas amid the musty surroundings of philology or the classics, and seldom in white-tiled, nickel-plated kitchens.

Let me take as a starting-point the ideals of the profession. So far as I can discover, the utmost which the representatives of domestic science claim for it is that it will fit women better to care for and direct their homes. Almost any domestic scientist can be depended upon to remark: 'The care of the home and the proper rearing of children are the noblest and most satisfying vocations in which a woman can engage,' and so forth. (See any Chautauqua lecture-course.)

Anything that will really better the management of the home and the education of children may well claim to be an uplifting force in society, but I have yet to learn how domestic science, as understood by its average exponent, is justifying that claim or attempting to justify it. The very fact that almost every professional writer on the subject begins his article with some such sentiment as, 'Woman's kingdom is the Home, and no woman can afford to be without a practical knowledge of the work of the Home,' shows how very narrow a conception these supporters of domestic science have of what it is which actually does elevate the home or benefit its inmates. By their own showing, 'housekeeping' means baking good bread and knowing how to broil a beefsteak — notwithstanding the fact that this knowledge is, and long has been, possessed in a high degree by sundry women of colored skin or of European peasant extraction, to whom not one of the aforesaid writers would dream of committing the making of his home, or the care of his children beyond the teething stage. Yet if there accrues to women as much mental and spiritual development from learning to do well all things connected with domestic life as from the study of books, why, I ask, does not the fanatic on industrial education entrust the entire rearing of his children to his Irish nurse-girl? Why does he not marry his cook?

Scattering instances, it is true, are on record of a man's marrying his cook, but not the type of man who celebrates in magazines and on platforms the charm and potent 'influence' of the 'homekeeping' goddess. No; this latter man is precisely the one who, if confronted in his choice of a companion for

life, and a mother for his children, with the alternative of Greek without domestic accomplishments, or good bread without academic equipment, would unhesitatingly take the Greek and trust to Heaven for his daily bread — and he would be right. He instinctively knows that from the woman who reads Greek there is hope, if occasion arise, of the evolution of the bread-making faculty; he also knows — although he will not usually tell the truth about it — that from the bread-making intelligence *alone* there is no hope of the development of any of the things for which a knowledge of Greek stands.

My contention is twofold: first, that there is absolutely nothing in domestic duties themselves, or in any form of manual labor, which develops the mind or elevates or broadens the character; second, that the idea that every woman needs practical instruction in housekeeping as a part of her education is as absurd as would be the claim that every man needs to be taught in school to plant corn or milk a cow. Corn-planting, milking, bread- and bed-making are all very good things to know; not *one* of them is essential to the education and usefulness of *all* men and women.

I wish to make clear, in the beginning, the very wide distinction between the importance of manual labor for men and women, and the educational value of it. To say that in itself it possesses no educative power is by no means to say that the doing of it — and the doing of it well — is not a necessary and worthy contribution to the sum of human happiness and decency. But the instances commonly cited to prove its value as an educational factor are in reality cases of putting education into *it*, not of putting *it* into education. The men and women who have sung the praises of labor, who have seen that man might truly worship God by the work of his hands, have been the scholars, the thinkers, who brought from the domain of the student an idealism which they infused into their bodily toil. No one ever hears such sentiments from the orator of a labor union. Those who toil for their daily bread with their hands hate manual labor; they see only the hardness and monotony and degradation of it; and their life is one continual protest against its deadening influence.

And of all the manual laborers who hate their work, none is so conspicuous for her dislike of it as the domestic servant. The reasons therefor have been catalogued many times over by the sociological dabbler for the modern magazine. 'Boiled down,' they amount to this: that neither the maid nor her employer ordinarily has sufficient intelligence to regard the performance of household tasks as a business other than socially degrading. If doing domestic work *well* elevates the mind and enlarges the spiritual horizon, both mistress and maid ought long ago to have risen above this cramped and distorted view, for very often both of them cook and sweep and wash and iron very well indeed. But, as a matter of fact, whatever degree of appreciation of the dignity of household labor either possesses is almost invariably proportioned to the degree to which she has been taught to think *outside of the kitchen*.

Again, if the learning to make beautiful things develops the intellect, washing and ironing ought to rank very high in the educational scale (and no thanks to domestic science, either); for really there is nothing much more attractive to the eye, and nothing that requires a more delicate skill and a daintier touch, than an array of beautifully ironed garments. Yet what is our experience with the intellect of our laundress, whether Negro 'wash-lady' or French *blanchisseuse de fin?* On the other hand, I can iron my most elaborate shirtwaists

quite as well as my old colored 'aunty' does, nor did I begin to learn to do the work until I was grown and college-bred. This personal reference is not prompted by vanity over an exceptional domestic accomplishment which may save me from starvation should school-teaching and the Carnegie pension fail, but is merely by way of indicating that in it I am not exceptional at all. Everywhere are proofs that the woman with educated brain can use her hands skillfully and profitably if occasion arise; corresponding proofs are not forthcoming that the woman with skillful hands can do the like with her brain.

Of course, as the domestic scientist would doubtless remind me, it is not necessary to imagine only the two extremes, the woman who knows nothing but books and the woman who knows nothing but kitchen; but is it not true that the women who combine book-knowledge with housekeeping knowledge existed in very considerable numbers long before Domestic Science was dreamed of, or written with capital letters as a collegiate Department? And can any one deny that this combination has almost invariably resulted from academic training as the definite part of education, with domestic training as an accidental product of home environment or the like; and not from domestic training as the definite substance of education and academic as the accidental product?

Practically all the results to which the domestic scientists 'point with pride' have been gained through methods formulated, and material already prepared, by us who are teaching what men variously term the humanities, culture studies, and 'book-l'arnin'.' It does, therefore, sometimes seem to me rather ungracious of domestic scientists to try to prove by statistics that it is they who are raising the level of *our work*.

I think my especial grudge against the domestic scientists (not against Domestic Science, which is a different matter) is that they are *not* improving either education or the female sex, for neither can ever be improved by such ideals as domestic scientists mainly profess. The real result of their educational theories, if they can ever get them put into general practice, will be to bring both schools and women to even a lower level of the mediocrity which grows out of the effort to do too many things, and of elevating *things* above *thoughts*.

As to the schools: I am aware that there exist reports of experiments made, notably in Canada, according to which students industrially trained are 'proved' to have outstripped in examinations upon academic branches those trained in the latter alone. The 'proof' seems to me less convincing than it does to the enthusiasts who wish to believe. I myself know a certain manual-training school whose graduates, I dare say, can not only make better mission furniture and daintier hand-made nightgowns and more toothsome muffins than the majority of high-school graduates in the same city, but would possibly average higher on a college entrance examination. But the reason is so obvious that I wonder how the industrialists can so comfortably overlook it. The school is richly endowed, and possesses every advantage that can be afforded by fine teachers — all specialists — and splendid equipment. Add to this the smaller classes and consequent additional individual attention possible for the pupils, above all, the fact that the teachers and directors are exerting every effort to prove the validity of a pet educational theory, and then consider how far the school with these tremendous advantages is justified in tracing its alleged superiority in languages and chemistry to the

influence of muffins and hand-made undergarments.

For certain sections of country where civilization is so backward that cleanliness and comfort in the home are not regarded, for children of city slums where the same and worse conditions exist, there is no doubt that instruction is needed in all that will tend to secure cleanliness, comfort, and beauty as well, and probably the school is the best practical vehicle for conveying such instruction. But if it must be introduced at the cost of reducing the amount of instruction in things purely intellectual, then the young people in such a school are being deprived of something just as surely their due, just as essential to their future as useful men and women, as any knowledge of cooking or sewing, furniture-making or plumbing, can possibly be. And further, to claim that because of the manifest need of a minority of school-children and young people to be taught some of these things, industrial training should be put into *all* the schools, and included within the hours formerly given to mental training, with the consequent cutting-down of the hours of book-study, is to commit nothing less than an outrage on the great majority of children, who come from homes where the essentials of all such domestic knowledge come to them from their environment and without thought of its being a *study*.

I do not mean to say that it is undesirable that these things should be made a study. On the contrary, I should make them a study to a much greater extent than now, but in the right time and place, and for the right people. It is most desirable that sewing, cooking, every department of domestic employment, indeed, should be taught in the best way, which means the scientific way and the artistic way; and that way is, no doubt, to be most fully secured through classes taught by trained specialists. But the time and the place for these classes are not the school-room and the hour in which your daughter ought to be studying Latin and mathematics. And you ought to feel that you and she are being defrauded if the time in which she has a right to be given the intellectual training which is a necessity to every normal human being is encroached upon by manual training which *does not educate*, and is only useful to *some* human beings.

The course to pursue in regard to industrial training for young people under collegiate grade seems to me to be this: in the majority of communities and for the majority of students, it should not be allowed in the schools at all *as a course of study*, but it may very properly be provided in connection with the schools as something to be undertaken outside of regular school hours by those who need it. For exceptional communities, as for instance the more remote and backward regions in some Southern States, or the parts of our cities where the population is chiefly ignorant, uncleanly, and poorly housed, there should be special schools to meet the special needs, and there it would be most desirable to teach all the things which the homes of such children do not and cannot give, and which the children ought to possess. But even in such schools I believe that the amount and quality of purely intellectual training should not be lessened because of the necessity for the introduction of the industrial. It must no doubt be extended over a longer time, but eventually the poor white or the little dago of the fruit-stand should be as well fitted to go to college if he cares to (and the abomination of the present industrial 'education' is that it does not pretend to try to make him care to) as the child of the professional man.

In the collegiate period in the lives of

young men and young women I believe that there is the least excuse of all for the introduction of what we usually understand by industrial education. Of course, I do not mean by this that certain kinds of highly scientific, and therefore highly educative work, which is now done, chiefly by men, in technical schools of collegiate rank, should be excluded. I do not wish to enter, in fact, upon the very wide field embracing both masculine and feminine education, but to confine myself to my text, which is Domestic Science — a noun whose gender is universally regarded as feminine.

In my opinion, domestic economy has no place in the undergraduate courses of any college admitting women. If it were possible, I should forbid the existence of the school of domestic science even as a substitute for the undergraduate college course. It is not possible, I suppose, but it does seem to me the duty of really educated educators, at least, to discourage the idea that the high-school graduate is going to get something, in the two or three years' course of even the best schools of domestic economy, which will prepare her as well for the 'practical duties of life' as will the orthodox college course, and 'fit her better for motherhood.' Ah, motherhood, how many crimes are committed in thy name! — and not the sort traditionally and sentimentally so-called.

The school of domestic science should be, it seems to me, on a level with the present professional and graduate schools, and require, no less than these schools, a collegiate degree, or its equivalent, for admission. And the object of its course of study should be, not to make women better keepers of their individual homes, but to set their minds working toward the formulation of a plan to revolutionize the whole housekeeping system, to the end that the individual home shall cease to be an insatiate monster to which daily sacrifice is made of the talents and ambitions of thousands of women. It is not generally regarded as a monster, I admit. It is a dragon whose ugliness has always been draped in garlands of sentiment. The victims go gayly to the altar in wreaths of orange-blossoms and to strains of sweet music. But, public sentimentalism to the contrary notwithstanding, it *is* a devouring monster.

That every normal woman has the maternal instinct, and a desire for a home and family, is probably true; that every woman has the cooking and cleaning and nursing instinct is neither true nor desirable. There is no more reason that marriage and the parental function should involve the utter renunciation of a professional, artistic, or business career for the many women naturally adapted to such careers than that it should do so for their husbands. But as we keep house at present, it does and must mean such renunciation in most cases, because it is not humanly possible for a woman to do exactly double the work of a man.

It seems strange that society cannot realize how much is being lost to its intellectual and artistic life, to its best motherhood, by the forcible direction of all the varied forms of feminine ability into the one channel of domestic occupations. At a recent medical convention, the brilliant proposition was made — so the papers reported — that nursing should be substituted for algebra 'and other useless studies' in high-school courses for girls, because it was far more necessary that the prospective mother should be able to minister to her infant when it is attacked by croup than to solve equations with three unknown quantities. The originator of this 'practical' idea seemed quite to overlook the fact that it would be better for a good many people to

have gone to heaven in infancy than to be reared, as they are, by mothers whose ability to care for their bodily needs is wholly overbalanced by their inability to care for their mental, and therefore spiritual, ones.

Correspondingly, it seems to me strange that what is served upon the family board should be regarded as of so much more importance than the conversation which goes on around it. Yet that conversation is not going to be mentally nourishing unless the mother, as well as the father, is able to contribute to it something from books, from the great world outside, not from the kitchen or from the laundry. Even if the mother be college-bred, her intellectual activities must gradually suffer contraction if bounded by her own home walls, although she may cook according to chemical formulæ in a lovely modern kitchen, and set her table with all the daintiness that a domestic-art course can devise. For, as I have said before, we have no evidence from the hundreds of good housekeepers whom we all know that the perfection of their domestic appointments makes them thoughtful, broad-minded, or an inspiration to their children. I have in mind at this moment a married friend whose house from attic to furnace-room is habitually spotless, whose cakes and salads and biscuit are a pure delight — but her conversation is distinctly not up to the level of her biscuit. And she is no solitary example. It seems to me that the real opportunity of Domestic Science is to be found in its power to lessen a twofold evil: to reduce the number of what Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman so aptly terms 'the kitchen-minded,' and to save from sacrifice the many high-minded, who are now bound to a miserable choice between the 'career' which talent and education should make perfectly legitimate for them, and the married life which, because they are human, is also their legitimate heritage.

The large number of women whose gift is really household management should dignify it by making it a profession whereby they may take the housekeeping burden off the shoulders of us whose gift is to educate their children, minister to them in sickness, try their lawsuits, and so forth. How can they do it? That problem is for the domestic scientists themselves to solve, if they would justify their existence. I have my theories about it, to be sure, but my business is teaching Latin, not household economy, and if I did suggest a scheme for them, I fear that they would never give any of the credit for it to the despised 'mental discipline' of the classics, but would insist that I owe all my ideas to my practice of helping my mother with her housework in my summer vacations.

THE MINISTRY: AN OVER-CROWDED PROFESSION

BY GEORGE PARKIN ATWATER

THE lament has gone up over all the land of the lack of men in the ministry. Statistics have been hurled at us from theological seminaries and from colleges. The staccato emphasis of the plaintive cry beats upon our ears with an insistence that demands attention. Fewer men, it is said, are studying for the ministry; many pulpits are vacant; young men are attracted to scientific professions and commercial pursuits; ministers receive starvation salaries; the profession is suffering a decline; the best men are not entering the ministry; we need more men.

It is a thankless task to attempt to tear away the veil from the eyes of those who will not see. But several outstanding facts and conditions have been ignored, somewhat, in the discussions of this subject. These facts, however, lie at the very bottom of the difficulty, and they tempt us to believe quite the contrary concerning the profession. Have we the courage to face the possible conclusion that *the ministry is an over-crowded profession?*

Before we can seriously weigh the evidence, let us dispose of some of the fictitious reasons which men hug to their hearts as a sufficient explanation for the apparent failure of the ministerial supply.

It is quite true that the profession is in competition with many others as an alluring field for the activity of young men. But moral enthusiasm has not died among the young, nor has the desire for spiritual adventure vanished. Hundreds of young men are crowding into professions, such as teaching, that offer no great share in the heap of gold that Midas-like wizards are creating by the touch of their capable hands.

Nor need we consider seriously that inadequate salaries are a cause of insufficient candidates. They may quite as well be the result of over-supply. The churches are not impoverished. They spend vast sums of money on buildings, organs, windows, and music. The money needed to support the ministers is not lacking. It has simply been misdirected.

Or again, the statement that men have not sufficient liberty in the ministry is unfounded. They have every liberty that a seeker after truth desires. It has been asserted that men do not care to be fettered by worn-out creeds. If that means that men do not care to be burdened with human theories and speculations, it is true. But if it means that men are unwilling to accept the fundamental facts, it is not true. Any so-called creed, that echoes merely the theological speculations of a passing generation, is not a creed at all, but a group of surmises. The fundamental facts alone are the creed. The utterly idle talk about the restrictions placed on thinking men by these facts, is as lacking in intellectual discrimination as would be the distress of an engineer over the arbitrary authority of the multiplication table. The very first implication of the Christian ministry is that it is to minister to men in the light and power of some settled and determined truth. Those facts are the

very basis of the larger liberty into which a grasp of the truth leads.

Coming to our main contention, it may be asserted in one sentence. With due allowance for an exceptional condition here and there, *every community has more ministers than it needs for the proper spiritual development of the people.* Take a survey of the conditions in any village or city in the land. You will find one minister for every thousand persons. Exclude the Roman Catholics from the count, and also those absolutely impervious to any Christian effort, and you will find one minister for about every five hundred people.

The first consideration which I would urge is that such a condition indicates an over-supply of ministers. If the minister keeps to his proper duty, and if he works under proper conditions, he may serve much larger groups of people. But he is forced by the pressure of competition to become an organizer, a collector of funds, a social peripatetic, a promoter of catch-penny devices, and a gentle prodder of the indifferent. He must not only minister to the congregation, but he must create it and hold it together by moral suasion and physical allurements. Under such a stress his proper functions lose their force and comprehensiveness, and the small stream of spiritual refreshment sprinkles a group which tends to disperse under the counter-attractions of the world and sometimes the equally persistent attractions of another congregation.

In fact, the ministry is over-crowded because the land is over-churched. Here is the seat of the trouble. We are carried here, likewise, into deep waters. The Christian forces, by divisions and subdivisions, are becoming the source of vast woe and distress to themselves. It is not too much to say that the principle of subdivision into sects is destructive of Christianity. It subverts authority and it weakens faith. To such a condition may be ascribed the lamentable fact that many men, and indeed whole families, have deserted any form of organized Christianity and have taken the same liberty that many a larger group has taken, namely, of practically forming a new denomination, of one family, whose creed is to live according to its light.

This position is as thoroughly defensible as is most of the sectarian estrangement from which Christianity is suffering. If a new subdivision considers that it may choose among the facts of the faith, and may reject all that it cares to reject, then certainly another group, though few in number, has a similar right and may reject all. The faith is thereby destroyed, and with the faith must likewise go the practices by which the faith is sustained.

The fatal subdivisions create a necessity for material outlay that is appalling in its amount and distressing in its result. Many a village of five thousand people has ten church buildings, no one of which has the most insignificant claim to architectural beauty. It has ten congregations, no one of which can adequately support the minister in his work. It has ten ministers, every one of whom must labor under severe strain to do his work, to keep the congregation alive, and to raise enough money for the pitiable result.

The Roman Catholics afford an example of effective administration. In cities where they equal in number the other Christians, they have many fewer churches, and fewer priests. And the churches are filled, because the Roman Catholics have preserved the principle of authority which the denominational system has entirely broken down.

The over-crowding of the ministry results from the over-churching of the land. The relative ineffectiveness of

an over-crowded ministry is the result of destructive competition on the one hand, and on the other of misdirecting ministerial energy into too many secular channels.

What are the remedies? There must be some way of escape from the appalling calamity that threatens to engulf the insecure churches, and to devastate the smaller communities.

The first remedy that suggests itself is, of course, church reunion. If that is an idle dream, then there is an invincibly stubborn attitude among Christian men. The evil consequences of separation will not only be inevitable, but will be invited. Faulty as any tentative plan of federation may be, it is a measure of self-defense. Reunion will come only when it is realized that any denominational barriers erected by man are irrational. Reunion will come only when the divine faith and order are fully apprehended. So perverse is human nature, however, that it is unwilling to accede to scriptural and apostolic and primitive conditions and essentials so long as the concession seems to strengthen, or at least vindicate, the position of any one church. Reunion would be far easier if the divine faith and order, fully apprehended, were found to be possessed by no one, so that all would have to make equal concessions. If we are really concerned about the ministerial supply. we should solve this problem first. The over-supply of ministers for their proper work will never cease to bring distress upon the profession until we do not have to submit to the necessity of having ten churches where two or three would serve.

The next remedy would be a more thoroughly equipped ministry. We need men who are more capable in their profession: men who can treat spiritual necessities with insight and skill. Our ministers should be more thoroughly trained to larger conceptions of their work. But immediately the cry goes up that our ministers have too much to do already. Here we may take a leaf from the book of the world.

The successful leader delegates as much as possible to others. But in the ministry we find a startling condition. *At least two thirds of the work of every minister is not an essential part of his ministry.* He does it because he is an interested and capable leader, and not because it is the proper expression of ministerial function. The parish of the future will relieve the minister of every duty alien to his profession. His spiritual ministrations will not only be paramount, but will be far more comprehensive. He will minister to many more lives.

The spirit of specialization which has seized the realm of commerce will find a proper application in the Church. In fact, it has already done so. The temporal affairs of the parish will have an effective manager and financial agent, parish visitors, and trained workers. These may be found with far more ease than a minister may be found who unites them all in his own proper person. No long years of training are necessary for such duties, nor need a layman be committed to church work for life.

Likewise, a vast field for women is now open in every parish. The usefulness of a competent, sensible and large-hearted woman in a parish is beyond measure. Any lack of competent clerical supply may be remedied by insisting that ministers stick to their proper work, and by dividing the cares they now shoulder (with the aid often of a devoted wife) among several paid workers. It is as absurd for the minister of a large parish to attempt to do worthy work, single-handed, as it would be for the manager of a large store to attempt to get along without book-keepers and salesmen.

Many a village in our land which now has ten struggling churches might, under altered conditions, have more spiritual advantages than it now has, and many others besides. It might have a skilled worker for the boys of the village, a visiting nurse, a competent director of religious organization, and all for less than the present outlay of money, if it were not for the present necessity of keeping ten churches open, if it were not for an over-crowded ministry.

The persistent emphasis of the Gospel in this day is social. The power of righteousness created in individuals by the Christ life is but a useless ornament if it does not find a point of application in the social world. In fact, it is not righteousness at all, any more than the miser's gold is wealth in any true sense. The Church, under the inspiring leadership of a man filled with the Spirit, must quicken every man to do his full duty to Society. And the Church, under that same leadership, must provide for the whole of life, its pleasures and pains, its joys and sorrows. Exhortation may arouse men to action if they already understand what is expected of them, and if they have capacity; but exhortation no more promotes righteousness in a nation than shouting at school-children accomplishes their education.

The pressure of the Divine Life must be the inspiring force by which each man is first trained, made capable, and then aroused to his full duty. We must clear the choked channels so that through every phase of living the quickening power of the Spirit may be manifest. This applies with especial emphasis to such things as amusement and the joyful occupancy of the life of the young. If the Church ever gave an evidence of moral stupidity and blind folly it was when it treated proper pleasure as either to be frowned upon, or else merely tolerated with a maddening complacency that seemed to indicate that the Church was good-natured enough not to meddle with people's secular concerns. This was a colossal blunder. It simply handed the amusements of the people over to those who furnish amusement for personal gain, and who would stoop to every sort of viciousness so long as it was profitable. If it is not a sin to dance it is a sin for the Church to compel its young people to go to questionable places to dance.

It is when the Church realizes its mission to the whole life that it will return to power. And this may be done only when the Church provides, not a multiplicity of exhorters who strain to arouse people to an emotion with no immediate outlet except a few negative abstinences, but a complete and consecrated corps of efficient workers who, under the godly inspiration and seasoned judgment of a devoted minister, vitalize every province of human life.

Is it not true that we have too much preaching? An over-supply of ministers accomplishes this. The exaltation of the sermon into the chief place in public worship has given to it an undue prominence. Nothing would be so beneficial as to have our pulpits silenced for a year. I mean by that, complete abstinence from the usual type of hortatory or argumentative sermons. Instruction, wise, sound, consecutive, might well take their place for a time. It would accomplish the same thing for the Church that a reasonable period of fasting does for the individual. The other phases of worship would be restored — the worship of prayer, confession, praise, and enlightened faith. Some of them are entirely gone from the churches. The people no longer pray, but listen to the minister as he prays. Worship has become a passive matter. The congregation has become

an audience — a body of listeners. The people with quiet reverence observe the worship of the minister and then listen to a sermon. Worship should be an active matter. The people should come with each faculty alive, with a controlled but positive inner impulse toward expression in outer act. Worship should be the united act of the congregation.

Another serious result of too much preaching is the confusion of the hearer under too many impulses. Professor James has shown clearly the utter futility of emotion without corresponding expression in action. Too many sermons merely warm over our emotions. We are aroused, it may be, Sunday after Sunday, but men and women need more than arousing. They need instruction and training. They desire to know *what to do.* If our pulpits turned from their exhortations to practical instruction in the substance of the Christian faith, to positive and clear teaching of doctrine, to specific and calm statement of the methods of developing righteousness and holiness, to an exposition of real and not artificial sins, I believe that we should find men returning to the pews. If the pulpit should train men to pray, and to use the spiritual strength of prayer for their daily temptations, to read the Bible with intelligence and insight, to understand the fundamental doctrines of the religion of Christ, to judge between good and evil, to rear their children in godliness, to do their duty toward their neighbor, to accept their part in a world where they live with, and not apart from, other men, and then if the Church would arouse conscience and love by ringing appeals, men would be propelled with open eyes and understanding hearts along the distinct and well-marked paths of righteousness and duty.

Under such a reorganization of Christian effort the social conscience would be aroused. Joy would return to living. The Church would become the centre of a righteous and intelligent social effort. This would apply especially to those smaller communities whose civic life has not been stirred to action as in the larger cities. The Church would have its staff of lay workers, training and directing and organizing and healing. And above all it would have its priest, its man of God, who would vitalize every agency and quicken every heart. Out of chaos would come order. The distracting and faith-dispelling spectacle of sectarianism would be banished. The abundant supply of ministers devoted to their real work would bring the kingdom of God to earth among the affairs of men, and the spirit and truth of Christ to hungry human hearts.

TAXATION AND NATURAL LAW

BY JOHN BATES CLARK

TAXATION is baffled by natural laws which, in a blind way, it is trying to follow. It is a striking fact that principles which have been respected since the days of Adam Smith call for a complete reversal of the plan of taxation to which they originally led. This is not because changed conditions make a new procedure desirable. Through the long period in which the principles have been known, governments have tried to comply with them; but there is one feature of their mode of assessment which has from the first made success impossible.

Some of the familiar principles have been fairly well followed. That public revenues should do as much good in the spending, and as little harm in the collecting, as possible, is self-evident; and it is equally clear that, both in spending and in collecting, governments should follow some rule of justice. They should deal fairly as between man and man. Just what apportionment of benefits and burdens will do this is, indeed, not clear; and therefore the accurate mode of applying the rule of justice is not apparent. Should we spend money equally on all citizens, regardless of their wealth and their needs? To most minds this would not seem to be ideal justice; and yet, when we try to spend the money in an unequal way, we find trouble in determining just how much one man should have more than another. It is encouraging, therefore, to note, that here, where even theory is at a loss, practice encounters no great difficulty. There is no deep-seated discontent with the general plan of spending revenues. When we try honestly to protect all persons and their property, — when we offer education to all, and make streets, parks, libraries, galleries, and the like, open to every one, and give to all equal privileges so far as public institutions can, — we have no large discontented party to deal with. In this matter people do not look far beyond the practical results, and as they find these quite tolerable, they are contented.

The reverse of this is true concerning the process of collection. Here no great fault is found with theoretical rules, but very much with practice under them. When we have said that direct taxes should rest principally on invested property, and be so imposed that, in the long run, owners should pay in proportion to the income they obtain from it, we encounter no grave criticism on the side of theory. It is, indeed, sometimes said that the rich should pay not only more than other classes, but proportionately more; and that if a man who is worth a few thousand dollars pays one per cent of his estate, the man who is worth a million should pay two or more. It is also said that, ideally, personal needs should be considered, and that 'free income,' and not gross income, should be the basis of comparison. According to this, men should pay more or less according to the amounts of income which they have and do not imperatively need for personal uses. It is said, too, with reason, that income from labor, when it is

highly paid, should be taken into account. Yet these and other variations from the simple rule of *pro-rata* payment are commonly regarded as refinements, which it is well to take account of after practice shall have come as near to equity as it will when it causes men to be taxed in direct proportion to their income-bearing property. If we can secure such proportionate taxation as a beginning, we can then study the supplementary measures that will bring the result nearer to the ideal standard. We shall have made a long and inspiring march toward our goal, and the remainder of the route will be in sight.

There is no controversy as to present abuses of taxation. It is hard to speak seriously of equity as having any close connection with taxation. The very rich do not come within many leagues of contributing to public revenues in proportion to their ability; and while the very poor naturally escape levies on property, they pay heavily on their consumption. Taxes levied on consumers' goods tell severely on the real wages of labor. Land and buildings are most heavily taxed; and this fact bears hard on workingmen who own their homes, and harder on those who are struggling to acquire them. Probably the man who has most to complain of is the wage-earner who has just bought a home and is paying the price of it in monthly installments. He is taxed on his consumption in one way, and in another way on the productive property which he has not, at present, but which he hopes to have hereafter.

The present mode of making assessments is further from the rule of morality than the resulting tax is from the rule of equity. It puts a premium on false statements. It accepts a man's sworn assertion as to his property, and gets untruthful affidavits by the million. It is hard to see in what way the government could do as much to build up character as by this measure it does to break it down. The moral effects of taxation play their part in inducing even some good men to call for the confiscation of land as a substitute for other means of gaining revenue.

Is there any system in sight which is both just and practical? Confining ourselves for the moment to the ethical side of the problem, let us see whether there is any rule of taxation which, if enforced, would give us that first approximation to justice which the public demands. This inquiry is one of pure theory, and we may begin by citing one or two other self-evident principles.

Rights are also personal. Inanimate things have neither rights nor duties, and property, in and of itself, owes nothing and claims nothing. It has no standing before a court as either plaintiff or defendant; and yet property is the basis of both rights and duties. Men's relations to each other and to the State are affected by what they possess, and the fact that a man has something causes the State to claim something from him. It proceeds against him personally, and utterly fails to collect its dues.

The natural inference from the fact that a man owes something to the State is that the State should find the man and prosecute its claim directly; and this mode of procedure was expected by the writers who early formulated principles of taxation. It has been followed in general practice. First, identify the man against whom the State has a claim, then measure the claim and force him to satisfy it. Such has seemed to be a perfectly natural mode of procedure; but in practice it has come near to being the root of all evil in taxation. It has been impossible to do what the rule calls for, except in the case of the unfortunate persons

whose estates are in the hands of the probate courts. It is so easy to evade the claim, that there is a strong disposition to abandon all efforts to tax personal property except in partial and indirect ways. *We have never yet tried to tax it in the one way which, on grounds of economic principle, promises success.*

We have made efforts to secure revenue from the personal property of individuals, and have tried to tax their bonds, mortgages. and promissory notes. We have usually sought to tax the shares they hold in corporations. Back of all the paper instruments which represent value, there are material things; but most of these we have scarcely tried to find. Our chief effort has been to establish the fact that certain persons hold titles representing value, and to tax those persons; and since that has failed, we have reverted to a plan of taxing corporations and inheritances, and so, in a very partial way, have reached the elusive forms of property.

In dealing with the living men who own the productive wealth other than land and buildings, and who derive an income from it, we encounter a fatal obstacle, in that it is impossible to ascertain how much of such wealth the particular persons possess. The paper certificates of ownership flit from the field of vision like a flock of frightened birds. Ownership, then, is what the State cannot identify; and so long as the law requires this identification it will fail. We can find men, and we can find taxable material objects; but the thing that baffles us is establishing the relation between the two.

What assessors cannot do, economic law can do, and that in an unerring way: it can find the virtual owner of property and make him pay the tax on it. There is an impersonal but real detective agent, whose work outdoes that of the most skillful assessor armed with full powers of inquisition. This agent is not in sight, and officers who should employ it in collecting public dues might be unconscious of its existence; yet, if it were employed, the assessors would not need to inquire what any particular man is worth. They would not need to know or care who owns the capital of any business whose material assets they are appraising. Especially might they throw to the winds all thought of taxing claims of one man against another, — the paper titles that now cut so large a figure. They would and should give up, once for all, the effort to identify the owners of capital. That the impersonal economic agent can do for them. If we tax the visible and material instruments of production, this economic agent will find the men who virtually own them. The capitalist who has furnished the money with which to stock a department store, or to build a mill and fill it with machines and raw materials, will have to pay the tax on these things, though he cross the seven seas or bury himself in an African jungle; *and the assessor will not need to ask who or where he is.*

Put a tax on all material and visible instruments of production, and economic law will make the real owner pay it. We discriminate here between the so-called *entrepreneur* and the capitalist: the former being the user of capital, and the latter the owner of it. If a man has borrowed half a million dollars, and has built a mill and begun to run it, using no capital of his own, he is an entrepreneur pure and simple. As an English term expresses it, he is the *undertaker* of the business and nothing more. Our thesis is that, in this case, the proposed tax on the mill and its contents will fall, not on him, but altogether on the lender of the money.

If the man has a quarter of a million dollars of his own, and has borrowed

as much more, he is of course both entrepreneur and capitalist, and he and the other possessor of capital will bear the tax, share and share alike. If the entire million dollars were his own, he would not only advance the tax to the government, but would finally pay it. There would be no other capitalist on whom he would be able to shift it; and we shall later see that there would be no other class of persons on whom he could place the burden. In general, the entrepreneur, as such, is the proper agent for advancing the tax to the assessor; but the capitalist is the man who would recoup him for this advance.

It is time that we find by what mechanism this result would be brought about; and here the inquiry takes us again to a basic principle. What, at bottom, fixes the rate of interest? For any one man who secures a loan it is, of course, the rate which lenders are in the habit of charging. But what fixes the habit? Evidently it is the rate which they can succeed in making the general class of borrowers pay. Just as men buy more goods when the prices are low than when they are high, so, other things being equal, they borrow more money when the interest is low. The most that they will pay for any length of time is what they can afford to pay, which is another way of saying that it is *what the capital in their hands produces.*

It has come to be a perfectly familiar fact that, with a certain supply of goods to be sold, merchants must place the prices at a level that will carry off the *final* or *marginal* units of it. To get rid of a whole crop of wheat, farmers have to sell it all at a rate per bushel that will induce the public to buy and use the last and least necessary part of it. So, in order to lend the whole of a great fund of capital, the owners must accept a rate of interest that will induce business men to borrow and use the last and least necessary part of it. There is some elasticity in the amount which almost any one of them can find use for. A manufacturer can always add to his facilities for making shoes, or cotton goods, or jewelry, or steel, and so turn out a greater quantity and a larger variety in the year. A carrier can add to his appliances for transportation, and a merchant can keep a fuller stock of goods and secure a larger volume of total sales. In some way most of the men to whom a loan is tendered can make more money in the year by the use of it; and such extra gains are due to this 'final increment' of borrowed funds. The value of that extra product is all that any one of them can afford to pay for the loan that enables him to create it. Interest always tends to equal the product that can be got from the marginal part of social capital. If competition is active, the rate of interest closely conforms to this standard; and it always fluctuates in the general vicinity of it. It is seldom much less, and never, for long, any more.

Let us now take the market as we find it, with interest-charges ranging at or near the amounts produced by the final units of capital; and in this condition let us put a tax on all instruments of production alike. It will take so much from the net return that an entrepreneur can get from any one of them. We shall make the user of an instrument pay a very small part of its value annually to the government, and this tax will diminish by a slight degree the amount of money he can make by using the instrument. We shall have made what may be called a 'horizontal reduction' in the product of capital, and users can no longer afford to pay the same rate of interest on it as before. With a slightly smaller interest-charge they will continue to use it; but if they must pay as much as before, they will let some of it go. The out-

come of the situation is that, as lenders find the market for capital weakening, they promptly reduce their charges. The capital all remains in use, and all of it, even the marginal part, recoups the users for what they now have to pay for it. Entrepreneurs' gains are not reduced.

There are few propositions of economic theory which a man may more safely undertake to defend than the one which asserts that putting a tax on every instrument of production and taking annually for the government a small percentage of the value it creates, takes nothing permanently from entrepreneurs. The burden must, in the end, all fall on the owners of the capital. On the original imposition of this tax, the rate of interest would not instantly respond to the new condition. A little time would be required for the adjustment, and the entrepreneurs would temporarily feel the tax; but the shifting of it, when once accomplished, would be permanent; the impost would rest on the capitalist forever, and no other class would afterwards share it with him.

We must be careful here. It is not unlikely that some one will say at once that a tax on producers is shifted in another direction. The prices of the products, it may be said, are raised, and those who use them pay the tax. Laborers, landlords, public officers, professional men, and capitalists alike pay more for goods than before, and the excess goes to the State. The producer is thought of as either wholly or mainly ridding himself of the burden.

Something like this is true where only a single product is taxed. The maker of it adds the impost to his prices, or all of it that he can consistently so add, and the public pays most of the bill. But what will happen if we increase very slightly the price of every product that the public uses? Can the people somehow conjure out of non-existence the enlarged income with which to buy the products that are offered? On the contrary, their purchasing power is not affected. They are unable to buy *everything* at an increased price. The general volume of money is no larger than before, and that fact is inconsistent with an undiminished volume of business at enlarged prices. We must state these things more briefly than they deserve to be stated; but it is a safe proposition which says that the maker of one article can shift to the public the greater part of a tax on it, provided that other articles are not similarly taxed; but nobody could do this if the impost were universal.

This carries the important inference that laborers would not feel a tax imposed on the instruments that they use, provided that these are the property of other persons. The tools of trade would yield to their just owners a little less than formerly, and the users of them, in turn, would pay the capitalist a shade less than before; but the workers' entire position would be unaffected. There is no way in which employers could make them take any smaller wages than before.

A probable plan of procedure would be to leave unchanged the high rate of taxation which now rests on real estate, and thus to get a revenue which would grow *pari passu* with the increase of the value of such property. A very small rate would then suffice in the case of other varieties of material wealth. Bonds, stocks, promissory notes, and moneys on deposit would not be called for by the assessor, and the low and uniform tax on actual and visible 'capital goods' would be a welcome substitute, even in the capitalist's view, for the effort to collect a revenue from such mere titles to property. Low as the rate of the new impost would be, the amount of wealth which would be sub-

ject to it would make it yield far more than the unequal and exasperating taxes which now rest on a fraction of the fund; and the investor, escaping the whole inquisitorial process which now compels him to choose between marring his fortune by one line of action and marring his character by another, might well feel that he had escaped from a world of tribulation into something like the 'Happy Valley' of Rasselas.

But would not the assessment be difficult and laborious, and would it not take a very large force of expert assessors? Would these men not need to be honest as well as capable, and would not graft exist with any force we could command? It may safely be asserted that the difficulty of assessing productive instruments in actual use is less than that encountered in assessing imported merchandise; and that the detection of frauds in the former process would be easier than in the latter. But the purpose of this article does not require that we go into these difficulties at all. We should rejoice when the objection to the proposed system takes this shape. If the choice lies between the system that rests on a wrong basic principle, even though it be easy of execution, and another built on the right principle but hard of execution, our choice is a clear one. No amount of energy and faithfulness can make a system succeed if its bottom principle is wrong; but a people should, and in most cases do, have enough energy and faithfulness to make any system succeed when its basic principle is right.

What we claim, however, is that the right tax is also the practicable one. A principle of ethics requires that the owner of invested wealth should pay the tax on it; and a principle of economics reveals a sure way to compel him to do it. An earnest effort to tax all visible instruments of production would have nature in its favor, and man would be a weaker creature than he is if, with such coöperation, he could not succeed.

MUSICAL INDIGESTION

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

> The music in my heart I bore
> Long after it was heard no more.
> — WORDSWORTH: *The Solitary Reaper.*

I

ON the way home from an evening of music why do we usually fall to humming or whistling some melody from last week's concert? The thing is so unnatural! It seems as if the normal mind ought to be reverberating the strains to which the body is still sympathetically vibrating. Why, then, instead of mulling over the two symphonies, the three solos, and the overture to which our ear-drums have just ceased rolling an accompaniment, do we insist on turning so far back into the musical past?

After long puzzling over this problem I have come to believe that we are led to do so by much the same

causes that occasionally lead us after a hearty dinner to recall how greedy we were at luncheon. Reversion to last Saturday's treat after the Tuesday concert simply means that our musical digestions are days behind with their work.

The reason for this state of affairs is that concert programmes are too long. During the musical season their size keeps concert-goers in perpetual arrears; therefore most of the hearers, performers, and critics who form the bulk of the musical world, suffer from a chronic complaint which may be termed musical indigestion.

Most programmes to-day are vast museums of Tone; and those of us who stay till the last note are often affected as unpleasantly as was the dear old missionary with the beauty-loving soul who spent five hours inspecting every single statue and painting in the Vatican, and then tottered away, exclaiming that art was a mighty ungodly thing after all.

Musical indigestion is the worst enemy of the art of creative listening. One often notices how splendidly creative an audience is for the first hour, and how rapidly thereafter it grows destructive. The more 'resonant' the listeners are, the faster they use up their available supply of creative energy, the sooner they reach that condition to which Charles Lamb's amateur organist friend Nov— used to reduce that destructive listener after the first few pieces of his interminable programme.

'But when this master of the spell,' complained Lamb, 'not content to have laid a soul prostrate, goes on, in his power, to inflict more bliss than lies in her capacity to receive, — impatient to overcome her "earthly" with his "heavenly," — still pouring in, for protracted hours, fresh waves and fresh from the sea of sound, or from that inexhausted German ocean, above which, in triumphant progress, dolphin-seated, ride those Arions Haydn and Mozart, with their attendant Tritons, Bach, Beethoven, and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to reckon up would but plunge me again in the deeps, — I stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wits' end.'

This sort of thing was bad for Lamb, and for his amateur friend, too, although in general the player can with impunity partake more heartily than the hearer, because his music is to a certain extent predigested by familiarity; and because the fun and excitement of playing, together with his quickened intellectual activity, help along the assimilative processes.

For all that, long programmes often get musicians into a pitiable condition, and I can perfectly understand the action of my professional friend who was walking home once after having played in an orchestra for half the night. Yielding to an overpowering wave of disgust, he stuffed his trombone into the first drain he saw, with such vicious exultation that he had no small difficulty in recovering it the following morning.

The most wretched victim of indigestion is undoubtedly the music critic of the average metropolitan newspaper. He is treated on the Strassburg principle that the more you can cram into a goose, the more valuable you make the goose. 'Critics,' declared the uncompromising Tolstoï, 'have always been people less susceptible than other men to the contagion of art. For the most part they are able writers, educated and clever, but with their capacity of being infected by art quite perverted or atrophied. And therefore their writings have always largely contributed, and still contribute, to the perversion of the taste of that public which reads them and trusts them.' Now I think it unfair of the rugged Russian to blame

any one under present conditions for being a bad music critic. He should have emptied the vials of his scorn exclusively upon our system, for it can hardly fail to turn good critics into bad. It is a system which, if adopted by the wholesale liquor houses, would compel their tasters to consume at least a gallon of each variety before pronouncing judgment upon it.

One day at dinner little Anita had a third helping of beef before realizing with a groan of despair that there was ice-cream for dessert. Suddenly the despair vanished. 'The capathity of the human thtomick,' she was overheard to observe to herself, 'ith three pinth; — but it'll thtretch!'

So will the musical stomach, — but only with the gravest consequences. During the season a music critic in New York City averages ten performances a week. Now, a corresponding regimen for geese or tasters soon results in *pâté de foie gras* or delirium tremens. The journalistic process produces, at the best, various forms of musical indigestion, with one symptom common to all: an utter loathing for music in any form.

All glory and honor and laud be unto the small group of noble characters who, by some miracle, manage to remain good critics despite the disease which is undoubtedly tearing at their vitals. These hero critics represent the sheer triumph of spirit over flesh. They form a distinguished band of Scævola-like stoics who continue calmly delivering their illuminating discourses on the nature of the divine fire while burning their hands to a crisp in a mundane one. But these persons are all too rare. The average critic sinks completely under his affliction. Happy is he whose paper affects a savagely pessimistic pose. He can obey the promptings of his agonized inner man by laying about him and sparing not. He is permitted to take out his sufferings alike on the just and the unjust, and sincerely to portray all music in the repellent terms which a Strassburg goose might use in composing an anserine *menu*.

Equally blessed is the satellite of one of those fashionable sheets whose philosophy of music-criticism is preoccupied by the problem, 'Wherewithal have we been clothed?' From his column you somehow manage to receive the impression that the Rhenish Symphony began with a sunburst of incomparable brilliants, disclosed an exceedingly low-cut *scherzo*, a slow movement in creamy satin with pink pipings overlaid by gold net, followed by a broadly scored *finale*, two to two and one half yards in length. Most of the critics, however, have a far worse time of it. Their plight is aggravated by the necessity of working for those roseate journals whose advertising policy dictates that at present everything is disposed for the best in the best of possible worlds. So these wretched men are obliged to simulate perfect health and an insatiable appetite for music, and to flatter all musicians alike, because the first groan would lose them their weekly honorarium. But they know how to spare themselves.

One type slits his mouth into the perpetual grin of The Man Who Laughs. During a concert he tries to deafen his poor ears by concentrating his attention on some minor point of the performance and then writing about that point the quaintest, gayest, most lilting little essay imaginable. And next morning the public holds its sides and exclaims how true it all is and how deliciously The Man does hit it off, never realizing that a criticism of that concert is yet to be read. One scarcely knows whether this method is more unfair to the public or to the hapless tenor or fiddler or conductor who

happens to be the first handy ear-tab for The Man Who Laughs.

Another favorite defense against musical indigestion is for the critic simply to relax the muscles of his imagination and then set down on paper the shoes and ships and sealing-wax,—the anything and everything that happens to occur to him at the moment, as an interpretation of the 'meaning' of the music. Let it again be emphasized that the poor critic is more to be pitied than scorned. I ascertained this from a season's personal experience on a weekly, when I felt the fewest and lightest of the daily critic's pangs.

The moral of all this is: let us cease our orgies of gorging, and let us begin Fletcherizing. This will relieve the situation at once for hearers and performers. And the choiring critics will lift up their voices (though a little out of tune, I fear) and call us blessèd.

II

The worst thing that musical indigestion accomplishes is to atrophy, or at least weaken, the musical memory. It is as hard for the ordinary man to emerge from the ordinary long concert, or from a debauch of music-reading, with a clear idea of any one thing that he has heard or played, as it was for our old missionary to emerge from his extended rush through the Vatican with a pellucid idea of the Laocoön. And, often repeated, this relaxing, confusing experience is apt to get one's memory, or latent memory, into the worst of habits.

Musical indigestion is therefore the chief enemy of the sport of amateur automusicianship, the practice of which is conditioned by a sound musical memory. Before going further it may be well to state that the automusician has no necessary connection with such automatic devices as the mechanical piano. His only mechanical piano is more than likely to be inside of his own skull. This, however, is a superb and indispensable instrument. In fact, one is almost tempted to paraphrase Dr. van Dyke's *bon mot* about the two kinds of biographers, and to say that there are only two kinds of musicians: automusicians and aut-not-to-musicians. But this would, after all, be a rather too extreme way of declaring that it is harder to be a great musician without a capacious memory than for a rich man to see how the other half lives through the eye of a hypodermic needle.

Little will be said here about the value of a musical memory to the performer, because this every one concedes. But not every one knows that much of the player's most valuable practice is often done apart from music-book and even instrument. Happy the one whose memory so outruns his fingers that he may walk troutward-bound through Maine woods while slashing away at those Gordian knots into which Max Reger has tied every page of his sonatas. How three and four times blessèd is he to whom it is granted to work out the *cadenza* of the Dvorak 'cello concerto on the seam of his trousers while the elevator is stuck between floors!

'We musicians know' that slavery to the printed note is often the final and most fatal bar to spontaneity in performance. Even without all this anxious groping of the eye among the ugly lines and spaces, the player's attention is distracted quite enough, God wot, by the base, physical properties of his instrument, by the acoustics, or a cut finger, or 'the unfit, contrarious moods of men' in the audience, or by a dozen things else. Woe unto him who is obliged to distract his attention still further from the real matter in hand by squinting at the

rude, inky symbols of the composer's meaning through that last straw — vision. It were better for his spontaneity that a millstone were hanged about his neck and fitted up with harp-strings, and he were allowed to improvise upon them, fancy-free.

Musicians feel the visual handicap so keenly that many orchestral conductors go to the extreme of committing their scores, which means remembering anywhere from twenty-five to two hundred and fifty notes a second for an entire evening, to say nothing of remembering which instrument plays which note, and how loud or soft, with what sort of bowing or tonguing or drumsticking, how the phrases are to be sculptured, how fast the composer intended each part to be played, and like details. One stands agape at the magnitude of such a task. But a moment's reflection will show that the very magnitude of that other, spiritual, task involved in the interpretation of an orchestral score, supplies one set of human faculties with quite enough to do without compelling the interpreter to be always racing with his eyes as well, and fumbling pages with his fingers.

Von Bülow, one of the most eminent conductors of his time, was so impressed by the drawbacks of the printed page that he actually tried to make each man in the Meiningen orchestra learn his own parts. If he had succeeded I think that he would have advanced orchestral art an epoch or so. But he failed. The men simply could not do it because, I suspect, they were all suffering from indigestion, brought on by overmuch reading at sight, and interminable programmes.

We are not talking here, though, about remembering music for pay, but for pleasure. Every one who does the latter — professional or not — is worthy to be called an amateur automusician. But nobody should be thus honored unless he loves music well enough to master it, and make it his own for the pure joy of being able to start the inner machine at will, morning or evening, in bed, in the bath-tub, or up in an airship.

As for the listener, his memory is harmed by too much music far more than the old missionary's would have been harmed by too much sculpture twice a week. Because the full enjoyment of this art, more than of any other, needs the aid of memory. Except to the fortunate few who can appreciate a book of printed notes as others would a printed novel, music is an evanescent thing. It does not stay on forever like the Laocoön or the Last Judgment or St. Peter's. It does not even go on forever like Tennyson's brook (except perhaps for those who happen to live next door to a conservatory). It appears to us, a transient gleam, and then, —

> Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
> Lighting a little hour or two, —

is gone. 'And the place thereof shall know it no more,' — unless, indeed, one has had the presence of mind to treasure up a little of the precious, white powder in the private cold-storage plant we call memory. Thus, to speak of 'a melting melody' is, alas! to employ a *double entendre.*

This evanescent quality makes it providential that more of music can be remembered with a given exertion of memory than of the material of any other art, because music is more economical of its material. It can take one small form of notes and repeat it over and over again with various slight modifications, and finally build a whole piece out of it. How easy it would be to grow familiar with a streetscape by Whistler if it were composed in this thrifty musical fashion of nothing but the same strip of asphalt, seen from

various aspects and in a variety of lightings. 'Repetition is the fundamental principle in all musical construction,' writes Mr. Krehbiel (who is, by the way, one of the hero critics already referred to). 'While the exercise of memory is a most necessary activity in listening to music, it lies in music to make that exercise easy. There is repetition of motives, phrases, and periods in melody; repetition of melodies in parts; and repetition of parts in the wholes of the larger forms.' Beethoven began his Fifth Symphony with a motive of four notes which he described as Fate knocking at the door. Mr. Krehbiel has shown how these four notes, in a general way, might be said to run not only through the whole symphony, but also through certain other compositions of the same period. Thus it is evident that when one has mastered this tiny formula he has made more or less his own an entire cross-section of the master's career.

This, then, is a characteristic tendency of music: to sum itself up in one small motive, much as a nation sums itself up on some national holiday by flying its flag from every other window. By rare good fortune this tendency harmonizes beautifully with the ways of the human mind. The psychologists say that it is natural for us to simplify everything for ourselves,—to remember a certain dog, for instance, by a white spot on his left ear, or a certain symphony by taking a mental snap-shot of its few chief themes. In *The Origins of Art*, Yrjö Hirn declares that, 'the art of arranging great complexes of intellectual and emotional elements around single focal points, is not only natural to man, but may be greatly developed by exercise. Music lends itself most readily to this act of arrangement. It requires a very learned scholar to reconstruct, even approximately, from a foot a marble Hercules that he has seen a score of times. But to reconstruct the Fifth Symphony in a rough-and-ready way from the Fate motive and a handful of other fragments is well within the capacity of not a few amateurs.

It is interesting to know that the act of creative listening is a powerful aid to the memory. The more we give out at a concert, the more we receive from it. And at the musical board there is never any extra charge for food taken away from the table. The more we resound the players' and composer's emotion back to them, the more are we aided in our unconscious efforts to pack the good things into portable shape for home consumption. For emotion not only makes the mental snapshot sharper: it also stimulates the summarizing instinct. The more emotionally a large work of art affects us, the more we are instinctively moved to sum it all up in a single impression which shall re-create the whole for us, just as we carry away the worth of the Mona Lisa in the memory of the haunting eyes alone; and just as the whole mystery of life is brought home to the poet by the flower in the crannied wall. 'The soul, of its own unity,' wrote Carlyle in *Sartor Resartus*, 'always gives unity to whatever it looks on with love.'

To be without a musical memory; to be forever obliged to depend on some player, or even some machine, whenever you crave music, is like being so deaf that your only communication with the sons of men must be through the mediation of the valet whom you have hired simply on account of his Bull-of-Bashan voice. Or, if not as desperately situated as this, at least the musically oblivious stands to the man with automusic in his soul as the traveler who must depend on corporation steam stands to him who fares to the gay chug-chug of his own motor.

The automusician finds things so

convenient! He does n't have to wait for the musical train to rumble formally in and bear him away on precise iron ribbons only approximately where he wants to go, — or perhaps, indeed, in the opposite direction, — and with all manner of annoyances like a conceited, overbearing conductor, noisy fellow passengers, blockades, wrong signals, and so on. At any moment he may jump into his own crankless car, grasp the wheel and go exactly where he lists. He may drive through that bit of sunset-colored marshland a score of times, or bide ten hours motionless on the bank of the Rhine, if it please him. What is more, there are no traps, no regulations against speeding, to offset this kind of travel. He can arrive anywhere in no time, or in any other *tempo* he fancies. In his car he is practically omnipotent, — and omniscient, too, if contrapuntally inclined. His vehicle is even amphibious. The whole world stands open before him, where to choose, if we except certain neo-romanticist quicksands which only the most diabolically perfected memory-machines may negotiate.

The cultivation of the sport of auto-music is the only hope of emancipating the art from its present thralldom to performance, as the invention of printing emancipated the drama. In this reading age, we pity the illiterate who can enjoy Shakespeare only by paying for a seat in a stuffy theatre. And yet, until we can learn to revel in Beethoven while walking to work in the morning, or at least to hold him bound on our knees and enjoy him before the evening blaze, we shall remain as illiterate in music as the theatre-slave is in poetry. Ignorance and inertia alone are delaying that next great step in the development of music, — the complete coöperation of stage and audience, which can only come about when the latter turns creative. For memory is one of the chief aids to the development of creativeness in listening, because it affords such unexampled facilities for the practice of the art. A man performing music mentally to himself is the only performer who is his own best hearer.

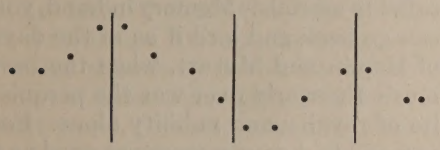
'Well, then,' some reader may ask, 'what must I do to be saved from musical indigestion, and to cultivate a musical memory?'

You must do four things to music: — read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it.

READ. Psychologically speaking, there are two types of persons: the 'visual,' and the 'auditory.' The first perceive best with their eyes; the second, with their ears. If you are of the visual type and have not yet learned to read music fluently, your greatest musical pleasure may be still before you. How do you know that — once you have become musically literate — you may not enjoy reading a volume of Brahms as much as you now enjoy a volume of Locke? And as for your memory, quite unwittingly you may have possessed all this time the musical retentiveness of a very Von Bülow, except that this faculty has required of you, not ear- but eye-service. Perhaps it has only been waiting to reveal itself until you pay it the small compliment of learning to read; because your memory is so constructed that it does not recall first how the notes sound as easily as it recalls how they look on the page. If, on the other hand, you are of the auditory type, you should learn to read, anyway; because nobody is *purely* visual or auditory. And besides, you need more than a bowing acquaintance with notation to be in a position properly to —

MARK. In a fraternity of creative listeners called the Ear Club, that used to attend the Thomas Orchestra in the old days, we developed a novel

system of 'marking' new melodies that took our fancy, which amounted to a rude but wonderfully simple method of musical shorthand. It did not pretend to furnish a finished record, but only a prop to memory. There was none of the scientific-looking paraphernalia about it that makes even a hymn-book formidable to a philistine; there were no lines or spaces, no clefs, accidentals, or tails to the notes. Each note was represented merely by a pencil dot. Its relative length was crudely shown by the horizontal distance between it and the next dot; its relative pitch, by its vertical distance from its neighbors. The measures might be indicated or not, at pleasure. Thus, if we wished to help ourselves remember the 'Hymn to Joy' from the Choral Symphony, we would mark on the margin of our programmes something like the following:—



More important than this sort of marking is the marking upon the tablets of your mind such things as how this motive or that plays hide-and-seek among the bars with its playmates, the various instruments. For the mere ability to tell which instrument of them is '*it*' is a wondrous aid to memory. To do this you must learn a little about musical form and instrumentation. And once you have made yourself intelligent enough to *mark*, you will be convinced that a musical memory is one of the most delightfully entertaining things that the First Composer ever invented.

Learn. Deliberately set your memory certain musical tasks to be completed within a given time. And, as a relaxation from work, play such memory-games as 'Whistle,' which was set forth in 'A Defense of Whistling,'[1] or that anomalous sport, specially made for picnic parties, where you think of some melody and tap its rhythm on your neighbor's foot with your own, scoring one if he fails to guess it, and losing the 'serve' if he succeeds.

Inwardly Digest. There is no other thing of beauty on earth that men dally with more, and think about less, than music. And this, despite the fact that one small liqueur-glassful of Chopin prelude thoroughly digested, made bone of a man's bone and flesh of his flesh, holds for him infinitely more pleasure and profit than a Heidelberg tun of Tone to be drained at a sitting; or — to change the figure — than a cloud-burst of ninety and nine symphonies that slip his memory because he has put on his mental oil-skins.

There is something both laughable and repellent in the spectacle of concert-goers sitting year after year and swallowing their musical roast-and-boiled whole, as though it were quite predigested and required no further exertion from them; as though, in fact, we had already arrived at the state of things predicted by some European savant, when science will kindly replace these very fallible organs of ours called stomachs with neat, hygienic ones of German-silver, so that, instead of solemnly gathering thrice a day about the family board, we shall when hungry simply turn a German-silver stop-cock in our left wrists, and insert a pellet of concentrated turkey-with-cranberry-sauce, and, in a single drop from a medicine dropper, administer to ourselves the essence of a quart of (dealcoholized) Tokay. When this time comes, the sweet influences of the Pleiades will doubtless be captured and used to flavor chewing-gum, and phonograph records of the bands of Orion will be on sale at all music

[1] In the *Atlantic*, for September, 1910.

stores, and musicians will have learned to save the public time, as well as energy, by playing a symphony not horizontally but vertically, in one massive but predigested chord.

Under our primitive twentieth-century conditions, however, it is well known to the learned few that cake is none the less in need of Fletcherizing because it happens to be angels' food, and that the man who supposes that he has digested music before devoting as much time to thinking about it as he has devoted to hearing it, is not only befooling himself and ruining his digestion, but absolutely affronting the creator of this beauty, and the player who has been re-creating it, and the creative listener in the row behind who has been re-recreating it. The sooner people discover that the musical world was never exempted from the primal curse — or blessing — of toil, the better. In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou become musically well-bred.

In order to achieve this end, the first thing to do is to restrict yourself to hearing no more music than you are sure of being able to digest. Until programme-makers have learned to send their audiences away still ready for one more course, it might be a wise plan to begin by leaving the hall in the middle of every concert, and taking yourself on a quiet, musical walk in order to reconstruct as best you may what you have just heard. And do not forget to take along your whistle. In these digestive strolls that convenient amateur instrument is at its very best. A habit like this will guard you from a glut of Tone, and insure you quite as much time for meditation as for listening.

If, for any reason, you are unable to leave the hall betimes, it is much better even to take forty winks than to make a glutton of yourself. In this respect old Peter the Great was far in advance of modern practice. He once took a nap at the Opera and, on awaking, was asked if the performance had wearied him.

'Not in the least,' replied Peter; 'on the contrary, I liked it to excess. So I went to sleep from motives of prudence.'

Doubtless the monarch indulged later on in a good-night stroll, and gave the act or two which he had heard a thorough thinking over.

The prudent napper will, however, be very careful not to exert a destructive influence on the performers. He will either retire to the rear of the box, or else decline so low in his orchestra chair as to become invisible from the stage.

Under a sparing regimen like that just outlined, the musical memory will grow by leaps, and will soon be found one of the most delightful assets vouchsafed to mortals. Memory in hand, you can go back and lord it as in the days of Haydn and Mozart, when the best music the world over was the perquisite of royalty and nobility alone. For you will find your memory as good as a whole emperor's retinue of orchestras and singers, while less cumbersome, and far easier on the feelings of the performers.

You will come to know one of the joys that make leisurely browsing in a library such a delight to the book-lover with the well-stocked brain — the joy of discovering relationships. You will know what a lark it is to trace the genealogy of some Debussy or Loeffler idea back to Brahms, and from Brahms to Mendelssohn, from him to Schubert, and then back to Mozart and Bach, and Buxtehude and Palestrina, and so on until it grows dim in the mists of dawn. This and a hundred other joys will come to you, until you are convinced that music never, never renders up its deepest pleasures, its profoundest help in time of need, its

sublimest messages to men, until they have learned to remember and to digest it. Then you will be one of those fortunate ones

> Who carry music in their heart
> Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
> Plying their daily task with busier feet,
> Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

I said just now that a musical memory was as good as a whole retinue of players and singers. In many ways it is far better, and especially on account of the perfection of the performance, — its sensuous wonder, with all the ugly shortcomings hidden and all the excellences glorified. It is at one of these retrospective concerts that we mortals receive in full measure the benefit of that divine law which always mars, however slightly, the perfection of any actually present pleasure in order that it may endue the distance with what Ruskin calls, 'that sweet bloom of all that is far away.' For a performance on the stage of memory is able to include all the virtues and expunge all the vices of past music. This is the most beautiful thing about a vigorous musical memory, that it lets us enjoy the far away at the closest possible range, with all its bloom fresh upon it.

> Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
> Are sweeter.

The critic who ridiculed 'unheard melodies' as 'a contradiction in terms' was having a sadly unimaginative moment. For who does not know that the poet meant those ditties which have 'no tone' for any ear save that inner one 'which is the bliss of solitude'?

It was my good fortune to learn about the perils of musical indigestion and the pleasures of memory from the members of the Ear Club. For very much as Keats, in a delicious letter to Reynolds, once advocated a 'sparing touch of noble books,' did these truly creative listeners preach musical temperance. And many of my rarest memories of the old Thomas Orchestra cluster, not about the Auditorium, but about the shores of Lake Michigan where I would take my single symphony or overture, to 'wander with it, and muse upon it, and reflect from it, and bring home to it, and prophesy upon it, and dream upon it'; to pipe it to the choir of the winds, to hum it to the gentle string-murmur of the ripples, or with some heavy theme strive to out-roar the drum-battery of the breakers.

One Friday afternoon gleams out above all. First on the programme came the lovely Symphonic Variations of Dvorak. Next appeared Nordica. But before the first note of her aria I was off for the old haunts on the shore, fairly 'evaporating' Dvorak, as Stevenson would say. Undaunted by any wide demand, memory ran blithely, and soon the piece became but one variation of a larger set in which the rich undertone of the great city, the serried ranks of saffron clouds, the swooping gulls, and the emerald field of foam-flashing waters bore part. And for the *finale* the sun, slanting through the towers of the metropolis, seemed by some divine chemistry to draw forth all the nobility and beauty hidden beneath, and to waft them, a broad crimson harmony, out toward the shoreless horizon.

As we grow older and perhaps a little harder of hearing, we notice that the heard melodies begin to lose some of their old, piquant charm. But, as more than compensation, those unheard seem to grow sweeter and sweeter. Perhaps it was not such a harsh fate, after all, that closed Beethoven's ears to the crude strumming and scraping and tooting of his own day, while opening them more and more to those ineffable strains which he wove into his swan song.

Never again, I suppose, shall we

scattered members of the Ear Club be so susceptible to the mitigated pleasures of the heard melodies as in those young years of the virginity of sense. And no orchestra may now thrill us quite so deeply as a stroll in the happy autumn woods of memory, where each yellowing leaf flutters in an old programme-book. Gone are the discordant influences of the Philistine, forgotten all the flaws of rendition. Unalloyed and ideal those soundless symphonies float out upon the pure ether of the past, dross-purged in the kindly reaches of the years. As the inner eye wanders over that beloved section of the Auditorium there appear, through the tense atmosphere of Tone, visions of the dear familiar faces. The air of 'Waldweben' commences its soft stirring in the depths of the enchanted forest, and the bird begins the same old song it sang to Siegfried when all the world was young.

SEA BURIAL

BY MARTIN D. ARMSTRONG

Lay him not in the earth with whom the earth
Has dealt so harshly; there no peace is found,
Where tree-roots blindly pushing in the ground
Would clasp his coffin in their moving girth;
Or where the soil, in labor at the birth
Of some fierce city, would molest the mound
Of his low tenement, or muffled sound
Of tunneling mole trouble the dreamless dearth
Of sleep eternal. Rather lay him deep
In that low grave undigged of any spade,
— Where never sable mourner comes to weep
And tend with pious hand the flowers that fade, —
The many-peopled grave down in the free
Untrodden cemeteries of the sea.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE OF ROBERT E. LEE

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

Lee had, of course, a liberal education, though we do not know much of his early studies. Those pursued at West Point were largely technical; but before going to that institution he must have had a good grounding in the classics, for long after, when he was President of Washington College, he used to visit the Greek classes and astonish the students by his familiarity with that language. His general ideas as to educational matters were both broad and solid. During his presidency, while sustaining as far as possible the old traditions of culture, he seems to have taken decided steps in modern directions, that is, toward practical training and individual development, — steps which meant far more in the South than in the North. 'Nothing,' he wrote after the war, 'will compensate us for the depression of the standard of our moral and intellectual culture.' And again, 'The education of a man or woman is never completed till they die.'

If Lee had written his proposed memoirs, we should be better able to judge whether he had literary gifts. As it is, his only bit of formal writing is the brief sketch prefixed to his father's autobiography. Here, as in so many other things, we see curiously the inheritance of the eighteenth century, its dignified finish, its determination to clothe even common things in lofty phraseology. The elder Lee takes cold because 'a slight, but driving snow which was falling, insinuated itself among the wrappings encircling his throat.' Where it is more appropriate this breadth of expression often attains to real beauty and grandeur, as in some of the addresses and general orders to the army. 'Soldiers! You tread with no unequal step the road by which your fathers marched through sufferings, privations, and blood to independence. Continue to emulate in the future, as you have in the past, their valor in arms, their patient endurance of hardships, their high resolve to be free, which no trial could shake, no bribe seduce, no danger appal; and be assured the just God who crowned their efforts with success will, in His own good time, send down his blessing upon yours.'

The reports, and especially the despatches written in the field, contain no such literary effort. They are terse and clear, saying what is needed, and only what is needed. The familiar letters are less successful as mere writing. They are loose and hasty, and not always correct in grammar and syntax. They are charming, however, when they show the intimate character of the man, and they have often a peculiar grace and playfulness which prove that, serious and earnest as he was, Lee had a keen sense of the comic side of life. 'Would you like to hear of Dick's apparel? A little short-sleeved, short-waisted, short-skirted, brown linen coat, well-acquainted with the washboard, and intended for a smaller man than our friend; a faded blue calico shirt; domestic cloth pants; a pair of commodious brogans; and a hat torn,

broken, and discolored. Now, hear him laugh, as he presents himself for a dance, arms akimbo, and you have him before you. . . . He complains bitterly of his present waste of life, looks thin and dispirited, and is acquainted with the cry of every child in Iowa.'

In spite of his deep respect for education, I do not find that Lee had any great love for books or for things purely intellectual. In later years he expressed 'his lifelong regret that he had not completed his classical education (in which, however, he had a respectable scholarship) before going to West Point'; and he thanks Worsely for the translation of the *Odyssey*, in terms which indicate pleasure in the perusal of the original. Among English authors he is said to have been partial to Macaulay, especially the essays, which can hardly be called the mark of a literary temperament, and in writing of his father he once quotes Burke. But it is really remarkable that in so varied and extensive a correspondence there should be so little reference to literature, even in its historical aspects. This seems the more curious when we turn to the letters of Harry Lee — surely as much a man of action as his son — and find a spirit keenly alive to literary questions, ready to criticize Racine and to delight in Sophocles.

So with science. In Lee's army the soldiers discussed Darwin, and concluded that 'Marse Robert' was sufficient proof that man was not descended from apes. But I find no evidence that Lee himself ever gave a thought to the vast speculations that were unhinging the world. Perhaps it is worth while to refer in this connection to Mrs. Putnam's shrewd remark that the Southern slave-holding planter was almost obliged in self-defense to adopt this attitude toward all modern ideas.

Even as to his profession, there is no record of Lee's making it a passionate study. He stood well at West Point, and results would certainly indicate that he did more. But nothing is said of his ever spending feverish days and nights, as did Jackson, over the campaigns of Frederick and the battles of Napoleon.

Nor do I see that he was in any way sensitive to æsthetic pleasures. While one child assiduously tickled his toes and another narrated the story of *The Lady of the Lake*, he would occasionally break in with the recitation of long passages of the poem, disconcerting the narratress and boring the tickler. This shows that he liked the poetry of Scott. (Mark Twain, by the way, believed that Scott's false chivalry was largely responsible for the Civil War.) But of other poetry no mention and no trace. I do not remember that the name of Shakespeare occurs once in all he wrote. Novels he disapproved of, as many of us do — for others. 'Read history, works of truth, not novels and romances. Get correct views of life, and learn to see the world in its true light. It will enable you to live pleasantly, to do good, and, when summoned away, to leave without regret.' The world would, indeed, be much less regrettable if there were no novels in it. With painting and with music it is as with poetry. Lee may have enjoyed such things, but he makes no mention of his enjoyment.

The nineteenth century had one æsthetic delight peculiarly its own, the appreciation of the beauty of nature. This seems to have made somewhat more of an appeal to Lee; yet even here his language certainly gives no indication of ecstasy. A quiet Virginia farm, life in the fields and woods rather than in cities, pleased him best — that is all. 'You do not know how much I have missed you and the children, my dear Mary. To be alone in a crowd is very solitary. In the woods I feel sym-

pathy with the trees and birds, in whose company I take delight, but experience no pleasure in a strange crowd.' 'I enjoyed the mountains as I rode along. The views are magnificent — the valleys so beautiful, the scenery so peaceful. What a glorious world Almighty God has given us. How thankless and ungrateful we are, and how we labor to mar his gifts.'

In short, the bent of Lee's character was absolutely moral and practical. It is not to be inferred from this, however, that he was a man of no passions, or that his staid decorum resulted from a lack of sensibility. Longstreet thought his weakness as a general was an excessive fury of combat. At any rate, there is plenty of evidence that he had a good hot temper which came to the surface on provocation. Colonel Venable says, 'No man could see the flush come over that grand forehead and the temple veins swell on occasions of great trial of patience, and doubt that Lee had the high, strong temper of a Washington.'

He disliked very much to have officers with a grievance allowed to make their way to him. At times this would happen, however. Immediately after one such occurrence 'General Lee came to the adjutant's tent with flushed face, and said warmly, "Why did you permit that man to come to my tent and make me show my temper?"' In the same way he had a great dislike to 'reviewing army communications,' and his aides spared him when they could. On one occasion Colonel Taylor had made matters as easy as possible; but the general 'was not in a very pleasant mood; something irritated him and he manifested his ill-humor by a little nervous twist or jerk of the neck and head, accompanied by some harshness of manner.' Taylor became impatient and showed it; whereupon the general said, 'Colonel Taylor, when I lose my temper, don't let it make you angry.'

It is a curious coincidence that one of Lee's few violent explosions of wrath occurred when he found an artilleryman brutally abusing a horse, and that one of the rare recorded outbreaks of Grant was owing to the same cause. It was *à propos* of Grant also that Lee once spoke sharply after the war, although not in the connection we should expect. One of his university faculty had been criticizing the Union general rather harshly. 'Sir,' said Lee, 'if you ever presume again to speak disrespectfully of General Grant in my presence, either you or I will sever his connection with this University.' A particularly interesting example of Lee's indignation, because we see it, as it were, bursting forth and passing at once under control, is his reference to the desecration of Arlington. 'Your old home, if not destroyed by our enemies, has been so desecrated that I cannot bear to think of it. I should have preferred it to have been wiped from the earth, its beautiful hill sunk, and its sacred trees buried, rather than to have been degraded by those who revel in the ill they do for their own selfish purposes. You see what a poor sinner I am, and how unworthy to possess what was given me; for that reason it has been taken away.'

It was by considerations of this nature that Lee dominated his passions and secured the high temperance and triumphant control which were among his most marked characteristics. His temperance, however, was no less a spiritual grace than a moral victory. Here again the resemblance to Grant is striking. Every one knows Grant's quiet comment when someone prefaced a dubious story with the familiar remark, 'I believe there are no ladies present.' 'No, but there are gentlemen.' It is said of Lee also, 'I dare say no man ever offered to relate a story of questionable delicacy in his presence.

His very bearing and presence produced an atmosphere of purity that would have repelled the attempt.'

Evidence of Lee's supreme self-control in other directions is hardly needed. The final disaster, surely as overwhelming as could befall a man, did not break his calm or wring from him a complaint except for others. In good and evil fortune alike he strove to maintain the same stoical — or no, I should say, as he would have wished, Christian — fortitude. A striking instance of this is narrated by Taylor. Doubtless it could be paralleled in many other lives. Something similar is told of Stuart, of Cox on the Union side, and may remain untold of many a private soldier in the armies of the Potomac and of Northern Virginia. It is none the less noble and beautiful in Lee. 'At the usual hour he summoned me to his presence to know if there were any matters of army routine upon which his judgment and action were desired. The papers containing a few such cases were presented to him; he reviewed and gave his orders in regard to them. I then left him, but for some cause returned in a few moments, and with accustomed freedom entered his tent without announcement or ceremony, when I was startled and shocked to see him overcome with grief, an open letter on his knees. That letter contained the sad intelligence of his daughter's death. . . . His army demanded his first thought and care; to his men, to their needs, he must first attend, and then he could surrender himself to his private, personal affliction.'

The force of will which appeared as self-control in great matters, showed in little as exactness, system, accuracy. It is said that in his youth his mother taught him rigid economy; and throughout life he continued to practice it. He was as scrupulously punctual as Washington, for himself and for others. When young men called on his daughters, he began his locking up exactly at ten o'clock and the callers were expected to take notice. A member of his faculty once came to his office and asked for a certain paper. Lee told him where it could be found. Afterwards he said to him, 'Did you find the paper?' 'Yes, General.' 'Did you return it to the place where you found it?' 'Yes, General.' Mrs. Lee said of her husband that 'he could go, in the dark, and lay his hand on any article of his clothing, or on any particular paper, after he had once arranged them.' This minuteness seems to have been inborn. At any rate it appeared in early youth. 'His specialty was finishing up. . . . He drew the diagrams on a slate; and although he well knew that the one he was drawing would have to be removed to make room for another, he drew each one with as much accuracy and finish, lettering and all, as if it were to be engraved or printed.' The biographer quotes this as an admirable trait; but I have my doubts. A high authority has said, 'Never finish a thing after it is done.' And I am inclined to think that a prime attribute of greatness is disregarding the unnecessary.

In commanding the Army of Northern Virginia for three years, Lee must have sacrificed a world of intellectual if not moral scruples, and it is the more remarkable in him, since he certainly had the germs of what is sarcastically termed the New England conscience. Imagine Cromwell or Napoleon, shortly after such a battle as Gettysburg, writing the following: 'I have been much exercised as to how I can pay my taxes. I have looked out for assessors and gatherers in vain. I have sent to find collectors in the counties where I have been, without success. I wish to pay the amount as a matter of right and conscience, and for the bene-

fit of the State, but cannot accomplish it. . . . In addition, I own three horses, a watch, my apparel, and camp equipage. . . . See if you can find someone that can enlighten you as to what I am to pay.'

The same self-control, precision, economy of resource, marked Lee in speech as in other things. There is no abandon in his letters, no freedom, no outpouring, and this unquestionably makes them somewhat colorless. So with his reports. He avoids the first person, wherever possible, and says, 'It was decided,' 'It was thought best.' How different this from the vivacity of Hooker or Sherman. Very rarely does he use brusque expressions: 'It may be only a Yankee trick'; or criticize his opponents freely. 'His [Grant's] talent and strategy consists in accumulating overwhelming numbers.' Even his recorded conversations contain little that seems like unrestrained confidence. Thus one is startled when one finds him reported as saying, 'I have never understood why General Sherman has been commended for that march, when the only question was whether he could feed his army by consuming all the people had to eat.' And the tone of his remarks to Badeau is even more unusual: 'He spoke very bitterly of the course of England and France during the war, and said that the South had as much cause to resent it as the North; that England especially had acted from no regard to either portion of the Union, but from a jealousy of the united nation and a desire to see it fall to pieces. England, he said, had led the South to believe she would assist them, and then deserted them when they most needed aid.'

Bancroft speaks admirably of 'the wonderful power of secrecy of Washington, in which he excelled even Franklin; for Franklin sometimes left the impression that he knew more than he was willing to utter, but Washington seemed to have said all that the occasion required.' Lee, I think, resembled Washington in this and had an excellent faculty, when he was interrogated, of seeming to say much and saying little. Thus he answered a question about McClellan, — 'I have always entertained a high opinion of his capacity, and have no reason to think that he omitted to do anything that was in his power.' And when one of his officers tried to draw him out by speaking rather freely about another, Lee answered, 'Well, sir, if that is your opinion of General ——, I can only say that you differ very widely from the general himself.'

Reserve of this character is always liable to be misinterpreted, and so we get what foundation there is for Badeau's charge of duplicity. His complaint of this in reference to Lee's reports seems rather absurd, for the unhappy necessities of war always involve some departure from candor, if not from veracity. But Badeau also criticizes Lee's last correspondence with Grant, probably read and reread as much as any letters ever written in the world. To accuse Lee of intentional deception in any of these is preposterous; but the letter especially singled out by Badeau, that of April 8, 1865, is certainly not direct, simple, and straightforward, any more than is the other important letter in which Lee discusses Jackson's share in the tactics of Chancellorsville.

So far as Lee's reserve is concerned, however, it must not in any way be attributed to haughtiness or aristocratic superiority. It is true that he, like Washington, found it difficult to throw off his dignity, to mingle freely with his fellows in common intercourse; but there never was a man who believed more heartily in American liberty, in the absolute equality of all men before

the law and before God, who would have more entirely accepted Mr. H. D. Sedgwick's noble definition of democracy—noble especially because it levels by exalting instead of lowering: 'Democracy is the belief that our highest pleasures are increased by sharing them.' Lee hated parade, display, and ceremony, hated above all things being made an object of public gaze and adulation. His idea of high position was high responsibility; a superior was simply one who had larger duties, and the mark of a gentleman was a keen sense of the feelings and susceptibilities of others. No one has ever expressed this attitude more delicately then he himself, in a memorandum found among his papers after his death. 'The forbearing use of power does not only form a touchstone, but the manner in which an individual enjoys certain advantages over others is a test of a true gentleman. The power which the strong have over the weak, the magistrate over the citizen, and employer over the employed, the educated over the unlettered, the experienced over the confiding, even the clever over the silly—the forbearing or inoffensive use of all this power or authority, or a total abstinence from it when the case admits it, will show the gentleman in a plain light. The gentleman does not needlessly and unnecessarily remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him. He cannot only forgive, he can forget; and he strives for that nobleness of self and mildness of character which impart sufficient strength to let the past be but the past. A true man of honor feels humbled himself when he cannot help humbling others.' It reminds one of Dekker's —

> The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

The thing that puzzles me, as it has doubtless puzzled many, is how much personal ambition had Lee under this august reserve, this firm moderation, this constant sacrifice of self to duty. What led him into the army first? He is reported to have said in later years, 'The great mistake of my life was taking a military education.' Why did he make that mistake? Was it merely the desire to follow his father's profession? Had he a love of adventure and excitement? Did he in his early days cherish long dreams of distant glory? Glimpses of such a passion may be caught in Washington's youthful letters. I find no trace of it in Lee's. When his friends display anxiety for his advancement, he discourages them: 'I hope my friends will give themselves no annoyance on my account, or any concern about the distribution of favors. I know how those things are awarded at Washington, and how the President will be besieged by clamorous claimants. I do not wish to be numbered among them.' Again: 'Do not give yourself any anxiety about the appointment of the brigadier. If it is on my account that you feel an interest in it, I beg that you will discard it from your thoughts.'

By the time the Civil War came, this indifference to honors had grown to be a fixed habit. No one can doubt the sincerity of Lee's repeated expressions of willingness to serve in any capacity where he could be useful. It is said that when Virginia first joined the Confederacy, he made arrangements to enlist as a private in a company of cavalry. Later he observed to a restless subordinate, 'What do you care about rank? I would serve under a corporal, if necessary.' And to Davis he wrote, after Gettysburg, 'I am as willing to serve now, as in the beginning, in any capacity and at any post where I can do good. The lower in position, the more suited to my ability and the more agreeable to my feelings.'

But there is a harder test of self-

sacrifice in these matters than even the willingness to forego rank; and that is patience under criticism. Here, too, Lee is conspicuous. To be sure, Grant asserts that his great rival was not criticized. Less than some others, perhaps, but surely enough. And I think his immunity from it was partly due to the temper in which it was received. One of the finest passages in all his letters relates to this. 'My whole time is occupied, and all my thoughts and strength are given to the cause to which my life, be it long or short, will be devoted. Tell her not to mind the reports she sees in the papers. They are made to injure and occasion distrust. Those that know me will not believe them. Those that do not will not care for them. I laugh at them.' And laughing at them, in his own sunny, kindly way, he told B. H. Hill that the great mistake of the war was in making all the best generals editors of newspapers. 'I am willing to serve in any capacity to which the authorities may assign me. I have done the best I could in the field, and have not succeeded as I could wish. I am willing to yield my place to these best generals, and I will do my best for the cause editing a newspaper.'

The more widely one reads in the literature of the war, the more one appreciates the greatness of Lee's indifference to glory, his absolute freedom from jealousy and self-justification. Doubtless there were other eminent examples of this on both sides; but one grows heartsick over the petty disputes, the ignominious wrangling which indentifies a grand cause with a little man. In many cases injured merit is only trying to get its rights and perhaps does not deserve blame. But here is precisely the hardest lesson of all. To abstain from justifying one's self at the expense of others, when one is wrong, is not always easy. To abstain when one feels one's self to have been right — that is the labor and the difficulty indeed. Even in this Lee succeeded, when so many failed.

As to his love of adventure and excitement, that, also, rarely appears. All the more significant is the Fredericksburg phrase, 'It is well that war is so terrible, or else we might grow too fond of it.' Side by side with this I like to put the quiet words, written after the war and very different from what we should expect from a soldier homesick for far-off battle and glory: 'I am charmed with the duties of civil life.' Altogether, a man to whom the ambitions of this world meant very little. Yet it was he who wrote of his daughter, 'She is like her father, always wanting something.' I wonder what he wanted.

It is said that Darwin confessed that all he required for happiness in life was his scientific pursuits and the family affections. It might equally well be said that all Lee needed was the family affections and religion. And now, what about his religion?

Assuredly it was not a religion of sect. It was broad enough to go even beyond the bounds of Christianity and recognize earnestness of intention in those of a different creed altogether. 'An application of a Jew soldier for permission to attend certain ceremonies of his synagogue in Richmond was endorsed by his captain: "Disapproved. If such applications were granted, the whole army would turn Jews or Shaking Quakers." When the paper came to General Lee, he endorsed on it, "Approved, and respectfully returned to Captain ——, with the advice that he should always respect the religious views and feelings of others." '

Lee was an Episcopalian, but he had no narrow belief in the power of rituals or formulas. One of his friendly ene-

mies, General Hunt, records that at the time of the excitement over Puseyism, efforts were made in the parish to which Lee belonged to enlist him on one side or the other of the controversy. He resisted these steadily, and on one occasion, when the appeals were especially urgent, he remarked audibly to Hunt, 'I am glad to see that you keep aloof from the dispute that is disturbing our little parish. That is right, and we must not get mixed up in it; we must support each other in that. But I must give you some advice about it, in order that we may understand each other: Beware of Pussyism! Pussyism is always bad, and may lead to unchristian feeling; therefore beware of Pussyism!' He seems to have had ready always in controversy, whether religious or military, some pleasant little turn of this kind, which assuaged bitterness and broadened bigotry. Thus, when a lady once complained to him that little Lenten food — fish, oysters, and the like — was obtainable in Lexington, he said to her, 'Mrs. ——, I would not trouble myself about special dishes; I suppose if we abstain from special sins that is all that will be expected of us.'

Nor was Lee's religion a matter of dogma or theology. Some speculative doubts appear, indeed, to have beset him in his earlier years, and it is intensely curious to find the shadow of Unitarianism hinted at by one of his devout biographers as keeping him for a long time from the church. 'Although at that time, and for a score of years thereafter, his estimate of his own unworthiness, *and some mistaken views of Christ, perhaps*, prevented his making an avowal of the Christian faith and becoming a communicant of the church, he was, nevertheless, all the while guided and restrained by belief in the Bible, reverence for its Author as revealed therein, reliance *more or less implicit* upon the Saviour, and prayer secret, but sincere.' (The italics are mine). When once these difficulties were overcome, however, his acceptance seems to have been complete and unquestioning. He liked sermons to be simple and practical. 'It was a noble sermon, one of the best I ever heard — and the beauty of it was that the preacher gave our young men the very marrow of the Gospel.' He liked prayers to be brief and to the point. 'You know our friend —— is accustomed to make his prayers too long. He prays for the Jews, the Turks, the heathen, the Chinese, and everybody else, and makes his prayers run into the regular hour for our college recitations. Would it be wrong for me to suggest to Mr. —— that he confine his morning prayers to us poor sinners at the college, and pray for the Turks, the Jews, the Chinese, and the other heathen some other time?' He avoided the discussion of speculative points, whenever possible. Someone asked him once whether he believed in the Apostolic succession. He said he had never thought of it; and on another similar occasion, 'I never trouble myself about such questions; my chief concern is to be an humble, sincere Christian myself.'

That humility is the key to this as to many other problems in Lee's character is indisputable, — genuine humility. Others might explain the universe and probe the mysteries of God. Surely he need not. Indeed it is recorded that he was reluctant to commit himself on any general matter of intellectual interest. 'He studiously avoided giving opinions upon subjects which it had not been his calling or training to investigate; and sometimes I thought he carried this great virtue too far.' Too far, perhaps. But there are so many in these days, in all days, who do not carry it far enough. I

think it is this perfect and unconscious humility of Lee's that saves him, more than anything else, from the wild doings of some of his biographers. He has no thought of his own excellences, or of intruding them upon us. No one would have shrunk more than he from being held up as a model of perfection.

Even in military affairs, where he knew his ground, the humility is always obvious. 'I could not have done as well as has been done, but I could have helped and taken part in a struggle for my home and neighborhood. So the work is done, I care not by whom it is done.' But in matters of the soul the great warrior's self-abasement is as touching as it is manifestly sincere. 'As we were about to leave his tent, Mr. Lacy said, "I think it is right that I should say to you, General, that the Chaplains of the army have a deep interest in your welfare and that some of the most fervent prayers we offer are in your behalf." The old hero's face flushed, tears started in his eyes, and he replied with choked utterance and deep emotion, "Please thank them for that, sir — I warmly appreciate it. And I can only say that I am nothing but a poor sinner, trusting in Christ for salvation, and need all of the prayers they can offer for me." '

Lee's religion was, therefore, mainly practical. He was most devout and constant in all religious observances, though his son does not conceal a human propensity to slumber during sermon time. He was ardent in prayer both private and public. Such a curious religious democracy as prevailed in his army has probably not been seen in the world since the days of Cromwell. On one occasion he was hurrying with his staff to battle. The firing had begun and the shells were flying. But the cavalcade happened to pass a camp-meeting where some ragged veteran was holding forth in prayer. Instantly the commander-in-chief dismounted, and he and all his officers, with bared heads, reverently took part in the simple worship. Again, as the army was being moved rapidly across the James in 1864 to meet Grant at Petersburg, Lee, with a thousand cares and duties on his shoulders, turned aside from the road and knelt in the dust beside a minister, to ask for guidance and blessing.

All that I have written of Lee has indeed been written in vain, if it is necessary to point out that his religion was practical, not only in form and observance, but in the deeper touching and moulding of the heart. Perhaps the final test of this is utter and perfect forgiveness of those who have injured or are trying to injure us; not the forgiveness of the lips ('I forgive you as a Christian,' said Rowena. 'Which means,' said Wamba, 'that she does not forgive him at all'), but the forgiveness of broad tolerance, of perfect understanding and sympathy, that is, of love. After the war a minister expressed himself rather bitterly as to the conduct of the North. 'Doctor,' said Lee to him, 'there is a good old book which says, "Love your enemies." . . . Do you think your remarks this evening were quite in the spirit of that teaching?' On another occasion a general exclaimed, 'I wish those people were all dead!' 'How can you say so?' answered his chief. 'Now I wish they were all at home attending to their own business, and leaving us to do the same.' And he summed up the whole matter more generally: 'I have fought against the people of the North, because I believed they were seeking to wrest from the South dearest rights. But I have never cherished bitter or vindictive feelings, and have never seen the day when I did not pray for them.'

The belief that 'our highest pleasures are increased by sharing them' certainly finds application more completely in religion than in anything else. No missionary ever had more ardent zeal than Lee for bringing the knowledge of God to all about him. Not that he had any air of being holier than others, of that reaching down a saving hand from vast heights of perfection which evokes almost a perverse determination not to be saved. Here, as elsewhere, his sweet humility averts any charge of a too aggressive saintliness. 'He one day said to a friend in speaking of the duty of laboring for the good of others, "Ah, Mrs. ——, I find it so hard to keep one poor sinner's heart in the right way, that it seems presumptuous to try to help others."' Nevertheless, one almost feels as if he cared more for winning souls than battles, and for supplying his army with Bibles than with bullets and powder. Even this solemn aspect of things he could color occasionally with the gentle sunshine of his humor, as when he remarked, on hearing that many of his soldiers were taking part in a revival, 'I am delighted. I wish that all of them would become Christians, for it is about all that is left them now.' But under the smile there was a passionate earnestness which appears not only in his private talk, but in his public orders. 'The commanding general . . . directs that none but duties strictly necessary shall be required to be performed on Sunday, and that all labor, both of men and animals, which it is practicable to anticipate or postpone, or the immediate performance of which is not essential to the safety, health, or comfort of the army, shall be suspended on that day. Commanding officers . . . will give their attention to the maintenance of order and quiet around the places of worship, and prohibit anything that may tend to disturb or interrupt religious exercises.' These might be general orders of Cromwell or of Moses.

When it came to the guidance of the young at Washington College, in later years, Lee's fervor became even more marked. 'We had been conversing for some time respecting the religious welfare of the students. General Lee's feelings soon became so intense that for a time his utterance was choked, but, recovering himself, with his eyes overflowed with tears, his lips quivering with emotion, and both hands raised, he exclaimed, "Oh, doctor! if I could only know that all the young men in this college were good Christians, I should have nothing more to desire."' You will remember that this man surrendered a great army and saw a nation sink to dust without a tear.

The central fact of all religion is doubtless the personal relation to God, prayer. And it is here that I have followed Lee with the deepest interest. In our modern busy life we set God so far apart that we are in danger of losing sight of Him altogether. This springs largely from reverence. We are afraid of soiling sacred things with the dust of every day. The mediæval Christian had no such timidity. God was his companion, his friend, to be called on every hour, every moment, if needed. Go back two thousand years to the sweet, simple piety of an Athenian gentleman, Xenophon, — some call it degrading superstition, — and see how he summons the divine to direct his comings and goings, to cast down his enemies and support his friends. Just so Lee. God gives the victory. God permits the defeat. God sends rain to mire the Virginia roads. He sends his sunshine to make them passable again. If God is appealed to passionately enough, devoutly enough, humbly enough, we win. If we lose, it is be-

cause we have not honored God sufficiently. But — but — what if your cause is wrong and the other right? What if millions on the other side are praying too, as honestly, as humbly, as zealously as you are? To set out to kill, to pray God to help you kill those who are devoutly praying God to help them kill you — it inevitably recalls the eternal contradiction put so vividly by the poet, —

> For prayer the ocean is where diversely
> Men steer their course, each to a several coast;
> Where all our interests so discordant be
> That half beg winds by which the rest are lost.

These are old difficulties, but war always gives them a fierce and startling significance. I trust it will be believed that I do not bring them up in any spirit of mockery. My one interest is to know what Lee thought of them. Did he meet them? Did he consider them? Or did he put them aside with the simple concreteness of his practical temperament? 'I had taken every precaution to ensure success and counted on it. But the Ruler of the Universe willed otherwise and sent a storm to disconcert a well-laid plan, and to destroy my hopes.' Does he never ask why? 'I hope we will yet be able to damage our adversaries when they meet us. That it should be so, we must implore the forgiveness of God for our sins, and the continuance of His blessings.' Does this never sound strange? Apparently not; since he repeats it, and repeats it with an inexhaustible and, I cannot help adding, an at times exasperating piety.

As to prayer on its more spiritual side, Lee's use of it is naturally less revealed to us. That a relation to God so constant and so intimate should be turned to only for worldly advantage and material benefit is wholly unworthy of a nature so finely touched, and we must believe that the sweetest part of his religion lay in the high rapture and forgetfulness of spiritual communion. He was not one to speak of such experience, however, or to write of it. And we are only told that 'he was emphatically a man of prayer, and was accustomed to pray in his family and to have his seasons of secret prayer which he allowed nothing else — however pressing — to interrupt'; and again: 'I shall never forget the emphasis with which he grasped my hands as, with voice and eye that betrayed deep emotion, he assured me that it [knowledge of prayer] was not only his comfort, but his only comfort; and declared the simple and absolute trust that he had in God and God alone.'

So I think we may say that the cardinal fact of Lee's life was God. Schleiermacher said that Spinoza was God-intoxicated. It would be indecorous to speak of Lee as intoxicated with anything. But everywhere and always he had God in his heart: not so much the God of power, or the God of justice, or even the God of beauty, but the God of love, tempering the austerity of virtue, sweetening the bitterness of failure, above all breathing loving-kindness into the intolerable hell of war. There have been fierce saints who were fighters. There have been gentle saints who were martyrs. It is rare to find a soldier making war — stern war — with the pity, the tenderness, the sympathy of a true follower of Christ. It seems suitable to end with an anecdote, not perfectly authenticated and in some points questionable, but too characteristic of Lee to be neglected altogether. It is told by a Union soldier: —

'I was in the battle of Gettysburg myself, and an incident occurred there which largely changed my views of the Southern people. I had been the most bitter anti-Southern man, and fought and cursed the Confederacy desperately. I could see nothing good in any of

them. The last day of the fight I was badly wounded. A ball shattered my left leg. I lay on the ground not far from Cemetery Ridge, and as General Lee ordered his retreat, he and his officers rode near me. As they came along, I recognized him, and though faint from exposure and loss of blood, I raised up my hands, looked Lee in the face, and shouted as loud as I could, "Hurrah for the Union!" The general heard me, looked, stopped his horse, dismounted, and came towards me. I confess that I thought he meant to kill me. But as he came up, he looked down at me with such a sad expression upon his face that all fear left me, and I wondered what he was about. He extended his hand to me, and grasping it firmly and looking right into my eyes, said, "My son, I hope you will soon be well." If I live a thousand years, I shall never forget the expression of General Lee's face. There he was, defeated, retiring from a field that had cost him and his cause almost their last hope, and yet he stopped to say words like those to a wounded soldier of the opposition who had taunted him as he passed by. As soon as the general had left me, I cried myself to sleep there upon the bloody ground.'

A POSSESSION

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

THERE were times when a sudden passionate realization of preciousness in the fleeting moment swept her and shook her like a hand across a dull, strong instrument. At sunset, she would pass the big west window in the long upstairs chamber, and would seem to be smothered with the thick light that made the homely carpets gem-work of Arabia, and the old pictures flash back golden suns and splendors. As she looked out past the black pine trees and the distant blurring hills to that seething-pot of sunny flame, a great yet desperate joy would possess her: a moment's knowledge of perfection, and an unpremeditated leap into the future. It was a curious mingling of conscious possession and loss. She seemed to know in some wise, eternal way, how the sunset, the homely happy room, and all that the warm moment stood for, belonged to her so utterly that no terror of change could take it from her; and yet to feel sure, with an almost morbid premonition, that the things themselves, in that special and precious combination, would presently be lost to her forever.

Indeed, as she walked the corridors and looked from the windows of the old house, almost daily she stopped in her work or play to feel for an instant the content of the present, the vague horror and yet assurance of the future,—that it was all very good, and that some day she would be remembering how good it was, still possessing it, in the eternal way, but lacking it utterly, in time and space.

After this fashion, she would sit sewing in the cheerful yellow room

whence she could watch many doves flashing about the white church belfry and many elm-leaves twinkling, — and would hear from the study her father's pleasant voice, rumbling along in conference with some questioning parishioner; from one room the clack-clack of her brother's typewriter, and up and down the narrow hall the other brother's slow stride, as he thought out a queer point at law or imagined a queer text for a sermon. Perhaps the chink of silver from the dining-room let her know that Theresa was doing her already thrice-done duty. And as she would sit there, in the sun, — the white curtains blowing a little across the sill, the chair before her piled high with mending, her brother sometimes stopping in his stride to give her an extract from his brief or a comic interpretation of the scriptures, the street before the house bustling with wheeled-gear, from farm wagons to motors, and all the world apparently busy, happy, and innocent of time and change, — it would all grow suddenly very close and valuable to her, even the ragged, hopeless shirt in her hands; even the rattlety-bang of the flat-wheeled trolley outside; and she would know, without once stopping the to-and-fro of her needle, that this was dear and not to be foregone without hurt; that she had it, and would always have it, but that people would think, some day, that she had lost it forever. She would be sure, yet without credulity, that she *would* lose it. When, or how, she could not tell, but the sense of imminent loss was always in it, — not sadly; perhaps triumphantly.

The day came, and with no long delay, when the corridors and large rooms of the old house were empty save of presences too closely felt and never seen. At every window there stood a kind yet troublous shadow. In haste, with a heart shut fast from memory and hands feverish to work, she dismantled room after room, from dusty book-crammed garret to sunny purring kitchen, saying no farewells, but bringing away her treasures without many thoughts — to set them up in a strange place, where they courteously gave her the old greetings with a new smile.

Then presently, out of all the confusion and weariness and languor of spirit, an unawaited joy came to her: for she proved, at last, that it was true. Her possessions, so rare, could never be taken from her. The sunsets, the still times when she lay watching the dawn creep up the wall, the sounds of doors that stuck, of boards that creaked, of steps and voices that could not be mistaken, the windows that were shadowy or sunny, or from which one saw the moon, the corners where she could read and dream, — these and a thousand odd sweet, or bitter-sweet, appearances and echoes, were truly her own. They had become parts of her; and being passed from material sense, they grew more sweet, and she knew that they could never pass again.

No one came to inherit her sunny windows. The old house was deserted, until strange hands made havoc with it, and it ceased to be. But she, who had loved it and lived in it, knew no change. In those far moments of passion, of realized content and fear and assurance, she had felt more pain than afterwards it was possible for her to suffer. The old house, and all that it had meant to her (which was youth and home, and that which underlies all happy living), was her possession, most utterly. It was all her own, forever; and that was much to know.

CAVOUR'S LAST VICTORY

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

I

THE first symptoms of the redemption of Italy were seen in the abortive revolutions engineered by the secret societies, chief among which was the Carbonaria. Then Mazzini arose, as the prophet of unity and republicanism, and founded Young Italy, which worked, perforce, through conspiracy. The great upheaval of 1848–49 seemed to promise independence and a federation, but its collapse left the princely rulers of the seven states, into which Italy was cut up, thoroughly discredited. Piedmont, however, under her 'Honest King,' Victor Emanuel, and her statesman, Cavour, soon became, for Italians and foreigners, a proof that the race which was supposed to be hopelessly effete had, instead, the sap of new life.

After 1850, Piedmont was the refuge of persecuted Italians, and the leader of the National Cause. To attain independence, Austria, mistress of Lombardy and Venetia, and virtual protector of all the despotic rulers, had to be driven out. Recognizing that the Italians by themselves could never expel the Austrians, Cavour secured the alliance of Napoleon III, and together France and Piedmont waged the War of 1859 against Austria. The immediate result was the liberation of Lombardy, the revolt of the Duchies, Legations, and Tuscany, and their annexation to Victor Emanuel's Kingdom.

In the spring of 1860 the Party of Revolution organized an expedition to Sicily, which Garibaldi reluctantly consented to lead. But its course resembled a triumphal progress; the Bourbon armies dissolved before it; and in a few weeks Garibaldi was dictator of the Island. Meanwhile Victor Emanuel's government, by Cavour's adroit diplomacy, had prevented the Great Powers from intervening in behalf of the Bourbon King. It was imperative that the control of the National Movement should remain in the hands of the Constitutional Monarchy. Garibaldi's Republican advisers, however, urged him to defer giving up his dictatorship until he had liberated not only the Neapolitan mainland, but also Rome and Venice. Long before he could have achieved that, Austria and France would have interfered, and the newborn Kingdom of Italy would have been rent asunder by Monarchist and Republican feuds. To prevent these calamities, Cavour planned his supreme audacity of sending Victor Emanuel and an army corps to Naples. On the approach of the King, Garibaldi consented to the annexation of the Two Sicilies, resigned his dictatorship, and, finding the King wisely indisposed to continue him in command of his army of Volunteers, with full powers over the South for an indefinite period, he retired to Caprera on November 9, 1860.

But before departing, he called on his Volunteers to be ready in the spring to join him in attacking the Pope and the Austrians; and he let the Royal Government understand that,

unless his Volunteers were treated with lavish consideration, he should call it to account. For months the great problem before Italy, a problem which involved the very existence of the young nation, was whether the Party of Revolution would succeed in forcing the Monarchy into new expeditions — if, indeed, it did not actually undermine the Monarchy.

By far the most pressing duty, before setting out to redeem Venetia and Rome, was the consolidation and conciliation of the Kingdom which already acknowledged Victor Emanuel as sovereign. Although the national cause had triumphed, each of the new states contained minorities which still cherished the old régime, and would oppose more or less openly the effort to nationalize them. In the former Papal States and Naples brigandage, financed and directed from Rome, had by April swollen into a wide-spread insurrection. The relations between the King's Government and the country had to be defined. The ingrained individualism of the Italians, expressed for centuries in their political particularism, must be overcome, if there were to be real national unity; on the other hand, it must be treated with such deference that the citizens of the former States should not feel that, in becoming Italians, they had lost their identity.

Among French or Germans, the Tuscan wished, indeed, to be recognized as an Italian; but among Piedmontese or Sicilians or Romagnoles, he was a Tuscan. Such deep-rooted instincts could not be suddenly outgrown; least of all, could they be removed by statute. To discover the happy mean between centralization and local autonomy, was therefore the task. In every department similar problems had to be met. The finances must be reorganized. The army, the judiciary, the diplomatic service, must be enlarged or remodeled. Public works — railways, telegraphs, steamship lines, post offices — had to be planned on a national scale. New taxes were called for. Many of the recently emancipated Italians had supposed, in their ignorance, that Unity would mean Utopia — a happy state in which there would be no work, or imposts, or police, or restraint on their personal desires. After a few months of Unity, they began to perceive that free government cost more than despotic, besides laying upon them civic obligations which they did not understand and could not discharge. They felt deceived; they were inclined to cast the blame of this deception on their liberators, instead of on themselves.

No other statesman in the nineteenth century had to face such a complication of internal difficulties as challenged Cavour in the spring of 1861. Reconstruction with old materials is tenfold harder than construction with new. To William de La Rive, who invited him to visit Pressinge and refresh himself in that Swiss air, moral and physical, which always restored him, he replied, regretfully, 'I greatly fear that, unless the Parliament which is about to meet [should] overthrow me, it will be impossible for me to cross the Alps. My task is more laborious and thorny than in the past. To constitute Italy, to fuse together the divers elements of which she is composed, to put North and South in harmony, offers as many difficulties as a war with Austria and the struggle with Rome.'

Even while he was writing, the tempest which had long been gathering was about to burst.

II

Garibaldi had passed the winter at Caprera, not wholly in bucolic peace of mind. Having turned his war-horse out to pasture and planted his seed-beans,

he had much leisure, between one meal of salt codfish and another, to ruminate over his wrongs. The more he thought upon them, the more his heart grew wroth. His own patriotism loomed before him like a vast and shining cloud over-topping and dimming the exploits of everyone else. He was obsessed by the loss of Nice, as Achilles at being robbed of Chryseis. His own magnanimity made the ingratitude of the Government seem inexplicable. Had he liberated a kingdom, merely to see it pass into the control of Cavourian placemen? Had he told the world that in March he should return to lead half a million Italians against Rome and Venetia, only to learn that the Government would neither permit the enrolling of Volunteers in time of peace, nor hand over to self-constituted autocrats the direction of international relations which the Constitution imposed upon the Ministers, subject to Parliament? And when these grievances ceased to gnaw him for a moment, resentment at the slight put upon his Southern Army nettled him. And throughout the winter, every boat brought to Caprera visitors bursting with complaints and letters breathing indignation and revenge.

Probably, Garibaldi honestly imagined that he had sacrificed his personal grievances and was moved only by those of his companions-in-arms. To understand his conduct we must remember that he had just achieved the most glorious feat of modern chivalry; that the whole world was showering him with praises and laurel; that he was fully conscious of the magnitude of his achievement; that he believed that, just as he had known better than the Government how to free the Two Sicilies, so he, and not it, should be followed in regard to Venetia and Rome. Majestically ignoring that Cavour, by warding off diplomatic intervention, had enabled him to triumph in the South, he defamed Cavour as a truckler to diplomacy, a timorous intriguer, if not a traitor, who danced attendance on the most loathsome monster living — Napoleon III. Garibaldi's scorn of the regular army, and especially of the War Office, equaled his scorn of diplomacy. Had he not proved that volunteers were more than a match for disciplined troops? Field-marshals and corps commanders had gone down before his own superior military genius, and their army before his nondescript legions: *ergo*, the art of war must be revolutionized. The more he thought it over, the more outrageous it seemed to him that the Ministers, instead of accepting his merest suggestion as a command, actually paid no heed to him. Never doubting that he himself was infallible, he regarded their negligence as a proof of their lack of intelligence not less than of their honesty.

He had had, in truth, to suffer treatment which might have tried the temper of a Socrates. Farini and even the King had slighted him, he believed intentionally, before he quitted Naples. What purpose served a royal retinue, which holds etiquette in greater reverence than the Decalogue, if it failed, not in tact only, but in common courtesy towards the popular hero who, above everyone else, needed to be kept in good humor? Not even slaves are callous to contempt; much less hypersensitive Garibaldi, who discovered contempt in every act. When some of the Liberal press both criticized his Volunteers and went so far as to insinuate that he owed the victory of the Volturno to Piedmontese succor, his indignation knew no bounds. The publication by the French Government of a reference to the Chambéry interview, in which Farini was reported, and no doubt correctly, as urging upon Napoleon III that Piedmont was going to interfere in Umbria in order to check

'the Revolution embodied in Garibaldi,' further enraged the Paladin: for, although the definition was literally accurate, he liked to imagine himself as the incarnation of all Italians — except the hated Cavourians and the Papalists.

The disbanding of his Southern Army inevitably fed his wrath. The problem was indeed thorny. Victor Emanuel, who often promised more than his Ministers could perform, had assured Garibaldi in their last talks at Naples, that his Garibaldian army should be preserved on an equal footing with the regulars. The Cabinet, however, declared this to be impossible, and Victor Emanuel, being a constitutional King, bowed to their decision. The Minister of War, Fanti, — next to Cavour the man most detested by Garibaldi, — was an admirable organizer, a soldier of conscience, but rigid and uncompromising. He was right in protesting that the regular service would be seriously impaired, if thousands of red-shirted guerillas, unused to discipline and restive under it, were distributed among the regiments. To perpetuate an independent corps of Volunteers would destroy that uniformity in the personnel and training which are indispensable to an army; but even this arrangement, intended to be provisional, was accepted by the Ministry in order to appease Garibaldian clamors. A joint commission examined the records of the Volunteers. When Garibaldi retired in November his rolls bore 51,000 names! Of these some 16,000 were of men who had seen little service or none. Barely 25,000 of the remainder had made up the real army with which, in Sicily and on *terra firma*, he conquered the Bourbons. He had issued commissions with such recklessness that his officials numbered 7002, of whom 3736 remained in the reorganized army — an indication that the weeding-out was not excessively thorough.

A special corps of Italian Volunteers was created, and the Garibaldian soldiers had the choice of enlisting in that or of being mustered out with six months' stipend (162 francs) and sent home free of expense. Within two months all except 238 subalterns and common soldiers had disbanded. A few officers of proved ability — like Medici, Bixio, and Cosenz — received generals' commissions in the regular army. The disbanding of the Bourbon Army, with provision for the reënlistment of the rank and file as well as for the immediate reception into active service of certain men of high rank, went on at the same time. The Garibaldian sympathizers denounced Fanti for treating the Bourbon troops as if they merited the same consideration as the Southern Army. If the Neapolitans were henceforth to be regarded as Italians, however, justice demanded that their oath of allegiance to Victor Emanuel should be recognized as entitling them to equal consideration with the natives of Lombardy or Piedmont.

That mistakes were made in this reorganization cannot be doubted. That Fanti was strict, and sometimes harsh, was inevitable. Among both Garibaldians and Bourbons, impostors, scamps, and deserters swarmed. Fanti's general plan, which aimed at nationalizing the army in its personnel and at bringing it under a uniform system of instruction and discipline, does not need to be defended. His sternness, where he had so many rascals to deal with, was warranted. But the genuine Garibaldians had unique claims to national gratitude; like their leader, they were not deterred by patriotism or modesty from urging those claims, and they preferred to see ten fraudulent claimants rewarded rather than one honest Garibaldian slighted. The lugubrious Sirtori, Garibaldi's agent in the transaction, repeatedly acknowledged that the

Royal Commissioners' charges were irrefutable, but he censured those commissioners for pressing them. 'They treated us like enemies,' he declared in Parliament; and Medici made a similar complaint. Later, when the issue had cooled, they were both less inclined to condemn unreservedly.

As news of this business came to Garibaldi, his resentment grew hot. It was bad enough for the Liberals to refuse to hand over the government to him and his; it was worse to try to rob the Garibaldians of their glory; it was infamous to deprive them of those honors and rewards which they had earned with their blood. Garibaldi had reached that familiar stage of obsession when he no longer attempted to reason, but attributed all his injuries to Cavour. He could not be persuaded that Cavour had not instigated the royal chamberlain's snub at Naples, or the uneffusive greeting of the King's *entourage*, or Fanti's inflexibility. Like other victims of the persecution mania, he found a simple explanation for his persecutor's conduct. Cavour was jealous of his fame and influence. Unable to hold in longer, Garibaldi decided to go to Turin. 'Let not thine hand draw the sword,' said bright-eyed Athene to his Homeric prototype, Achilles, 'yet with words indeed revile him.' Garibaldi's counselors urged his going, because they too for a year past had kept pouring into his heart hatred of Cavour: some honestly, being as unreasoning as himself; others, the larger number, from personal or partisan reasons.

During the last week in March a delegation of workmen visited Caprera, bearing an address which reeked with pessimism over the condition of Italy. Garibaldi replied that perhaps the situation was not so gloomy as they painted it. They still had Victor Emanuel for a pivot; but, he added, no nation ought to depend on one man. And the King, he went on, 'is surrounded by people without heart, without patriotism, by men who have created a dualism between the regular army and the volunteers. . . . These wretches have sown discord and hate, have checked the work of fusion and of unification so well initiated by us. . . . But, I repeat, the King is deceived; he desires Venice to be free, and we desire to crown him in Rome.' Garibaldi assured his hearers that he relied on the horny right hand of men of his condition, and not on the fallacious promises of the political intriguers. Having previously refused to be a candidate for parliament, he suddenly changed his mind, and on March 31 he telegraphed to Naples that he would stand for the first college of that city. On April 1 he crossed to Genoa, where he was irritated at hearing that the police had visited the rooms of a patriotic committee, and where his friends inflamed him further by their tale of wrongs. The next day he reached Turin — by invitation, one newspaper stated, of Count Cavour, a statement which Garibaldi promptly denied. Yet so natural was it to suspect his sudden movements that the French journals insisted that he and Cavour were in collusion, an error which the Emperor seems for a moment to have shared.

III

Fearing an explosion, the King sent for Garibaldi, only to perceive that he was angrier than ever with Cavour for ceding Nice and Savoy. The King repeated that if he himself could bow to the loss of the cradle of his race, Garibaldi might do as much: but the Paladin was in no state to offer up his darling feud as a willing sacrifice on the altar of concord. That cession, he told Victor Emanuel, was the wickedest of all Cavour's acts. Among his friends,

during the next few days, he let his tongue play without restraint, attacking nearly everyone except his intimates. He forgot, however, that he was no longer dictator at Naples, beyond reach of criticism. His irresponsible arraignments — he even branded the deputies as a parcel of lackeys — could not pass unchallenged in the capital of the Kingdom. One citizen there was, the fittest of all, to call him to account in Parliament, the place where every Italian was amenable to the law.

That challenger was Bettino Ricasoli, the man of iron will, of self-control, of downright speech. On April 10 he rose in the Chamber of Deputies, a Puritan patrician, austere in dress, gloved, unruffled in demeanor, with the poise of a man who can never be thrown off his feet, but who shuns rather than seeks an expression of his opinion. Ricasoli had saved Tuscany and Emilia the year before: a positive achievement, second only to that of Garibaldi in the South. No one could question, therefore, his service; only the half-educated imagine that victories on the battlefield are nobler or more difficult or more important than those victories which statesmen may win.

Ricasoli spoke without rhetoric and without recrimination. He said that the conscience of every deputy had been wounded by words attributed to General Garibaldi — words which offended the majesty of Parliament and the inviolability of the King. But he refused to believe that Garibaldi could have uttered them. In the summer of 1859 he and Garibaldi promised each other to fulfil their duty to the country. 'He has done his duty, I have done mine.' It cannot be, Ricasoli continued, that Garibaldi could insult either the King or Parliament. The King being the Liberator of Italy, there was under him no first citizen and no last. If two or three or half a dozen had been privileged to perform their duty in a wider sphere of action, they ought not therefore to arrogate to themselves special glory, or to set themselves above the law, but humbly to thank God for granting them the larger opportunity, and for allowing them to declare: 'To me belongs the example of abnegation and of modesty; the example of showing others how everyone ought to obey the law.' It was impossible, therefore, Ricasoli concluded, to believe that Garibaldi had spoken the words imputed to him.

Never was sarcasm used more properly, seldom with better effect than on that day. Ricasoli's unadorned sentences seemed as irrefutable as a self-evident axiom in geometry. They captured his audience, not by their sarcasm, but by their truth. The nation drew a long breath of relief, because it felt that one of its greatest citizens dared to announce that no citizen, not even Garibaldi, was above the law, above Parliament, above the King. When the session broke up, Cavour grasped Ricasoli's hand and said, 'Were I to die to-morrow, my successor is marked out.' Massimo d'Azeglio, the amateur of genius, who had grown pessimistic during the last twelve-month, wrote, 'Bravo, Betto! May God bless you! There was one post — the best and most useful in my opinion — to fill in Parliament. That of vindicator of the law, of the moral law, as well as the political and every other. This post is now no longer vacant. You occupy it, and you deserve to occupy it. Now I begin to hope.'

Suffering from rheumatism, Garibaldi delayed appearing in the Chamber. But he improved every hour of these days by conferring with his Radical friends. They hoped to use him to overthrow Cavour, and he was more than eager to aid them. As usual, they shrewdly allowed him to suppose that

he, and not they, led. They proposed to accept the Monarchy, as the symbol of unity, but to insist that they should shape the foreign policy of the Government. Thus they should decide when to attack Rome, or to liberate Venetia, or to declare war on France in order to win back Nice. With Cavour out of the way, they might even hope to control the kingdom itself. They regarded their moderation as most magnanimous; for they held that the Revolution, which freed the Two Sicilies, had a supreme claim to Italy's gratitude and obedience. In their secret conferences Rattazzi, Depretis, Brofferio, and others joined, whose primary interest was, not to set up a Mazzinian republic, but to get rid of Cavour, in order that their own ambition might have the right of way.

While waiting until he felt able to attend, Garibaldi, quite after the fashion of a sovereign communicating with his parliament, sent to the deputies a letter which Rattazzi, their President, laid before them. In this, after thanking the Prime Minister for postponing the debate on the Southern Army until he could be present, Garibaldi stated that he should protest against the disbanding of his old comrades, and that he was displeased to learn that his private remarks about the King and Parliament had been discussed by Ricasoli. He concluded by repeating, in a tone which many found patronizing, that his trust in the person of Victor Emanuel was known of all. This letter failed apparently either to relieve his own mind or to satisfy the large majority of deputies who had been roused by his virulent speeches. Accordingly, he wrote again to Rattazzi, to inform the Chamber that he still approved of the King, but that his conscience forbade him to condescend to justify himself either towards the King or the Parliament; that he was moved to indignation at the condition of the South and the abandoning of his comrades in arms; but that, in the presence of the holy National Cause, he should trample under foot any individual quarrel whatsoever. He enclosed suggestions in regard to the Southern Army, the foremost being that he should be appointed royal commissioner in the South for an indefinite period.

IV

On April 18, the day set for the debate, Garibaldi limped into the Chamber, accompanied by Macchi and Zuppetta, two of his Mazzinian friends. The deputies met at half-past one, but he put off his coming till nearly two, as if to be sure of a royal reception. Long before he reached the Chamber, his progress was marked by the cheers of the crowds in the streets. Instead of taking the main entrance into the hall, he chose to slip in by a small side door, which connected with the topmost row of seats occupied by the Left. In this most conspicuous position, all eyes were at once turned upon him. While the members of the Left and the Garibaldians in the tribunes cheered him for five minutes, the rest of the House waited expectantly. He was dressed in his legendary bizarre costume, — red shirt, gray Scotch plaid poncho, and little Spanish hat, with its inverted teacup-and-saucer effect. Although his face was flushed, he bore no signs of illness, but he appeared older to those who had not seen him since he sailed from Quarto. The lion aspect 'was sobered by a profusion of gray about the long mane.' The 'usual benignant, calm, supremely dignified look,' which magnetized high and low, shone in his face. That air of self-confidence and relish of the fight which he always wore in battle, could be discerned in his glances to the right and left. Order being

restored, he took the oath as deputy and sat down between his friends.

The debate on Fanti's army bill, interrupted by Garibaldi's theatrical entrance, was resumed. Ricasoli spoke. He exhorted the Chamber to concord, and declared again that the remarks recently attributed to Garibaldi must be calumnious. In questioning Fanti, he referred to the Volunteers in phrases which irritated the Garibaldians, but he equally irritated the War Minister by his criticism. Fanti read a long reply, — a businesslike presentation of the undesirability of maintaining in time of peace a corps of volunteers side by side with the regular army. He gave his reasons for each step frankly, so frankly that when he described many of the promotions in Garibaldi's army as 'fabulous,' the Left, and especially Garibaldi himself, grew restive. If Fanti's general scheme had been referred to an unprejudiced expert, like General von Moltke or General von Roon of the Prussian Army, it would have been upheld without a question. No military connoisseur, indeed, could approve of the creation of a corps of volunteers in a country where military service was compulsory. But for Garibaldi and his friends, sentiment and wounded vanity, mingled with a quivering sense of patriotic wonders performed and of threatened injustice, shut out a dispassionate consideration of the best military system.

Before Fanti had finished, Garibaldi, in spite of his outward calm, was near the point where he must speak or burst. Crispi and Bixio suggested that Fanti's report be printed for public distribution, but to this both the War Minister and Ricasoli objected. Then Garibaldi rose. Deputies and spectators in the galleries, and the ministers at the table just below the President's chair, knew that the storm, which had been visibly gathering, was about to break.

Garibaldi, from his topmost tier, could be seen clearly by all the deputies; for the Chamber was not large. He held in one hand several sheets of paper on which was written — by Rattazzi, many believed — the speech he intended to deliver. In order to read, he put on his glasses. Although he began pacifically, every one suspected that he was barely holding himself in. His rich and beautiful voice filled the hall; he spoke slowly, as an orator does who intends that his emphasis shall express neither more nor less than his exact idea. After the first few sentences, however, he hesitated for his words, tried to read them on his manuscript, failed to catch the whispered promptings of Macchi and Zuppetta, and then plunged into an extemporaneous invective. Having thanked Ricasoli for bringing the question before Parliament, he repelled the charge that he was responsible for the 'dualism' which existed. He had heard, he said, proposals of reconciliation — but only in words, for acts were always unconciliatory.

'I am a man of deeds,' he continued. 'Whenever this dualism might have harmed the great cause of my country, I have yielded, and I always shall yield. And yet, considering me as not Garibaldi, but anybody you please, I appeal to the conscience of these representatives of Italy to say whether I can offer my hand to him who has made me a foreigner in Italy.' Cheers of approval from the Garibaldians in the galleries caused the President to give warning that he should have the tribunes cleared if there were further disturbance.

Having now thrown discretion to the winds and scattered his written speech on the desk in front of him, Garibaldi proceeded, angrily, 'Italy is not split in two; it is whole; because Garibaldi and his friends will always be with those

who battle for it.' Then he addressed himself to Fanti, whom he charged with asserting that he had to go to Central Italy to put down anarchy. After a brief dispute over Fanti's phrase, he swept on to take up his real theme — the Southern Army. 'I ought, above all,' he said, 'to narrate very glorious feats. The prodigies wrought by it were overshadowed only when the cold and hostile hand of this Ministry caused its maleficent effects to be felt. When for love of concord, the horror of a fratricidal war, provoked by this very Ministry —'

At these words, a cyclone of passion whirled through the Chamber. The deputies jumped to their feet and beset the President with calls to order. Rattazzi, having rung his bell without avail, tried to speak: 'I beg the honorable General Garibaldi —' His voice was drowned by the hubbub.

Cavour, who had listened with growing indignation to Garibaldi's tirade, sprang up as if stung at the words 'fratricidal war,' pounded on the ministerial table and called so loud that many heard him in spite of the din: 'No one has the right to insult us in this manner! We protest! We have never had such intentions. Mr. President — cause the Government and the nation's representatives to be respected.'

At the first partial lull, Garibaldi, with characteristic egotism, said that he thought he had earned, by thirty years' service to the country, the right to tell the truth to the Chamber. Rattazzi requested him to express his opinions so as not to offend any deputy or minister present.

In a flash Cavour protested: 'He said that we provoked a fratricidal war. This is very different from the expression of an opinion.'

More outcries; more rushing to and fro, more gesticulations.

Garibaldi, who stood the effigy of glorified rage, wholly unabashed, bellowed unrepentantly, 'Yes, a fratricidal war!'

From the Right came cries of 'Order! Order! he has insulted the nation!' while voices from the Left replied, 'No! no! let free speech be respected!'

The uproar broke out afresh, not to be controlled. Rattazzi, after frantically ringing his bell to no purpose, put on his hat, the sign that the sitting was suspended. Then, as is the Italian fashion, the deputies poured down the aisles into the small semi-circle below the President's dais, as close as they could to the Ministers. One Garibaldian supporter, beside himself with excitement, tried to strike Cavour, but was intercepted and carried out of the Chamber to cool off. Groups hemmed the Prime Minister in, approving, expostulating, advising, or merely yelling.

'The *mêlée* in the centre of the hall, round the Minister's table, was truly appalling,' says a looker-on. 'In the midst of it all, Crispi was seen bawling, gesticulating like a maniac.' Friends surrounded Garibaldi on his upper platform, some to applaud, and some to pacify. The sanest deputies of every faction perceived that an outrage on parliamentary dignity had been committed: worse still, if the scene were renewed, irreparable harm might be done. The Red Shirts in the galleries had reached that pitch of resentment where, if they could not get what they demanded for themselves, they would gloat over the injury Garibaldi was inflicting on the Monarchy.

But the patriots of the Left joined with their least agitated colleagues of the Right to urge peace, and at four o'clock, after a quarter of an hour of pandemonium, Rattazzi, who with characteristic slyness pretended to be faint and had kept himself out of the way, called the Chamber to order.

Garibaldi still had the floor. Rattazzi neither reproved him, nor requested

him, in the name of the Chamber, to retract his unparliamentary words. Garibaldi himself was perfectly unashamed. He had enjoyed the luxury of speaking his mind regardless of consequences — a performance in which the victim of obsession has a strange sense of discharging a public duty. Having once broken through the inhibitions of self-restraint, the danger that he would let himself go again was increased tenfold. And he had still much venom to rid himself of. He stood there defiant, with almost a peasant's insensibility to the havoc he was creating.

To some his manner seemed leonine, to others theatrical. Oblivious of the larger issues, he was not to be diverted from the two objects he held to be paramount — the venting of his grievances against Cavour, and the defense of the Volunteers. He attacked again Fanti's law for disbanding the Southern Army. Those Volunteers, he said tauntingly, won two kingdoms for you: why accept the kingdoms and reject the army that gave them? He went still further, and demanded that the Government should arm the nation, creating perhaps half a million volunteers, who would outnumber the regular army three or four to one, and form an invincible weapon for the Paladin to use against Rome or Venetia. He urged that, without such a bulwark, Italy lay at the mercy of France and Austria.

Fanti replied that he could not agree with General Garibaldi's views. The air grew thunderous again. Then Bixio, the fiery and impetuous Nino, the Second of the Thousand, rose 'in behalf of concord and of Italy.' He made a very noble appeal that party and personal quarrels be sunk for the sake of national union. He said that, although the regular army must be respected, even in its prejudices, the element of strength offered by the Garibaldians ought also to be cherished. He deplored as a calamity that a multitude of mischief-makers had sown discord between Garibaldi and Cavour. 'I would give my family and my own person,' he concluded in a burst of patriotic emotion, 'if I could see these men, and those who, like Signor Rattazzi, have directed the Italian Movement, grasp each other's hands.'

V

Bixio's appeal was not in vain.

Cavour rose instantly to speak. His face still showed the effect of the terrible agitation through which he had just passed. Never had a prime minister resisted a greater temptation than he that afternoon. Attacked in his personal honor, accused of being a traitor, charged with fomenting a fratricidal war, — all this but the culmination of nearly two years of calumny and malice aforethought, — his first impulse was to hurl back his assailants, cost what it might. But to do this, though the great majority of Italians might justify him and Europe approve, would lead straight to civil war. The unification of Italy, to which he had devoted thirty years of his manhood, would be shattered. To avert that, by a titanic exertion of will, he held his passion as in a vise. 'If emotion could have killed,' he said afterward, 'I should have died during that hour.' Mingled with his patriotism was a noble pity for Garibaldi, the man of heroic stature in one field, the dwarf in others.

On rising Cavour paid due tribute to Bixio's generous words. Then he confessed that he had been profoundly moved by the accusation leveled at him, especially because his accuser was Garibaldi. But who, he asked, created the Volunteers whom he was charged with wronging? Was it Garibaldi? No, it was Cavour himself, who more than

two years before had summoned Garibaldi from Caprera to organize that corps. It was he who, despite the opposition of the War Department, despite also grave political difficulties, had seen the Volunteers equipped for the War of 1859. Garibaldi made no attempt to deny this. Cavour acknowledged the great service rendered during that war by the Hunters of the Alps, because they showed Europe that Italians from all sections knew how to fight and die for the cause of Liberty. Having created and upheld this corps on his own responsibility, he felt the more keenly the injustice of certain accusations. 'In spite of that,' he said with great feeling, 'I will be the first to accept the appeal made me by General Bixio. For me, the first part of this sitting is as if it had never been.' Prolonged cheers greeted this magnanimous avowal. Four fifths of the deputies breathed easier, hoping that the worst had passed. Garibaldi, however, sat immovable through it all, nor could he 'be got to say one generous word.'

Cavour went on to explain the plan of military reorganization. He showed how impossible it was to continue the Southern Army in active service as a volunteer corps. The Garibaldians had enlisted for no specified term: at Garibaldi's call they rushed to battle; the fighting over, they as quickly dispersed; they neither were qualified for routine service nor did they desire it: their strength lay in their very mobility. The Government proposed that the Volunteer Corps should consist of skeleton regiments, each having a permanent staff which should summon the Volunteers in time of war. Another reason forbade adopting Garibaldi's scheme: to continue the Garibaldians under arms would be almost equivalent to a declaration of war; and he stated emphatically that the Government would not countenance that.

Garibaldi followed Cavour, but without a hint of retraction or apology or of meeting half-way the Premier's conciliatory speech. Confronted by arguments which he would not accept and could not refute, he fell back on that store of grievances which was his obsession. He accused the War Department in 1859 of having taken all the able-bodied volunteers for the regular army, leaving him only the humpbacked and the halt. Cavour might have retorted by asking how it was that at all times, except when he was attacking the Ministry, Garibaldi boasted that these alleged cripples — to wit, the famous Hunters of the Alps — were the finest soldiers in the world. But Cavour refrained from sarcasm, merely stating that whilst the enrolment was going on, Garibaldi had frequently expressed himself as well satisfied. He explained that the ordering of Garibaldi and the Hunters of the Alps into Valtellina was made against his express advice, and that, to avoid a similar blunder, he himself sent them to the Mincio, where they might take part in battle against the Austrians. The Paladin had cherished this grievance as one of the early proofs that Cavour was jealous of him, and wished to shelve him; he now professed to be satisfied with the explanation, but he continued to perpetuate the falsehood to the end of his days.

Cavour prefaced his explanations with the words: 'I do not indeed flatter myself that I can bring about that concord to which the honorable deputy Bixio invited us. I know that there exists a fact which creates between General Garibaldi and me perhaps an abyss. I believed that I performed a painful duty, the most painful of my life, in advising the King and proposing to Parliament to approve the cession of Nice and Savoy to France. By the pain I felt, I can understand what

General Garibaldi must have felt; and if he does not forgive me for this fact, I shall not bear him a grudge.'

To Garibaldi, however, the idea of forgiving Cavour for the crime of ceding Nice never occurred as a possibility. In his reply, he remarked that he did not doubt that Cavour also loved Italy; and that the disputes between them could be quickly removed if the Prime Minister, accepting Garibaldi's project for arming the nation, would send the Southern Army back to active service in the Two Sicilies. 'That,' he said, quite as a sovereign might, 'is my desire.' In other words, Garibaldi yielded nothing, felt no thrill of magnanimity, had no glimmer of realization of the jeopardy in which his violence was placing Italy. At the end of the debate, as at the beginning, he clung with bull-dog stubbornness to the demand that justice as he saw it should be done to his Volunteers, and that his will must prevail, cost what it might.

After adjournment, as he was walking home, Cavour remarked to a companion, 'And yet, if war came, I would take Garibaldi's arm in mine, and say to him, "Let us go and see what they are doing at Verona."' So habitual was it for him to subordinate personal passion for the good of Italy!

The next day and the next the discussion was continued. Orators of the Left attacked Fanti's plan from many angles; Ministerialists defended it. Garibaldi introduced another resolution, to the effect that the Ministry should recognize the commissions issued by him as dictator, and should call out the Volunteers as early as it deemed best. On both sides there was much latent heat, with occasional explosions, and the purpose, evident although tacit, to avoid an open rupture. On the twentieth Cavour spoke twice, answering objections and restating with great clearness the intentions of the Cabinet, in order that, under the momentary glamour of assumed conciliation, there should be no misunderstanding. On April 21, the Chamber passed Ricasoli's resolution by 190 votes to 79. Garibaldi's policy was thus overwhelmingly repudiated by the representatives of the nation, to whom he had appealed. 'Who Garibaldi is,' Ricasoli wrote to an intimate friend, 'is shown in these last debates; but what whoever was absent could not see is the expectation of all honorable hearts, after Cavour's generous and chivalric words, that Garibaldi would withdraw his resolution, and quitting his seat would go and grasp Cavour's hand.'

VI

That afternoon General Cialdini sent to the newspapers an open letter to Garibaldi. Garibaldi despised parliament men; Cialdini was a soldier. Garibaldi was the sworn enemy of Cavour and Fanti; Cialdini had been his friend, his loyal admirer. Garibaldi regarded the Piedmontese as banded together in a conspiracy against him; Cialdini, though he had long served in Victor Emanuel's army, was a Modenese. And now Cialdini wrote: —

'Your reply to the address of the Milanese workmen, your words in the Chamber, caused me a very painful but complete disillusion. You are not the man that I thought, you are not the Garibaldi I loved. With the breaking of the spell, the affection that bound me to you has vanished. . . .

'You dare to put yourself on a level with the King, speaking of him with the affected familiarity of a comrade. You mean to place yourself above usage, presenting yourself to the Chamber in a very outlandish costume; above the Government, branding its ministers as traitors because they are not devoted to you; above Parliament,

heaping vituperation on the deputies who do not think as you do; above the country, desiring to drive it whither and how pleases you best. Very well, General! There are men disposed not to tolerate all that, and I am with them. The foe of every tyranny, whether it be clothed in black or in red, I will combat even yours, to the end.

'I know the orders given by you, or by yours, to Colonel Tripoti to receive us in the Abruzzi with musket volleys; I know the words uttered by General Sirtori in Parliament; I know those spoken by you; and by these successive tracks I travel surely, and I penetrate the intimate thought of your party. It wishes to get control of the country and of the Army; threatening us, otherwise, with a civil war. I am not in a position to know what the country thinks of this, but I can assure you that the Army does not fear your threats — it fears only your government.

'General, you achieved a great and marvelous undertaking with your Volunteers. You have reason to be proud of it, but you are wrong in exaggerating its true results. You were on the Volturno in the very worst conditions when we arrived. Capua, Gaeta, Messina, and Civitella did not fall by your work, and 56,000 Bourbons were beaten, dispersed, and made prisoners by us, not by you. Therefore, to say that the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies was wholly liberated by your arms is inexact. . . .

'I will end by telling you that I have neither the pretension nor the mandate to address you in the name of the Army. But I think that I know it well enough to count on its sharing the feeling of disgust and of pain which your own intemperance and those of your party have roused in me.'

This letter came as a godsend to multitudes throughout the country, who were either disgusted with Garibaldi's vanity, or alarmed at the prospect of civil war. The inner circle of his intimates read it with justifiable rage. There was even talk among them that the deputies of the Left should resign in a body. But the saner heads saw that they had already gone too far. Garibaldi himself began to suspect that his Radical friends had misused him. There were neither resignations, therefore, nor retractions. But Garibaldi addressed to the doughty Cialdini this reply: —

'I too was your friend and the admirer of your deeds. To-day I will be what you choose; not being willing certainly to condescend to justify myself so far as regards what you point out in your letter as indecorous on my part towards the King and towards the Army: strong in all that, in my conscience as soldier and as citizen. As to the style of my dress, I shall wear it until I am informed that I am no longer in a free country where everyone wears what he pleases. The message to Colonel Tripoti I hear for the first time. I know no other orders than that given by me — to receive the Italian soldiers of the Army of the North as brothers; although we knew that that army was coming to combat the Revolution personified in Garibaldi (words of Farini to Napoleon III). As deputy, I think I have exposed to the Chamber the very smallest part of the wrongs received by the Southern Army from the Ministry. The Italian army will have one soldier more when there is question of fighting the enemies of Italy — and that will not come as a novelty to you. We were on the Volturno on the eve of our most splendid victory, obtained in Southern Italy before you arrived; and quite otherwise than very badly off. So far as I know, the Army has applauded the free and moderate words of a deputy-soldier for whom Italian honor has been a religion during his whole life. If, however, anyone takes offense

at my manner of procedure, I, speaking in my own name only, and alone responsible for my words, await calmly a demand for satisfaction on account of them.'

It would be unjust to many soldiers to call this a soldier's letter. Put in a nutshell, it announced that Garibaldi refused to recognize that any one had the right to criticize his words, acts, or dress; that whoever insinuated that the Garibaldian Army was in a bad condition when Victor Emanuel's corps reached the Volturno, lied; that the Dictator would prove these things by fighting a duel with the first person who challenged him.

The public, to whom Garibaldi's letter seemed weak, waited anxiously for the next move. Early on the twenty-fifth, the Dictator himself, restive at being in an unpopular position, sent his future son-in-law, Canzio, to inform Cialdini that they must fight. Meanwhile, friends of both worked to prevent a meeting. Through Trecchi the King had had news of Garibaldi's intention. Trecchi intimated, however, that if appearances could be saved, the Paladin would not decline a double reconciliation. At noon Cavour saw the King, who told him that that same evening Garibaldi would meet him in the Royal Palace. Cavour replied that, as a public man could not refuse to see anyone, he consented to the interview. At seven o'clock they met in one of the ground-floor rooms of the Palace. Garibaldi was polite, if not affable. Cavour treated him with much courtesy, and once more outlined the general policy of the Government towards Rome, Venice, and Army reorganization. Garibaldi reiterated his demands for the Southern Army and for national armament. They parted amicably. Knowing that Garibaldi had sworn that rather than take Cavour's hand he would chop off his own, Cavour made no advances. He did not wish to expose himself to a refusal, nor Garibaldi to the obligation of carrying out so foolish a vow. A few hours later, at Pallavicino's palace, Garibaldi and Cialdini made up with an effusiveness that appeared to be genuine.

VII

Garibaldi's onslaught had failed. Someone described him as having the heart of a child and the head of a buffalo, a creature which, when it sees a red object in the distance, charges it with indiscriminate fury, and gores and tramples it, though it be his red-cloaked master, the farmer, or the farmer's little daughter picking flowers. Equally insensate was Garibaldi's fury in this final duel with Cavour, and in his conduct for nearly two years previous. He might plead that he honestly believed that Cavour was persistently trying to destroy him; yet serious judges can have no respect for a public personage, wielding a mighty influence, who does not feel the obligation of verifying his accusations, and even dispenses with reason. Statesmen and soldiers may engage in life-or-death antagonisms over vital principles, but when they are impelled by personal pique, or vanity, or ambition, they cannot expect history to absolve them.

Garibaldi's ostensible purpose in attacking Cavour on April 18 was to secure what he regarded as justice for his Volunteers. Grant that they had cause for grievance, grant that he had not received the full measure of official recognition which he hungered for, was it patriotic to precipitate a conflict which might shatter his country? Is Achilles, who sulks in his tent, or hurls taunts at his opponents, or threatens to blast the national cause unless he is gratified — is this barbarian product of the youth of Greece the best model

of patriotism for civilized men? Garibaldi's Red Shirts risked life and fortune on their splendid enterprise: was it becoming that, even before they had finished their task, they should begin to clamor for rewards? Was it edifying in them to attempt through Garibaldi's agency to seize the state by the throat and bid it yield or perish? Why is it that the very men who, in an ecstasy of devotion, sacrifice everything in order to save or create a nation, will not sacrifice their selfish claims to it after they have weathered the crisis? Better, a thousand times better, like Leonidas and his Three Hundred, to sleep in glory on the field of a lost battle, enshrined forever in the gratitude of mankind, than to go forth under the spell of patriotism at the call of duty, and having performed deeds of undying lustre, to come back and pose as heroes, demanding pensions and honors and offices, and by vanity and greed to make patriotism odious!

But the indictment against Garibaldi goes deeper than his hatred of Cavour: it concerns Italy itself. National unification was achievable only through the coöperation of the two elements — the Monarchy and the Revolution. By promoting the National Society, and by enlisting Garibaldi on the side of the Monarchy, Cavour secured this indispensable coöperation. Garibaldi undertook to lead the Revolution in the name of the Monarchy, but, though loyal at heart to the King, he rebelled against the policy of the King's Government. Dictatorial by nature, he neither understood nor respected the prosaic working of a constitutional régime. Relying on his emotions, with hardly the reasoning power of a child, he despised or resolved to ignore facts which, like his bugbear, diplomacy, incommoded him; as if a bridge-builder should find the law of gravity troublesome and go to work disregarding it.

When tested by the touchstone of patriotism, Garibaldi's outbreak in Parliament must be unqualifiedly condemned. He made the interest of his few thousand Volunteers paramount to the welfare of Italy. If they had been treated unjustly, they might have waited to have their wrongs redressed. But Garibaldi, in order to secure commissions for his officers, and pay and a billet for his soldiers, was ready to wreck his country. What Italy needed above all was harmony: his speeches to his friends, his harangues to visiting delegations, every sentence that he uttered in the Chamber, was a warning that there should be no harmony until the Garibaldian demands were appeased. With Sicily and Naples in a state of insurrection, and the possibility of a reaction still in sight; with all the new provinces eying each other and Piedmont suspiciously; with the Austrian army increased and mobilized on the Venetian frontier; with the Pope intriguing among the Catholic Powers to recover his lost territory; and with the intentions of the French Emperor uncertain, Garibaldi decided that the most patriotic thing he could do was to stride into the Parliament of his just-created nation and threaten ruin unless the minor projects on which he had set his heart were granted him. He held further that, instead of welding together the twenty-two millions of Italians, — peoples as mutually unrelated as Scotch Highlanders and Cornishmen in the days of the Stuarts, — instead of even ascertaining whether they could be welded together, this new, tentative Italy must be put in jeopardy in order to rush to the liberation of three million Venetians and of four hundred thousand Romans. The annals of patriotism have no counterpart to this Garibaldian outbreak, because it was not patriotism; as must appear if we ask, How would Hamp-

den or Washington, Lincoln or Vettor Pisani, have acted?

The best excuse we can find for Garibaldi is that, like the small boy who does a great injury, he did not mean to. His obsession of hatred for Cavour, his innate megalomania, his inability to reason, from which came his lack of historical perspective, his accessibility to flatterers, and his unwavering devotion to whatever plan he adopted, predestined him to threaten the very existence of Italy in April, 1861.

But more was involved than the explosion of his personal wrath. The Party of Action, which made him their tool, hoped, under the cover of his immense prestige, to shape the foreign policy of the new Kingdom, as they might have done had their move for the enrolment of a half-million volunteers, to be led by him, been successful. Garibaldi was their willing dupe. In resisting him and them, at the risk of his own popularity and, as it proved, of his life, Cavour performed the best service that a patriot could perform at that crisis; he taught that under a constitutional régime no man, not even the monarch, is above the law; and that was the lesson which the Italians, and Garibaldi above all, most needed to learn.

That admiration of Garibaldi is best which admires him for his noble qualities, not that which idolizes his failures, his blunders, his defects. He belonged by nature to the simple, Homeric brood, but Fate placed him in the complex nineteenth century, amid rotting tyrannies and an effete ecclesiasticism. He loved liberty, he loved the ideal of country, with a consuming passion. Not understanding the intricacy of the modern problem, he plunged ahead and expected that the system which had sufficed for patriarchal or tribal life, would suffice still. So he lacked that tact for the possible which is the first mark of a statesman, and saves those who are privileged to achieve inestimable benefits from doing irreparable harm to their countrymen. But he infused into the Italians a passion for his sane ideals. He let the world see that the youth of Italy could fight. He bequeathed to the story of his country's redemption the aureole of a legendary exploit.

After lingering a few days at Turin, still muttering threats and imprecations, Garibaldi returned to Caprera, where he slowly calmed down. On May 18, he wrote Cavour a friendly letter, urging him to declare a dictatorship, to summon to the standard of Victor Emanuel the half million or more volunteers who were straining at their leashes to fight, and to rest assured that Italy would not only free herself in a twinkling from Papal and Austrian trammels, but take her place among the Great Powers. This letter had scarcely reached Turin, when Cavour, who had never recovered from the ordeal of April 18, was seized with a sudden illness. In a week, thanks to numerous bleedings and other medieval medical practices, he died, on June 6, 1861.

Little though he suspected it, the person to whom that death proved the greatest calamity was Garibaldi himself. For without Cavour's real but unacknowledged protection, the Paladin's subsequent enterprises — snuffed out ignominiously at Aspromonte and at Mentana — were a menace to Italy; and his words, growing more and more lawless, were brands of discord which have not yet been quenched. To be indispensable to the glory of Garibaldi — though unrecognized by him and even spurned — marks both the masterfulness and the generosity of Cavour.

THE URBAN TEST

BY MARGARET LYNN

Uncle Henry was talking to my father down by the yards one evening. I was hanging on the gate and I heard him.

'It's all right for you and Mary,' he said. 'You seem well enough satisfied out here. But what about the children? You can't let them grow up ignorant. They really ought to be having proper advantages.'

I turned my head and seemed to be looking inattentively the other way. At an interesting point in a conversation it was customary, I had learned, to devise some errand for any children within hearing, and I did want to hear what my father was going to say. But he only looked thoughtfully across at my brother Henry sitting in the open door of a low barn-loft, his legs dangling happily in space.

Uncle Henry's young son Ahthuh (only we said Arrthurr, except when we were making fun of him behind his mother's New England back) was seated painfully aloft on our tall old Jude, his knees hugging Jude's lean sides; and Henry was joyfully daring him to dismount by the natural method. But Arthur looked fearfully at the distant ground and curled his feet up higher. Finally he urged Jude slowly up to a convenient fence, stretched an exploring foot to find the top rail, and slid carefully off. Henry meanwhile produced a long stick from the hay behind him, pole-vaulted airily down from his perch, and came over to join us, pausing on his way to give a proprietary dig to the well-rounded side of his pet calf.

'What did you name your calf, Henry?' asked my father, leaving Uncle Henry unanswered for the moment, to my disappointment. That interesting discussion was evidently to be deferred until there were fewer children about.

'Eurydice,' said Henry simply.

Uncle Henry adjusted his glasses and looked with interest at the spotted myth, at this moment engaged in securing unmythical sustenance, bunting the maternal side, and stamping and whisking in an ecstasy of appetite.

'I never saw a calf named Eurydice before,' he said; 'does she come?'

Henry obligingly experimented with a half-screech, half-whistle, a wild travesty of lyric notes. The calf waved its tail blandly, but did not look round.

'Sometimes she does and sometimes she does n't,' he said. 'That's why she's Eurydice.'

'Who was Eurydice?' asked Arthur.

But he was unattended, because Henry was saying jeeringly that I had named my calf Zenobia Joan-of-Arc Victoria, and I was answering spiritedly, — having brothers helps to nourish one's spirit, — 'Well, I only had one calf.'

Uncle Henry laughed, more than I thought was needful. Every one knew that it was our privilege to name the animals on the place, if they were distinguished enough to deserve names, and the spring crop of beasts wore evidence of all our winter's reading. So there was really nothing much to be amused about. Of course in the result

strange companions were housed side by side. Daniel Boone espoused Cleopatra, and Silas Marner nosed his feed-trough in belligerent fellowship with Æneas or Elaine. For a while we named animals after relatives and acquaintances, but that custom led several times to embarrassing episodes and They bade us desist, even when tempting resemblances clamored for recognition.

We usually had a waiting list of names, and quarreled regularly over the privilege of godparenting the blinking new occupants of the yards and stables. Henry and John said Mary and I had no sense of fitness of names — colts should have a different kind of names from kittens. It is true that my confidence did have a blow occasionally. After I had bought, with my half of one of Maldy's turnovers, the authority to name a pet chicken Felicia Hemans — Henry wanted to call it Ivanhoe, but I had just committed *He Never Smiled Again* and I was firm; and Felicia grew up to be the most quarrelsome gamey old rooster we had — I became less assertive of my rights and judgment. When the appearance of his first tail-feathers bore an appalling truth to me, I tried to meet the circumstance by cutting them back to an appropriate feminine length. But masculinity will tell in spite of dress. I could cut off the tail-feathers, but I could not eliminate the crow, the right and sign of his sex. So I only made Felicia Hemans ridiculous for life, and myself so for nearly that long.

But, after all, the naming of animals is a mild amusement, and no one but ourselves saw much fun in it. Arthur did not care for it in the least, nor did any of our other childish visitors. And after Uncle Henry got through laughing at me he walked away with my father. I gave up following them as I had first thought of doing, and let their conversation go unheard. Arthur, apparently with a sense that he had been appearing to disadvantage, began to tell us of a dog-and-pony show he had seen. We had never seen a dog-and-pony show, and Arthur's familiarity with one seemed, in his mind at least, to compensate for his inability either to stay on a horse or to get off one. In fact, it somehow appeared to be a credit to him to have seen one, and before he had finished his account his recent mortification was forgotten, and he was patronizing us and condescending to us after his usual fashion. There is no superiority so superior as that of the ten-year-old.

It was a superiority we often met. It was really exasperating, the attitude toward us and our experience assumed by children who came with their parents to visit us. Usually visitors who came on the train left their children at home, having dark fears and suspicions concerning this strange and unproved land to which they were coming. Actuated by the vague but powerful apprehension that 'something might happen,' they left their offspring within the safe confines of the long-sanctioned East, where we were allowed to suppose that nothing happened, and risked only themselves to the possibility of an experience they had never had before, and the undesirable chance of a new sensation.

But occasionally an adventurous and Providence-trusting parent brought a child or two along, to expose them to the prairie, as it were. We hailed them always with delight, for there were none too many children to play with out on the prairie, and such as we knew were often either inaccessible or forbidden. The little broken-speeched Germans on the east of us, and the little sandy Irish on the west, were as impossible as the little aborigines in the hollow, who came from the

bluffs and had underwear made out of discarded flour-sacks. Undemocratic Maldy thought them beneath us, and all but forbade them the place. We were but meagrely furnished with companions of the right age, and that is why our parents used to urge visiting friends to bring their children with them.

The experiment had variable results, though it always started with the same promising beginning, — from our shy welcome of our guests in the presence of the elders, to the moment when we dexterously segregated them from the hampering grown-up society and took them to the outdoors, the only place where acquaintance could really begin. Before the end of the first day something was defined, usually; the subtle adjustment of eastern sophistication and western immaturity, to use a euphemism, was begun. But let no one think that such an adjustment was easily accomplished. Two such combinations of elements required nice balancing. On the one hand was the God-given superiority, modestly but inevitably expressed, of the comer from beyond the Alleghanies. Coupled with this was the misbegotten but wholly natural vanity bred of contact with street-cars and grade-schools and ice-cream sodas and electric lights and fire-companies, and the augmented importance of the recent three-days' trip on the train, with all its experience. It is hard for the most modest person to go three days from home and not derive added importance from the circumstance.

Beside all these glories what had our meagre experience to show? We were on our own ground to be sure, but when it comes to matching tales, that is not an unmixed advantage. We could ride our ponies like little Indians, but our visitors could tell of a Wild West Show. We could beat them out and out at chess and such things, but they knew roller-skates and skating rinks. We were regular little Tom Twists, but they had seen League games, even football games. We had read more books than they had looked into, commonly, but they had been to vaudeville. Our disadvantages are plainly to be seen.

Our little resources and amusements used to shrink and seem colorless before their critical eyes, and had it not been for some degree of contrariness in ourselves, we should have been almost ashamed of our meagre sources of entertainment. The little city-bred visitors did not see any fun in our many-roomed playhouses, with pursley for doormats; or in our rival farms staked off elaborately in the orchard, with fields for all kinds of grain and small potatoes for cattle in one pasture and grains of white corn for sheep in another, and tiny rustic houses constructed on a basis of crotched twigs. They did not enter with sufficient zest into the half-dozen games in which tumble-weeds played a part, for they did not see the possibilities we did in the erratic elusive globes, bounding alertly over the ground with a life of their own, — frolicsome teasing things, that invited and then avoided, and put the very impulse of play into one. Why has no one sung the lyric of the tumble-weeds? But our visitors put themselves altogether in the wrong by seeing in them only dry weeds.

Nor did such visitors follow us very sympathetically in our borrowings from books to enliven actualities. They did not care for long games of chess in which Macbeth was pitted endlessly against Julius Cæsar, or for the daily reproduction of the Punic wars in every sort of contest, from berry-picking to forbidden races on the lumbering farm-horses. That was an affair that never ended — there

really was no reason why there should not be a thousand Punic wars as well as three. It was our way of exercising the delight of partisanship, which every one must find in some form. Henry, with large masculine vision, helped to his conclusion by the *Supposed Speech of Regulus*, insisted that the success of Rome was better for the world, and I did n't see what that had to do with it. For my part, my imagination was fired by Hannibal's vow, made at an age that seemed to put him in our class, and by the ever-dramatic descent into Italy. My imagination was at fault, however, for I fear I never quite lost the impression of an early picture I formed of him seating his army neatly on a glacier and sliding nobly down to the gates of Rome.

Anyway, rivalry on such an epic scale had a great fascination for us, and for one whole summer we gave life to everyday matters by weaving it into them. But we found it hard to interest our grade-school visitors in it. They knew more dates than we did, but they did not know how to snatch the dramatic from the historic for their own delight.

We were not very good hosts, I am afraid, for we frankly tired of continual activity and returned to our books for hours at a time. It is a severe test of the virtue of hospitality to be obliged to give up one's personal habits. And who would want to give up the long afternoons when we lay stretched on the grass under a box-elder tree, two reading from one book which neither could wait for, with elbow to elbow and shoulder to shoulder and no word between us but 'Ready to turn?' Who could give up reading like this, even for company? We did n't always, I am sorry to say, and were frequently snatched back from happy isles with the chiding reminder that we must be about entertaining our guests. The spirit in which we returned to our social duties was no credit to us.

Some of the children caught the spirit of our games and so endeared themselves to us. But some of them, very ill-trained from our point of view, could find no use or charm in any toys that did not come out of a store, all adapted for a specified purpose. They did not know the joys that we knew in using things for purposes for which they were never intended; and it is a joy that cannot be taught. One little slender-legged maiden would not play out of doors at all, because we had no sidewalk and the ground hurt her feet.

But there was one point in which they all found delight. That was in tellling us about the things that they had and we did not have. The field was large, but I must own that the expositors did justice to it, for no department of it was left unvisited. I think they had not known how great their opportunities and advantages were until they came to see us, who had not had the same. Then, upon discovering their own distinction, they spread themselves like little bay-trees, with every leaf a brazen horn, and boasted loudly of everyday matters which they had always before taken for granted. It must have been a very great descent for them when they returned to their own kind and lost this transient factitious importance. I suppose that they then, with the easy inconsistency of childhood, began to boast of their western trip.

It was not that we objected to being told things. In fact, we rejoiced in every picture of a world outside our own. But it was the manner of telling that irked us. In our own plain language, we could n't stand bragging. We disliked Arthur's assumption of proprietorship of everything east of the Mississippi. Being still very young,

we did not know how hard it is for one to go away from home and not take credit to himself for everything of merit or interest in his habitat. We could not know then that even we should in time be arrogating to ourselves all the virtues and charms of the West.

When they could keep the element of personal satisfaction out of it, we listened to their account with the greatest delight. There was nothing we did not want to know. We had never seen Coney Island or Central Park or parades or floats or soldiers or theatres or elevators or water-works — or a thousand things that we were most willing to hear about, if the account were properly given. No wonder the limitations of our knowledge invited illumination.

It was this painful lack of experience on our part that Uncle Henry referred to in his talk with my father, and that led him, before he and Arthur left that summer, to make his Great Proposition. He would take us benighted younglings to the nearest city for a day and put as much enlightenment as could be into twelve well-spent hours. He could not bring up all the arrears of a neglected education in that limited time, but he could at least show us some of the things that were worth while, like elevators and illuminated signs. And incidentally he could treat himself to the never-to-be-outgrown delight of causing surprise and giving a sensation. One likes to cause amazement, even in a child. That interpretation of his motive, however, is a surmise of later years.

But anyway the elders yielded a dubious assent, and Henry and I — the rest were too young or too old — were to go to the City for a day, under convoy of Uncle Henry, with Arthur as *aide*. And ah me, the things that we were to see! — things we had heard of and read of and dreamed of, but had only glimpsed occasionally on trips with our parents. Arthur's elaborate tales could not surpass our imaginings. Uncle Henry was a benefactor of benefactors!

To go to the city meant to rise at a period of the night that children hardly know exists, — in fact, scarcely to go to bed at all, — and to drive away through the still darkness to take a train that gathered us up and carried us on toward a faint, faint streak of the early summer dawning. It was all a tremendous experience. To be called out of sleep and to see midnight for the first time in our lives, so far as we knew, and find the elders all walking around and doing things that are done in daytime; to discover that cocks crowed in the middle of the night, and to sit down, in the echoes of Felicia Hemans's retort to a rooster across the creek, to a meal that was neither supper nor breakfast but had all the best elements of both — that *was* a beginning! Even to have Them solicitous that we should eat enough, gave a rare sort of introduction to the whole affair.

Then came the swift ride along the prairie roads behind our fastest horses, and we faced the midnight charm of the sky, and saw the pale, useless thread of a moon glide under or out from the thin clouds, while the constant spat, spat, of the horses' feet went steadily on.

My mother's last solicitous words had been, 'See that they don't fall out if they go to sleep.' Arthur did promptly go to sleep, after wishing that we had some arc-lights along the road; and Henry, too, finally yielded. But sleep never touched me on all that long ride. Everything was too wonderful for that. Whatever great things we were to see on the morrow, the Dark was enough for me now. I seemed never to have known a real dark before.

Sometimes the clouds gathered and swept up almost threateningly, and everything was hidden but the faint line of road ahead of us and a vague suggestion of the stretches of land on each side. We crossed a long bridge that seemed to span Nothing. I could have found a horror in it all if delight had not made that impossible. There was no need to people the gloom with horrors of any sort. The darkness was living enough. I had sometimes wakened for a moment in the night and found in the blackness of the room a mere negation which I had given quality to by fancying the Things in the corners, before I dropped back into sleep again. But this darkness needed no mere fancies. When we went through some bits of timber and the man driving pulled the horses down to a slow cautious walk, I met a Dark I had never known to exist. The shadows of the trees could not accentuate it; the places where thick shade lay in daylight had lost their distinction. I stared into it with all my might, trying to explore its degree. But nothing met me, only its assertion of itself. My eyes ached with staring, but I did not for a moment tire of its uneventful blackness.

But we would come out from the woods again, and the clouds would scatter and grow thin, and the prairie would lie spread out in the pale light. For we were following bias folk-roads, that wound along ridges, skirting farms, or dipped into an occasional hollow to cross a little stream. Everything lay in a faint, almost unmarked, gray. But it was a gray that was warm and distinct, for under it lay the living green of the prairie, or of the young crops on a farm. It faded off into mist on an indistinguishable horizon. The same cold night-mist lay in the hollows by the streams. I breathed hard to get the full effect of its coldness. I had not dreamed that the prairie held such mystery as the night gave it. The steady baldness of the day was gone. The very fact that it could so change its appearance and present itself as a thing strange to me, made it into a wonder.

Arthur and Henry slept on through all the jog and jostle of our quick ride, and Uncle Henry and the man who was driving us talked about the price of land. Men were always talking about the price of land. So far as I could tell they were always saying the same thing. I believe that their talk affected my notions of the prairie, unprecocious though I was, and helped to make it the unromantic thing it seemed to me. A man could buy up miles of prairie — a whole landscape, in fact — at so much an acre, and write his name on a little strip of paper to pay for it all. I had seen it done; and while I admired the man, comparing his resources with the loose-rattling contents of my little iron bank, I could n't help thinking less of the prairie, thus handed about as a chattel. All the triple-laid gold of a hillside of sunflowers, or the generous waves of the slough-grass, could be transferred from man to man in a five-minute transaction. After I had seen it done, beauty seemed less an absolute thing than before.

After the ride came the train, where we all cuddled down and slept for hours. And after the train and breakfast came — the City.

'You'll be surprised to death,' said Arthur for the fourth time, as we emerged from the station hotel, our feelings in leash for the great experience.

We had already been surprised, though we had not mentioned the fact, by certain peculiar flavors in the hotel breakfast, and by the difficulty of sitting down in a chair while it was being pushed under us. We had looked with

interest at the liquid called cream, and the solid called potatoes. They were novelties to us. But these were mere details, and we put them aside for the moment, to consider fully at a later time, and came out of the dining-room all alert for the world. We *longed* to be surprised, even to the point of spasms.

'There's a policeman!' exclaimed Arthur as we finally emerged on the street; and Uncle Henry looked expectantly at us.

We looked the policeman over. We had been familiar with his figure ever since we had had one in an early box of toys, and we had seen, first and last, some dozens of pictures of policemen, all of them exactly alike. This was undoubtedly a policeman. We recognized his well-filled blue suit and his supine majesty.

'That thing he wears is a helmet,' said Arthur, 'and that stick is his billy. It's awfully heavy.'

As we had not been trained in the conventions of conversation it did not occur to us to reply to the obvious, and we remained silent. A policeman was an interesting object and his moveless grandeur was very impressive, but unless he would obligingly arrest some one before our very eyes we saw nothing to say about him.

They kindly passed over our silence as due to our rustic stupefaction, and we moved on.

'That building is fifteen stories high,' said Uncle Henry respectfully, as we turned the corner; and he led us across the street to where we could take in its full magnificence.

'It's pretty high,' we said, throwing appreciation into our voices, as Uncle Henry waited for our awed comment. But really it looked just as we had known it would. Having seen a one-story building, we could easily imagine a fifteen-story or even a hundred-story one, for that matter. It was merely a process of multiplication, and our imaginations had been stimulated by a course in mental arithmetic.

Well, details are embarrassing. Even now I don't like to go over the events of that day. Uncle Henry was most devoted, and Arthur was an indefatigable cicerone. If we did not see the whole of the impedimenta and artillery of the army of industry it was not his fault. He even dragged us off after dinner to see a park. Fancy showing a pathetic made park to country children, even prairie children. We did not think much of it. We saw buildings and buildings, and streets and streets, and fire-boxes and letter-boxes, and surface cars and elevated cars, and wonderful stores and a fine hotel and a fire-station and elevators and the central post office and an opportune funeral and the Salvation Army and a boy that was begging, actually, and a blind man and a sandwich-man — and everything else worth seeing. And we had an ice-cream soda and saw part of a matinée vaudeville.

But on the whole the day was not a success. Uncle Henry found us dull little stupids to play the guide to. He, I privately suspect, had seen himself in the rôle of a beneficent and well-informed fairy, showing off the city to us with urban toleration of our ignorance, and amusement at our excitement. But instead of being entertained — and indirectly flattered — by our wondering and ecstatic comment and deliciously amusing blunders, which he could repeat to the people at home as illustrations of western ignorance, he found us stolid and inarticulate. We failed to wonder in the right place or we admired in the wrong place, and Arthur said over and over, 'Well, you certainly are queer kids!'

Once when Uncle Henry met an acquaintance and they talked apart a few minutes, I heard him say, 'Yes,

it's surprising what a difference there is between city children and country children. Now, my Arthur —' I was more inarticulate than ever when he rejoined us.

But really we were not seeing such novelties as he supposed. For the most part we were merely identifying the material forms of things we had heard about and read about and seen pictured, all our little lives. We were delighted enough to see them, but we were not in the least surprised. They fulfilled our expectations — or if they did not we thought it impolite to say so, as Uncle Henry took such a proprietary interest in them. But there was nothing much to say about them. So we merely looked and were ready to pass on. And no guide, not even one paid by the hour, would like that.

The fact was, it was as much a disappointment to me as it was to Uncle Henry. I don't know what I had expected, but I had thought things would be different. I suppose the mystery of the night-ride was a bad preparation for the matter-of-factness of the city day. Perhaps if Uncle Henry and Arthur had not known so much and rattled off so many facts and explanations, things would have gone better. But they did n't leave a single possibility unprovided for. When they got through, a street-car was simply a street-car, and an elevated road merely an elevated road — not a thing for strange unknown people to go to strange wonderful places on, for all sorts of unguessed purposes. Mysterious buildings changed before our very eyes, to steel and brick and stone, and what went on within them became a negligible thing.

But, on the other hand, there were the people, and no one could tell us about them. I wished they could. What were trolleys and tall buildings and elevators? The crowd was the thing. I stumbled along, upheld by Uncle Henry's coercive hand. He thought my eyes were on store windows and street-cars and beer-wagons and such things; but they were not. Where were all the people going, and where did they belong, and who were they, and who lived at home with them, and what were they *doing?* Every one of them might belong to a kind of life I knew nothing about. When I stumbled or pulled loiteringly at Uncle Henry's overtaxed arm, it was usually because I was following some face of a quality I had never seen before, or trying to catch flying bits of talk as speakers passed. This was the stuff that stories were made of — if I could only get at it. I was divided between rapture and poignant perplexity. The world was all there, but I could not touch it.

A carriage stopped in the street and a gentleman handsome enough to be anything came to it and talked deferentially to a lady inside. And to this very day I want to know what he was saying. Two ladies in wonderful dresses and more wonderful hats waited on a corner for a car, and they talked so earnestly that they let their car pass — so I gathered from their gestures. And what were they talking about? And in another place a carriage drove up in a great hurry and a man jumped out and dashed into a building, an uninteresting building with nothing in the windows. But why was he in such a hurry?

Once a lady that was visiting us had with her a copy of one of Mary J. Holmes's novels, and I surreptitiously began to read it. But before I had reached the end of the first chapter the lady departed and her novel with her, and I have never yet had a chance to finish it. It is a tragedy almost without parallel to have the full cup of a luscious novel snatched away from you

when the first sip has barely passed your lips. Not all the other novels in the world will ever compensate for that lost one. That experience was multiplied a hundred times that day. No later assurance of the probable stupidity of those people and the flatness of their lives can ever console me for the things I did not learn. Why did that man hurry into that building? And what were the storified ladies talking about? I still want to know.

But there was no answer to such questions. I was as much outside things as I was on the prairie at home. I think I was glad when we were taken back to the gloomy, ugly station; and doubly glad when the train carried us away across the jolty, clanking, smoky, railroad yards, and we finally left the city behind. We left Uncle Henry and Arthur too, for they were going on east. Arthur's last words were, 'But you just ought to see the New York Central!'

Some time after midnight the conductor put us off the train at our own little station, hardly discernible in the dark — and so back along the roads, to find Felicia Hemans welcoming us and daylight in one raucous hurrah, and Maldy getting ready the earliest breakfast we had ever known.

That second ride in the dark, with the faint color of dawn finally growing out of the gloom, seemed to drop a curtain over the day's experience and shut it off into a space of its own. It seemed to be a thing that was completed for all time, with nothing following it. I meditated on the contradiction of things; for lo, I seemed, as we rode across the prairie, to be coming back to the book-universe, instead of turning my face away from it. One could see more in the city, but one could imagine more in the country. The city did not epitomize books, as I had thought it would — only newspapers and trade-catalogues and advertisements, and other things that were really a waste of the noble art of print. I was no nearer my desired verse-world and story-world than I had been before. But somehow that ride helped to reëstablish my faith in it. Even the sweet darkness of the prairie and the soft pink line of dawn gave an assurance of its reality, for that very dimness had a mystery and a presence that belonged to nothing I had seen that day. For the first time I found in me some love of the prairie.

WHEN I AM DEAD

BY EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS

'So I spoke, and the spirit of swift-footed Achilles departed with long strides across the fields of asphodel, pleased that I said his son was famous.'

— *The Odyssey*, PALMER'S translation, book xi, lines 539-540.

WHEN I am dead I make no plea
For wakeful immortality
Among the spirits of the blest.
Nor would I, an unbidden guest,
Return to earth, once being free.

But I would lie beneath the lea,
Knowing nor hope nor memory —
What matter then the futile quest
When I am dead?

Yet should the silence broken be
E'en thus: — 'Thy son, whom thou didst see
A baby at his mother's breast,
Unto thy ungained goal hath pressed,' —
Ah, that were bliss enough for me
When I am dead.

THE ONLY SON OF HIS MOTHER

BY JULIA D. DRAGOUMIS

When desire was a longing, and absence a thorn,
and rejoicing a word without reason.
— SWINBURNE.

I

'DEAD! Kyr Apostoli dead!' Barba Manoli opened his eyes wide and pushed out his lips. 'When — What are you telling, neighbor?'

'It is the truth. Life to you, Barba Manoli.'

'When did he die? Where did you hear it?'

'Those who came in the steamer this morning from Hydra told us. He died there last Friday evening. The priest was just finishing the Salutations when they called him.'

'It must have been a stroke,' said Barba Manoli, gathering his brows together. 'Kyr Apostoli was a strong man and a healthy one when I knew him, but they tell me he had grown over fat of late. It must have been a stroke surely; he was never ill a day, that I can remember.'

The men were standing in the little market-place, under the shade of an old eucalyptus tree with a deep stone trough built round it. Close by them two horses and some kids were tied to the weather-stained marble pillar, which is over the fountain. Tumbledown dark shops and sheds formed the three sides of the square, and the sea was on the fourth.

Mastro Petro, the hunchback shoemaker, sat down on an upturned pannier and stroked his thin legs contemplatively.

'Never ill!' he repeated, 'never ill! That is well — but his years! Do you not count them?'

'Why,' said Barba Manoli, 'his brother Yoryi, who died, was younger than I am. Was Apostoli much older than Yoryi?'

'He might have been his father,' answered the little shoemaker. 'When he took Yoryi's boy Andriko away from here, to live with him in Hydra, he must have been close on seventy and that is nigh seven years ago.'

'True, there is Andriko, his nephew. A man he must be by now. Well, he will have a good bit of money from his uncle. He had his own, had Kyr Apostoli; he had his own.'

'They say he left Andriko nothing, Barba Manoli.'

'Who says it? Impossible! He always said everything was to be the boy's. Why, whatever the mother may have done, Kyr Apostoli would never have got Andriko away from her, if he had not promised to let him be as his son, and inherit all he had. Bah! do not tell me such things.'

Barba Manoli's face grew purple with excitement, his white moustache worked nervously up and down, and his baggy blue breeches shook in all their many folds as he stamped his foot to emphasize his words.

'Nevertheless it is as I tell you,' persisted the hunchback. 'He leaves the boy nothing; all the money and the house goes to some one else. A woman, I think they said it was. If you do not believe me, ask Kyra Sophoula who

knows all about it. Capetan Leftheri was telling her everything this morning.' Then in a second he added, 'Speak of the song and you see the bird! — there is Kyra Sophoula herself. Wait, I will call her. Kyra Sophoula!' raising a shrill cracked voice; 'Kyra Sophoula, come here for a minute;' and he beckoned to a thin little old woman who, emerging from a dark arch at the back of the marketplace, was crossing the farther end, her red earthen pitcher under her arm. Then, as she approached, 'Tell Barba Manoli here what you heard about Kyr Apostoli, Yannoula's brother-in-law. Is it not true that he leaves nothing to Andriko after all his promises?'

'Not one *lepton*,' answered the old woman, setting down her pitcher on the edge of the stone trough and crossing her arms; 'not one.'

'But how is this thing possible?'

'They did not get on well together, the old man and the boy, for some time now,' related Kyra Sophoula. 'Why? God only knows: for Andriko could flatter and use sweet words enough when it suited him. At least he could when *I* knew him. Perhaps he got tired of waiting, for they say the old man kept him very tight. Perhaps the old man repented of his promises, once he had got what he wanted. Anyhow, Capetan Leftheri tells me that when Kyr Apostoli was near his end, they brought the holy ikon from the Monastery of St. Nicholas, that has cured so many, and when they laid it on his breast, he opened his eyes wide and made the sign of the cross, and cried out, "Bring my daughter-in-law here"; and of course she came running. It is that Panayota, you know, that creature he had never forgiven his son for marrying. Even when his son was dying, he had never gone near them; and now he told her to fetch the notary, that he would leave everything to her. She lost no time you may be sure. The old man could still put his name to the paper when the notary came, but he died an hour afterwards. She says now, this Panayota, that it was the holy ikon's mercy and grace that made Kyr Apostoli recover his good senses at the last. Though, it does not enter my old head how even a miraculous ikon can bring back what was never there!'

'So he leaves nothing at all to Andriko?' said Barba Manoli. 'Ta —ta — ta, who would ever have said it?'

'He should not have done such a thing,' pronounced Mastro Petro decidedly. 'Andriko was of his own blood.'

Kyra Sophoula set her pitcher carefully under the running water before speaking.

'Yes,' she said at last, 'he was of his own blood, and perhaps he was wrong by the law. But I, for one, am glad. Serve Andriko right. Does a boy leave his poor mother who has borne him and suckled him, and toiled for him, because foolish people speak evil words of her, — and go off with the first stranger who wants to take him?'

'A stranger!' exclaimed the hunchback. 'What are you saying, Kyra Sophoula? A stranger? When it was his own uncle, his father's brother. Besides, how could the boy foresee what happens to-day? He expected without fail to have money later on; and that is a good thing always. Also many people said those were not clean doings of Yannoula's at that time. A woman is a secret thing. Who knows the truth?'

'*I* know it,' cried Kyra Sophoula angrily; 'and you, Mastro Petro, measure your words better, if you ever want to put a patch on a shoe of mine again.'

'What will Andriko do now, I wonder,' inquired Barba Manoli hastily. He was a quiet man and loved peace.

'Do I know?' said Kyra Sophoula shortly, taking up her pitcher, out of

whose narrow neck the water was overflowing.

'Perhaps,' said Mastro Petro in an apologetic tone of voice, 'he may come back here to his mother now.'

'If he thinks she has anything to give him, perhaps he may,' snapped the old woman.

'Why will you think evil?' asked Barba Manoli. 'A man's head is not as a child's. Things past are past. It does not seem unlikely to me that he should think of returning to live with his mother now, and of working for her.'

'The head may change,' said Kyra Sophoula, shouldering her pitcher, 'the heart never. I have known Andriko from a child, and never have I seen him think of aught but what might fill his belly or tickle his fancy. He will not begin now. — Good-day to you.'

She walked off as she spoke, and left the men looking after her.

II

This lad Andriko, of whom they had spoken, and his mother Yannoula, had been familiar figures on the island some years before.

The woman had been left a widow early. When this happened she had paid all due observance to Poros etiquette, sending for the professional mourners to wail over the deceased and chant his virtues, not stirring from her house for the prescribed number of days, and covering all her furniture in thin black drapery. Still, as her husband had been distinctly a ne'er-do-well and not even a lovable one of the kind, she had been undeniably better off after his death. His elder brother Apostoli, who lived in Hydra, and was known to be well off, had come to Poros for the funeral. He was a stern, forbidding-looking man, of whom Yannoula was afraid, so that after his return to Hydra there was no further communication between them. The poor write few letters. Also, Kyr Apostoli had a son of his own, and Yannoula did not expect help of any kind from him. She was a quiet, hard-working, self-contained woman, with a low voice for a Poriote. Only this one child, Andriko, had been born to her, and all the strength of her nature was centred in him.

Certainly he was a lovely boy. He had gone back for his type to the ancient days of the land, and had the broad low brow, the straight nose, the short upper lip, the rounded chin and the closely curling hair of the Olympian Hermes. Countless foreign and barbarian invasions have blurred the purity of line of the old race. The blood has been mixed, and intermixed, till the classic type has become all too rare, especially in the towns. Yet at times, and oftenest in the islands, it is still possible to meet in the flesh the prototypes of Praxiteles, and Myron, and Polycletus.

Peasants as a rule are not lovers of beauty, but the most stolid of them would turn to look twice at Andriko. The women when he was a little fellow would, when they saw him, spit on the ground to ward off the evil eye from him; Pappa Thanassi the priest always chose him to hold the tall candle at weddings or at christenings; and even once a boy of his own age had given him a new bright red handkerchief for his own, because when he had tied it round his head, he had been 'so good to look at.'

He was a fine lad too, broad, strong, and straight as a young cypress. He ran about bareheaded and barelegged in the sun and the wind, and in summertime was oftener to be found in the sea than on land. He throve passing well on his fare of bread and olives, with a little white cheese or a sardine sometimes thrown in when he happened to

run an errand for Kyr Michali the grocer.

Yannoula toiled early and late at any work she found to do. Nothing came amiss to her, — field work, lemon-picking, olive-gathering, picking raisins for drying; each and all in their seasons, and her hand-loom for all spare days when work was scarce.

When she had earned enough to buy a strip of land over on the mainland, with a few lemon and olive trees on it, she looked proudly at her boy as at a future landed proprietor. Being the only son of a widow, she knew also that he would be exempt from service in the Navy. He never lacked anything she could possibly get for him: Christ-bread at Christmas and New Year, and red eggs at Easter always, whether her earnings had been large or small.

They lived, the mother and son, in a little pink-washed house next to Kyra Sophoula's, down by the dark arch, beyond the market-place. A vine grew over the rickety wooden balcony, pots of sweet basil flourished on the stone ledges of the terrace, and an ancient fig tree growing in the courtyard darkened the windows when it was in full leaf.

It was on the terrace watering her pots of sweet basil that the English strangers found her one morning. The old lady and her son, who were staying at the little hotel near the Column, and who had often employed Andriko as guide in their excursions, had come to look at the place where he lived. Mrs. Lee had been curious to see whether the boy inherited his beauty from his mother. But she was disappointed. Few would have glanced a second time at the woman who came forward to greet them, and to ask them in with the innate courtesy of the Greek peasant. Her hair was plainly parted under her widow's kerchief, and deep-set eyes looked quietly out of the thin sunburned face.

Conversation between them presented serious difficulties. Mrs. Lee tried to tell Yannoula that she also was a widow, and had this one son only. But there the likeness between them certainly ceased. The Englishwoman was tall, with white hair, her black dress was relieved by touches of white lace and the gleam of a long golden chain, which hung to her waist. Her son, Randal, was a naval officer on sick leave. They had wintered in Athens, and when, after a long drought, the dust of the city had proved unendurable, they had come away to the sea and the hills for a few days. But the charm of Poros was upon them, the days had become weeks, the weeks were growing into months, and they were still on the island. They had become familiar figures there, the white-haired mother and the young man, clean-shaven and sunburned, always so gay and bright, laughing at everything, as the women noted with wonder — they whose boys are grave long before manhood.

Mrs. Lee did not often care to come into the village itself, finding it more picturesque and pleasant in all ways when seen at a distance. Still, even while climbing over the sun-baked rocks, or stumbling over stones and rubbish heaps in the narrow streets to find Yannoula's house, she had constantly stopped to draw Randal's attention to wonderful bits of Southern coloring. Sometimes it would be only the corner of a red-tiled roof jutting out against the incredible blue of the sky, or a white pigeon preening its feathers on a terrace against a background of green vines or flaming hibiscus blossoms.

Farther on there were rows of orange-colored pumpkins drying on stone ledges; and at the end of every steep incline, across every tumble-down balcony, between the last houses of every steep street, the same radiant blue sea and paler blue hills beyond.

Yannoula had listened in respectful silence, and not a little wonder, when her native island was being ecstatically praised; but when with halting words but eloquent looks and gestures Mrs. Lee had begun to talk of Andriko, of his looks, his strength, his quickness, his daring, *then* she understood well, and her smiling eyes agreed to all, though her code of manners compelled her to answer, —

'But what are you saying, lady? You are very good, but the lad is as all the lads are.'

Mrs. Lee had been a keen lover of beauty all her life long. The day after her arrival in Poros she had singled out Andriko from among a group of boys always standing about the quay, and for very love of his perfect Greek type had forthwith instituted him their guide and carrier in all their excursions by land and by sea.

They were out every day, and nearly all day long. Randal's sick leave was all but over; he was quite strong again now, and after a long separation in the past, and another that was looming very near in the future, the mother and son were trying to crowd into the remaining time as many open-air days and lovely memories as they could.

Andriko, nothing loath, had been with them everywhere, leading the way, swinging a provision basket on his arm, or carrying a pitcher for fresh water on his shoulder. As he bounded up the rocky paths before them and they watched the freedom of his movements and the play of his wonderfully modeled limbs, with their constant indication of the pure physical joy of existence, he seemed to them to be the very reincarnation of prehistoric, mythological Greece. 'The god Pan in early youth' Mrs. Lee christened him; and when the provision basket left in his charge would be found unduly lightened of part of its contents, or the ready excuses rolled rapidly off his lips to account for some delay or neglected order, she would smile indulgently. Randal, man-like, was not so easily appeased. 'The young cub wants a good licking,' he would say now and then.

'No, no, Randal,' his mother would answer; 'don't be so terribly British and nineteenth-century-minded! You really must not expect ordinary every-day morality and humdrum honesty from the god Pan: it would be a terrible anachronism!'

There were few parts of Poros and the mainland that they left unexplored. Together they climbed the hills and looked down over the sea and over valleys where the young pines grew; over groves of gray-green olives, over rich red earth crumbling between gray rocks covered with ilex and lentisk, over walled-in gardens of lemons and mandarins, over ruined chapels with their solitary lamp kept ever burning, over ravines and dry torrent-beds overgrown with myrtle and pink oleanders; and above all was the divine blue of the Grecian sky.

Sometimes, to reach the greater heights, old Barba Stathi was told to bring his donkey, and on the donkey's back Mrs. Lee would mount to the summit of the higher hills of the mainland, from where on the other side Hydra and Spetzai gleamed white in the distance. And in the cool of the afternoon they would descend by a shorter and steeper cut, sure-footed little Kitso firmly planting his hard hoofs on the slippery carpet of pine needles, and stepping triumphantly over the most jagged of rocks.

They went to the Devil's Bridge, returning laden with maiden-hair ferns, by Damala and the old ruined tower of Theseus.

Once, to please Yannoula, they went with her to her strip of land and admired the well-cared-for trees: the old

gray olives, Athena's own eternal trees, and the lemon trees, just then in full bloom.

'Oh, Randal, look, look!' cried Mrs. Lee, standing before the masses of fragrant blossom, 'look at them; smell them! Look at that pure rich white against the dark shiny leaves.'

Yannoula stood by smiling, well content that the lady should be pleased, yet wondering a little that the every-day sight of a lemon tree in blossom should cause such evident delight.

'They are easily pleased, those strangers,' she said in the evening to Kyra Sophoula; 'do their lemon trees not blossom then, in their own country?'

For the Temple of Poseidon, up by the little spring and past the Chapel of St. Stathi, Mrs. Lee would choose the clearest days, when from the Temple they could distinguish, across the sea which lay below them, Athens and the Acropolis in the far distance.

But where they returned oftenest was to the Monastery.

There they spent long days, climbing up the broad shallow steps that lead up to it through the trees, wandering about in the vine-planted inner court, with its solitary tall palm waving its branches high above the red roof.

They would stand before the old tombs by the outer wall of the Chapel, reading with great facility the epitaph to the poor Italian girl Arcia Ceccoli, so young to die, — 'Meno di venti anni,' — whose artist father, 'genitore inconsolabile,' has immortalized her face in his picture of the Virgin Mother inside the Chapel, which, as the Greek inscription runs, he painted for the Monastery 'because of gratitude.' They deciphered the Greek letters on the tombs of some of the Hydriote heroes of 1821 under the arcade of the entrance to the Chapel: of Manuel Tombazis, with its epitaph in verse and its enthusiastic close, —

Glorious son of a glorious land!

But, perhaps because of the race-sympathy that moves us all, the mother and son would linger longest before the flat marble tomb let into the stone floor, just at the threshold of the Chapel, where in clear English letters it is set forth that 'Under this marble lie the mortal remains' of one Brudnell J. Bruce, an ensign in His Majesty's Foot Guards, who, having come to Greece with his Majesty's ambassador, 'unhappily' died of fever in Poros in 1828.

Inside the Chapel, she delighted in the old Byzantine and Russian ikons, wondering at the dark ascetic faces of the saints, with the heavy halos of dull silver nailed round their heads.

There was a curious ikon of the three Hierarchs, St. Gregorius, St. Basil, and St. John Chrysostom, standing upright in a row. Of the three she had a slight preference for St. Basil, but they were all terribly wooden. The Angel Gabriel painted on the side door of the Templon was also a quaint conception: an anæmic youth with flowing brown locks, one eye higher than the other, and clad in white garments whose texture, to judge by their massive folds, might have been of plaster.

Returning from the Monastery, they would time their start so as to get the best moment of the sunset just beyond the bridge, when the houses of Poros came into sight, and the narrow beach divided two golden seas by one dark strip of land.

The summer was nearly over, and Randal's time was getting very short, but Mrs. Lee was loath to leave before the vintage. So they spent long hours in the vineyards, with the fragrance of sun-ripened grapes around them, among the great panniers of heaped-up purple and yellow bunches.

At last, most reluctantly, they were forced to fix the day of their departure.

On the previous afternoon the heat

of the sun had been overpowering, and Mrs. Lee, seized rather suddenly with a violent headache, had returned very early to the little hotel.

About two in the morning Yannoula was aroused by a loud and repeated knocking at the outer door of her court-yard.

Midnight alarms were so rare in Poros that it was some time before her dazed senses awoke to the fact that the sound was a real one. When she at last opened her window on to the narrow street and looked out into the bright moonlight, she saw, to her utter astonishment, Randal Lee standing below and trying to shake open the wooden gate. He gave a gasp of relief when he saw her, and called to her to come, to come at once.

His explanation was not very clear, for his impatience made him lose the few Greek words he knew; but his gestures, his frequent repetition of the word 'mother,' at last made Yannoula understand that something was wrong, and that her presence was needed.

She hastily threw on a few clothes, gave one glance at the sleeping boy whom nothing had disturbed, and, hurried by Randal's repeated calls, left the house with him, without even tying her kerchief round her head.

As they ran down the moonlit streets, across the deserted market-place, and out on to the quay, Randal, for all his anxiety, could not help noticing how much younger she looked with her hair uncovered and hanging in two loose plaits as it had been done for the night. His mother was ill, he repeated, very ill; her head, tapping his own to be sure he was using the right word, was very hot, and there was no woman in the hotel. When they arrived the doctor was already there. It was a slight sunstroke, he announced, — nothing to be seriously alarmed about, — the lady must keep quiet for a day or two, and have cold compresses applied regularly. Strangers, he added, were always careless about exposure to the sun; they forgot that it was not the sun of their own climate.

Yannoula stayed with her all that night, changing the compresses and trying to keep wet linen rags cool by wrapping them round the water-jars.

Kyr Charalambo, the hotel-keeper, and the men-servants, stared at her uncovered head, and in the morning the former offered to bring his mother to look after the lady. She was very clever in sickness, he assured Randal, and wise in medicines. But the young man shook his head. No, they knew Yannoula; if she could stay, his mother would prefer it. So she stayed all the next day, sending one of the boys from the quay to her house to bring Andriko and her black kerchief.

On the second day Mrs. Lee was much better; on the third she was entirely recovered and able to travel.

They left by the steamer for Piræus with many expressions of gratitude and delight, and many promises of returning again the next summer.

They never returned, however, nor did Yannoula ever see them again, and familiar figures though they had become in Poros, it is probable they would soon have been forgotten, had it not been for a circumstance which kept their memory fresh for many a year, and which made the poor woman often curse the day on which they had ever set foot on the island.

III

The trouble began with the generous pay that Andriko, or rather his mother for him, had received from the strangers, and the various presents which had been added as well. Among these was a wonderful English clasp-knife which Randal had given to the boy,

and a black winter dress that Mrs. Lee had written for to Athens for Yannoula, of such soft woolen texture as Poros had never seen before.

Andriko naturally boasted of all he had earned, and Yannoula herself, poor creature, made no secret of her good luck, and answered all questions concerning the stranger's generosity quite frankly. Jealousy was aroused. Comments became at first spiteful, and then openly hostile. What pay was this for doing almost nothing? If merely carrying a basket or a shawl up a hillside brought in so much, then all their boys had better stop rowing, or fishing, or digging, and run after all the town-folk who came to Poros every summer.

Yannoula, people remembered, had been a good deal with these strangers. She had taken them to her garden over on the mainland, and they had been seen at her house, too, more than once.

Who could tell, after all, how she had wormed things out of them?

A widow woman should not make so free. If it had only been the old lady, well and good. But there was the son as well. — And Yannoula was a young woman yet. He! — he! — who could tell? Women are secret things!

Generally it is impossible to trace the birth of a rumor: how the whispered hint of yesterday becomes today's open scandal. But in this case there was no difficulty.

Suddenly, one day, virtuous matrons and maids shuddered, young men tittered and old people shook their heads over an absolutely vouched-for story of Yannoula's having been seen in the middle of the night, half-dressed, with her hair flying behind her like a mad woman's, tearing through the streets alone with the young officer, the stranger.

All doubters were silenced at once. An eye-witness was prepared to swear on the Cross, if need be, to what she had seen.

Old Kyra Marina had been sitting up all night with her granddaughter, whose baby had been born in the evening, and hearing a noise of running feet and strange talk in the street below, she had looked through the window and had seen this thing with her own eyes. Oh, they were good eyes yet, for all her age; and the moonlight had been as bright as day. No, no, these were not 'clean doings' of Yannoula's.

In vain her neighbor Kyra Sophoula brought forward the strange lady's sudden illness, and related all the incidents from the first hurried knocking at Yannoula's door. She was met by open ridicule.

Sudden illness! Bah! a terrible illness truly when the lady had been able to leave the next day. The third day was it? Well, it was all one. Besides, was Yannoula a doctor that she should have been fetched at that time of night? The hotel people had all seen her, had they? Well, what of that? She may have been there, but who could tell when she had received her midnight visitor, or for how long she had entertained him before they began their mad race together down the streets? — No, no; those stories were good for little children to believe!

The gossip did not lessen as the days went by. Nay, it even spread further. Kyra Marina had not been silent, and her tale lost nothing in the frequent retelling. It was a long time since she had been able to command the undivided attention of so many listeners.

The sole witness! Would it have been in human nature to keep silent?

Many pitied Andriko. A few men defended Yannoula: a fine woman yet, they said, and left a widow so early.

There were other young widows besides her, muttered the gossips severely; but they kept their eyes lowered under

their black kerchiefs as an honest widow should. Such a good name as Kyr Yoryi's had always been, too! Eh, eh, it was a pity that the lad was not a little older. *He* would soon have settled such goings-on, and would never have allowed his father's name to be shamed in this way. And voices grew shriller, while red pitchers waited their turn to be filled at the fountain.

The evil talk grew and spread — from the fountain to the market-place, and from the market-place to the quay.

Kyra Sophoula, coming out of Kyr Michali's shop one morning, where she had been for some dried beans, came upon three men relating the story, with the addition of various vile epithets, to some sponge-divers from Hydra, with the injunction that they should repeat it to Kyr Apostoli when they got back to their own island, so that he might not remain ignorant of his sister-in-law's fine doings, and that he might 'take his measures' as head of the family.

The old woman turned on them furiously, asking them how they were not ashamed to tell such evil lies of their own countrywoman.

Poros, lounging round Sotiro's coffee-house, smiled and said, 'Do not listen to them, Kyra Sophoula. What do *they* know? *You* do not eat straw; no one can deceive *you*, that is very certain.' And then when she had gone, it laughed out loud and added, 'She is a good advocate, she is. Who knows what her pay may be?'

Her pay was poor Yannoula's weeping gratitude as she sat crouching on the floor of her little house, wearied out with many tears, her head on the old woman's knees. For Yannoula was not strong-minded. She was utterly incapable of going about as usual, of braving public opinion, of living down the scandal. Her good name was gone, she moaned; it was an evil day on which she had been born. Better, she cried, rocking herself backwards and forwards, that a vampire had sucked her blood than that she should have lived to see this hour.

Then with the first rains came the terrible news that the sponge-divers had faithfully delivered their message; that her brother-in-law, the stern old man, furious beyond words, was preparing to come to Poros to take her boy away from her, declaring that never while he was alive should his brother's son be brought up by a shameless woman who had willfully blackened their good name.

Half-mad with fear, trembling at every passing step, she waited for Kyra Sophoula who had run to consult the schoolmaster on the subject. When the old woman returned she assured Yannoula that she might be easy, that there was no fear at all; Kyr Vangheli had said such a thing was quite impossible: that the law would never allow a child to be taken from its mother by force.

But when Kyr Apostoli arrived from Hydra and summoned his nephew to come away with him, no force was required.

Andriko's mind had been slowly poisoned long before his uncle's arrival. Stray words had been let drop before him. Disparaging remarks, at first timid, then bolder, had been made.

The older boys at school had repeated to him what they had heard from their elders. Yes, beyond doubt, his mother had been too often with these strangers, she had spoken too freely to them, for a decent self-respecting widow who should keep her black kerchief well over her eyes, and look down as she walked. The women even said — But the story generally stopped at what they said, for even the most hardened shrank from telling the boy all the foul rumors that had been twisted to

fit into that unfortunately overseen night errand of his mother's. However, their reticence did not avail her much. Definite accusations, which could be grappled with, might possibly have aroused some disbelief, some latent instinct in the boy to defend her, but the vague affirmation, 'She has made your father's good name a laughing-stock for all the island,' stung his vanity, and excited his anger as an unpardonable offense against the dignity of his budding manhood.

His uncle's promises of adoption, of future inheritance, were scarcely required as an inducement to go with him, although he remembered and counted on them in later years. His own sullen resentment against his mother, added to the change and novelty of the step, were all-sufficient. He was past the age when he might have missed Yannoula's care and tenderness. In fact, he had been getting impatient of them for some time past, as he had of any restrictions on his liberty. Work of any sort he loathed, and he foresaw that in a life spent with his mother there would be no lack of it. His uncle, for all his sternness, looked what he was, a distinctly prosperous man. So when he said to the boy, 'Come with me to Hydra; I will make you my son, and as for that woman who has blackened our good name, neither you nor I will look on her again,' Andriko went willingly, with no thought save an angry one for the mother he was abandoning.

Even the neighbors who had been the most relentless softened toward the miserable woman when at last her mind grasped the terrible truth that her boy had left her of his own free will, that he had not been dragged away struggling, that he had not even left a message or a single word for her. They gathered around her with help and advice and pity.

IV

For many hours after the first shock she had lain in a sort of heavy torpor. But when speech and the power of movement returned to her, she refused to have anyone but Kyra Sophoula beside her, even for the first night. And above all would she neither then, nor ever, allow a word of blame against Andriko.

'Who knows what that bad man made him believe?' she said. 'After all, he is but a child. Perhaps as soon as he feels alone he will get away, and return to me; if not, when he is a little older he will be sure to understand.' Neither would she listen to the schoolmaster who came the next day to tell her that the law would certainly be in her favor, and who offered to help her to appeal to it. 'We have been decent people all our lives, Kyr Vangheli,' she answered, 'and never had aught to do with the law. Do you think I will ask it now to drag my boy back to me like a deserter with tied hands whom the soldiers push along by his elbow? No! when he comes, he shall come free.'

For two days after this she remained silent and listless, letting Kyra Sophoula fetch water for her, sit near her, lie beside her through the long weary night, never speaking except when spoken to, and never breaking bread or putting water to her lips, except when it was placed in her very hand. Then on the third day she rose early, swept the little house, made some black coffee, and when the old woman returned from the fountain, she put her hands on the bent shoulders and looked down into the kind old wrinkled face.

'Kyra Sophoula, you must go back now to your own house. It is time, and Maroussa is there alone. For all you have done, may God repay you a hundredfold. As for me, have no anxiety, I shall be well. Yes, yes; I shall eat and

I shall drink. Since it was written in my book of Fate that I should lose these years out of my life, it is needful that I should be strong, so that when my boy comes back to me, I may have more years to live with him.'

That was the refrain which recurred at the end of almost every sentence she spoke, in the days that followed, — 'when my boy comes back to me.' In time she heard from stray sources of Andriko's safe arrival in Hydra, of his having been introduced there as Kyr Apostoli's adopted son. Once, after many months, she heard that he was ill. It was nothing, they said, just a little fever, but she ran half-distraught to Kyra Sophoula.

The old woman tried to comfort her. 'He is a strong lad; do not eat your heart out, my poor one; God is great.'

'Yes,' sobbed Yannoula, 'yes, a strong lad, but now what may be happening there God only knows.'

When they told her he was well again, she went up to the Monastery and lighted a candle before the ikon of the Virgin, who had listened to her prayers and cured her boy.

Among her treasured possessions was a handkerchief with which Mrs. Lee had once bound up a cut on Andriko's hand. She loved the feel of the fine cambric, sun-bleached and thyme-scented, as only island-washed linen can be, and would sit for hours holding it against her face.

One comfort she had, rather rare in Poros, — a picture of Andriko, — a small amateur photograph taken by a young lady, who, as Yannoula told Kyra Sophoula, had once long ago stayed for a little while with the people of the red house on the hill.

'And how did she make the picture?' asked Kyra Sophoula, who had often heard the story before, but who was wise and knew when to talk and when to listen.

'She used to go about,' Yannoula answered, 'with a small black leather box, taking pictures of all sorts of things, just with a little click — so; you could not see the picture then at once, but after some days only, and then you could always recognize the people and the places quite well. And one day she took my Andriko. He was about nine then, and she looked at him for a long time, as all strangers did always, and spoke about him with the ladies of the red house who were with her, and then she told him to stand still, just where he was, beside an old boat, and she took the picture. I was close by, for I had just come with my pitcher from the fountain, and she asked me if he were mine. When I answered yes that he was mine, she said, "A beautiful boy truly; may he live to you." Then she said she would make two pictures of him, one to keep, and the other she would give to me. She brought it to me herself two days later, in this little frame as you see it. God make her years many! See how like it is! Look at my boy just as he stood there with his little hand on the side of the boat and his curls showing against the sky. — My little boy! Often do I go to sleep with this picture held fast to my breast, that I may perhaps dream of him, but nearly always do I dream of other things, not of him. Only last night, if you believe me, I dreamed of those Athenians who came by that new steamer on Sunday, and who took their food in baskets up to the Monastery: of that fat woman who laughed so loud, and of the girl with the red hair. What did I need,' she burst out with a sort of quiet rage, 'to dream all night of strangers whom I shall never see again in all my life!'

Kyra Sophoula spoke gently to her and soothed her, and the little photograph in its worn leather frame was hung again over the solitary bed.

V

The weeks, the months, flew by. New Year came and went. The almonds blossomed first, then the peach and the cherry trees made the gardens white with their blossoms. Then came the great heat, with the figs and the grapes and the Virgin's Feast. Then it was autumn again, and the hills were covered with heather and cyclamen, and lastly the anemones sprang up and carpeted the land with violet and crimson and purple.

One evening in late November, Kyra Sophoula went next door to see whether Yannoula could lend her a little oil. She found her sitting on a low stool in the fast-darkening room, her head bent forward, her face hidden in her hands.

'What is it, my poor one?' she asked, touching her shoulder; 'is your heart heavy to-night?'

Yannoula lifted her face and looked at her, with trembling lips. 'It is a year to-day.'

The old woman started. 'A year? It is not possible. How do you know it?'

'He left,' said Yannoula, in a toneless voice, 'two days before his namesday. I had bought the sugar for the *kourambiedes*. To-day is Friday; on Sunday it will be the Feast of St. Andrea.'

'You are right,' assented Kyra Sophoula, after a pause. 'It is a year.'

'Kyra Sophoula, he cannot be away much longer now, can he?'

'No, my daughter, not much longer.'

'He will return before another year, Kyra Sophoula?'

'Surely he will return.'

But the next year on the same day, and the next, and for three more long years after that, the same questions were asked and answered.

'He cannot be away much longer now, can he?'

'Not much longer, my daughter.'

'He will return before another year?'

'Surely he will return.'

In the mean while Yannoula went about her work very quietly, growing a little thinner, a little paler, but not altering very much, listening gratefully to the smallest details that any one could give her about her boy: what he did, what he said, what he wore; constantly wondering, when alone with Kyra Sophoula, what had made him go, what made him stay, whether he often thought of her, of his 'manitsa' as he used to call her when he first began to talk; trying to imagine who could have poisoned his mind against her, and how he could have decided to leave her; but all this with never a trace of bitterness, only the great love that feels no need of forgiving, and the weary longing that ended always with the same question: —

'He will return before another year?'

And though the years rolled on and did not bring him, still the old answer comforted her: 'Surely he will return.'

When people heard of the old man's death in Hydra and of his having disinherited Andriko after all his fine promises, the news, strange to say, was received on the whole with expressions of satisfaction. Whether this was due to the sort of rough justice which sooner or later governs public opinion, or whether her former judges had been unconsciously touched by the mother's patient waiting, the fact remains that there were few who in one form or another did not repeat Kyra Sophoula's verdict of 'Serve him right.'

As for Yannoula herself, her first feeling was one of fierce indignation that the dead man should have dared so to deceive her boy, her next a wild joy that now at last misfortune might bring him back to her. There was no one to keep him away now. Surely, surely he would come at once.

Kyra Sophoula said little, but thought much. The feverish joy in

Yannoula's eyes almost frightened her.

'You must have patience, my poor one. Doubtless he has much to do before he can leave; remember he is almost a man now.'

'Almost a man,' echoed Yannoula, 'almost a man!' Then, stretching out her arms to the little faded photograph, 'Oh, my boy, who has become a man, come to me quickly! Come!'

But the days passed and he did not come.

It was Holy Week, and on the Thursday, notwithstanding Kyra Sophoula's persuasion, Yannoula resolutely refused to go to Church for the evening service. She could not stand so many hours, she said; her knees trembled.

So Kyra Sophoula heard all the twelve Gospels without her, and saw the tall Cross brought out and fixed in the middle of the nave.

On Good Friday, however, she made Yannoula promise to meet her at Church in good time for the Epitaphios service, which in the islands does not begin until very late in the evening.

Kyra Sophoula had left the house early, having a bundle of herbs to leave at the house of a sick woman who lived up near the ruined mill. So that when she got down to the church and could not discover Yannoula anywhere in the crowd of women, she was very disappointed and even slightly anxious.

However, she lighted her little yellow taper from the one held by the woman next to her, and carefully wrapping the unlighted end in her handkerchief for fear of grease-spots on her black skirt, settled down to wait, hoping that Yannoula might come in later.

The service with its sad chanting wound out its slow length. In Athens, where the congregation is fashionable and pressed for time, the priests often think well to skip some of the verses, but in the islands, never. Every single line of the three long funeral chants, with their different intonings, is well known and expected in its turn.

Toward the end of the last chant, when the wail of the Virgin Mother by the tomb filled the church, 'Oh light of my eyes! oh sweetest of sons!' Kyra Sophoula bent her head and felt almost glad that Yannoula had not come.

The procession was formed; the Epitaphios was reverently lifted, and the bearers passed slowly between the serried ranks of low-bending men and women, who afterwards closed in behind to form the rear of the procession.

Tightly wedged in the dense mass of people, Kyra Sophoula was borne slowly onward, through the clouds of incense and the suffocating smoke of multitudes of little yellow tapers, toward the central door. She had purposely held back as much as possible and succeeded in slipping aside the moment the crowd issued from the church in the wake of the procession.

She turned to the right and walked slowly up a steep side street, letting her little black shawl slip off her head, for it was a warm night. She could hear the tramp of many feet from the road below, the deep chant of the priests and the shrill 'Kyrie Eleison' of the young boys' voices. Once through a break in the houses she saw the long flickering line of lights. The night was so still that her own taper remained lighted in her hand.

It was the first time for many years that she had not followed the Good Friday procession all round the village, along the sea, and back again into the church, and stayed there until the last Gospel, which so few stay to hear, had been read.

It was a sacrifice,—how great, only those may say who know how dull and colorless the hard-working lives of old peasant women can be; lives in which the Church ceremonies and the general

religious excitement of Holy Week are often the only bright spot of the year.

But Yannoula's absence troubled the old woman, and she toiled on to the little house down by the dark arch.

The door was open, and she passed straight into the small kitchen. It was empty and there was no answer to her knock at the inner door, so she pushed it open and entered.

Yannoula was not on the bed. The red cotton coverlet lay straight and uncreased over it.

The room was dimly lit by the tiny oil lamp hanging before the sacred ikon of the Virgin and Child, and in that trembling circle of light Kyra Sophoula could just distinguish a black crouching figure on the floor before the ikon.

She took a step forward with outstretched hands, but Yannoula's voice, low and broken, reached her, and she stopped short. A toneless voice that had exhausted its tears: —

'Ah, Holy Virgin! my little Virgin, have mercy upon me! Give me my boy. Let him come to me; let me put my arms round him just once, and then I can let him go again if he wishes it. Bring him to me, my little Virgin, and you shall have a white candle as thick as my arm to burn before your ikon. On foot I will bring it to you, up to the Monastery. Oh, most Holy Virgin, have pity on me! You who saw your Son on the Cross long years ago this very day. But *He* thought of your pain in the midst of his own; *He* spoke to you from there!'

Suddenly she snatched Andriko's little faded photograph from the bosom of her dress and held it out before the ikon.

There in the dim light, with her pale face under the loosened black kerchief, the reddened eyelids, the sad lines of the mouth, she was a far better type of the Sorrowing Mother than the cheap Russian ikon before which she knelt.

'See, Holy Virgin — here is my lad; when the Feast of St. Andrea comes again it will be seven years that I have only held him so to my breast! Oh, a great evil has found me! A great evil!' And then once more the weary cry, 'Have mercy, my little Virgin — have mercy!'

Kyra Sophoula crossed the room to where the ikon hung, and, stooping, lifted up in her weak old arms the poor creature kneeling there.

'My poor unfortunate,' she said, settling the kerchief on the disordered hair, 'you have prayed enough for to-night, you must rest now.'

Yannoula was not startled at finding Kyra Sophoula near her. Open doors are the rule, and privacy very much the exception, in Poros. She sank wearily upon the stool which the old woman dragged forward, and closed her eyes.

Later on she consented to lie down on her bed, but did not as usual try to persuade Kyra Sophoula to leave her. On the contrary she clung to her and talked much and feverishly, reverting constantly to Andriko's early childhood, to the time when he used to toddle about after her, and get into a passion, stamping his little feet if his 'manitsa' left him even for a few moments.

Toward dawn she fell into a troubled sleep.

VI

Late in the afternoon of the next day Kyra Sophoula set out in quest of Kyr Vangheli the schoolmaster, who had promised to write a letter for her to Metro in Athens. She was also carrying six red eggs for Easter to little Tasso Kondelli, whose mother being in mourning had dyed none that year.

The weather had changed since the night before, and was damp and chilly. Heavy gray clouds lay low on the hills, and the rain was not far off. The

old woman shivered and drew the black shawl closer round her shoulders.

Suddenly she saw the schoolmaster himself in the distance coming toward her. He was hurrying along awkwardly with bent head, his hands clasped behind his shabby coat.

When he caught sight of her he broke into a sort of shambling trot. He had been looking for her, he said. There was something she must know without loss of time.

When she had heard his news her brown old face turned a dull gray, for he told her that Andriko had returned to Poros that same morning without warning or announcement of any sort. That, from what he had gathered from those who had seen and spoken to the boy, or rather to the young man, nothing was further from his intentions than to seek out his mother or to have any communication with her. That, sore and furious at his disinheritance, he had agreed to join a party of emigrants leaving for San Francisco, having been persuaded that in America the maximum of wages was obtainable for the minimum of labor. He would have left direct from Hydra, but that a fellow emigrant who had advanced him the passage-money, and with whom he was to leave, had wished to spend Easter with a brother who lived in Poros. They were to start for Piræus on the Monday morning.

'If only,' concluded Kyr Vangheli, 'if only it might be that the poor woman should not hear of it.'

'Is she deaf?' asked Kyra Sophoula fiercely, 'or do you think the Poriotes have no tongues?'

'I know, I know,' stammered the schoolmaster. 'I know it is very difficult; but then—what? It will kill her to hear this thing.'

'And,' added the old woman, 'if at least it killed her on the spot — but it will not.'

There was silence for a few seconds, then, 'Someone must find Andriko,' she continued at last, 'find him and speak to him. He will not want to listen, but one must make him.'

'Will *you?*' asked Kyr Vangheli.

'*I?* he would send me to the devil straight off. I have told him too many truths in my time.'

Kyr Vangheli frowned thoughtfully. 'Shall I get the priest to see him?'

'Pappa Thanassi? Ah, bah! That would be worse still; Andriko would run at the very sight of his black robe. No, Kyr Vangheli, it is you who must find him, and speak to him.'

'I? Will it do any good?'

'Perhaps not, but at least you may make him listen. There is no one else.'

'What shall I tell him about his mother? You knew him better than I did.'

'Tell him,' said the old woman grimly, 'that if he goes away without seeing her, she will die of her grief, and that if she dies thus, her spirit will surely haunt him afterwards. He was ever a coward, perhaps that may frighten him.' Then, as she saw the schoolmaster hesitating, she added, 'Let us find him first, and the moment will bring the right words. He will be at Sotiro's most likely, or if not they will have seen him there.'

'Come with me,' said Kyr Vangheli with sudden resolution; 'perhaps if we find him in the presence of others he may be ashamed to refuse.'

Kyra Sophoula shook her head doubtfully.

'Perhaps so, master — perhaps so.'

They walked on toward the quay. The rain had begun now and was falling softly, but neither of them noticed it. Through the mist, the joy bells were ringing for the coming Resurrection Service, and the first gunshots were heard in the distance.

As they neared Sotiro's coffee-house they saw a crowd collected outside.

A crowd which pushed and whispered and whose attention seemed centred on something in its midst. Then some one ran towards them: a woman with wide-open eyes and trembling lips.

'Kyr Vangheli,' she cried, 'come, come quickly. Andriko, Yannoula's Andriko, who came to-day, has been shot!'

The schoolmaster turned very white. 'Shot! How? By whom?'

'By mistake; some one who was firing for Easter; they do not know who it was. He is not dead yet, but the doctor says he is not for long.'

Kyra Sophoula ran forward, parting those in her way with both hands. 'Christ, and Holy Virgin! What is this?'

Three men were holding the tall limp figure, the arms trailed on each side, the head with its wonderful lines drooped on to the left shoulder.

They laid him down gently on the ground not far from the sea. Barba Manoli held him up in his arms and all pressed forward. The rain was falling fast.

'Courage, lad, it will be nothing.' His eyes were closed and one or two women even crossed themselves, saying, 'He is gone; it is finished.' But Kyra Sophoula, who had got close at last, knew Andriko was alive when she saw his face, though it was gray and smeared with wet earth; but she had seen many wounded men in her time, and she knew he would not be alive long. She turned wildly to the doctor, a short dark man who had placed his fingers on Andriko's pulse.

'Can you not keep him alive for half an hour yet? So young as he is, so strong as he must be!'

The ball had lodged in the bowels, the doctor said. There was internal hemorrhage. He might last ten minutes yet, perhaps; not longer.

Kyra Sophoula whispered a word in the ear of one of the men who had carried Andriko. He nodded and started at a rapid run toward the market-place. Just then, suddenly, Andriko opened his eyes and looked up at Barba Manoli who was supporting him; but the lids fell again.

'Courage, lad,' repeated the old man, raising him with an effort a little higher in his arms.

Andriko's eyes opened and closed once or twice and he tried to lift his hand.

'Run for the priest,' cried a voice; and another added, 'Fetch his mother quickly.'

Then Andriko spoke; the voice was faint but audible.

'Let me — die in peace,' he said. 'Let Pappa Thanassi keep his chanting for when you bury me.'

'But your mother, Andriko, your mother! You must have your mother's blessing, my son,' put in Barba Manoli.

'I tell you to let me alone. Let my mother keep her blessing and her tears for those who want them! I will not have her near me. She blackened our good name.'

'Andriko!'

The name was cried out loudly by Kyra Sophoula, so that all turned to look at her. 'Andriko, will you die with such evil words on your lips? Do you not know it is a sin? Let all these lies be. Remember the years when you could not do for an hour without your manitsa; leave a good word for her.'

Suddenly the wounded man, with a violent upheaval, threw his whole body forward and turned fast glazing eyes to the old woman.

'I leave her my curse!' he cried. 'I was a young fool at that time. — I — was — a fool — '

Then his head fell forward, and the whole body suddenly bent at the middle.

The doctor who was still holding the

pulse motioned to the old man to lay him down.

No one spoke, a woman only stooped and mechanically wiped away the rain which was falling fast on the upturned face and trickling down into the short curls.

Then someone on the edge of the crowd called out, 'She is coming!' and all heads were turned to the figure which was running toward them, looking gray and blurred through the driving rain.

'Holy Virgin, have mercy upon her!' cried Kyra Sophoula, putting out her hands as though to ward her off.

But Yannoula came straight on with open arms.

'Andriko!' she said softly, 'Andriko, have you come back?'

Kyr Vangheli came quickly forward and stood between her and her son.

'Let me pass,' she said, 'let me pass — they have told me all. — I know there is but little time left.'

Then, as the schoolmaster still stood there, she shivered once, and asked very quietly, —

'Is he dead — my boy? Let me pass, please.'

Kyr Vangheli stepped aside then, and Yannoula fell on her knees and gathered up her child into her arms.

VII

It was a long time before Yannoula looked up, and then it seemed as if she saw none of all the pitying faces around her. There was a far-away look in her eyes — almost a look of peace.

She held her boy again and rocked him to and fro — a sleeping child once more, as in days long past when she used to lay him down so gently, to let the little dark head touch the pillow, and to unclasp the little clinging arms; but they are little no longer and they trail limply on the wet ground.

'Andriko, my little child! my little child!'

'Kyra Yannoula!'

It was the schoolmaster speaking, but she took no heed.

'Kyra Yannoula!' his voice was firm, almost commanding. 'Listen to me for a moment, I must speak to you.'

Obediently she lifted her eyes to his.

'You have heard that your son arrived from Hydra to-day?' he asked.

She bent her head silently.

'You have heard that his uncle, after all that he had promised, took back his word, and died leaving Andriko without anything in the world, without even having taught him a trade to live by?'

Yannoula bent lower till her lips rested on the dead boy's forehead.

'I have heard.'

'But,' resumed the schoolmaster, 'what you have not heard — '

Kyra Sophoula seized hold of his hand, but he dragged it away and continued in a clear firm voice, —

'What you have not heard is that when this thing happened Andriko's first thought was to return here, and that he said to those he knew in Hydra, "I shall go back to my poor mother, *she* will never turn me away from her." He had understood at last, that all the evil things he had been told about you when he was but a child without judgment, were lies.'

In the deep silence which followed his words, Yannoula gave one little gasp and a strange light came into her eyes.

Kyr Vangheli took a step forward and laid his hand on her shoulder as she knelt there before him.

'You have lost your son, Kyra Yannoula, but the great comfort remains that he was returning to you. When you grieve for him you must always remember that he was returning to you perfectly sure of your love and forgiveness; and that however he was misled

formerly, he recognized his folly at the end. The last words he spoke here before he died were: "I was a fool, a fool!"' He looked around him. 'You, all who heard him — is it not so?'

'Yes, — yes, surely those were his last words,' came in broken confirmation from all sides.

'My boy — my boy!'

His head was on her arm again, and her lips pressed to his face. After so many years of weary waiting and heart-sickness, her boy had come back to her.

'Not a fool,' she murmured, 'never a fool — only my little child, whom they deceived, but who was coming back to me.' Then, raising her eyes, 'God give you long years, you who stood around him and kept his last words for me.'

Later on, when the tears had come at last, and Kyra Sophoula had taken her home, Kyr Vangheli spoke once more to the bystanders.

'Remember all of you,' he said, 'remember as you would remember the last command of your dying father, — never let one word of the truth escape you, — *never*, not even to the priest. *I* will bear the sin.'

Poros is about as fond of gossip as any other island of its size, and the Poriotes are not famed for their silence, but they kept this secret well.

THE MAKERS OF PLOTS

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

MANY of us would doubtless confess, in despite of the canons of criticism, to a liking for certain stories which are not, properly speaking, stories at all, but lingering, anecdotal sketches of character, innocent of climax, uncertain as to "beginning and middle and end." The charm of good portraiture, human and other, which we find in *Rab and his Friends*, in *Cranford*, in Miss Jewett's delicately sketched New England types, appears in slighter degree in the work of many a minor writer, and our interest is in direct proportion to its fidelity. One wonders if, in those mythical days when literature is said to have come into being through the chanted exploits of heroes, primitive folk did not sometimes sit round their camp-fires telling hero tales when there were no great deeds to tell, only characteristic little acts and minor happenings. Surely some of the slighter touches in the great epics are as full of power to interpret a distinctive personality as are the more conspicuous ones.

The character sketch is even more refreshing to us, perhaps, than in earlier days, now when, in our own country at least, machinery dominates the minds of story-tellers and story-readers, when any fresh invention floods the magazines with tales centring in the new mechanism. The motor-car has already monopolized our fiction to such an extent that the word 'action' has grown ambiguous, becoming almost synonymous with speed, and the aeroplane is threatening to make this change of meaning permanent. While

the new type is so conspicuously present, as in *The Sovereign Power*,[1] in which the human interest is strictly subordinated to the management of monoplane and biplane, it is a comfort to find a volume of old-fashioned tales, such as *Later Pratt Portraits*,[2] devoted to the delineation of character. A sane and gentle philosophy of life lies back of these sketches, which are full of humorous appreciation of oddities, and full of sympathy. After all, we say, in laying down a book of this kind, the workings of human nature are really more important than the working of brakes and levers.

An interesting interpretation of the life of young folk appears in *Phœbe and Ernest*,[3] a series of crisp sketches showing keen insight into boy and girl nature, and the power to trace, in close and significant detail, successive stages of growth.

When Caroline was Growing[4] brings before us a charming, imaginative child, who appeals to us deeply in the earlier sketches, but in the later tales, which are a bit more perfunctory and artificial, grows less poetic and original. The type is one which has frequently been rendered, but we are glad of every new interpretation in these days when modern educational methods are threatening its very existence.

We should welcome *The End of a Song*,[5] — the work of a college professor, — if for no other reason, for the evidence it brings that academic life does not always dry and corrode human nature. These are tenderly conceived and delicately executed sketches of folk in a small Welsh village, and the blending of their lives with the lives of animals, of mountain and of stream, is suggested throughout. There are new and picturesque touches in presenting the old, old facts of human life and human affection, and the book is full of humor — humor that is often very near to tears.

Something of old-time charm is revealed in *The Corner of Harley Street*,[6] a series of letters purporting to be written by a London physician. In these letters to many people, Peter Harding sketches his own fine personality, his friends, his family, his London, so that, without any plot at all, a whole section of modern life is presented. The author, with his humanity, his simple affection, his humor, his lack of egotism, often reminds the reader of the beloved Dr. John Brown; but the finer instinct and the higher faith of the earlier physician betray a lack here. Again and again one is compelled to stop short at the blank wall of material things to which modern thought and especially modern science has led us, and one longs for the keener eye and the clearer vision of the Scotch physician. A chance literary observation on the part of the author illustrates the point as well as any phase of the story could do. 'Given Meredith's humor,' says Peter Harding, 'how Hardy, with his first-hand observation, his extraordinary detachment, and the beautiful lucidity of his English, would have loomed above the creator of Sir Willoughby.' When one remembers Meredith's constant insistence on the triumphing struggle of spirit through matter, and Hardy's crass doctrine that matter is the whole of life, might not one be justified in saying that the author of *The Corner of Harley Street*

[1] *The Sovereign Power*, by MARK LEE LUTHER. The Macmillan Company.

[2] *Later Pratt Portraits*, by ANNA FULLER. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[3] *Phœbe and Ernest*, by INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE. Henry Holt and Company.

[4] *When Caroline was Growing*, by JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON. The Macmillan Company.

[5] *The End of a Song*, by JEANNETTE MARKS. Houghton Mifflin Company.

[6] *The Corner of Harley Street*. ANONYMOUS. Houghton Mifflin Company.

shows himself here, to use Meredith's own phrase, 'bull-blind to the spiritual'?

But enough of sketches! After all, the instinct for plot is an unappeasable one; and children keep us constantly aware of the depth and the fundamental nature of the demand that a story shall be a story. This, by the way, is the hardest thing to make it, and the student of fiction is constantly surprised to find how few are the great plots as compared with the number of the really great novels, so often does the causal chain of inevitable consequence break and fail in the dramatic type; so often does some favorite personage, growing almost too much alive, run away with the plot. Fiction, and especially English fiction, is, as we all know, far more distinguished by the creation of great characters than by the working out of great plots; and Thackeray's confession that the trend of his story often depended on the mood of the morning, he, if in good humor, being inclined to make his characters do admirable deeds, and if in a bad humor, being tempted to thrust them into villainy, may well be considered the unspoken confession of many another great novelist.

If we were to try to state what a plot should be, learning this wisdom not from critical treatises, but from treasured memories of novels, and from the reproving mouths of children when one fails to tell a story aright, we should say that the laws of plot are as simple as they are difficult to obey. The narrator should keep on telling the same story, in more or less the same fashion, about the same people; he should tell it all, and no more. If he must go back, let the past help and not hinder the present; if he must have more than one strand to his tale, let them be necessary to each other. Any one who, in a bedtime hour, has confused any part of the tale of *Red Riding Hood* with that of the *Three Bears*, has failed to tell either in full, or changed the outcome, or has attributed to Jack's giant any of the characteristics of Bluebeard, must have learned from the small auditor precepts as deep as Aristotle ever taught about the requisites of plot, the reversal of fortune, the necessary consistency of character.

With something of the single-mindedness of children we older listeners delight in the writer of fiction who can plot well; who can separate, in the miscellaneous stuff of life, that which is essential to his purpose from the non-essential; can give us, through his presentation of the human spectacle, his thought of it. We ask of him, not only that his work shall be true in detail, but that he shall see the meaning of the facts that he depicts, and shall marshal them toward the outcome so that we shall know his interpretation. It is a hard task, almost the hardest that any artist has to face, to keep on telling the same story, in the same fashion, about the same people; to focus the interest on the chief personages, bringing out subtle interrelations; to choose only those phases of character that are essential to the tale, and to trace the flowing of character into action. When novelist or dramatist can present, in individual lives, the clash of great forces, following the line of cause and effect through the moment of greatest strain, the supreme crisis, on to the catastrophe, and can make us feel that he is giving us a profound interpretation of human experience, we know that we are in the presence of a master. It is hardly necessary to say that the fiction of the last six months gives us no example of the supremely great.

In these days when creative power is much less in evidence than is the power to analyze, when more and more in fiction the study of character and the

treatment of event are differentiated, the former tending toward the expository sketch, the latter toward haphazard adventure and external action, it is a pleasure to find a plot so deftly wrought as that of *The Patrician*,[1] with the dramatic *motif* kept clearly before you, unfolding story that is also character development, the inner issue and the outer being one and the same. In the tangle of motive, of emotion that clashes with class instinct, as Barbara, the daughter of a noble house, finds her interest too deep in a socialist reformer not of her class, as Miltoun, the noble son of the house, is overcome by passion for a woman not free to marry him, the informing idea is never blurred, though it is never expounded, save in a sentence at the end. By deft selection and subtle emphasis the author works out his theme, letting the reader watch the mental and moral bewilderment of the characters, but not making him share it, as is the way with many a lesser artist. The plot moves on inevitably toward crisis and catastrophe, as the moulding forces of tradition work out through character, and character flowers into action.

It is seldom that one finds to-day a novel that delights us, as does this, by its shapeliness, finish, form. A classic severity and restraint are combined with a poignancy of suggestion and depth of appeal known only to romantic work, and often the veriest trifle reveals the depths of silent passion at work under the calm surface of conventional life.

The grouping of the characters and the study of their growth shows an artist's skill. To take the two types, the patrician and the plebeian, not at their worst but at their best, as the author has done in Miltoun and Courtier, was in itself a fine thing; and the ascetic Miltoun, with his ideals, his faiths, and his terrible concentrated passion, is hardly more real than the plebeian, whose fine act of choice in its loyalty and delicacy almost surpasses the patricians'. Just enough of Mr. Galsworthy's former tendency toward allegory remains to give the suggestion of type in each of these strongly individualized characters. In the clash between tradition and individual desire, you feel that they are patrician in least things and in great, in their demands and in their renunciations, for the old marching orders of caste are everywhere heard. Their consistencies and their inconsistencies bring them before us in the very complexity of life; their fate seems to lie in their own hands and destinies, for you nowhere feel the author manipulating them.

Not a little of Thackeray's old Lady Kew and of Ethel go to the making of Granny and of Barbara, yet the character studies are both vivid and original. The haunting charm of Barbara follows one long after reading the book: Barbara with her modern wisdom, her wit, her keenness, her bounded recklessness, her feminine helplessness. The tremendousness of the forces that make her suffer is all the deeper in effect because of her humor, and her illuminating, ironic sense of the whole situation. You cannot get rid of the feeling that she is sharing it all with you, in subtle sympathy, and one finds her, in her spiritual detachment, a fascinating companion. Hereditary courage shows in her revolt, as the hereditary sense of values ends it; and in all the book she is the most delicate gauge of the spirit and of the limitations of the patricians.

In its deft nicety of management, its fitness of word to place and person, its significant and dramatic trifles of speech and of action, *The Patrician*

[1] *The Patrician* (published serially in the *Atlantic* under the title *The Patricians*), by JOHN GALSWORTHY. Charles Scribner's Sons.

might well serve as a measure or standard in the art of making fiction; and it has — something rare in our contemporary work — distinctive style. There are deeper depths in life than it betrays, greater hurts and greater consolations; but within the limits that the author sets for himself he handles his theme superbly well. Like Barbara, he enjoys the irony; he is an amused spectator of the game of the gods, — hurt too, but perhaps not hurt enough to be stung into that action of the spirit that means searching out the interpretation. It is a pity that, with such power to make you feel the inevitability of the tragedy, of character that is destiny, he has so little of the Shakespearean power of making you feel that the tragedy is not in vain. There is no gleam of light at the end of the struggle.

With memories of the leisurely pleasure derived from *Nathan Burke*, one welcomes Mrs. Watts again to the world of fiction. *The Legacy*,[1] like *The Patrician*, deals with hereditary forces, presenting the development and the inner crises in the life of one Letty Breen, child of an American family of long tradition, now beginning to fall into poverty. It is also a study of social growth and change in a city on that border line where the poorer class begins to encroach on the old preserves of the aristocracy; and a mild and pleasant social satire is worked out through the study of the ramifications of the family pride, and in the emergence of the washerwoman's son into the multimillionaire who ends by marrying the daughter of the proud but decaying house. Mrs. Watts makes you feel social complexities and interrelations; and her sketching of the family as a whole, with all the varieties and the contradictions in the dominant traits, as that which is strength in one proves to be weakness in another, shows many a subtle stroke.

The book, with all its quiet humor, is serious and gives pause for thought. Mrs. Watts seems to be saying: This somewhat enigmatic woman, with the heritage, from the great-grandmother whom she resembles, of much that is wild and bad, in the crisis of her life makes, after all, the choice that her own mother would have made, the self-sacrificing, high-minded mother. That quiet influence, hardly realized by the girl during her mother's life, is really the dominant thing in her life; and her choice of the better and harder course is the more noteworthy because she is nowhere helped by strong emotion, for deep feeling never comes to her.

One wonders why certain reviewers compare this novel unfavorably with *Nathan Burke*. It is not on so large a scale, being less epic, but in many ways it presents finer workmanship. The strength of the book lies in its character-study; of action and event there is perhaps little. The depth and reality of the treatment of the girl's development delight the reader, who lives from page to page with the child in the antique house set amid the encroaching slums; the surroundings are as tangible as the experiences are vivid. Jim Hatfield, the washerwoman's son, is admirably pictured, and the fine and silent way in which he is sketched in later years is both amusing and impressive: his going back, from the glory of multimillionairedom, to marry, for pity, the little lame playmate of his childhood being the surest key that we have to the real character of this unscrupulous financier. The heroine's mother, 'Lisbeth, the loyal servant, the futile Mr. Edward Breen, who embodies the fine uselessness of the family, are as distinct as living personalities. Less convincing, and a bit too obviously reminiscent of Thackeray, is the

[1] *The Legacy*, by MARY S. WATTS. The Macmillan Company.

worldly old aunt of continental experiences, rouged, dyed, and given to French phrases; but for the most part the character-study suggests close and original observation.

The book confirms our suspicion that Mrs. Watts is a wise woman. There is in her work a depth and richness, a 'veined humanity,' rare in American fiction, which is rather given either to over-French finish in the matter of form, or to wild defiance of all considerations of form and taste; both varieties being a bit superficial, viewed as interpretations of human life. With this writer, both thought and feeling cut deep into the heart of real things.

Queed, by Henry Sydnor Harrison, is an interesting and original study of the development of a youthful scholar into a human being. The quick, journalistic style gives vividness, not only to the delineation of the central personage, but to the background picture of the Southern city. This, unlike the Southern city most common in fiction, is astir with new life, not fading into decay; and its problems of civic righteousness, of intellectual integrity, its newspaper fights in the struggle of right and wrong, the hero is called upon to share. The book is virile; and throughout one is aware of the sting of growth, both in the central personage and in the city with which his fortunes are closely involved.

The detailed and realistic study of the hero's development, a modern prose epic of character, is set in a romantic comedy plot, involving the mystery of the hero's parentage, and the heroine's loss of fortune through her father's traitor friend, who finally is discovered to be the hero's father. From humblest beginnings, in a city slum, trained only by the Irish policeman who is his benefactor, Queed emerges, winning his way into the world of scholarship, only to realize slowly, through his contact with people, that, as a human being, he has yet to be born. In execution the book is most uneven, combining real observation with touches from worn types of fiction and drama. Much of the character-study of *Queed* is fresh, full of feeling and of original humor; much is borrowed from the stock pedant of the comic stage, who goes back as far as Latin comedy and, it may be, further. The suggestion of caricature that comes from presenting the hero at first as absolutely unhuman is unfortunate; it disobeys one of the wise and simple canons of fiction as held by childhood, that the hero, from his first appearance, must be in some way recognizable as the hero. Even if he comes in rags, a bit of the gold trappings of the fairy prince must shine through.

Some of the processes whereby the pedant becomes human are finely and closely traced, the best part of all being connected with the little girl Fifi. The scenes in which she, by her appealing helplessness, rouses the reluctant manhood in the hero are much more effective than the scenes which present the heroine's influence over him. The later stages of growth are at times obscure, and toward the end Queed seems to leap, after the fashion of a Dickens character, into his new personality. The lack of process in this part of the novel is disappointing; there are gaps in the portraiture, and the physical growth, like the moral, seems too sudden and too complete. In a way we should almost be justified in an outcry to the effect that the author is not telling the same story about the same person, were it not for the strong link found in the hero's passion for truth, which, shown at first only in matters intellectual, persists, applying itself later to human affairs. The romantic tale of concealed relationship lends an interest

[1] *Queed*, by Henry Sydnor Harrison. Houghton Mifflin Company.

that does not entirely blend with the main interest of the story, though at one point it greatly helps the study of Queed's character, showing his loyalty and his truth in the treatment of the old professor who is revealed as his father.

The book contains much of promise. It is full of vitality, and of clean and wholesome humor. There is in it no shade of weariness, no touch of decadence, but a contagious faith in life and in the good of human nature. In workmanship it lacks the finish and charm of *The Patrician*, but its ringing assertion of the worth of human experience will rouse militant courage where the other will give an added sense of the deepening sadness of fate.

The New Machiavelli[1] deals with the life of an English statesman engaged in great political affairs, and it presents, to quote the author, 'the subtle, protesting, perplexing play of instinctive passion and desire against too abstract a dream of statesmanship.' The story of the hero is carried from earliest boyhood through his years of education and his political activity, through his change from radical to conservative conviction, to the time when, at the age of forty-two, he ruins his career by deserting his wife and going to Italy with a woman who has wakened a deeper love in him.

In spite of its well-nigh five hundred pages, the book lacks body; the political part hardly carries conviction, perhaps partly because there is not enough close detail; there is about it something of the airy unreality of Mr. Wells's earlier style. The development of the hero is blurred and uncertain in its progress and its outline; it is as if the writer not only did not have in mind an interpretation of his material, but were not even searching for it. It may be legitimate, it may even be desirable at times, for the scientist to present facts with no clear idea of their significance; not so the novelist; and the pseudo-scientific method, which we find in many a novel, in the presentation of an array of closely observed, but meaningless facts, has grown well-nigh unendurable. Art cannot do without informing ideas, and in it the non-assorted, miscellaneous stuff of life has no place. 'The relation of the great constructive spirit in politics to individual character and weakness' is a most interesting theme, but neither through the action nor by comment does the author make his interpretation clear. The meaning evades you; the facts are not marshaled so that you must understand. You share the bewilderment in the hero's mind, and are as completely involved in it as he, without getting the artistic significance. For all that he says about himself the hero never grows clear, and, in watching him, you feel as you would if a portrait-painter should crowd his canvas with details of costume and of feature, but should draw no person.

The wild invention of Mr. Wells's early tales made no demand for the presentation of character in action; the careless epic manner of *Tono-Bungay* was reinforced by humorous comment, so that the reader got a fairly clear idea of the hero's way of stumbling on with some sense of a goal. Here, with more exacting material, the lack of dramatic gift on the part of Mr. Wells becomes clear; cause and effect are not made apparent. It is not that one would quarrel with the theme: the theme as stated is a good one; or with the outcome, which is quite humanly possible. It is the inconclusiveness that leaves one unsatisfied; the story might have been written by Kipling's Tomlinson, so uncertain is it in its treatment of the great problems involved.

[1] *The New Machiavelli*, by H. G. Wells. Duffield and Company.

One misses here Mr. Wells's usual humor, but some compensation is to be found in pages here and there of sound wisdom, set forth in expository fashion, and betraying the active thinker.

If *The New Machiavelli* disobeys the stern demand of childhood that the story-writer shall know what his story is about, there are several others that disregard the equally cogent law that he shall keep on telling the same story. Why should that interesting tale, *A Sinner in Israel*,[1] closely centred in the inner struggle of a Jew who finds that he is not really a Jew, that he has no claim upon the title and the fortune of his supposed father, but is free to usurp all if he will, — why should this story of the inner life, with a crisis, a wrong act of choice and its consequences, sudddenly dash off at the end into a Prisoner-of-Zenda kind of tale, and direct the issue to the Istrian struggle of a Pretender for supremacy? We who read want to stay in that London which the novelist has pictured so fully and so sympathetically, that London of intelligent and devout Jews, whose faith, whose reverent customs, rouse deep interest. Here the struggle of conscience has an individual significance, because of the special training that has moulded and colored the boy's mind, and we want a genuinely dramatic outcome, not an adventurous escape, from the situation.

The picture of contemporary Jewish life has so much depth of appeal; the sketches of the learned Jewish father and of his wayward son are so good; the satire on the unscrupulous art-dealer is so like a Whistler portrait in its effectiveness, the description of Jewish ceremonial so full of charm, — why change both scene and theme at almost the end of the story?

Another instance of changing *motif* appears in *One Braver Thing*,[2] a South African story, with an encompassing action of the Boer War. Here it is difficult to see how the theme of the latter part of the novel fits the earlier part. The unspeakable injury to the orphan child results in a dedication of herself to a great purpose; but her later story, that of the wife who slowly, and long after marriage, learns to love her husband, is in no way vitally connected with the early part. The development of the central personage with her tragic early experience is disappointing; here is a great opportunity, but who, after all, would be wise enough to use it? Among the other characters the saintly and heroic Catholic sister proves the most appealing, and the maternal passion which she bestows upon the child of her dead lover is full of beauty. To the credit of human nature be it said that her flawless goodness seems more possible than does the flawless wickedness of the accomplished villain in the tale, who is too perfectly furnished with many kinds of villainy for anything but an eighteenth-century novel. The book is not without strained and melodramatic diction, fitting the touches of melodrama in the story; yet much of it is novel and interesting, and the desolate South African background is presented with intensity and significance.

Again, in taking up *The Price*,[3] we shall be disappointed in regard to the continuity of story. A young theorist robs the rich for the sake of the poor, and the improbable tale of the way in which the theft is accomplished is plausible enough. But when the reader is asking how the Robin Hood *motif* is to be carried out, the hero falls ill, and the love-story that follows proves disappointing in ignoring the problem

[1] *A Sinner in Israel*, by Pierre Costello. The John Lane Company.

[2] *One Braver Thing*, by Richard Dehan. Duffield and Company.

[3] *The Price*, by Francis Lynde. Charles Scribner's Sons.

with which the book begins. One lays it down with a wistful feeling of wanting to know how the real story would have come out.

Esther Damon[1] affords another instance of lack of continuity in the presentation of material. The underlying idea is an admirable one: the man and woman, who are village sinners and outcasts, are brought together by a kind of affection that is fine and high, but the story shifts from one to the other; the hero's socialistic schemes are hardly a vital part of the plot, and the whole suggests a lack of solidarity, of fusion of the different parts. Close observation and deep feeling are shown in the character-study of the heroine, her Methodist father and mother, Robert Orme, and the elderly Universalist, Mrs. Brewster, who brings her New England heterodoxy to dismay the little New York village. Work so sincere in its endeavor to penetrate the springs of human action is full of promise.

Jane Oglander,[2] unlike the tales that waver in the telling, is an instance of a direct, centred plot, which, in both the major and the minor strands, clings to the same theme. The heroine, a woman of fine inner charm, is betrothed to General Lingard, whom she deeply loves; he falls victim to a foolish, beautiful woman of the vampire type, Athena Maule, whose disillusioned husband, cynic and philanthropist, administers to her an overdose of chloral to save the situation. Athena has ruined other men, and the story of one of them, Bayworth Kaye, a young soldier, runs side by side with the main plot. The book is not extraordinary, but it has interesting character-contrasts: the silent, loyal Jane; the foolish, selfish Athena; and Mrs. Kaye, whose dry and wordless affection for her son makes one of the most appealing phases of the book. The plot is as daring as it is logical, a rather startling instance of consistency in character, and of character manifest in action that seems plausible, for the outcome is artistically, if not ethically, justified.

The author of *The Broad Highway*[3] has very cleverly united two kinds of story, both of which have strong popular appeal: the spiritual type of swashbuckler adventure, with the idyllic tale of the open road. The novel has the charm of the story of the disinherited knight and of Little Boy Blue besides. There is plenty of good fighting in this account of Peter Vibart, cast off by his uncle with ten guineas unless he will marry within a year Lady Sophia Sefton; lovely ladies in distress are not lacking, nor is the villain, here the hero's cousin, who at the end meets death at the hand of one of his victims. There is plenty of hard work and good blacksmithing in the rustic tale of the hut, where Lady Sophia is entertained unawares. The novel is very much a unit, in spite of its varied elements, and in spite of the many literary influences that it suggests. One detects here a trace of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, there the influence of Maurice Hewlett; Beatrix Esmond and Mrs. Burnett's *Lady of Quality* are more than once brought to mind by the heroine, and there is much of Dickens in the delineation of the common folk; yet what the author has borrowed he has made his own, and the romance is spirited, consistent, and sustained.

Much of the rustic part of the tale is genuinely poetic, not in the pseudo-pastoral way, for the dust of the highway is real dust, and the hedgerows are real hedgerows. The stars and the wind and the open road, the inn with

[1] *Esther Damon*, by Mrs. Fremont Older. Charles Scribner's Sons.

[2] *Jane Oglander*, by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Charles Scribner's Sons.

[3] *The Broad Highway*, by Jeffrey Farnol. Little, Brown & Company.

its ham and eggs, await here the lover of the simple life; and many a page gives you a feeling as of grass fresh and cool under your feet.

Nature herself is protagonist in Dr. Mitchell's new novel,[1] and the quietly told story of the way in which John Sherwood, Ironmaster, won not only health of body but health of soul from the Maine woods and the sea is especially refreshing in this iron age. Something of a materialist, like many another successful manufacturer, the hero is won back to his better and his earlier self by the ministry of wind and wave; and the later story of his gentle deeds recalls in vital fashion the sensitive child of the initial chapters. There is, throughout the woodland life, a fresh and exquisite sense of Nature's beauty, and of her healing power.

Many kinds of story appear in *The Prodigal Judge*,[2] a novel large, diffused, and difficult to classify. Among the many tales which try to achieve French finish, and are more artificially than vitally unified, it is a pleasure now and then to find a rambling, humorous story, containing less of art than of human nature. We have here interest of haphazard event, romance, a story of a lost legacy, of a child abandoned, neglected, finding its own at last through the agency of the Judge. This character, the central personage of the book, is humorously and sympathetically rendered, something of a rascal, something of a gentleman, like Tartarin a bit *meridional*, but genuinely American in speech and in act.

Several recent novels recall another demand on the part of the small auditor of a story, perhaps the most important demand of all, that it shall be real. The plot does not need to be probable, it needs only to seem so, and, as we all know, some of the most impossible tales, told by the great story-tellers, have been the most plausible. Just what this magic gift or charm may be, it is impossible to say, but he who would practice upon us the delightful deceit of fiction must have it in large degree. There is in the fairy tale of the princess who changed every night into a frog a simple and convincing quality lacking in Mr. Hichens's *Dweller on the Threshold*,[3] in which one clergyman changes into another. One would rather read the reports of the psychical society in their original form, as the bare narrative of supposed fact might well bring more of faith in the improbable than does this profoundly unimaginative bit of creative work. This tale of transformation has the same lack of illusion that gives to Mr. Hichens's novels dealing with the sense side of life their heavy quality. Here you do not for a moment lose your questioning attitude, in momentary belief that it was so. Instead of sharing in fearful awe the experience of one person who is changing into another, you are aware only of puppets pulled as by wires. As for the narrative within the tale, which the author says might be mistaken for a bit of Stevenson, it would be a dull person who could so mistake it, as a swift rereading of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* will prove. This kind of tale demands imaginative power of a high order, and such imaginative power Mr. Hichens does not possess.

If the preposterous story must seem plausible, what can be said of *The Lever*,[4] which presents a world-controlling trust of gigantic benevolence? Grown folk are perhaps as exigent as children in their demand for truth to

[1] *John Sherwood, Ironmaster*, by S. Weir Mitchell. The Century Company.

[2] *The Prodigal Judge*, by Vaughan Kester. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

[3] *The Dweller on the Threshold*, by Robert Hichens. The Century Co.

[4] *The Lever*, by William Dana Orcutt. Harper & Brothers.

type: when the latter learn to accept with faith a kindly stepmother or a well-intentioned witch, perhaps the former can believe in a disinterested trust. In this novel the failure to convince is not due wholly to the integral improbability of the theme, but largely to the lack of realistic detail. A child would want minute particulars as to how a well-intentioned witch would act; the grown reader would wish to know exactly how a benevolent trust would act; but the inner workings of this organization are of the vaguest. Mr. Gorham, its creator, is something of an automaton, and his stilted way of speaking adds to the effect of unreality in the character.

Small folk are undoubtedly helpful in determining standards of story and of character presentation, but there is one aspect of fiction in which their judgments fail the older reader. They like to have the moral broadly and didactically stated, while mature people, or at least the more thoughtful among them, prefer to see some phase of the human spectacle set before them dramatically, that they may ponder it and seek out its meaning at their leisure. Careless of this fact, in *The Glory of Clementina*,[1] Mr. Locke, like the author of that amusing and edifying book, *Keeping up with Lizzie*,[2] has resolutely shaped his material to the teaching of a lesson which, to the author, seems a wise one. That the kindly Jester should even momentarily forsake the small company of the artists, to join the over-full ranks of the teachers, is in itself a disappointment; and the message that he reiterates throughout, that no woman should be a supremely great painter, seems unnecessary, in the light of the fact that history reports among womankind only one. Over-didactic, the book is still entertaining, but one misses in the carefully manipulated Clementina the golden charm of *The Belovèd Vagabond*, which, by the way, in its unmorality and its seeming irresponsibility, contained a far finer and deeper teaching than this. There was a largeness about it; it was full of the sweetness that may come from broken lives, and a great love of human kind shone through its gentle suggestiveness. In the new book, the minor theme seems more important than the major, and the stupidity of wickedness which Quixtus discovers in his ineffectual attempts to achieve badness is made delightfully real. One hopes that Mr. Locke's wise lightness of touch and his humor will not desert him, and that he will not turn his mind too much toward the need of putting an erring world or an erring sex on the right path.

After all, the charm of good novel-writing, for all that we can ferret out about it, remains to a great extent a mystery; and, in spite of the wise advice printed in handbooks and in magazine articles, giving instructions as to how a novel must be written, — as explicit in telling what to do with the hero in any given dilemma, as, according to Ruskin, the Academicians were in telling the artist where to place his brown cow, — the problems of plot-making are as puzzling and almost as interesting as the problems of life itself. Deeper than questions of structure, deeper than questions of probability in the characters, of plausibility in detail, lies some unspoken demand that has to do with sub-conscious humanity, with immemorial habits and feelings of the human race. The love of children for old types and new adventure may help the novelist to meet the demand for that which is the same, yet is ever combined with something fresh and

[1] *The Glory of Clementina*, by W. J. Locke. The John Lane Company.

[2] *Keeping up with Lizzie*, by Irving Bacheller. Harper & Brothers.

different. Nowhere, perhaps, so well as from the months of youngsters can one get a right idea of the proper proportions in which to mix the well-known with the novel and unexpected. A good story and a good play demand both, and the charm of the oft-told tale, the charm of the new, must be in every good plot: the familiar blending with the unfamiliar, the typical personage and experience revealed in the individual. In all that they have to say about mingling the long-accustomed with the unknown, the little folk are formulating for themselves, and for posterity, laws worked out from dateless experience, and destined for enduring life.

THE ART OF PUTTERING

BY ATKINSON KIMBALL

THE floor of our dressing-room sadly needed painting. The practical member of the firm looked at it, and I looked at it, and then I said with sudden inspiration, 'Why bother the painters with such a little job as this? I'll paint it myself.'

The practical member was silent. She has not the perfect confidence in me that a partner ought to have; and I went on, to reassure her, —

'I have always been interested in the pictorial arts; I have always wanted to be a painter. The only thing that 's kept me from embracing an art-career has been lack of technical skill. When I get to my separate star, I shall paint the thing as I see it for the God of things-as-they-are; and on Saturday afternoons, you can fly over from your separate star, and admire my work. Meanwhile if I can't paint pictures on our crowded planet, at least I can paint floors. It's easy to paint floors. All you have to do is mix the colors in the right proportions and put the paint on. As in all arts, however, the artistic floor-painter is known by what he omits. He should not muddy his colors any more than a literary artist should muddy the colors of his words. He must select, he must be simple. In painting this floor, I shall strive to be simple. I shall make no attempt to paint anything except a pedestrian floor. But who knows? Sometimes the Muse smiles on the humblest practitioner. In addition to being simple, I may prove sensuous and passionate. It will take about a pint of paint.'

The floor of our dressing-room is painted to imitate a hard-pine floor, a difficult color to match. I made a careful mental image of the exact tint, and ensconced myself in the shop, that delectable no-woman's land where, in Stevenson's phrase, I can have a hell of my own, and assume, with the slipping on of my overalls, the entity of mason, carpenter, farmer, or whatever artisan is demanded at the moment by the delightfully multifarious exigencies of country life. This morning, of course, I assumed the entity of a painter.

I carefully fashioned a paddle to stir with; I ranged before me on the bench

the lead, the oil, the turpentine, the Japan dryer, and the most charming series of pure pigments, running, through umbers and yellows and greens, from lampblack to brightest vermilion. This could be called setting my palette.

Is there anything more interesting in life than mixing paint, putting in black to darken it, yellow to lighten it, vermilion to make it bright, and green to see what happens?

As I poured and stirred, I looked southward through the open window at the sea, most vital of created things; I looked northward through the open doorway at the woods, almost as vital as the ocean. In the adjacent meadow, dozens of piebald bobolinks were constantly frolicking into the air with rollicking rattlings of their silver chains of song. Time, newly born, seemed to consist of an illimitable present, typified by my neighbor across the road, slowly cultivating a cornfield, turning his horse at the end of the furrows with sonorous cries, or stopping to chat for age-long minutes with leisurely passers-by. Something of nature's great secret, the secret of passive growth, known of woods and ocean and dogs sleeping in the sunlight, seemed to slip down to me from the heavens as I stirred the pot of paint.

A grim visage appeared in the doorway, not suddenly, but as if it had been there several moments before I observed it. The owner of the face is also a painter, a man who knows the secret of passive growth. His skill and my energy would unite to form a magnificent workman. He merely nodded when he saw I saw him, and deigning to take my brush from the bench, slapped it against the side of the coal-bin.

'What's your brush made of?' he asked with the monosyllabic or, rather, monosentential manner of many New Englanders; 'dog's hair and devil's wool?'

Without waiting for an answer, he disappeared. He had somewhat of an apparitional effect, especially when he reappeared after I had mixed the paint to my perfect satisfaction.

'Well, what do you think of the color?' I asked, flown with the pride of creation.

''Taint *no* color.' And again he disappeared.

Nothing daunted, I took what I could carry comfortably in a gallon pot, leaving the rest in the shop, and started for the house. And then I remembered Jasper. I looked in the south meadow, but he was n't there. I looked at my watch. I could n't expect Jasper to wait for me until a quarter to eleven.

Woodchucks must take a siesta, for I never see them out in the middle of the day. Every morning, Jasper waits for me at the same spot in the meadow, eating from the same clump of clover. I get my shotgun, and creep out stealthily. Jasper sees me and hears me; but he pretends oblivion, redoubling his feeding in the clover as a screen for his benevolent deceit. I take careful aim and fire; Jasper scampers off clumsily, his fat sides shaking with woodchuckles as he runs. My little friend has had his morning exercise and a pleasant titillation in a monotonous existence; I have had my morning practice in marksmanship.

The southwest wind had risen, worthy of an ode. Our flag, blown out straight, bent the slender pole with its eager life; and I became a human aerometer, estimating whether it was necessary to put up a smaller flag.

On such a day as this, three years ago, a neighbor and myself made a pilgrimage to get the pole. Northward we went, past the bank where the dog-tooth violets blow; past the twisted, invincible pasture-oak from whose antique root a spring gushes and is lost among moss-covered boulders; past the

hermit's hut in its overgrown clearing, rude, druidic, as unkempt as the hermit himself; and thence into the sweet woods of birch and beech, oak and maple, fit temple for a pagan service of natural piety.

We carefully selected our tree, a juniper, straight and willowy as a lance; the bright axe bit into the trunk; and the tree settled elastically into the arms of its comrades, who seemed loath to lose it from their company. We indulged a few sentimental compunctions for cutting the tree down; but we reasoned that it was better to be a flag-pole, the admired of all the passers on the road, than to absorb the sunshine fruitlessly in murmurous obscurity. Circumstances had called this tree to a high destiny. From the painful blows of fate, it would emerge a pattern of erectitude, an object of use and beauty, self-centred in every wind that blew.

On the shady side of the hermit's clearing, we trimmed off the branches and peeled the bark; then we bore the pole home in triumph on our shoulders, a vibrant burden responsive to our steps. As we neared the house, we saw a sight at once uncanny and ludicrous: not a decapitated body, but a decorped head — the rubicund face of a neighbor, grinning at us from the level of the grass. In our absence, he had dug the hole, in which he stood neck-high, where our tree would take new root. He stood in a perfect cylinder that showed graphically the geologic strata of our country — top soil, loam, blue clay, and hardpan running down to China.

At last, with the pole as white as paint could make it, with its golden vane flashing a heliographic message of the wind's direction, everything was ready for the flag-raising. We summoned the friendly neighbors who had helped get the pole, or prepare the pole, or select the site of the pole, or place the pole. The colors were bent to the halyards, which were grasped by a holiday crowd of all ages and both sexes. The word of command was given by a whaling captain emeritus, old in years but young in enthusiasm. He pulled as sturdily as the rheumatism he had caught in the Okhotsk Sea would allow; we pulled with him; and our peace-flag rose and rippled in the sweet, salt breeze, to a self conscious, Anglo-Saxon cheer.

We have a set of colors almost as elaborate as a ship's set — big flag for holidays, ordinary flag for ordinary days, little flag for big winds, littlest flag of all, a bright bit of color in the blackest storm, and an absence-flag to apprise itinerant burglars that we're away from home. Who could guess that the arrow of our vane was whittled with a jack-knife, that the big ball was formerly the sport of ladies on a croquet ground, that the little ball, before its elevation, had flown fast and far on the links, that the brass rod performed aforetime the humble function of holding up a sash-curtain?

Perhaps the flag-pole suggests to the passer-by that we keep a boarding-house. If so, so much the better. The thought will mortify our city snobbishness, which has been mortified almost out of existence in a country where none is very rich, few are very poor, where a man can lose everything except his self-respect.

I carried the pot of paint indoors; I went into the dressing-room with all the enthusiasm of a true amateur. At the first glance, I set the paint-pot on the floor and myself limply in a chair, with the sudden, sharp, hideous reaction of the artist who has failed.

Through some inexplicable inadvertence, while enjoying the bobolinks, or watching my neighbor cultivate his corn, or listening to the laconic professional painter, I had made a mistake in

mixing, I had blurred the color in my brain. The product of a morning's work was over two gallons of paint having not even a common denominator of tone with the surface I wished to cover.

The practical member had heard me come in, and she left her serious work. She came into the dressing-room, she looked at the paint, at the floor, and I looked back at her.

'How perfectly,' she remarked with an exquisite tact, 'how perfectly you've matched the kitchen woodwork!'

I looked through the doorway. She was right. I *had* matched the kitchen woodwork perfectly; and fortunately the kitchen woodwork needed painting as sadly as the floor of the dressing-room. I submit that for such a remark a man could learn to love his wife.

In my relief and gratitude, I even forgave her when she slyly added, 'Some time, when you feel like painting the floor of the dressing-room, you might try to match the kitchen woodwork.'

The art of puttering consists of doing for yourself, slowly and inefficiently, what you can pay someone else to do for you, quickly and well. It is hard work that you do not have to do, strenuous loafing that invites the soul. It abrogates the curse of Adam, bringing back the Golden Age before the Fall, perpetuating the playtime of the race. The putterer works in pure love; and if the product prove a poor thing, it is at least his own. He learns the great truth that the unknown quantities in the equation of life can be found only by a cumbersome method of trial and error. He steps out of his narrow professional track, and meets the world with a thousand fresh, humanizing contacts. To be a perfect putterer is to achieve a liberal education. Puttering is a tonic relaxation from the mechanical efficiency of our professional selves, a corrective of the extreme specialization that, otherwise, would result in our becoming all foot, or hand, or head.

When we lived in the city, I did n't know a cut nail from a screw, and I could n't drive either. The other day, with infinite, delightful labor, I was able to construct a rectangular cold-frame, six feet wide at one end and seven feet wide at the other. To have a rectangle develop under one's hands into a trapezium, is an experience beyond the most expert carpenter. The putterer makes laws and breaks laws, and breaks the laws he makes. He produces startling variations from type. An inspired fool, he is a true creator.

As I put the paint I had mixed to match the dressing-room floor on the kitchen woodwork, I noticed that it did n't act precisely like paint that comes already mixed in commercial cans. My paint showed unexpected streaks of cadmium, threads of scarlet, flecks of beryl, flakes of jade. These I worked in as well as I could with my brush of dog's hair and devil's wool.

A few weeks afterward, when the paint had finally dried, I found that unwittingly I had made a great discovery. My painter-friend was right when he said that it 'was n't *no* color.' It was no color because it was every color in the world. Iridescent, fluorescent, — no other kitchen was ever painted with a pigment bearing such a rainbow resemblance to favrile glass.

I simply note my discovery for what it may be worth. The true putterer, like the true theoretic research scientist, cares nothing for practical results, for mere commercialism. If any Edison of the brush should chance to read these lines, I freely give him permission to carry further the experiments inaugurated so auspiciously by myself. I shall not grudge him any of the large supply of paint on hand.

TO JANE AUSTEN

O THOU who to romance's sleights
Didst come as dawn to elves and
sprites,
Replacing spectre-haunted nights
With daylight's genial reign;
Shrewd exorcist — who couldst so well
Romance's goblin bands expel,
Yet keep thine own unrivaled spell,
Incomparable Jane!

How doth thy bodkin's slender steel
Men's frailties and faults reveal!
To thee Achilles is all heel,
Thou lash of Folly's train!
Thou scourgest tomboy, cynic, grig,
The man whose diction is all wig,
The snob, the autocrat, the prig,
Inimitable Jane!

Thou seekest truth, and when 't is found
Thou dost its sportive whims confound;
The shafts, the stable, and the pound
Shall now its pranks restrain;
It dreads thy logic's bristling fence,
Thy files of serried evidence,
Thy panoplied, embattled sense,
Irrefragable Jane!

I know thy passion's cautious throes,
Its timed and tactful overflows,
Its firmly regulated glows,
Its exemplary pain;
Oh, if a tense should court a mood,
Or axioms propositions wooed,
Their raptures were not more subdued,
Inestimable Jane!

I know thy vices' sober frown —
Mephisto in a doctor's gown —
Thy levities that robe the clown
In wisdom's sweeping train:
That magisterial giddiness,
That syllogistic thoughtlessness,
That edifying wickedness,
Impermeable Jane!

O little world so trim and flat,
Where Fate must straighten his cravat,
And Death himself must use the mat,
Ere they could entrance gain!
Thine earth a box of mignonette,
A bird-cage in a window set,
A shelved and shapely cabinet,
Inviolable Jane!

O eye of eagle and of mole,
Thou shrewd and penetrating soul,
Yet off thy little English knoll
So impotent and vain;
Satiric — yet beneath thy glee
An orgy of propriety,
Thou riotest in decency,
Invulnerable Jane!

Was e'er a keen, satiric bent
So quaintly, comically blent
With smug and purring self-content,
And homiletic strain?
A Puck in cassock or a nun
In motley — art thou both or one?
O frolic lore, O surpliced fun,
Inexplicable Jane!

What pen could draw thee, line by line,
With art ironic and benign,
And truth unflawed; what pen but thine
O woman sage and sane?
I would this gladdened world might see
Another Jane to laugh at thee,
Rare target for rare archery,
Irrevocable Jane!

Lightly through time thy figure trips,
Skirt lifted where the highway dips,

Thy brow now crinkled, now thy lips,
As mirth rules or disdain:
The barred and bolted centuries
Thou frontest with unerring keys,
The 'Park,' the 'Abbey,' 'Emma' — these
Shall swift admission gain:
And, if the porter claim a fee,
Fling 'Pride' or 'Sensibility':
The flattered door shall ope for thee,
Imperishable Jane!

ON SAWING WOOD

'To say nothing and saw wood,' seems to me one of the most sagacious phrases passed down by our hard working forebears. Like most sayings which have emanated from manual labor, this is blunt, homely, and, to the loquaciously inclined, painfully accurate. Show me a man bent jack-knife-fashion over a saw-horse, with a short log under his buck, and I will point out a man who is minding his own business with admirable zeal. If he must speak, he stops sawing. While he saws he is necessarily mute. Hence this shrewd phrase, which is, punning aside, a perfect saw.

But though such excellent concentration on one's business is a good thing, it is by no means all that may be said in praise of sawing wood. The hygienic experts tell us that the rhythmic motion is a nearly ideal exercise for the muscles of the body. Well, that is good, too; but I am afraid that even that is not its best recommendation. Walking is a fine exercise, but walking has come to be almost the woe of persons without car-fare. Lying flat on one's stomach, and raising one's self by the hands and toes is an admirable treatment for superfluous weight; but it is very like a punishment, as any one who practices it seriously will admit in confidence. No; to say that any exercise is beneficial is not likely to procure for it many stout adherents. It will not do to advertise that side of sawing wood alone.

To say truth, I am not quite able to give an exact reason for the fascination exerted over a normal man who approaches his saw-horse in the right spirit. It may be the sharp response of the iron teeth, as they bite into the wood. Or it may be the feeling of power and victory, conveyed by the final surrender of the log, when one end, beheaded in the unequal struggle, falls with a satisfying thud. Or it may be the ancient sense of husbandry, of storing away fuel for the winter days, that returns with what is, naturally, one of the most primitive kinds of work. These are random guesses. No doubt, if William Hazlitt had possessed a saw-horse and a couple of cords of four-foot wood, he would have said these things better long ago, and given reasons besides.

There are pleasing odors, and quite indescribable, from the many varieties of new-sawn wood. They are not for the flat-dweller. The practiced nose of the sawyer can distinguish beech from birch, and oak from maple; and when he comes upon a stick of wild cherry, which, of all our hard woods is most fragrant, he will be aware of its presence at the first slide of the saw, even though he be blind-fold.

Again, each kind of wood has an individuality, some peculiarity which brings an agreeable sense of variety to the sawyer. The tough oak-butt gives battle worthy of any man's arms. Maple, too, especially the rock maple so plentiful on New England hills, falls no willing victim to the steel. Beech is not so stubborn when not too dry; and as for birch, — birch is a prodigy. It grows quickly, and with its chaste and beautiful bark I am afraid it poses a good deal among its less attractive brethren of the forests. It is the lazy man's delight on the saw buck. I am speaking of the white, or silver birch,

The yellow variety develops great surprises; and is notably knotty and deformed in figure.

I have said that the birch log is the lazy man's delight. This, of course, is my private confession. I know that as I survey my own pile of cord-wood, of some pretension, I take almost unconscious note of the white sticks therein, and view askance some of the darker hues of bark; for I know their mettle. I have set myself a stint. This does not mean that I am methodical by nature: on the contrary, I am quite out of harmony with preciseness; but the stint seemed the only way by which I could be certain of reducing those logs to stove-dimensions.

Stint is a good word, as a noun. As a verb it means something not quite so pleasing. Do not confound it with stunt, however. A stunt is something quite useless. It is the horse-play of the mountebank, and has nothing in common with honest, productive labor. A stint is the warning to the wise that something demands to be accomplished; a goad to the laggard that time is on the wing. — Well, my stint is twenty sticks every morning. Twenty four-foot logs, selected with the unbiased, hopeful eye that every sawyer possesses before he begins his work; and whether these are finished before breakfast, or after breakfast, is of little consequence. For myself, I find that ante-breakfast labor is deadly. I have heard of persons who walk a certain number of miles before breakfast. To get an appetite, I suppose. It seems to me no less than a slur on good food. But this is a matter that may be left in abeyance. Our theme is the stint, and the doing of the stint.

The saw should be sharp. He works long who works with dull tools. If this is not already a proverb, it should be. Then the saw should be 'set' properly. For a long time I labored vainly because of my ignorance of this point. The saw was sharp, yet it did not seem to be doing its work. It was a neighbor who looked at the blade with the eye of a connoisseur, and announced the difficulty. The set of a saw, and the hang of a scythe, are two bits of knowledge that must be learned afield. They are not in books.

Well, then, the saw is admirable, and the horse, or buck, not too high or too low, and the log is ready. Perhaps it is just as well if it is a sapling, to begin with, or a stick which the woodsman has split with a wedge. Pyrrhic victories are not uncommon in sawing wood. To triumph over a stout stump of oak is not so much of a triumph, if the victor sits breathless on the chopping-block for a half hour, viewing the remains, and getting back his breath. And let the attack be not too brilliant, I pray. Let not the sawdust fly too briskly, for after the first stick is sawed there are nineteen more to come, if twenty be your stint, as mine.

The best woodsman I ever saw was a French Canadian, who chopped so moderately that it seemed impossible that he would ever earn his salt. But every blow counted; and he could take out a bigger chip than any man around. So let it be with your sawing. Begin good-naturedly, and calmly, as though there were time enough for all things. Do not try to hurry the saw or bear on too hard. The saw knows best what company it is in, and 'driving' will not help.

When the last stick is finished, examine the ends carefully. This one was done in a workmanlike manner, you will see. That one is ragged, hesitating; if not a botch, yet not all that can be desired. On this there are marks of a false start; you were uncertain, wavering. This shows the place where you stopped, to wonder perhaps if after all you would n't better hire in a man to do the job. Unworthy idea! The saw

rebelled at that shirking spirit, and went awry for a dozen strokes. You can count your failures and your successes as plainly as if they were written in Arabic numbers, on the end of your sticks. They are the witnesses of your worth as a sawyer of wood.

It is when I have finished my morning stint of sawing wood that I am bland, approachable, and full of benevolence toward the world and my fellow men. Have I not just cause to be satisfied with myself? I have sawed my wood. It may rain this afternoon; to-morrow it may snow. I have done my stint. I am proud of that dull acclaim in the muscles of my back, for did not I come by it honestly, and have I not tangible results to show?

Then, of course, there is wood to be split. I confess that splitting wood has something of brilliance, of vivacity, that sawing lacks. Hence, I conclude, by the good old Puritan reasoning, that sawing is better for my soul. There is something too exultant in sending the axe straight down the grain of a sawed stick; something too victorious for mere man to experience often without strutting. The frugal, steady homesteader is a sawyer; the hired man, fond of display and vagrant by nature, is your natural splitter. He takes no delight in the less spectacular exercise, for it is not his wood.

Not long ago, as I was singing the praises of sawing wood, perhaps a little injudiciously, in the presence of a neighbor of mine, he said sharply, —

'Don't rhapsodize to me about that beastly saw-horse; I had to saw wood when I was a boy until my back was nearly broken, and I almost ran away from home.'

I am sorry for that man; and it is no Pecksniffian sorrow, either. It is good to saw wood; but it is not good to saw too much wood, or to saw a single stick under duress. I would not exchange a single minute of the satisfaction of my stint — no, not for the hours spent by kings; but if I were ordered out to my woodpile, to labor there as a sordid matter of dollars and cents, or at somebody's desire, I think *I* should be inclined to break the saw and run away. In short, I have no desire to saw *your* wood.

HORIZONS

It was a fresh midsummer morning, the wind in the willows and the chirp of birds the only sounds to break the Sabbath stillness, except the splash of water with which the farmer was sousing a very mud-caked wagon in preparation for taking his wife and some summer boarders to meeting. Indoors the rite of exchanging calico for the more sabbatical silk was going on. But one youthful boarder in everyday attire was setting out on the road, not in the direction the wagon was to take.

I was not going to meeting on that superb morning, even though the date was one remote from the present age of Sunday freedom, a period in which the very air stiffened once a week to admonition. The day had set itself apart for me, from the first raising of the curtains between us, to another end and purpose.

Half a mile from the house, four or five roads strayed together in a grassy space, with ancient gray sign-boards, tilted at different angles, and pointing with half-obliterated finger to places three eighths of a mile, five miles, fourteen miles, away. On any other day I should have paused to consult them, to be duped by their estimate of distance or lured by the charm of a name. But to-day I went on at random. No road led whither I was going, no sign-board pointed to the thing I sought, but at any turn in the woods, over the edge of any hill, its glory might come to meet me.

The wayside was thick with our New England wayside vegetation, all fresh and dewy: ferns, berries, flowers, in swampy or sandy succession. Birds flew on busy errands, broke into little outbursts of song among the bushes, flashed to an eye trained in bird's-nesting a familiar gleam of white feathers, a well-known dip or curve of flight, or stirred an instinctive curiosity by some unrecognized trait and the rustle of unknown wings in the foliage. But I was neither hunting for birds, nor botanizing, nor picking berries. I was out in search of truth.

That I occupied myself on that high errand with anything worthy the name of thought,far be it from me to affirm. The thoughts of youth may be 'long, long thoughts,' but recollection is the parent of a suspicion on my part that they are often fairly empty ones. They belong rather to the order of sensations. If I went through any train of thought as I swung along that country road, it must have been much as a dog rushes through a thicket. I was impelled by happiness and the freshness of the day. I was beckoned by the horizon. I was goaded by misery.

The fact is that in those youthful days all my walks had as their aim the horizon, even if their end were a stone fence or the grocery store. To that rim of earth and the unearthly, to that contact of matter with light, all my problems were brought; its aspect held consolation, reassurance, promise; and once in a long time something more. Sometimes I did all the talking, and the horizon was mute; we got nowhere on that day. But when the quivering of wounded personality subsided, when silence and receptiveness had their little hour, there were things said over there that helped.

To one who builds his hopes on the horizon an upward path, even if not an open one, is an invitation, I took a logging road that led up a hill, the nearest approach to a mountain that the region afforded. It led me through the woods into a clearing on the hill-top, a little circular clearing filled with stones, raspberry bushes, and fire-weed; trees all around, a little below me, but narrowing my horizon to a curve of waving tree-tops only a few yards away.

Seated on a pile of logs I looked out over the fire-weed and raspberry bushes to the horizon of oak and birch. Then I looked mentally at the horizons beyond, over the curve of our earth with its fields and woods, its churches and houses, its working, praying, sinning, suffering people; over the world of books, — like the other, guessed rather than known. What was the meaning of it all? What stood out in it? What of all its realities was the most real, of all its dreams the least delusive?

There was light, poured down upon all, alternating with darkness, shining through and around it, a gift of the whole to each one. There was truth, coming to us in divers ways, in the scattered variety of things true: this true for one mind, that for another. There was goodness, shining through peoples' faces and in their lives, making them something to look up to and reverence. The light could be struck with a match, the goodness could belong to the ignorant and unthinking, the truth might or might not be really true. But could any light, any truth, any goodness, exist, if there were not the abstract realities, light, truth, goodness, — all that we see, a fragment or a mere reflection of them? Was not that real existence, God?

I don't offer it as a final philosophy, this interview of a small mind of seventeen with the horizon of a raspberry patch. But at the moment, and more or less for some time afterwards, it was to me one of the things that counted.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1911

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THE PRINCIPAL GIRL

A NOVEL

BY J. C. SNAITH

I

A GREAT PROCONSUL AND OTHER PHENOMENA

THE Great Proconsul stood on one of Messrs. Maple's best hearthrugs in Grosvenor Square. A typical payer of the supertax, a pink and prosperous gentleman in a morning coat and striped trousers, his appearance had long commanded the admiration of his country.

He had not ruled the teeming millions of the Ganges, although the strength of his digestion and his absence of imagination would at any time have enabled him to do so. But for a period of nine weeks he had been the Resident of Barataria North West; and partly for that reason and partly for a reason even more cogent, he had the distinction of being the last peer created by Mr. Vandeleur's last government.

Eton, Balliol, diplomacy, private means, together with various places of emolument under the Crown, had each a share in raising Shelmerdine of Potterhanworth to his elevation. A first baron certainly, but not a mushroom growth you see. The honors of a grateful nation had come to him mainly because he had not been able to avoid them. From early youth he had been ranged with those who always do the right thing at the right time in the right way. He had always hit the bull's-eye so exactly in the centre that public regard itself had had to strive to keep pace with his progress. If, like the young girl in the drama, he had actually tried to take the wrong turning, he would have found it very difficult to do so.

Up to the age of one and thirty, Shelmerdine — not then of Potterhanworth — had, like humbler mortals, just a sporting chance of getting off the target. But at the age of thirty-one he married. By that judicious action he forfeited any little chance he may have had of dying an obscure private individual.

Sociologists differ as to what is the most portentous phenomenon of the age in which we dwell, but there is a body of the well-informed that awards the palm unhesitatingly to that amiable institution, the Suffolk Colthurst.

The world is under great obligations to this interesting representative of the higher mammalia. The upper reaches of Theology are whitened with the bones of the Suffolk Colthurst. It makes an almost ideal Under Secretary, it is always so smooth-spoken and well-brushed; it makes a most excellent Judge. What would be the Established Order without the Colthurst of Suffolk? What would be the Navy and Army, Law and Medicine, Parliament Itself, Art, and — yes, gentlemen! — Letters, without the Colthurst of Suffolk?

It is an error, however, to suppose that this pleasant phenomenon confines itself to one little corner of the globe. The Colthurst is indigenous to Suffolk, but for generations there has been quite a colony settled in Kent. There is also the world-famous Scotch variety, and of late traces of the Suffolk Colthurst have been found in America. The Transatlantic mind, never slow at diagnosis, and with its trick of masterful and telling speech, has already ventured to define its creed. In America the creed of the Suffolk Colthurst has been defined as the Art of Getting There with Both Feet.

Please do not assume that there is anything ignoble about the Colthurst of Suffolk. Quite the contrary. It has been laid down as a general principle that the Suffolk Colthurst never makes money but always marries it. That is not to say, of course, that a Suffolk Colthurst has never been known to make money, because such a statement, however pleasant, would be in excess of the truth. But the Suffolk Colthurst *pur sang* sets less store by the making of money than by the spending of money in the way that shows it has always had money to spend.

As a matter of fact it always has had money to spend. As soon as banking, brewing, land-jobbing, share-broking, and other polite arts began to flourish in Suffolk, the Colthurst began to marry and to give in marriage. The family has always been partial to banking. It is such an eminently sensible practice to lend money at double the rate at which you borrow it; and it has the additional advantage that you can't call it Trade.

Our immediate business, however, is with the blameless gentleman who at the age of one and thirty was accepted in marriage by a charming representative of the genus, and at the age of nine and fifty was made a peer by Mr. Vandeleur's government, immediately antecedent to its total and permanent eclipse.

To return then to Shelmerdine of Potterhanworth. For nearly an hour had he occupied the tasteful hearthrug provided by Messrs. Maple. A frown chequered his serene front, and several times he had recourse to the Leading Morning Journal which lay open on his writing table at page four.

At the top of the third column was a communication dated from the Helicon Club, S. W. It was signed by himself, and had been crowned with the glory of the largest type you could have without having to pay for it. Immediately below, in type equally glorious, were communications veiled in the discreet anonymity of 'A Lover of Animals' and 'Verax.'

Discreet anonymity is disagreeable as a rule. The communications of 'A Lover of Animals' and 'Verax' did not transgress it. The fact was, the Great Proconsul was in the act of rendering a signal service to the Public; and in consequence the Public did not thank him for his interference. To be sure, it was the first time in his life that he had been guilty of such an indiscretion. It had always been his rule never to do a foolish thing and always to say a

wise one, provided that some other eminent public man had paved the way for such a complex course of action. This was his first single-handed attempt to render a service to society at large; and, as was only to be expected, society at large was not making itself very pleasant about it.

There could be no doubt that at this moment the Great Proconsul was the most unpopular man in London. Old ladies in ermine tippets scowled at him as he passed along Park Lane; and a hostess of mark, famous for her wealth and her humanity, had already crossed him out of her dinner list.

II

TOUCHES UPON A MATTER OF GRAVE PUBLIC IMPORTANCE

Of what crime, do you suppose, had S. of P. been guilty? It was merely that in a public print he had ventured to ask why payment of the nominal sum of seven and sixpence per annum conferred certain privileges upon the dogs of London which society at large, for some little time past, has ceased to claim.

The resources of civilization were ranged already against Shelmerdine of Potterhanworth. Nice-minded women in point lace refused to meet the self-constituted champion of public amenity; the black-velveted mistresses of the Flossies and the Fidos thought the state of his mind must be unpleasant; he was an object of contumely where all that was fair and of good report held sway in the life of the metropolis.

It was a pretty quarrel, and both sides were sustaining it with spirit. The Pro-Darlings, with 'Verax' and 'A Lover of Animals' at their head, had rejoined with mannerly vituperation to the polished sarcasm of the Anti-Darlings. What is your remedy? had inquired the Friends of Fido with a rather obvious sneer. Banish the dumb creation from the pavements of great cities, had replied Inspired Common Sense.

And for our own poor part, my lords and gentlemen, we think that reply is worth a statue.

'Verax' was making merry, though at the expense of a public ornament. The occupant of Messrs. Maple's best hearthrug, however, who remembered 'Verax' perfectly well as a grubby infant at his private school, had already formed the pious resolve of putting the fear of God into 'Verax.'

S. of P., having pondered long, sat down at his writing table; dipped his quill with a certain inherent natural grandeur, and started out on his crushing reply. 'Sir, I have read with amazement the diatribe against my humble and unworthy self, which appears under the signature of "Verax," to which you have extended the generous hospitality of your columns.'

At this point S. of P. bit his quill with such violence that a large blot was shaken from the end of it upon the monogram which decorated the communication.

'The problem as I envisage it'—S. of P. took a small gold pencil out of his waistcoat pocket and made a note on his blotting pad. 'The problem as I envisage it'—But the problem that he did envisage was the Suffolk Colthurst who at that moment entered the room.

The Suffolk Colthurst was large and blond — so large and so blond that to a profane mind she rather conveyed the suggestion of a particularly well-grown cauliflower.

'Wally, *please* don't let me spoil your morning. Don't let me interrupt you, *please*.'

The voice of the Suffolk Colthurst was really quite agreeable, although a

little light in the upper register. You might even call it flutelike if you cared to indulge in metaphor.

'Not at all, Agatha,' said S. of P. with excellent chest resonance. 'I am merely envisaging the problem of the — ah — '

'Don't do it, Wally.' The voice of the Suffolk Colthurst was perhaps a shade less flutelike if history really calls for these *nuances*. 'You are making yourself ridiculous. Please drop the subject.'

'No, Agatha.' The sun setting over Africa might be compared to the brow of the Great Proconsul. 'Man in "The Thunderer" most impertinent. Signs himself "Verax." Suspect it's that fellow — '

'Wally.' The Suffolk Colthurst roared him a little less gently than usual. 'I will not uphold you! Everybody thinks it is most injudicious.'

'Everybody, Agatha?'

'Paul and Millicent consider — '

'Public health, Agatha, public dec—'

'Wally, once for all, I absolutely refuse to discuss the subject. I will not have you make yourself ridiculous.'

The Suffolk Colthurst, with an approximation of natural majesty, put on a pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses which were suspended round her neck by a cord and took the Leading Morning Journal off the first baron's table.

'Impertinent, certainly. Sarcasm, I suppose.'

'Suspect it's that fellow Huffham, because I declined to propose him for Rule Two.'

'Certainly you do appear to have laid yourself open, but the letter is most ill-natured.'

'As though I should be likely to propose him. Known the man all my life.'

The Suffolk Colthurst gathered her majestic inches for the ultimatum.

'Wally, you must listen to me. This matter has already gone too far. Let it drop. It is the first time I have known you go out of your way to make yourself ridiculous.'

'Public health, Agatha, public decency.'

'Leave it to the County Council.'

'They are not competent to envisage such a problem as this. And I am determined, in the face of that letter — '

'Paul says that no man can afford to make himself a public laughing-stock.'

'Paul's a coward.'

'Paul says they are certain to make you an Apostle.'

'Eh?'

'If you don't make a fool of yourself.'

'Paul said that! Why, pray, should they make me an Apostle?'

'Because there is nobody else; and people will say the race has already passed its zenith if the vacancy is not filled up at once.'

'I will say this for Paul — he is well informed as a rule.'

'Wait, Wally, until you are an Apostle.'

'Very well, then, with the greatest possible reluctance, I yield the point for the present. "Verax" shall wait until — Tell me, Agatha, what have you to say to me?'

The good, the noble — forgive our fervor, O ye Liberal organs of opinion, even if *your* bosoms be not thrilled by this whole-souled devotion to the public weal! — the good, the noble Shelmerdine of Potterhanworth flung the offending print upon Messrs. Maple's expensive carpet in a sudden uncontrollable access of private pique.

'Agatha.' The accents of the Great Proconsul were choked with emotion. 'Tell me, Agatha, what have you to say to me?'

'Wally,' said the Suffolk Colthurst, 'what I have to say to you is this.'

III

IS DOMESTIC IN THE MAIN, BUT WE HOPE NOT UNWORTHY OF A GREAT CONSTITUTIONAL STATESMAN

When you are up against a serious anticlimax, it is a golden rule to begin a fresh chapter.

The Suffolk Colthurst paused and sat, with a further access of natural majesty, upon a chair Louis Quinze, supplied, like the hearthrug, by Tottenham Court Road.

'Wally — Philip has declined to come to the Queen's Hall this afternoon to hear Busoni.'

Doing his best even in this dangerous anticlimax, S. of P. retrieved the Leading Morning Journal from the carpet, straightened out its crumpled folds with patient humility, laid it on the table, sat down in his own chair, — Tottenham Court Road of the best period, — put up his eyeglass, — by Cary of Pall Mall, maker to the Admiralty, — and in the voice of one pronouncing a benediction said, 'Well, Agatha?'

'Actually declined. Tells me he's engaged to a pantomime at Drury Lane.'

'Matter of taste, I suppose.'

'Taste, Wally! Dear Adela is coming and I have taken such trouble to arrange this.'

The Proconsul showed a little perturbation.

'No accounting for taste I presume. Why a man of his age, rising twenty-eight, should prefer — '

'Wally, it is very wrong and you must speak to him. It is not kind to dear Adela. Please ring the bell.'

The Proconsul rang the bell and a young and very good-looking footman attended the summons.

'Joseph,' said his mistress, 'if Mr. Philip has not gone yet, tell him please that his father would like to see him.'

After a lapse of about five minutes, a young man sauntered into the library. He was a somewhat sombre-looking young man in a chocolate-colored suiting.

'Good-morning, Philip,' said the first baron.

'Mornin', father,' said the heir to the barony.

'Philip,' said the first baron, 'your mother tells me that you have declined to accompany her and Adela Rocklaw to the Albert Hall this afternoon to hear Paderewski.'

The heir to the barony knitted the intellectual forehead that was his by inheritance.

'Not declined, you know, exactly. It's a bit of a mix. I thought the concert was next Saturday.' Mr. Philip was a slow and rather heavy young man, but his air was quite sweet and humble, and not without a sort of tacit deference for both parents. 'Fact is I was keepin' next Saturday.'

'Why not go this afternoon as you have got wrong in the date? Your mother has been at so much trouble, and I am sure Adela Rocklaw will be disappointed.'

'Unfortunately I've fixed up this other thing.'

'Engaged to a music-hall, I understand.'

'Pantomime at Drury Lane,' said Philip the Sombre.

'Quite so.' The Proconsul, like other great men, was slightly impatient of meticulous detail in affairs outside his orbit. 'Hardly right, is it, to disappoint Adela Rocklaw, especially after your mother' — Mother, still mounted on the Louis Quinze, sat with eyelids lowered but very level — 'has taken so much trouble? At least I, at your age, should not have thought so.'

Mr. Philip pondered a little.

'A bit awkward, perhaps. I say,

mater, don't you think you could fix up another day?'

The gaze of Mother grew a little less abstract at this invocation.

'Impossible, Phil-ip' — the Rubens-Minerva countenance, whose ample chin was folded trebly in rolls of adipose tissue, was a credit to the Governing Classes; 'dear Adela goes to High Cliff on Wednesday for the shooting.'

'Well, I'm sorry,' said Mr. Philip, quite nicely and politely, 'that I shall have to go to Drury Lane this afternoon.'

'*Have* to go, Phil-ip!' Still ampler grew the Governing Classes. 'It is really impossible in the circumstances.'

'What circumstances, mater?'

'Dear Adela.'

'She won't mind, if you explain. It's like this, you see. Teddy Clapham has taken a box for his kids, and I promised 'em I'd be there — and you can't go back on your word with kids, can you?'

'Why not, Phil-ip?' inquired the Governing Classes.

'Sort of gives 'em wrong views about things, you know.'

'How absurd!' said Mother. 'Much too sentimental about children nowadays. Telephone to Mr. Clapham and explain the circumstances. I am sure he will understand that as dear Adela is going to High Cliff on Wednesday —'

A cloud gathered on the brow of Philip.

'May be wrong, you know, mater, but I really can't go back on my word with kids. I promised 'em, you know; and that little Marge is a nailer and she is only five.'

The statement, in spite of its sincerity, did not seem to carry conviction to either parent.

The heir to the barony was a dutiful young man; at least, in an age which has witnessed a somewhat alarming decline in parental authority, he passed as such. His deference, perhaps, was not of a type aggressively old-fashioned, but he honored his father and his mother.

'I'll get a box for the *Chocolate Soldier* on Monday if you and Adela will come, mater, but I don't see how I can throw over Teddy Clapham's kids, — — five of 'em toddlers, — and they ain't got a mother, you know.'

'Phil-ip, this is ridiculous. And dear Adela will be so disappointed, and on Monday there is a reception at the Foreign Office.'

'You can go on afterwards.'

'But your father and I are engaged to dinner with the Saxmundhams.'

'Well, mater, I'm sorry. I hope you'll explain to Adela. Got mixed in the date, and if it had n't been kids I really would in the circumstances —'

The doorknob was now in the hand of the heir to the barony. Parthian bolts were launched at him, but he made good his escape from the stricken field with his mangled carcass.

'It's a nuisance,' he muttered as he closed the door behind him, 'but I really don't see what's to be done in the circumstances.'

In the entrance-hall he put on his hat, and was helped by Joseph into an overcoat with an astrachan collar; from the hall-stand he took a whangee cane with massive silver mountings, and sauntered forth pensively to his house of call, that was not very far from the corner of Hamilton Place.

Arrived at that desirable bourn, his first act was to ring up 00494 Wall.

'That you, Teddy? Have you told the kids to feed early to be in time for the risin' of the curtain? Yes, I've bought the Bukit Rajahs. Think so? Yes, not a minute later than a quarter past one.'

Replacing the receiver, the heir to the barony of Shelmerdine of Potterhanworth recruited exhausted nature with

a whiskey and apollinaris and put forth from the chaste portals of the Button Club. Adventures were lying in wait, however, for this idle rich young fellow.

As he rounded the corner into Piccadily, a little unwarily, it must be confessed, he nearly collided with the Ne Plus Ultra of fashion in the person of a tall and decidedly smart young woman, in a rather tight black velvet hobble, and a charming mutch with a small strip of white fur above the left eyelid.

IV

IN WHICH THE GENTLE READER HAS THE HONOR OF AN INTRODUCTION TO THE SEVENTH UNMARRIED DAUGHTER OF NOT QUITE A HUNDRED EARLS

The Ne Plus Ultra had just achieved the feat of crossing from the Green Park in the charge of a quadruped of whom we are at a loss to furnish a more explicit description. How and why it had been allowed to escape a death by violence at the instance of the passing motor and other mechanically propelled vehicles, was yet another of the dark secrets which must be left in the keeping of its maker.

'Hullo, Adela!'

Jamming the brakes hard on, the heir to the barony was just able to avert a forcible impact with the fearsome four-footed beast which measured eighteen inches and a quarter from the tip of its tail to the end of its muzzle.

'What is it, Adela? Win it in a raffle?'

The seventh unmarried daughter of not quite a hundred earls was a little inclined to stiffen at this freedom with an Honourable Mention at the Crystal Palace.

'It is a pure-bred rough-haired Himalayan Dust Spaniel, and they are very rare.'

'I hope so.'

This profane observation did not seem to help the idle rich young fellow. The seventh unmarried daughter of not quite a hundred earls — she was the daughter of only three earls really, although she is not to be held to blame on that account, dear girl — tilted her chin to its most aristocratic angle, and displayed considerable reserve of manner. Yes, perhaps we agree with her that it would have been better for all concerned if the heir of so recent a creation had shown a little finer sense of the deference due to a maid and a dog of pedigree.

An eyelash, lengthy and sarcastic, flickered upon the lady's cheek.

'Pure-bred rough-coated Himalayan Dust Spaniel,' said the heir to the barony. 'Stick him in your muff or you might lose him.'

'You are coming to the concert, are n't you?' said the seventh unmarried daughter, in a tone singularly detached and cool.

'I'm afraid I can't,' said the heir to the barony. 'Awfully sorry, Adela, but fact is, I've got mixed in the day. Thought it was next Saturday.'

'Oh, really!'

'So I've promised five little kidlets I'd take 'em to the pantomime at Drury Lane.' 'You don't mind, Adela, do you? — or, I say, would you care to come? You'll find it a deal more amusing than Paderewski. We've got a box and there'll be any amount of room. And you won't need a chaperon, with five kids and their nannas, and the mater need n't go to Kubelik then, because she hates all decent music worse than I do. Better come, Adela. Pantomime's awfully amusin', and you'll like Clapham, if you have n't met him — chap, you know, that married poor little Bridgit Brady.'

'Thanks,' said the young madam, 'but I think I prefer Busoni.'

The heir to the barony was rather concerned by the tone of Miss Insolence.

'You aren't rattled, are you, Adela?' said he. 'I've made a horrid mess of it, and I'm to blame and all that, but you can't go back on your word with kids, can you? If you come, I'm sure you'll like it; and that little Marge is a nailer, and she is only five.'

The long-lashed orb from beneath the charming mutch showed very cold and blue.

'Thanks, but I think I prefer Busoni. Come, Fritz.'

'Well, I'm sorry,' said the penitent; and the rather tight hobble and the charming mutch and the pure-bred Himalayan Dust Spaniel moved round the corner of Hamilton Place in review order.

Humbled and undone, the heir to the barony sauntered up the street, past the Cavalry and past the Rag, past the Savile and past the Bath, until, broken in spirit, he stayed his course before the chocolate shop of B. Venoist.

'She's as cross as two sticks,' sighed the heir to the barony, as he gazed in at the window. 'Always was a muddlin' fool — but you can't go back on your word with kids, can you? Now, I must be careful which sort I choose. I expect that sort in pink boxes will make 'em as sick as Monday mornin'.'

In this opinion, however, B. Venoist did not concur. He assured the heir to the barony that it was exactly the same quality as that supplied to Buckingham Palace, the Durdans, High Cliff Castle, and Eaton Hall.

'If that is so,' said the heir to the barony, 'I think I'll risk a box.' 'Looks pretty poisonous,' he added — although not to B. Venoist.

'You'll find that all right, sir,' said B. Venoist. 'Precisely the same quality as supplied to York Cottage.'

'I'm glad o' that,' said the heir to the barony, disbursing a sum in gold, and dangling a large but neat white paper parcel from his index finger.

'Cross as two sticks,' mused the stricken young man, putting forth from the chocolate shop of B. Venoist, and bestowing a nod in passing upon a choice light-blue striped necktie.

By some odd association of ideas, the sight of this article was responsible for his course being stayed before his favorite shop-window a little farther along the street: that of Mr. Thomas Ling, whose neckties in the opinion of some are as nice as any in London.

'Have you an Old Etonian Association necktie?' he asked of Mr. Thomas Ling, although he knew quite well that Mr. Thomas Ling had, and a Ramblers' also, if he had required it.

'The narrow or the broad, sir?' said Mr. Thomas Ling.

'The broad,' said the heir to the barony; but at Mr. Thomas Ling's look of frank incredulity, he corrected it to 'the narrow.'

Armed with the narrow, the heir to the barony left the shop of Mr. Thomas Ling poorer by the sum of five and sixpence, and also by a box of the best assorted chocolates from B. Venoist, which he had the misfortune to leave upon the counter.

'Cross as two sticks,' muttered the stricken young man as he reached the end of the celebrated thoroughfare, and gazed an instant into the window of Messrs. Wan and Sedgar, to see how their famous annual winter sale was getting on in the absence of the winter.

The mind of the heir to the barony hovered not unpleasantly, for all its unhappiness, over a peculiarly chaste display of silk and woollen pajamas, three pairs for two guineas, guaranteed unshrinkable, when with a shock he awoke to the fact that he was no longer

the proud possessor of a box of the best assorted chocolates from B. Venoist.

'I'm all to pieces this mornin',' registered the vain young man on the inner tablets of his nature. Thereupon he took out his watch, a gold hunting repeater, a present from his mother when he came of age, and in a succinct form apostrophized his Maker.

'Nine minutes to one and I've got to collect the kids from Eaton Place, and the bally show begins at one-thirty. Here, I say!'

The heir to the barony hailed a passing taxi.

'Call at Ling's up on the right, and then drive like h-ll to 300 Eaton Place.'

'Right you are, sir,' said the driver of the taxi, in such flagrant contravention of the spirit of the Public Vehicles Act, Edwardus VII, Cap. 3, that we much regret being unable to remember his number.

It was the work of two minutes for the heir to the barony to retrieve the box of best assorted chocolates from the custody of Mr. Thomas Ling up on the right, — which it ought never to have been in it, — and then the driver of the taxi sat down in the saddle and was just proceeding to let her out a bit, in accordance with instructions, when Constable X held him up peremptorily at the point where Bond Street converges upon B. Venoist. Not, however, we are sorry to say, in order to take the number of this wicked chauffeur, engaged in breaking an act of Parliament for purposes of private emolument, but merely to enable an old lady in a stole of black mink and a black hat with white trimmings, together with a Pekinese sleeve dog, lately the property of the Empress of China, to cross the street to buy a box of water-colors for her youngest nephew.

Certainly she was a very dear old lady; but the heir to the barony cursed her bitterly as, gold hunting repeater in hand, he vowed that the kids would not be in time for the rising of the curtain.

As it was, the driver of the taxi, owing to this dereliction of duty upon the part of Constable X, — a kind man certainly and about to become a sergeant, — sat down again in the saddle and proceeded to let her out a bit further. So that anon, swinging along that perilous place where four and twenty metropolitan ways converge, yclept Hyde Park Corner, he came within an ace of running down a perfectly blameless young man in an old bowler hat and a reach-me-down, the author of this narrative, who was on his way to consult with his respected publisher as to whether, — no, young sir, you are a little previous, are n't you! — as to whether a work of ripe philosophy would do as well in the autumn as in the spring?

The young man in the old bowler hat, — old but good of its kind, purchased of Mr. Lock in the Street of Saint James on the strength of 'the success of the spring season,' although for the reach-me-down, no defense is offered, — the young man in the old bowler hat stepped back to the pavement with as much agility as an old footballer's knee would permit, and cursed the occupant of the taxi by all his gods for a bloated plutocrat, and in the unworthy spirit of revenge vowed to make him the hero of his very next novel.

A cruel revenge, but not, we think, unjustified. Idle rich young fellow — toiled not, neither did he spin — nursing a gold hunting repeater, in a coat with an astrachan collar and one of Messrs. Scott's latest — with a red face and a suspicion of down upon the upper lip — taking five kids who had lost their mother to the pantomime without his lunch — how dare he run down a true

pillar of the democracy, at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour!

At nine minutes past one by the gold hunting repeater, in the middle of Victoria Street, the hard thought occurred to the young chap that he would get no lunch. Still let us not overdo our regard for his heroism, because he had not finished his breakfast until something after eleven, and his breakfast had consisted of three devilled kidneys on toast, a plate of porridge, a grilled sole, muffins, marmalade and fruit ad libitum; but still the young chap was undoubtedly going to miss his luncheon.

At twelve minutes past one by the gold hunting repeater, the heir to the barony was acclaimed in triumph from the threshold of Number 300 Eaton Place by five kids and their nannas, who were beginning almost to fear that Uncle Phil had forgotten to call for 'em.

'It is only Aunty Cathy that forgets,' said Marge, who, considering that at present she is only five, has excellent powers of observation. 'Uncle Phil never forgets nothink.'

Shrill cheers greeted the idle rich young fellow. Blow, blow thy whistle, Butler. Let us have another taxi up at once. Marge and Timothy and Alice Clara in taxi the first with Uncle Phil; nannas Helen and Lucy with Dick and the Babe in taxi the second.

'Must be at Drury Lane,' said Uncle Phil to Messieurs les Chauffeurs, 'before the risin' of the curtain at one-thirty.'

Those grim evil-doers nodded darkly, and away they tootle-tootled round the corner into the Buckingham Palace Road. One-fourteen, said the gold hunting repeater. Bar accidents, we shall do it on our heads.

'Oh, Uncle Phil,' said Marge, 'we've forgotten Daddy.'

'Comin' on from the city,' said Uncle Phil.

V

IN WHICH THE GENTLE READER IS TAKEN TO THE PANTOMIME IN THE COMPANY OF MARGE AND TIMOTHY AND ALICE CLARA AND DICK AND THE BABE, AND HELEN AND LUCY NANNA; AND WE HOPE YOU'LL ENJOY IT AS MUCH AS THEY DID

The door of Marge's taxi was opened by a benevolent bewhiskered policeman, who, being himself a family man, lifted her out as if he were pleased to see her. Uncle Phil then handed out Timothy and Alice Clara; and then he got out himself and performed an action which we are forced to view with regret. He opened the little purse which he kept in the pocket opposite to the gold hunting repeater, and presented a crown to the member of the criminal classes whose number we have so unfortunately omitted to take. And that dark-visaged misdemeanant who, if every man had had his due, would have had the blood of half the west end of London on what he was pleased to call his conscience, spat for luck on his guilty emolument when no one was looking, and thought of the new hat he would be able to buy the missus. At least we hope he did, although Mr. G-lsw-rthy has his doubts.

Shoals of other kids were converging upon the portals of Drury — kids in taxis, kids in growlers, kids on foot. It was 1:28, and all were frightfully anxious to be in their places by the time the curtain — the real, not the fireproof curtain — went up. Timothy and Alice Clara were inclined to hustle around a bit, but Marge had such implicit faith in Uncle Phil that to her mind hustling was not called for, and was therefore unladylike.

In justice to Marge, it is only fair to say that her faith in Uncle Phil was amply justified. Crowds of arrivals

were in the vestibules: kids with their fathers, kids with their mothers, kids with their nannas, kids with their maiden aunts.

But, straight as a die, Uncle Phil cut out a course for his convoy. In double file his party of seven — five kids and two quite nice-looking nannas — followed in the wake of his astrachan collar and whangee cane with silver mountings. At one-twenty-nine Marge was seated in Box B next to the stage, and on a level with the dress circle. Timothy and Alice Clara and Dick and the Babe were seated beside her — certainly a great triumph for all concerned, including the criminal eating his dinner out of his handkerchief within a stone's throw of the office of the Sp-ct-t-r.

Uncle Phil bought a programme and paid a shilling for it, although sixpence was the price.

'*Cinderella*, I see. Rippin'.'

Marge knew it was *Cinderella*. She had dreamed that it was. Besides, all the best pantomimes are *Cinderella*. But where was Daddy? Why did n't he make haste? There was Mr. Lover — loud applause — the orchestra was tuning up. Oh, why did n't Daddy —

Oh, joy! oh, Providence! Daddy came into Box B just as Marge was inquiring for him, in his tall hat fresh from Mincing Lane. A rather tired and sad-looking Daddy, a little hollow in the cheeks and with rings under his eyes, although fortunately Marge did n't notice them. But as soon as he caught sight of the heir to the barony, whose other name was Uncle Phil, a smile seemed to come right over him.

'Damned good of you, old boy,' he said, as he hung up his tall hat beside the very latest performance on the part of Messrs. Scott. 'Ungodly hour to begin,' said Daddy. 'Hope you got your lunch all right.'

'Ra-*ther*,' said Uncle Phil. 'You?'

'Ye–es.'

We know what Uncle Phil is, and we are afraid we must say the same of Father.

But Mr. Lover is already under way with his overture.

And then Father asked Marge if she could see, and if Timothy could see, and was Babe comfortable, and other well-meaning but superfluous questions almost, as it were, to convey a sense of his importance. And there was the curtain actually going up, on a field of new-mown hay. It was magnificent, but with all respect to Mr. Hollins, the scent of the hay was only just able to get across the footlights. But don't let Mr. Hollins take it to heart, because Marge, quite one of the most important people in all his noble theatre, was able to smell the scent of the new-mown hay all right.

'A toppin' good chorus,' said Uncle Phil.

Dick and the Babe fairly crowed with pleasure. Helen Nanna hoped they would restrain themselves, and whispered to Lucy Nanna that *never* had she seen anything like it.

And then, quite suddenly, the lights went out; the orchestra rolled in semi-darkness; something happened to the scenery; the lights came up again, and there was a kitchen in the ancestral hall of the Baron de No-Cash.

Again crowed the Babe with pleasure, and he had a perfect right to do so; because it was really a remarkable sort of a kitchen, larger by far than the one in Eaton Place where Cook kept the marmalade; though doubtless what most engaged the fancy of the Babe was the enormous fireplace, which had accommodation for a turnspit and at least twenty-four persons.

In the temporary absence of any single human individual, the turnspit had the stage all to itself. This was a subtle device on the part of the man-

agement. An air of rapt expectation enfolded the great audience, as of something going to happen.

And something did.

A perfect roar of enthusiasm heralded the happening of the something. Now what do you suppose it was? Nothing less than the arrival of the Principal Girl.

She just wandered in, nohow as it were, with a broom in her hand and her skirt in tatters, and a red cap over her curls and her feet in slippers. She was merely the maid of all work in the kitchen of the Baron de No Cash; a downtrodden creature, according to legend and according to the libretto; but you would hardly have thought so, since she had to stand bowing for two whole minutes over her broom-handle before she was allowed to proceed with the business of life.

The roar reverberated from the roof of the gallery to the floor of the pit. Kids in boxes, kids in stalls, kids in the dress circle, and an infant in arms at the back of the theatre all helped the welkin to let itself go; and responsible middle-aged gentlemen from the Kaffir Circus and the Rubber Market, a grandee from the Home Department, a judge of the Court of King's Bench, a solicitor who had applied the money of his clients to his own purposes, although nobody had found him out at present, a substantial family from Hammersmith, the proprietor of a flourishing Brixton laundry whose eldest girl was in the ballet, a gentleman who had just been declared a bankrupt, an old charwoman in the front row of the gods, and a thousand and one other heterogeneous elements, whom we are only able to refer to in the most general terms, assisted Marge and Timothy and Alice Clara and Dick and the Babe to make the welkin behave frightfully foolish over a rather plain-looking girl of twenty-four who had to stand there bowing over her broom-handle before she could get on with the business of life.

And when at last she was able to get on with the business of life, what do you suppose it was? Why to sing, of course, 'Come with me to Arcadee.' What in the world else do you suppose her business in life could be?

A little well-timed assistance from Mr. Lover, which she really did n't require, and away she soared straight up through the middle register, and at the same moment something seemed to go *ping, ping,* beneath the knitted waistcoat of chocolate worsted of the heir to the barony, standing at the back of Box B at the side of Father.

'Come with me to Arcadee.'

Uncle Phil accepted her invitation without the slightest hesitation, — we are not so sure as we should like to be about Father, — but Nannas Helen and Lucy, and Marge and all the rest of 'em, indeed an overwhelming majority of that crowded and representative assembly went straight to Arcadee with that rather plain young woman who was suffering from a cold in the head.

We call her plain as much out of deference to Mr. G-ls-w-rthy, and Mr. Arnold B-nn-tt and Mr. H. G. W-lls as for any other reason we can think of. Because, in the opinion of the heir of the barony, she was already enshrined as 'a nailer,' and for one of such mature experience of all phases and degrees of womanhood, no girl absolutely and unmistakably plain could possibly have been granted the highest of all diplomas.

No, Mr. G-lsw-rthy, perhaps not a patrician beauty, like the daughter of whom we wot, still, plain is not the word exactly. Can you call any young woman plain who, attired in her nondescript manner, hypnotizes the whole of Drury with her tiny handkerchief

edged with lace, every time she plucks it out of her tatterdemalia.

Plain, Mr. G-lsw-rthy? — no, sir, decidedly not. A plain girl could never hypnotize the whole of Drury with her handkerchief, including an austere old gentleman in the second row of the stalls, allowing a question of taxed costs to stand over till the following Tuesday. Plain, Mr. G-lsw-rthy! — we at least and the heir to the barony are forced to dissent.

'She's a nailer. What's her name?' said Uncle Phil.

Father lowered his sombre eyes and shook his head at Uncle Philip. He had not gone to Arcadee with the Principal Girl, you see. Upon a day, another Principal Girl had lured him thither, and Father had had to come back again, and Father was feeling that he wanted not never to go any more to Arcadee — except with the Principal, Principal Girl.

Helen Nanna, a good, kind girl, and high up in the class at old Dame Nature's Select Academy for Young Ladies, handed the programme to Uncle Philip, who perused the same as soon as the vibrations under the chocolate waistcoat would allow him to do so.

'Birdie Brightwing—no, she's Prince Charming, and this is Cinderella. Mary Caspar is Cinderella.'

Uncle Philip, for all his ripe experience, had never heard of Miss Caspar, and Father had n't either. Never been seen at the Gaiety or the Lyric. No wonder a star had had to be placed by the management opposite the name of Miss Caspar, to denote an explanatory footnote at the bottom of the programme.

'By special arrangement with the Royal Italian Opera House, Blackhampton.'

Ha! that explained it. Deep minds were in this. Merely one more stroke of genius on the part of Mr. Hollins. When Florence de Vere had broken her engagement at the eleventh hour in order to take part in the Beauchamp Season, to the dismay of all that was best in the life of the metropolis, what did Mr. Hollins do? Sit down and twiddle his thumbs, did he? Not so, my masters. He called for his coat with the astrachan collar, and his new bowler hat from Mr. Lock, and he took a first-class ticket for the Royal Italian Opera House, Blackhampton.

'Not for the King of England, not me,' said the Lessee and Manager haughtily. 'We open on Boxin' night with Aladdin, and the bills are printed.'

Oh vain Lessee! Little he recked of the Napoleonic faculty of Mr. Hollins in combination with his cheque-book. Meetings of indignation were held in Blackhampton and its environs, but after all, the loss of the famous midland city was the gain of the great metropolis. Miss Caspar had come, had been seen, had overcome.

''Core!' roared the bloods in the stalls.

''Core!' echoed the cads in the pit.

''Core!' cried the young ladies in the dress circle.

''Core!' yelled the members of nature's nobility, cheek by jowl with Verrio's magnificent ceiling.

Mary Caspar's cold was really frightful, but she could n't help herself, poor girl. Once more she took 'em all to Arcadee — Marge and Timothy and Alice Clara and Dick and the Babe and Helen and Lucy Nanna and certainly Uncle Phil. As for poor Father, he leaned back against the wall with his hands in his pockets, and almost wished he had n't come. There was something about that girl taking 'em all to Arcadee that somehow — no, dash it all, he must learn to keep that upper lip a bit stiffer.

''Core!' shouted Father — but so feebly that nobody heard him.

'Only a hundred a week,' said Mr. Hollins in the ear of the Chairman of the Syndicate in the box below. 'Dirt cheap.'

'Sign her for five years at double the salary,' said the Chairman of the Syndicate in the ear of the famous manager.

'Nothing like a provincial training,' said Mr. Hollins. 'Teaches 'em how to get right home to the heart of the people.'

''Core!' roared the Chairman of the Syndicate.

'Absolute nailer,' said Uncle Phil.

And then her acting! It was so perfectly easy and natural that it really did n't seem like a subtle exercise of the histrionic art. Her speaking voice, for all that it hurt her so, was clear and low and quite agreeable; and wiser men than Uncle Phil have thought that such a voice as that is the greatest charm in any young woman. Not quite so ultra-refined, perhaps, as that of the seventh unmarried daughter of not quite a hundred earls; not quite so much torture was inflicted upon the letter 'o,' that honest vocable. Icy 'tônes' had been Adela's that morning in tne opinion of the heir to the barony; those of the new-risen star of Blackhampton were clear and unaffected and ringing with human sympathy. No wonder that the sensitive mechanism behind the chocolate waistcoat was thrown clear out of gear.

She acted beautifully that fine scene inside the fireplace with a nondescript entity, by the name of Buttons, which in his proper name is Mr. Graves and a man of genius; acted it beautifully during the time her wicked sisters had left her at home to work like a menial while they had gone to Prince Charming's ball.

After the Principal Girl had sung another ballad, to the entire satisfaction of all that was best in the life of the metropolis, the great and good Mr. Lover handed up to her a noble box of chocolates from an unknown friend in front.

The appearance of this rare box of chocolates struck the heir to the barony all of a heap, as the saying goes. What had happened to the ill-fated box he had bought of B. Venoist!

'I'm hanged,' he said, 'if I have n't left that bally box in the taxi after all!'

The heir to the barony waited until the Principal Girl had retired to get into her famous glass slippers and her ballroom kit, and then like a thief in the night, he stole out of Box B, that none should see him go, and crept round the back of the dress circle to the refreshment buffet presided over by a Hebe of three-and-forty summers in an outfit of yellow curls.

He would never be able to forgive himself if the kids should think he had forgotten those chocolates.

'Price o' those?'

The heir to the barony disbursed the sum with his accustomed magnificence.

'Hello, young feller, what are you doing *here?*'

This question was asked by a gentleman of prosperous appearance who was holding up a yellow fluid in a tiny glass, and was looking as though he might presently imbibe it.

'Party o' kids,' said the heir to the barony. 'Toppin' good show.'

The gentleman of the prosperous appearance quite agreed, and invited him civilly to drink.

'Must get back with this,' said the heir to the barony, holding up a very fine performance on the part of good Messrs. Cadbury.

Although the heir to the barony stayed not to partake of liquid refreshment, he who was engaged in recruiting exhausted nature with a sherry

and Angostura bitters, was one of the most distinguished men throughout the length and breadth of the metropolis. Arminius Wingrove was the name of him; a man of consequence to this narrative as to many another one; envied by some, yet esteemed by all who knew him, inasmuch as he was one of the leading dramatic authors of the period; but more of whom anon. But please to remember, when the time arrives, that you have already had the honor of a formal introduction to (the) Arminius Wingrove.

The slave of duty stole back to Box B, and his reappearance with the signal triumph of Messrs. Cadbury went entirely unmarked, his luck being such that he crept in at the moment the Fairy Godmother waved her wand, and the rats and mice, not to mention the lizards, became piebald ponies, who bore off Cinderella in her state chariot to the Prince's Ball.

Helen and Lucy Nanna had never seen anything like it — never; the Babe crowed with pleasure; Marge and Timothy and Alice Clara could merely gasp; and Father confided to Uncle Phil, in a sombre undertone, that it was the best pantomime he had seen for years.

Ping went the clockwork under the chocolate waistcoat of Uncle Philip. There she was again. What a dream she was in her golden chariot with a diadem over her chestnut curls. Bowed and kissed her hand to the admiring multitude; stepped down from her chariot, smiling, smiling in her royal manner at the footmen as she passed them, and followed by all that was best in the life of the metropolis as she crossed the threshold of the Prince's domicile.

Ping went the heart of Uncle Philip. Austere old gentleman fumbles for his programme — dear old boy lamenting his wretched memory for names. Bald-headed light of the Chancery Bar unfolds his pince-nez; outspoken youth in gallery roars out, '*Good* on yer, Mary!'

In our humble judgment, outspoken youth was quite correct. O ye Maries of England, true heroism is not the private prequisite of the Royal Horse Guards Blue. The precious seed is in you all, my dears. May you always do your respective duties as this particular Mary did, when England expects it of you.

Right up she went through the middle register, tearing her poor throat to pieces at every note she took. Fairly housed the painter — 'Nelson and his Gentlemen in Blue': Don't know whose the words are — Swinburne may be, or Gilbert, W. S.; music may have been by Brahms or Schubert, or Strauss or Wagner or Debussy, but critic of Leading Morning Journal seems to think by none of these.

''Core!' roared the cads in the stalls.

''Core!' roared the bloods in the pit.

''Core!' cried the young ladies in the dress circle.

''Core!' roared the members of nature's nobility all over the house.

'Right on the spot all the time,' said the Chairman of the Syndicate. 'Hollins, have that five years' contract put in hand at once.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' says Mr. Hollins, forgetting the degree to which it had pleased Providence to call him in the lilt of that nautical tune.

'*Good* on yer, Mary!' proclaimed outspoken youth with almost pathetic enthusiasm from the front row of the gods.

At the end of the twenty-fourth verse, Mr. Lover presented a bouquet of lilies of the valley, smilax and maidenhair fern to this national heroine. Paid for by the management, saith young friend of the *Standard News*. May be, young sir, but Marge waved frantic-

ally, and the Babe crowed shrilly, and the heir to the barony deplored the fact that he had not had the sense to bring one himself.

We pray you of your patience, gentles all, to retain your seats until the Principal Girl has married the prince. She won't be long, now, that good, brave girl. How she has done it, we don't quite know; and remember, people, what British pluck has already done this afternoon, British pluck will have to do all over again this evening.

'Girl ought to be in bed,' says Harley Street Physician in box opposite Box B to old college friend, the house surgeon at Bart's. 'She'll have a temperature if she is n't careful.'

'She's given the house a temperature all right,' said the house surgeon at Bart's, mingling refined humor with grave thoughts, like the American judge at the funeral of his mother-in-law.

Kids staying of course for the end of it all. Details much too banal to inflict upon the overwrought patience of the gentle reader. But Father and Uncle Phil, lunchless and thirsty, patient and uncomplaining, though bored to tears, stand as ever at the back of Box B, at the post of duty. Wholehoggers, these upright citizens, though one was the eldest son of a peer and the other was connected by marriage with several. But let justice be done to 'em. They would see it all to the end, in order that Marge and Timothy and Alice Clara and Dick and the Babe and Helen and Lucy Nanna should be sent back in taxis to Number 300 Eaton Place, just as they ought to be.

'Three hundred Eaton Place. Drive slowly. — Time for a game of pills before dinner?' says the heir to the barony.

''Fraid there won't be time, old boy,' says Father. 'Letters to attend to.'

'Time for a drink at the Betterton, anyhow,' says Uncle Philip.

That temple of aristocratic Bohemia, at which monarchs sup and which actor-managers frequent, is in such close proximity to Drury, that only plutocracy in its most aggravated form would have called for a taxi in order to get to it. But what can you expect, O ye Liberal organs of opinion, from the heir to a Tory peerage!

(To be continued.)

THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE [1]

BY MARY ANTIN

I

My mother ought to have been happy in her engagement. Everybody congratulated her on securing such a scholar, her parents loaded her with presents, and her friends envied her. It is true that the bridegroom's family consisted entirely of poor relations; there was not one solid householder among them. From the worldly point of view, my mother made a mesalliance. But as one of my aunts put it, when my mother objected to the association with the undesirable cousins, she could take out the cow and set fire to the barn; meaning that she could rejoice in her husband and disregard his family.

My mother's trousseau was all that a mother-in-law could wish. The best tailor in Polotzk was engaged to make the cloaks and gowns, and his shop was filled to bursting with ample lengths of velvet and satin and silk. The wedding gown alone cost every kopeck of fifty rubles, as the tailor's wife reported all over Polotzk. The lingerie was of the best, and the seamstress was engaged on it for many weeks. Featherbeds, linen, household goods of every sort — everything was provided in abundance. My mother crocheted many yards of lace to trim the best sheets, and fine silk coverlets adorned the plump beds. Many a marriageable maiden who came to view the trousseau went home to prink and blush and watch for the marriage-broker.

The wedding was memorable for gayety and splendor. The guests included some of the finest people in Polotzk; for while my grandfather was not quite at the top of the social scale, he had business connections with those who were, and they all turned out for the wedding of his only daughter, the men in silk frockcoats, the women in all their jewelry.

The bridegroom's aunts and cousins came in full force. Wedding messengers had been sent to every person who could possibly claim relationship with the groom. My mother's parents were too generous to slight the lowliest. Instead of burning the barn, they did all they could to garnish it; one or two of the more important of the poor relations came to the wedding in gowns paid for by my rich grandfather. The rest came decked out in borrowed finery, or in undisguised shabbiness. Nobody thought of staying away.

After the feasting and dancing, which lasted a whole week, the wedding presents were locked up; the bride, with her hair discreetly covered, returned to her father's store; and the groom, with his new praying shawl, repaired to the synagogue. This was all according to the marriage bargain, which implied that my father was to study and pray and fill the house with the spirit of piety, in return for board and lodging and the devotion of his wife and her entire family.

[1] In the October number, Mary Antin described the mediaeval life within the Pale of the Russian city where she was born. She told of the student who was to be her father, and of the training which was to make a learned Rabbi of him. — The Editors.]

All the parties concerned had entered into this bargain in good faith, so far as they knew their own minds. But the eighteen-year-old bridegroom, before many months had passed, began to realize that he felt no such hunger for the word of the Law as he was supposed to feel. He felt, rather, a hunger for life that all his studying did not satisfy. He was not trained enough to analyze his own thoughts to any purpose; he was not experienced enough to understand where his thoughts were leading him. He only knew that he felt no call to pray and fast, that the Torah did not inspire him, and his days were blank. The life he was expected to lead grew distasteful to him, and yet he knew no other way to live. He became lax in his attendance at synagogue services, incurring the reproach of the family. It began to be rumored among the studious that Raphael the Russian's son-in-law was not devoting himself to the sacred books with any degree of enthusiasm. It was well known that he had a good mind, but evidently the spirit was lacking. My grandparents went from surprise to indignation, from exhortation they passed to recrimination. Before my parents had been married half a year, my grandfather's house was divided against itself, and my mother was torn between the two factions. For while she sympathized with her parents, and felt personally cheated by my father's lack of piety, she thought it was her duty to take her husband's part, even against her parents, in their own house. My mother was one of those women who always obey the highest law they know, even though it leads them to their doom.

How did it happen that my father, who from his early boyhood had been pointed out as a scholar in embryo, failed to live up to the expectations of his world? It happened as it happened that his hair curled over his high forehead. He was made that way. If people were disappointed, it was because they had based their expectations on a misconception of his character. For my father had never had any aspirations for extreme piety. Piety was imputed to him by his mother, by his rebbe, by his neighbors, when they saw that he rendered the sacred word more intelligently than his fellow-students. It was not his fault that his people confused scholarship with religious ardor. Having a good mind, he was glad to exercise it; and being given only one subject to study, he was bound to make rapid progress in that. If he had ever been offered a choice between a religious and a secular education, his friends would have found out early that he was not born to be a rav. But as he had no mental opening except through the rabbinical school, he went on from year to year winning new distinction in Hebrew scholarship; with the result that witnesses with preconceived ideas began to see the halo of piety playing around his head, and a well-to-do family was misled into making a match with him for the sake of the heavenly glory that he was to attain.

When it became evident that the son-in-law was not going to develop into a rav, my grandfather notified him that he would have to assume the support of his own family without delay. My father thereupon entered on a series of experiments with paying occupations, for none of which he was qualified, and in none of which he succeeded permanently.

My mother was with my father, as equal partner and laborer, in everything he attempted. They tried keeping a wayside inn, but had to give it up because the life was too rough for my mother, who expected her first baby. Returning to Polotzk, they went to storekeeping, but failed in this also, because my father was inexperienced, and

my mother, now with the baby to nurse, was not able to give her best attention to business. Over two years passed in this experiment, and in the interval the second child was born, increasing my parents' need of a home and a reliable income.

It was then decided that my father should seek elsewhere for a living. For several years he traveled and labored, with varying fortunes, in the east and south of Russia, until news reached him of the death of my grandfather, which left my mother heir to a good business. My father thereupon returned to Polotzk, and became a storekeeper once more.

As my mother had been trained to her business from childhood, while my father had had only a little irregular experience, she naturally remained the leader. She was as successful as her father before her. The people continued to call her Chane Chaye Raphael's, and under that name she was greatly respected in the business world. Her eldest brother was now a merchant of importance, and my mother's establishment was gradually enlarged; so that, altogether, our family had a solid position in Polotzk, and there were plenty to envy us.

We were hardly rich, even as Polotzk counted riches in those days. I suppose we were considered well-to-do. We moved into a larger house, where there was room for out-of-town customers to stay over night, and stabling for their horses. We lived as well as any people of our class, and perhaps better, because my father had brought home with him from his travels a taste for a more genial life than Polotzk usually asked for. My mother kept a cook and a nursemaid, and a *dvornik* or outdoor man, to take care of the horses, the cow, and the woodpile. All the year round we kept open house, as I remember. Cousins and aunts were always about, and on holidays friends of all degrees gathered in numbers. And coming and going in the wing set apart for business-guests were merchants, traders, country peddlers, peasants, soldiers, and minor government officials. It was a full house at all times, and especially so during fairs, and at the season of the military draft, when recruits by the hundred came in from the outlying districts, Polotzk being the county-seat.

In the family wing there was also enough going on. There were four of us children, besides father and mother and the parasitic cousins. Fetchke was the eldest; I was the second; the third was my only brother, named Joseph, for my father's father; and the fourth was Edle Dvereh, named for my mother's mother.

I suppose I ought to explain my own name also, expecially because I am going to emerge as the heroine by and by. Be it therefore known that I was named Maryashe, for a bygone aunt. I was never called by my right name, however. 'Maryashe' was too dignified. It was always Mashinke, or else Mashke, by way of diminutive. A variety of nicknames, mostly suggested by my physical peculiarities, were bestowed on me from time to time by my fond or foolish relatives. My Uncle Berl, for example, gave me the name of *Zukrochene Flum*, which I am not going to translate, because it is uncomplimentary.

My sister Fetchke was always the good little girl, and when our troubles began she was an important member of the family. What sort of little girl I was will be written by and by. Joseph was the best Jewish boy that ever was born, but he hated to go to heder, so he had to be whipped, of course. Edle Dvereh was just a baby, and her principal characteristic was single-mindedness. If she had teething to attend to

she thought of nothing else day or night, and communicated with the family on no other subject. If it was whooping cough, she whooped most heartily; if it was measles, she had them thick.

It was the normal thing in Polotzk, where the mothers worked as well as the fathers, for the children to be left in the hands of nursemaids and grandmothers. We were much of the time under our Grandma Rachel's care. Grandma meant to be very strict with us, and accordingly she was prompt to discipline us; but we discovered early in our acquaintance with her that the child who got a spanking was sure to get a hot cookie, or the jam-pot to lick, so we did not stand in great awe of her punishments. Even if it came to a spanking it was only a farce. Grandma generally interposed a pillow between the palm of her hand and the area of moral stimulation.

The real disciplinarian in our family was my father. Was he present or absent, it was fear of his displeasure that kept us in the straight and narrow path. In the minds of us children he was as much represented, when away from home, by the strap hanging on the wall as by his portrait which stood on a parlor table, in a gorgeous frame adorned with little shells. Almost everybody's father had a strap, but our father's strap was more formidable than the ordinary. It was, for one thing, more painful to encounter personally, because it was not a simple strap, but a bunch of fine long strips, clinging as rubber. My father called it 'noodles,' and while his facetiousness was lost on us children, the superior sting of his instrument was entirely effective.

My father, in his leisure, found means of instructing us other than by the strap. He took us walking and driving, answered our questions, and taught us many little things that our playmates were not taught. From distant parts of the country he had imported little tricks of speech and conduct, which we learned readily enough, for we were always a teachable lot. Our pretty manners were very much admired, so that we became used to being held up as models to children less polite. Guests at our table praised our deportment, when, at the end of a meal, we kissed the hands of father and mother and thanked them for food. Envious mothers of rowdy children used to sneer: 'Those grandchildren of Raphael the Russian are quite the aristocrats.'

And yet, off the stage, we had our little tempests, especially I. I really and truly cannot remember a time when Fetchke was naughty, but I was oftener in trouble than out of it. I need not go into details. I only need to recall how often, on going to bed, I used to lie silently rehearsing the day's misdeeds, my sister refraining from talk out of sympathy. As I always came to the conclusion that I wanted to reform, I emerged from my reflections with this solemn formula, 'Fetchke — let us be good.' And my generosity in including my sister in my plans for salvation was equaled by her magnanimity in assuming part of my degradation. She always replied, in aspiration as eager as mine, 'Yes, Mashke, let us be good.'

On Friday afternoons my parents came home early, to wash and dress and remove from their persons every sign of labor. The great keys of the store were put away out of sight; the money-bag was hidden in the feather-beds. My father put on his best coat and silk skull-cap; my mother replaced the cotton kerchief by the well-brushed wig. We children bustled around our parents, asking favors in the name of the Sabbath: 'Mamma, let Fetchke and me wear our new shoes, in honor of Sabbath'; or 'Papa, will you take us to-morrow across the bridge? You said

you would, on Sabbath.' And while we adorned ourselves in our best, my grandmother superintended the sealing of the oven, the maids washed the sweat from their faces, and the *dvornik* scraped his feet at the door.

My father and brother went to the synagogue, while we women and girls assembled in the living-room for candle prayer. The table gleamed with spotless linen and china. At my father's place lay the Sabbath loaf, covered over with a crocheted doily; and beside it stood the wine flask and the *kiddush* cup of gold or silver. At the opposite end of the table was a long row of brass candlesticks, polished to perfection, with the heavy silver candlesticks in a shorter row in front. For my mother and grandmother were very pious, and each used a number of candles; while Fetchke and I and the maids had one apiece.

After candle prayer the women generally read in some book of devotion, while we children amused ourselves in the quietest manner, till the men returned from synagogue. 'Good Sabbath!' my father called, as he entered; and 'Good Sabbath — good Sabbath!' we wished him in return. If he brought with him a Sabbath guest from the synagogue, the stranger was welcomed and invited in, and placed in the seat of honor, next to my father.

We all stood around the table while *kiddush*, or the blessing over the wine, was said; and if a child whispered or nudged another, my father reproved him with a stern look, and began again from the beginning. But as soon as he had cut the consecrated loaf, and distributed the slices, we were at liberty to talk and ask questions; unless a guest was present, when we maintained a polite silence.

On Sabbath morning almost everybody went to synagogue, and those who did not, read their prayers and devotions at home. Dinner, at midday, was a pleasant and leisurely meal in our house. Between courses my father led us in singing our favorite songs, sometimes Hebrew, sometimes Yiddish, sometimes Russian, or some of the peculiar songs without words for which the religious enthusiasts of that time were famous. In the afternoon we went visiting, or else we took long walks out of town, where the fields sprouted and the orchards waited to bloom. If we stayed at home, we were not without company. Neighbors dropped in for a glass of tea. Uncles and cousins came, and perhaps my brother's rebbe, to examine his pupil in the hearing of the family. And wherever we spent the day, the talk was pleasant, the faces were cheerful, the joy of Sabbath pervaded everything.

I suppose no little girls with whom we played had a more comfortable sense of being well off than Fetchke and I. 'Raphael the Russian's grandchildren,' people called us, as if referring to the quarterings in our shield. It was very pleasant to wear fine clothes, to have *kopecks* to spend at the fruit-stalls, to be pointed at admiringly. Some of the little girls we went with were richer than we; but after all, one's mother can only wear one pair of earrings at a time, and our mother had beautiful gold ones that hung down on her neck.

As we grew older, my parents gave us more than physical comfort and social standing to rejoice in. They gave us, or set out to give us, education, which was less common than gold earrings in Polotzk. For the ideal of a modern education was the priceless ware that my father brought back with him from his travels in distant parts.

His travels, indeed, had been the making of my father. He had gone away from Polotzk, in the first place, as a man unfit for the life he led, out of

harmony with his surroundings, at odds with his neighbors. Never heartily devoted to the religious ideals of the Hebrew scholar, he was more and more a dissenter as he matured, but he hardly knew what to embrace in place of the ideas he rejected. The rigid scheme of orthodox Jewish life in the Pale offered no opening to any other mode of life. But in the large cities in the east and south he discovered a new world, and found himself at home in it. The Jews among whom he lived in those parts were faithful to the essence of the religion, but they allowed themselves more latitude in practice and observance than people in Polotzk. Instead of bribing government officials to relax the law of compulsory education for boys, these people pushed in numbers at every open door of culture and enlightenment. Even the girls were given books in Odessa and Kherson, as the rock to build their lives on, and not as an ornament for idleness. My father's mind was ready for the reception of such ideas, and he was inspired by the new view of the world which they afforded him.

When he returned to Polotzk he knew what had been wrong with his life before, and he proceeded to remedy it. He resolved to live, so far as the conditions of existence in Polotzk permitted, the life of a modern man. And he saw no better place to begin than with the education of the children. Outwardly he must conform to the ways of his neighbors, just as he must pay tribute to the policeman on the beat; for social ostracism could ruin his business as easily as police persecution. His children, if he started them right, would not have to bow to the yoke as low as he; his children's children might even be free men. And education was the one means to salvation.

Fetchke and I were started with a rebbe, in the orthodox way, but we were taught to translate as well as read Hebrew, and we had a secular teacher besides. We were both very diligent pupils, and my father took great satisfaction in our progress and built great plans for our higher education.

My brother, who was five years old when he entered heder, hated to be shut up all day over a printed page that meant nothing at all to him. He cried and protested, but my father was determined that he should not grow up ignorant, so he used the strap freely to hasten the truant's steps to school. The heder was the only beginning allowable for a boy in Polotzk, and to heder Joseph must go. So the poor boy's life was made a nightmare, and the horror was not lifted until he was ten years old, when he went to a modern school where intelligible things were taught, and it proved that it was not the book he hated, but the blindness of the heder.

For a number of peaceful years after my father's return from 'far Russia,' we led a wholesome life of comfort, content, and faith in to-morrow. Everything prospered, and we children grew in the sun. My mother was one with my father in all his plans for us. Although she had spent her young years in the pursuit of the ruble, it was more to her that our teacher praised us than that she had made a good bargain with a tea merchant. Fetchke and Joseph and I, and Edle Dvereh, when she grew up, had some prospects even in Polotzk, with our parents' hearts set on the highest things. But we were destined to seek our fortunes in a world which even my father did not dream of, when he settled down to business in Polotzk.

Just when he felt himself safe and strong, a long series of troubles set in to harass us, and in a few years' time we were reduced to a state of helpless poverty, in which there was no room to

think of anything but bread. My father became seriously ill, and spent large sums on cures that did not cure him. While he was still an invalid, my mother also became ill, and kept her bed for the better part of two years. When she got up, it was only to lapse again. Some of us children also fell ill, so that at one period the house was a hospital. And while my parents were incapacitated, the business was ruined through bad management, until a day came when there was not enough money in the cash-drawer to pay the doctor's bills.

For some years after they got to their feet, my parents struggled to regain their place in the business world, but failed to do so. My father had another period of experimenting with this or that business, like his earlier experience. But everything went wrong, till at last he made a great resolve to begin life all over again. And the way to do that was to start on a new soil. My father determined to emigrate to America.

I have now told who I am, what my people were, how I began life, and why I was brought to a new home. Up to this point I have borrowed the recollections of my parents, to piece out my own fragmentary reminiscences. But from now on I propose to be my own pilot across the seas of memory; and if I lose myself in the mists of uncertainty, or run aground on the reefs of speculation, I still hope to make port at last, and I shall look for welcoming faces on the shore. For the ship I sail in is history, and facts will kindle my beacon fires.

II

My father and mother could tell me so much that I have forgotten, or that I never was aware of; but I want to reconstruct my childhood from those broken recollections only, which, recurring to me in after years, filled me with the pain and wonder of remembrance. I want to string together those glimpses of my earliest days that dangle in my mind, like little lanterns in the crooked alleys of the past, and show me an elusive little figure that is myself, and yet so much a stranger to me, that I often ask, Can this be I?

I have not much faith in the reality of my first recollection, which dates from the time I was four years old, but I can never go back over the past without bringing up at last at this sombre little scene, as at a door beyond which I cannot pass. I see, then, an empty, darkened room. In the middle, on the floor, lies a long shape, covered with some black stuff. There are candles at the head of the shape. Dim figures are seated low, against the walls, swaying to and fro. There is no sound in the room, except a moan or a sigh from the shadowy figures. But a child is walking softly round and round the shape on the floor, in quiet curiosity.

The shape is the body of my grandfather laid out for burial. The child is myself — myself asking questions of Death.

The abode of our childhood, if not revisited in later years, is apt to loom in our imagination as a vast edifice with immense chambers in which our little self seems lost. Somehow, I have failed of this illusion. My grandfather's house, where I was born, stands, in my memory, a low, one-story wooden building, whose chimneys touch the sky at the same level as do its neighbors' chimneys. Such as it was, the house stood even with the sidewalk, but the yard was screened from the street by a board fence, outside which I am sure that there was a bench.

Of the interior of the house I remember only one room, and not so much the room as the window, which had a blue sash-curtain, and beyond the curtain

a view of a narrow, walled garden, where deep red dahlias grew. The garden belonged to the house adjoining my grandfather's, where lived the Gentile girl who was kind to me.

Behind my grandfather's house was a low hill, which I do *not* remember as a mountain. Perhaps it was only a hump in the ground. This eminence, of whatever stature, was a part of the Vall, a longer and higher ridge, on the top of which was a promenade, and which was said to be the burying ground of Napoleonic soldiers. This historic rumor meant very little to me, for I had no idea what Napoleon was.

It was not my way to accept unchallenged every superstition that came to my ears. Among the wild flowers that grew on the grassy slopes of the Vall, there was a small daisy, popularly called 'blind flower,' because it was supposed to cause blindness in rash children who picked it. I was rash, if I was awake; and I picked 'blind flowers' behind the house, handfuls of them, and enjoyed my eyesight unimpaired.

If my faith in nursery lore was shaken by this experience, I kept my discovery to myself, and did not undertake to enlighten my playmates. Is it possible that in my childish reflections I recognized the fact that ours was a secretive atmosphere, where knowledge was for the few, and wisdom was sometimes a capital offense?

It was not far from the limits of Polotzk to the fields and woods. My father was fond of taking us children for a long walk on a Sabbath afternoon. I have little pictures in my mind of places where we went, though I doubt if they could be found from my descriptions.

I try in vain to conjure up a panoramic view of the neighborhood. Even if I stood on the apex of the Vall, and saw the level country spread in all directions, my inexperienced eyes failed to give me the picture of the whole. I saw the houses in the streets below, all going to market. The highroads wandered out into the country, and disappeared in the sunny distance, where the edge of the earth and the edge of the sky fitted together, like a jewel-box with the lid ajar. In these things I saw what a child always sees: the unrelated fragments of a vast, mysterious world.

A favorite way out of town was by the bridge across the Polota. I recall more than one excursion in that direction. Sometimes we made a large party, annexing a few cousins and aunts for the day. At this moment I feel a movement of affection for these relations who shared our country adventures. I had forgotten what virtue there was in our family; I do like people who can walk.

The Dvina River swallows the Polota many times a day, yet the lesser stream flooded the universe on one occasion. On the hither bank of the Polota, as you go from Polotzk, I should plant a flowering bush, a lilac or a rose, in memory of the life that bloomed in me one day that I was there.

Leisurely we had strolled out of the peaceful town. It was early spring, and the sky and the earth were two warm palms in which all live things nestled. Little green leaves trembled on the trees, and the green, green grass sparkled. We sat us down to rest a little above the bridge; and life flowed in and out of us fully, freely, as the river flowed and parted about the bridge piles.

A market garden lay on the opposite slope, yellow-green with first growth. In the long black furrows yet unsown a peasant pushed his plough. I watched him go up and down, leaving a new black line on the bank for every turn. Suddenly he began to sing, a rude ploughman's song. Only the melody reached

me, but the meaning sprang up in my heart to fit it—a song of the earth and the hopes of the earth. I sat a long time listening, looking, tense with attention. I felt myself discovering things. Something in me gasped for life, and lay still. I was but a little body, and Life Universal had suddenly burst upon me. For a moment I had my little hand on the Great Pulse, but my fingers slipped, empty. For the space of a wild heartbeat I *knew*, and then I was again a simple child, looking to my earthly senses for life. But the sky had stretched for me, the earth had expanded; a greater life had dawned in me.

We are not born all at once, but by bits. The body first, and the spirit later; and the birth and growth of the spirit, in those who are attentive to their own inner life, are slow and exceedingly painful. Our mothers are racked with the pains of our physical birth; we ourselves suffer the longer pains of our spiritual growth. Our souls are scarred with the struggles of successive births, and the process is recorded also by the wrinkles in our brains, by the lines in our faces. Look at me, and you will see that I have been born many times. And my first self-birth happened, as I have told, that spring day of my early springs. Therefore would I plant a rose on the green bank of the Polota, there to bloom in token of eternal life.

Eternal, divine life. This is a tale of immortal life. Should I be sitting here, chattering of my infantile adventures, if I did not know that I was speaking for thousands? Would you be sitting there, attending to my chatter, while the world's work waits, if you did not know that I spoke also for you? I might say 'you' or 'he' instead of 'I.' Or I might be silent, while you spoke for me and the rest, but for the accident that I was born with a pen in my hand, and you without. We love to read the lives of the great, yet what a broken history of mankind they give, unless supplemented by the lives of the humble! But while the great can speak for themselves, or by the tongues of their admirers, the humble are apt to live inarticulate and die unheard. It is well that now and then one is born among the simple with a taste for self-revelation. The man or woman thus endowed must speak, will speak, though there are only the grasses in the field to hear, and none but the wind to carry the tale.

It is pleasant to recall how we went bathing in the Polota. On Friday afternoons in summer, when the week's work was done, and the houses of the good housewives stood shining with cleanliness, ready for the Sabbath, parties of women and girls went chattering and laughing down to the river bank. There was a particular spot which belonged to the women. I do not know where the men bathed, but our part of the river was just above Bonderoff's grist-mill. I can see the green bank sloping to the water, and the still water sliding down to the sudden swirl and spray of the mill-race.

The woods on the bank screened the bathers. Bathing costumes were simply absent, which caused the mermaids no embarrassment, for they were accustomed to see each other naked in the public hot baths. They had little fear of intrusion, for the spot was sacred to them. They splashed about and laughed and played tricks, with streaming hair and free gestures. I do not know when I saw the girls play as they did in the water. It was a pretty picture, but the bathers would have been shocked beyond your understanding if you had suggested that naked women might be put into a picture. If it happened, as it did at least once for me to remember, that their privacy was outraged, the bathers were thrown into a

panic as if their very lives were threatened. Screaming they huddled together, low in the water, some hiding their eyes in their hands, with the instinct of the ostrich. Some ran for their clothes on the bank, and stood shrinking behind some inadequate rag. The more spirited of the naiads threw pebbles at the cowardly intruders, who, safe behind the leafy cover that was meant to shield modesty, threw jeers and mockery in return. But the Gentile boys ran away soon, or ran away punished. A chemise and a petticoat turned a frightened woman into an Amazon in such circumstances; and woe to the impudent wretch who lingered after the avengers plunged into the thicket. Slaps and cuffs at close range were his portion, and curses pursued him in retreat.

Among the liveliest of my memories are those of eating and drinking; and I would sooner give up some of my delightful remembered walks, green trees, cool skies, and all, than to lose my images of suppers eaten on Sabbath evenings at the end of those walks. I recall the feel and flavor of the cheesecake my grandmother used to make. Should you attempt to imitate it, from my analysis, you would fail. You have nothing in your kitchen cupboard to give the pastry its notable flavor. It takes history to make such a cake. First you must eat it as a ravenous child, in memorable twilights, before the lighting of the week-day lamp. Then you must have yourself removed from the house of your feast, across the oceans, to a land where your cherished pastry is unknown even by name; and where daylight and twilight, work-day and fête-day, for years rush by you in the unbroken tide of a strange, new, overfull life. You must abstain from the inimitable morsel for a period of years — I think fifteen is the magic number — and then suddenly, one day, rub the Aladdin's lamp of memory, and have the renowned tidbit whisked upon your platter, garnished with a hundred sweet herbs of past association.

My winters, while I was a very little girl, were passed in comparative confinement. On account of my delicate health, my grandmother and aunts deemed it wise to keep me indoors; or if I went out, I was so heavily coated and mittened and shawled that the frost scarcely got a chance at the tip of my nose. I never skated or coasted or built snow-houses. If I had any experience of snowballs, it was with those thrown at me by the Gentile boys. The way I dodge a snowball to this day makes me certain that I learned the act in my fearful childhood days, when I learned so many cowardly tricks of bending to a blow. I know that I was proud of myself, not many years ago, when I found I was not afraid to stand up and catch a flying baseball, but the fear of the snowball I have not conquered. When I turn a corner in snowball days, the boys with bulging pockets see a head held high and a step unquickened, but I know whether I shrink inwardly; and this private mortification I set down against old Polotzk, in my long score of grievances and shames. Fear is a devil hard to cast out.

At certain — I mean uncertain — intervals, we were bundled up and marched to the public baths. This was so great an undertaking, consuming half a day or so, and involving, in winter, such risk of catching cold, that it is no wonder the ceremony was not practiced oftener.

The public baths were situated on the river bank. I always stopped a while outside, to visit the poor patient horse in the treadmill by means of which the water was pumped into the baths. But we had a great task be-

fore us, so my mother always hurried me inside.

We undress in a room leading directly from the entry, and furnished only with benches around the walls. There is no screen or other protection against the draughts rushing in every time the door is opened. When we enter the bathing-room we are met by a babel of sounds — shrill voices of women, hoarse voices of attendants, wailing and yelping of children, and rushing of water. At the same time we are smitten by the heat of the room, and nearly suffocated by clouds of steam. We find an empty bench, and surround ourselves with a semicircle of wooden pails, collected from all over the room. Sometimes two women seeking pails lay hold of the same pail at the same moment, and a wrangle ensues, in the course of which each disputant reminds the other of all her failings, nicknames, and undesirable connections, living, dead, and unborn; until an attendant interferes, with more muscle than argument, punctuating the sentence of justice with newly-coined expletives suggested by the occasion. The centre of the room, where the bathers fill their pails at the faucets, is a field of endless battle, especially on a crowded day. The peaceable women who are seated within earshot stop their violent scrubbing, to the relief of unwilling children, while they attend to the liveliest of the quarrels.

I like to watch the *poll*, that place of torture and heroic endurance. It is a series of steps rising to the ceiling, affording a gradually mounting temperature. The bather who wants to enjoy a violent sweating rests full length for a few minutes on each step, while an attendant administers several hearty strokes with a stinging besom. Sometimes a woman climbs too far, and is brought down in a faint. On the poll, also, the cupping is done. The back of the patient, with the cups in even rows, looks to me like a muffin pan. Of course I never go on the poll: I am not robust enough. My spankings I take at home.

Cleansed, red-skinned, and steaming, we return at last to the dressing-room, to shiver, as we dress, in the cold draughts from the entry door; and then muffled up to the eyes, we plunge into the refreshing outer air, and hurry home, looking like so many big bundles running away with smaller bundles. If we meet acquaintances on the way we are greeted with '*zu refueh*' (to your good health). If the first man we meet is a Gentile, the women who have been to the *mikweh* (ritual bath) have to return and repeat the ceremony of purification. To prevent such a calamity, the kerchief is worn hooded over the eyes, so as to exclude unholy sights. At home we are indulged with extra pieces of cake for tea, and otherwise treated like heroes returned from victory. We narrate anecdotes of our expedition, and my mother complains that my little brother is getting too old to be taken to the women's bath. He will go hereafter with the men.

The winter days drew themselves out too long sometimes, so that I sat at the window thinking what should happen next. No dolls, no books, no games, and at times no companions. My grandmother taught me knitting, but I never got to the heel of my stocking, because if I discovered a dropped stitch I insisted on unraveling all my work till I picked it up; and grandmother, instead of encouraging me in my love for perfection, lost patience and took away my knitting-needles. I still maintain that she was in the wrong, but I have forgiven her, since I have worn many pairs of stockings with dropped stitches, and been grateful for them. And speaking of such everyday things reminds me of my friends, among whom

also I find an impressive number with a stitch dropped somewhere in the pattern of their souls. I love these friends so dearly that I begin to think I am at last shedding my intolerance; for I remember the day when I could not love less than perfection. I and my imperfect friends together aspire to cast our blemishes, and I am happier so.

For the long winter evenings there was plenty of quiet occupation. I liked to sit with the women at the long bare table, picking feathers for new featherbeds. It was pleasant to poke my hand into the soft-heaped mass and set it all in motion. I pretended that I could pick out the feathers of particular hens, formerly my pets. I reflected that they had fed me with eggs and broth, and now were going to make my bed so soft; while I had done nothing for them but throw them a handful of oats now and then, or chase them about, or spoil their nests. I was not ashamed of my part; I knew that if I were a hen I should do as a hen does. I just liked to think about things in my idle way.

Itke, the housemaid, was always the one to break in upon my reflections. She was sure to have a fit of sneezing just when the heap on the table was highest, sending clouds of feathers into the air, like a home-made snowstorm. After that the evening was finished by our picking the feathers from each other's hair.

And I remember my playmates.

There was always a crowd of us girls. We were a mixed set, — rich little girls, well-to-do little girls, and poor little girls, — but not because we were so democratic. Rather it came about, if my sister and I are considered the centre of the ring, because we had suffered the several grades of fortune. In our best days no little girls had to stoop to us; in our humbler days we were not so proud that we had to condescend to our chance neighbors. The granddaughters of Raphael the Russian, in retaining their breeding and manners, retained a few of their more exalted friends, and became a link between them and those whom they later adopted through force of propinquity.

We were human little girls, so our amusements mimicked the life about us. We played house, we played soldiers, we played Gentiles, we celebrated weddings and funerals. We copied the life about us realistically. We had not been to a Froebel kindergarten and learned to impersonate butterflies and stones. Our elders would have laughed at us for such nonsense. I remember once standing on the river bank with a little boy, when a quantity of lumber was floating down on its way to the distant saw-mill. A log and a board crowded each other near where we stood. The board slipped by first, but presently it swerved, and swung partly around. Then it righted itself with the stream and kept straight on, the lazy log following behind. Said Zalmen to me, interpreting, 'The board looks back and says, "Log, log, you will not go with me? Then I will go on by myself."' That boy was called simple, on account of such speeches as this. I wonder in what language he is writing poetry now.

I was very fond of playing Gentiles. I am afraid I liked everything that was a little risky. I particularly enjoyed being the corpse in a Gentile funeral. I was laid across two chairs, and my playmates, in borrowed shawls and long calicoes, with their hair loose and with candlesticks in their hands, marched around me, singing unearthly melodies, and groaning till they scared themselves. As I lay there, covered over with a black cloth, I felt as dead as dead could be; and my playmates were the unholy priests in gorgeous robes of velvet and silk and gold. Their candlesticks were the crosiers of the

Christian funeral processions, and their chantings were hideous incantations to the arch enemy, the Christian god of horrible images. As I imagined the bareheaded crowds making way for my funeral to pass, my flesh crept, not because I was about to be buried, but because the people *crossed themselves.* But our procession stopped outside the church, because we did not dare to carry even our make-believe across that unholy threshold. Besides, none of us had ever been inside — God forbid! — so we did not know what did happen next.[1]

When I arose from my funeral, I was indeed a ghost. I felt unreal and lost and hateful. I don't think we girls liked each other much after playing funeral. Anyway, we never played any more on the same day; for if we did, we soon quarreled. Such was the hold which our hereditary terrors and hatreds had upon our childish minds, that if we only mocked a Christian procession in our play, we suffered a mutual revulsion of feeling, as if we had led each other into sin.

We gathered oftener at our house than anywhere else. On Sabbath days we refrained, of course, from soldiering and the like, but we had just as good a time, going off to promenade, two and two, in our very best dresses, whispering secrets and telling stories. We had a few stories in the circle — I do not know how they came to us — and these were told over and over. Gutke, the accepted leader of our set, knew the best story of all. She told the tale of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp, and told it well. It was her story, and nobody else ever attempted it, though I, for one, soon had it by heart. Gutke's version of the famous tale was unlike any I have since read, but it was essentially the story of Aladdin, so that I was able to identify it later when I found it in a book. Names, incidents, and 'local color' were slightly Hebraized, but the supernatural wonders of treasure-caves, jeweled gardens, genii, princesses, and all, were not in the least marred or diminished. Gutke would spin the story out for a long afternoon, and we all listened entranced, even at the hundredth rehearsal. We had a few other fairy stories, — I later identified them with the stories of Grimm or of Andersen, — but for the most part the tales we were told were sombre and unimaginative; tales our nurses used to tell to frighten us into good behavior.

Although I always joined the crowd when any fun was on foot, I think I had the best times by myself. My sister was fond of housework, but I — I was fond of idleness. While Fetchke pottered in the kitchen beside the maid or trotted all about the house after my grandmother, I wasted time in some window-corner, or studied the habits of the cow and the chickens in the yard. I always found something to do that was of no use to anybody.

Idle child though I was, the day was not long enough sometimes for my idleness. More than once in the pleasant summer I stole out of bed when even the cow was still drowsing, and went barefoot through the dripping grass and stood at the gate, awaiting the morning. I found a sense of adventure in being conscious when all other people were asleep.

There was not much of a prospect from the gateway, but at that early hour everything looked new and large to me, even the little houses that yesterday had been so familiar. The houses, when creatures went in and out of them, were merely conventional objects; in the soft gray morning they were themselves creatures. Some stood

[1] The author's paper in the October number amply explained her fear of the Cross. — THE EDITORS.

up straight, and some leaned, and some looked as if they saw me. And then over the dewy gardens rose the sun, and the light spread and grew over everything, till it shone on my bare feet. And in my heart grew a great wonder, and I was ready to cry, my world was so strange and sweet about me. In those moments I could have loved somebody dearly — somebody who cared to get up secretly, and stand and see the sun come up.

Was there not somebody who got up before the sun? Was there not Mishka the shepherd? Aye, that was an early riser, but I knew he was no sun-worshiper. Before the chickens stirred, before the lazy maid let the cow out of the barn, I heard his rousing horn, its distant notes harmonious with the morning. Barn-doors creaked in response to Mishka's call, and soft-eyed cattle went willingly out to meet him, and stood in groups in the empty square, licking and nosing each other; till Mishka's little drove was all assembled, and he tramped out of town behind them, in a cloud of dust.

III

The survival in Russia of mediæval injustice to Jews was responsible for the narrowness of educational standards in the Polotzk of my time. Jewish scholarship was confined to a knowledge of the Hebrew language and literature; and even these limited stores of learning were not equally divided between men and women. In the mediæval position of the women of Polotzk education really had no place. A girl was 'finished' when she could read her prayers in Hebrew, following the meaning by the aid of the Yiddish translation especially prepared for women. If she could sign her name in Russian, do a little figuring, and write a letter in Yiddish to the parents of her betrothed, she was called *wohl gelehrent* — well educated.

Fortunately for me, my parents' ideals soared beyond all this. My mother, who had not stirred out of Polotzk, readily adopted the notion of a liberal education imported by my father from cities beyond the Pale. She heartily supported my father in all his plans for us girls. Fetchke and I were to learn to translate as well as pronounce Hebrew, the same as our brother. We were to study Russian, and German, and arithmetic. We were to go to the best *pension* and receive a thorough secular education. My father's ambition, after several years' sojourn in enlightened circles, reached even beyond the pension; but that was flying further than Polotzk could follow him with the naked eye.

I do not remember our first teacher. When our second teacher came we were already advanced to continuous reading. Reb' Lebe was no great scholar. Great scholars would not waste their learning on mere girls. Reb' Lebe knew enough to teach girls Hebrew. Tall and lean was the rebbe, with a lean, pointed face, and a thin, pointed beard. The beard became pointed from much stroking and pulling downwards. The hands of Reb' Lebe were large, and his beard was not half a handful. The fingers of the rebbe were long, and the nails, I am afraid, were not very clean. The coat of Reb' Lebe was rusty, and so was his skull cap. Remember, Reb' Lebe was only a girls' teacher, and nobody would pay much for teaching girls. But lean and rusty as he was, the rebbe's pupils regarded him with entire respect, and followed his pointer with earnest eyes across the limp page of the alphabet, or the thumbed page of the prayer-book.

When we left off reading by rote and Reb' Lebe began to reveal the mysteries to us, I was so eager to know all that

was in my book that the lesson was always too short. I continued reading by the hour, after the rebbe was gone, though I understood about one word in ten. My favorite Hebrew reading was the Psalms. Verse after verse I chanted to the monotonous tune taught by Reb' Lebe, rocking to the rhythm of the chant, just like the rebbe. And so ran the songs of David, and so ran the hours by, while I sat by the low window, the world erased from my consciousness.

When we began to study the Pentateuch I had the great advantage of a complete translation in Yiddish. I faithfully studied the portion assigned in Hebrew, but I need no longer wait for the next lesson to know how the story ends. I could read while daylight lasted, if I chose, in the Yiddish. Well I remember that Pentateuch, a middling thick octavo volume, in a crumbly sort of leather cover; and how the book opened of itself at certain places, where there were pictures.

It was inevitable, as we came to Genesis, that I should ask questions.

Rebbe, translating: 'In the beginning God created the earth.'

Pupil, repeating: 'In the beginning — Rebbe, when was the beginning?'

Rebbe, losing the place in amazement: ''S *gehert a kasse?* [Ever hear such a question?] The beginning was — the beginning — the beginning was in the beginning, of course! *Nu, nu!* Go on.'

Pupil, resuming: 'In the beginning God made the earth. — Rebbe, what did He make it out of?'

Rebbe, dropping his pointer in astonishment: 'What did — ? What sort of a girl is this, that asks questions? Go on, go on!'

The lesson continues to the end. The book is closed, the pointer put away. The rebbe exchanges his skull cap for his street cap, is about to go.

Pupil, timidly, but determinedly, detaining him: 'Reb' Lebe, *who made God?*'

The rebbe stares at the pupil in amazement mixed with anxiety. His emotion is beyond speech. He turns and leaves the room. In his perturbation he even forgets to kiss the *mezuzah*[1] on the door-post. The pupil feels reproved and yet somehow in the right. Who *did* make God? But if the rebbe will not tell — will not tell? Or perhaps he does not know? The rebbe — ?

IV

Two little girls dressed in their best, shining from their curls to their shoes. One little girl has rosy cheeks, the other has staring eyes. Rosy-Cheeks carries a carpet-bag. Big-Eyes carries a new slate. Hand in hand they go into the summer morning, so happy and pretty a pair that it is no wonder people look after them, from window and door, and that other little girls, not dressed in their best, and carrying no carpet-bags, stand in the street gaping after them.

Let the folks stare; no harm can come to the little sisters. Did not grandmother tie pepper and salt into the corners of their pockets, to ward off the evil eye? The little maids see nothing but the road ahead, so eager are they upon their errand. Carpet-bag and slate proclaim that errand: Rosy-Cheeks and Big-Eyes are going to school.

I have no words to describe the pride with which my sister and I crossed the threshold of Isaiah the Scribe. Hitherto we had been to heder, to a rebbe; now we were to study with a *lehrer*, a secular teacher. There was all the difference in the world between the

[1] A piece of parchment inscribed with a passage of Scripture, rolled in a case and tacked to the door-post. The pious touch or kiss this when leaving or entering a house. — THE AUTHOR.

two. The one taught you Hebrew only, which every girl learned; the other could teach Yiddish and Russian and, some said, even German; and how to write a letter, and how to do sums without a counting-frame, just on a piece of paper; accomplishments which were extremely rare among girls in Polotzk. But nothing was too high for the grandchildren of Raphael the Russian; they had 'good heads,' everybody knew. So we were sent to Reb' Isaiah.

My first school, where I was so proud to be received, was a hovel on the edge of a swamp. The schoolroom was gray, within and without. The door was so low that Reb' Isaiah had to stoop in passing. The little windows were murky. The walls were bare, but the low ceiling was decorated with bundles of goose-quills stuck in under the rafters. A rough table stood in the middle of the room, with a long bench on either side.

That was the schoolroom complete. In my eyes, on that first morning, it shone with a wonderful light, a strange glory that penetrated every corner, and made the stained logs fair as tinted marble; and the windows were not too small to afford me a view of a large new world.

Room was made for the new pupils on the bench, beside the teacher. We found our ink-wells, which were simply hollows scooped out in the thick table-top. Reb' Isaiah made us very serviceable pens by tying the pen-points securely to little twigs; though some of the pupils used quills. The teacher also ruled our paper for us, into little squares, like a surveyor's note-book. Then he set us a copy, and we copied, one letter in each square, all the way down the page. All the little girls, and the middle-sized girls, and the pretty big girls, copied letters in little squares, just so. There were so few of us, that Reb' Isaiah could see everybody's page, by just leaning over. And if some of our cramped fingers were clumsy, and did not form the loops and curves accurately, all he had to do was to stretch out his hand and rap with his ruler on our respective knuckles. It was all very cosy, with the ink-wells that could not be upset, and the pens that grew in the woods, or strutted in the dooryard, and the teacher in the closest touch with his pupils, as I have just told. And as he labored with us, and the hours drew themselves out, he was comforted by the smell of his dinner cooking in some little hole adjoining the schoolroom, and by the sound of his good Leah or Rachel or Deborah (I don't remember her name) keeping order among his little ones. She kept very good order, too, so that most of the time you could hear the scratching of the laborious pens, accompanied by the croaking of the frogs in the swamp.

Alas! there were not many lessons for Fetchke and me. Long before we had exhausted Reb' Isaiah's learning, we had to give up our teacher, because the family fortunes began to decline, and luxuries, such as schooling, had to be cut off. My father's plans fell to the ground, on account of the protracted illness of both my parents. All his hopes of leading his children beyond the intellectual limits of Polotzk were trampled down by the monster poverty, who showed his evil visage just as my sister and I were fairly started on a broader path.

Think of a little girl who wanted to know all things, but had no teacher who could answer questions, and no book save the Bible and her mother's prayer-books. What could such a child do but try and find out for herself what all her oracles refused to divulge? Grown-up people said a great many things that were false. All grandmothers were pious, and yet they said that

'blind flowers' caused blindness, which was not true. They talked a great deal about right and wrong, about being holy, about God. How could a young philosopher be sure that they were not mistaken? The most inquisitive little girl in Polotzk was driven to put to the test all things for which a test could be devised, until at last she hit upon an impious plan to put God Himself to the proof!

One Sabbath afternoon, when all the house was taking its after-dinner nap, she went out into the yard, and stopped at the gate. She took out her pocket handkerchief. She looked at it. Yes, that would do for the experiment. She put it back into her pocket. She did not have to rehearse mentally the sacred admonition not to labor on the Sabbath day. She knew it as she knew that she was alive. She knew that to carry anything in her pocket when she passed the boundary of her home was to break this Sabbath law. And with her handkerchief in her pocket the audacious child stepped into the street!

She stood a moment, her heart beating so that it pained. Nothing happened. She walked quite across the street. The Sabbath peace still lay on everything. She felt again of the burden in her pocket. Yes, she certainly was committing a sin. With an access of impious boldness, the sinner walked — she ran as far as the corner, and stood still, fearfully expectant.

What form would the punishment take? She stood breathing painfully for an eternity. How still everything was — how close and still the air! Would it be a storm? would a sudden bolt strike her? She stood and waited. She could not bring her hand to her pocket again, but she felt that it bulged monstrously. She stood with no thought of moving again. Where were the thunders of Jehovah? No sacred word of all her long prayers came to her tongue — not even 'Hear, O Israel.' She felt that she was in direct communication with God — awful thought! — and He would read her mind and would send His answer.

An age passed in blank expectancy. Nothing happened! Where was the wrath of God? *Where was God?*

When she went back into the house, she gazed with a new curiosity at her mother, at her grandmother, dozing in their chairs. They looked *different.* When they awoke and stretched themselves and adjusted wig and cap, they looked *very* strange. As she went to get her grandmother her Bible, and dropped it accidentally, she kissed it by way of atonement, just as a proper child should.

The child who questioned sacred authorities and dared to challenge God Himself was famous for her devotion to the Psalms, and for faithful observance of all rites and ceremonies prescribed for the pious. Was this child, then, a fraud? To return to the honest first person, I *was* something of a fraud, in the puzzling matters of prescribed religion. The days when I believed everything I was told did not run much beyond my teething time. I soon began to question if fire was really hot, if the cat would really scratch. Presently I had to question God. And in those days my religion depended on my mood. I could believe anything I wanted to believe. I was certain, in all my moods, that there was a God who had made the world, in some fashion unexplained, and who knew about me and my doings; for there was the world all about me, and somebody must have made it. And it was inconceivable that a being powerful enough to do such work could be aware of my actions at all times, and yet continue to me invisible.

The question remained, what did He think of my conduct? Was He

really angry when I broke the Sabbath, or pleased when I fasted on the Day of Atonement? My belief as to these matters wavered. When I swung the sacrifice around my head on Atonement Eve, repeating, 'Be thou my sacrifice,' I certainly believed that I was bargaining with the Almighty for pardon, and that He was interested in the matter. But next day, when the fast was over, and I enjoyed all of my chicken that I could eat, I believed as certainly that God could not be party to such a foolish transaction, in which He got nothing but words, while I got both the feast and the pardon. The sacrifice of money, to be spent for the poor, seemed to me a more reliable insurance against damnation. The well-to-do pious offered up both living sacrifice and money for the poor box, but it was a sign of poverty to offer money only. Even a lean rooster, to be killed, roasted, and garnished for the devotee's own table at the breaking of the fast, seemed to be considered a more respectable sacrifice than a *groschen* to increase the charity fund. All this was so illogical that it unsettled my faith in minor points of doctrine, and on these points I was quite happy to believe to-day one thing, to-morrow another.

As unwaveringly as I believed that we Jews had a God who was powerful and wise, I believed that the God of my Christian neighbors was impotent, cruel, and foolish. I understood that the god of the Gentiles was no better than a toy, to be dressed up in gaudy stuffs and carried in processions. I saw it often enough, and turned away in contempt. While the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob — my God — enjoined on me honesty and kindness, the god of Vanka, the Gentile boy, bade him beat me and spit on me whenever he caught me alone. And what a foolish god was that who taught the stupid Gentiles that we drank the blood of a murdered child at our Passover feast! Why, I, who was only a child, knew better. And so I hated and feared and avoided the great white church in the square, and hated every sign and symbol of that monstrous god who was kept there, and hated my own person when, in our play of a Christian funeral, I imagined my body to be the corpse, over which was carried the hideous cross.

Not long after that sinful experiment with the handkerchief I discovered, by accident, that I was not the only doubter in Polotzk. One Friday night I lay wakeful in my little bed, staring from the dark into the lighted room adjoining mine. I saw the Sabbath candles sputter and go out, one by one, — it was late, — but the lamp hanging from the ceiling still burned high. Everybody had gone to bed. The lamp would go out before morning, if there was little oil; or else it would burn till Natasha, the Gentile chore-woman, came in the morning to put it out, and remove the candlesticks from the table, and unseal the oven, and do the dozen little tasks which no Jew could perform on the Sabbath. The simple prohibition against labor on the Sabbath day had been construed by zealous commentators to mean much more. One must not even touch any instrument of labor or commerce, as an axe or a coin. It was forbidden to light a fire, or to touch anything that contained fire, or had contained fire, — even a cold candlestick or a burned match. Therefore the lamp at which I was staring must burn till the Gentile woman came to put it out.

The light did not annoy me in the least; I was not thinking about it. But apparently it troubled somebody else. I saw my father come from his room, which also adjoined the living-room. What was he going to do? What was this he was doing? Could I believe my

eyes? My father touched the lighted lamp! yes, he shook it, as if to see how much oil there was left!

I was petrified in my place. I could neither move nor make a sound. It seemed to me he must feel my eyes bulging at him out of the dark. But he did not know that I was looking; he thought everybody was asleep. He turned down the light a very little, and waited. I did not take my eyes from him. He lowered the flame a little more, and waited again. I watched. By the slightest degrees he turned the light down. I understood. In case any one were awake, it would appear as if the lamp were going out of itself. I was the only one who lay so as to be able to see him, and I had gone to bed so early that he could not suppose I was awake. The light annoyed him, he wanted to put it out, but he would not risk having it known.

I heard my father find his bed in the dark before I dared to draw a full breath. The thing he had done was a monstrous sin. If his mother had seen him do it, it would have broken her heart — his mother who fasted half the days of the year, when he was a boy, to save his teacher's fee; his mother who walked almost barefoot in the cruel snow, to carry him on her shoulders to school when she had no shoes for him; his mother who made it her pious pride to raise up a learned son, that most precious offering in the eyes of the great God, from the hand of a poor struggling woman. If my mother had seen it, it would have grieved her no less — my mother who was given to him, with her youth and good name and her dowry, in exchange for his learning and piety; my mother who was taken from her play to bear him children and feed them and keep them, while he sat on the benches of the scholars and repaid her labors with the fame of his learning. I did not put it to myself just so, but I understood that learning and piety were the things most valued in our family, that my father was a scholar, and that piety was the fruit of sacred learning. And yet my father had deliberately violated the Sabbath.

His act was not to be compared with my carrying the handkerchief. The sins were of the same kind, but the sinners and their motives were different. I was a child, a girl at that, not yet of the age of moral responsibility. He was a man full grown, passing for one of God's elect, and accepting the reverence of the world as due tribute to his scholarly merits. I had by no means satisfied myself, by my secret experiment, that it was not sinful to carry on the Sabbath day. If God did not punish me on the spot, perhaps it was because of my youth, — I knew I could not be accounted fully responsible, — or perhaps it was because of my motive.

I puzzled long over my father's strange conduct, and came to the conclusion that, as he was too learned to have any doubts on the question, and too good to do wrong knowingly, he did not account it a sin to put out a lamp on Sabbath night. Then why his secrecy? That was easily explained. Had I not myself instinctively adopted secret methods in my little investigations? Let my father publish his heretical opinions, and he and his family would have no place in Polotzk. In our world it was dangerous to be wise. If you did not think as other people did, it was best not to let it be suspected, even by your own family.

The discovery of my father's position on the Sabbath question served to shake me further in my faith. I wish I had somebody to blame for my weakness in morals also. I recall with sorrow how I stole a piece of sugar. It was long ago — almost as long ago as anything that I remember. We were still living

in my grandfather's house when this dreadful thing happened, and I was only four or five years old when we moved from there. Before my mother figured this out for me I scarcely had the courage to confess my sin.

And it was thus: —

In a corner of a front room, by a window, stood a high chest of drawers. On top of the chest stood a tin box, decorated with figures of queer people with queer flat parasols; a Chinese tea-box, in a word. The box had a lid. The lid was shut tight. But I knew what was in that gorgeous box, and I coveted it. I was very little — I never could reach anything. There stood a chair suggestively near the chest. I pushed the chair a little and mounted it. By standing on tiptoe I could now reach the box. I opened it and took out an irregular lump of sparkling sugar. I stood on the chair admiring it. I stood too long. My grandmother came in — or was it Itke, the housemaid? — and found me with the stolen morsel.

I saw that I was fairly caught. How could I hope to escape my captor, when I was obliged to turn on my stomach in order to descend safely, thus presenting my jailer with the most tempting opportunity for immediate chastisement? I took in the situation before my grandmother had found her voice for horror. Did I rub my eyes with my knuckles and whimper? I wish I could report that I was thus quickly struck with a sense of my guilt. I was impressed only with the absolute certainty of my impending doom, and I promptly seized on a measure of compensation. While my captor — I really think it was a grandmother — rehearsed her entire vocabulary of reproach, from a distance sufficient to enable her to hurl her voice at me with the best effect, I stuffed the lump of sugar into my mouth and munched it as fast as I could. And I had eaten it all, and had licked my sticky lips, before the avenging rod came down.

I remember no similar lapses from righteousness, but I sinned in lesser ways more times than there are years in my life. I sinned, and more than once I escaped punishment by some trick or sly speech. I do not mean that I lied outright, though that also I did, sometimes; but I would twist my naughty speech, if forced to repeat it, in such an artful manner, or give such a ludicrous explanation of my naughty act, that justice was overcome by laughter, and threw me, as often as not, a handful of raisins instead of a knotted strap. If by such successes I was encouraged to cultivate my natural slyness and duplicity, I throw the blame on my unwise preceptors, and am glad to be rid of the burden for once.

I have said that I used to lie. I recall no particular occasion when a lie was the cause of my disgrace; but I know that it was always my habit, when I had some trifling adventure to report, to garnish it up with so much detail and circumstance that nobody who had witnessed my small affair could have recognized it as the same, had I not insisted on my version with such fervid conviction. The truth is that everything that happened to me really loomed great and shone splendid in my eyes, and I could not, except by conscious effort, reduce my experiences to their actual shapes and colors. If I saw a pair of geese leading about a lazy goose-girl, it seemed to me there was a lively flock of them in charge of a distracted guardian. If I met poor Blind Munye with a frown on his face, I thought that a cloud of wrath overspread his countenance; and I ran home to relate, panting, how narrowly I had escaped his fury. I will not pretend that I was absolutely unconscious of my exaggerations; but if you insist, I will say that things as I reported them

might have been so, and would have been more interesting had they been so.

The noble reader who never told a lie, or never confessed one, will be shocked at these revelations of my childish depravity. What proof has he, he will cry, that I am not lying on every page of this chronicle, if, by my own confession, my childhood was spent in a maze of lies and dreams? I shall say to the saint, when I am challenged, that the proof of my conversion to veracity is engraven in his own soul. Do you not remember, you spotless one, how you used to steal and lie and cheat and rob? Oh, not with your own hand, of course! It was your remote ancestor who lived by plunder, and was honored for the blood upon his hairy hands. By and by he discovered that cunning was more effective than violence, and less troublesome. Still later he became convinced that the greatest cunning was virtue, and made him a moral code, and subdued the world. Then, when you came along, stumbling through the wilderness of cast-off errors, your wise ancestor gave you a thrust that landed you in the clearing of modernity, at the same time bellowing into your ear, 'Now be good! It pays!'

This is the whole history of your saintliness. But all people do not take up life at the same point of human development. Some are backward at birth, and have to make up, in the brief space of their individual history, the stages they missed on their way out of the black past. With me, for example, it actually comes to this: that I have to recapitulate in my own experience all the slow steps of the progress of the race. I seem to learn nothing except by the prick of life on my own skin. I am saved from living in ignorance and dying in darkness only by the sensitiveness of my skin. Some men learn through borrowed experience. Shut them up in a glass tower, with an unobstructed view of the world, and they will go through every adventure of life by proxy, and be able to furnish you with a complete philosophy of life, so true that you may safely bring up your children by it. But I am not of that godlike organization. I am a thinking animal. Things are as important to me as ideas. I imbibe wisdom through every pore of my body. There are times, indeed, when the doctor in his study is less intelligible to me than a cricket far off in the field. The earth was my mother, the earth is my teacher. I am a dutiful pupil: I listen ever with my ear close to her lips. It seems to me I do not know a single thing that I did not learn, more or less directly, through one of the corporal senses. As long as I have my body, I need not despair of salvation.

[In December, Mary Antin will continue her autobiography with a description of her emigration to 'The Promised Land.' — The Editors.]

'SCUM O' THE EARTH'

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

I

At the gate of the West I stand,
On the isle where the nations throng.
We call them 'scum o' the earth';

Stay, are we doing you wrong,
Young fellow from Socrates' land? —
You, like a Hermes so lissome and strong
Fresh from the master Praxiteles' hand?
So you're of Spartan birth?
Descended, perhaps, from one of the band —
Deathless in story and song —
Who combed their long hair at Thermopylæ's pass?
Ah, I forget the straits, alas!
More tragic than theirs, more compassion-worth,
That have doomed you to march in our 'immigrant class'
Where you're nothing but 'scum o' the earth.'

II

You Pole with the child on your knee,
What dower bring you to the land of the free?
Hark! does she croon
That sad little tune
That Chopin once found on his Polish lea
And mounted in gold for you and for me?
Now a ragged young fiddler answers
In wild Czech melody
That Dvorak took whole from the dancers.
And the heavy faces bloom
In the wonderful Slavik way;
The little, dull eyes, the brows a-gloom,
Suddenly dawn like the day.
While, watching these folk and their mystery,

I forget that they're nothing worth;
That Bohemians, Slovaks, Croatians,
And men of all Slavik nations
Are 'polacks' — and 'scum o' the earth.'

III

Genoese boy of the level brow,
Lad of the lustrous, dreamy eyes
Astare at Manhattan's pinnacles now
In the first, sweet shock of a hushed surprise;
Within your far-rapt seer's eyes
I catch the glow of the wild surmise
That played on the Santa Maria's prow
In that still gray dawn,
Four centuries gone,
When a world from the wave began to rise.
Oh, it's hard to foretell what high emprise
Is the goal that gleams
When Italy's dreams
Spread wing and sweep into the skies.
Cæsar dreamed him a world ruled well;
Dante dreamed Heaven out of Hell;
Angelo brought us there to dwell;
And you, are you of a different birth? —
You're only a 'dago,' — and 'scum o' the earth'!

IV

Stay, are we doing you wrong
Calling you 'scum o' the earth,'.
Man of the sorrow-bowed head,
Of the features tender yet strong, —
Man of the eyes full of wisdom and mystery
Mingled with patience and dread?
Have not I known you in history,
Sorrow-bowed head?
Were you the poet-king, worth
Treasures of Ophir unpriced?
Were you the prophet, perchance, whose art
Foretold how the rabble would mock
That shepherd of spirits, erelong,

Who should carry the lambs on his heart
And tenderly feed his flock?
Man — lift that sorrow-bowed head.
Lo! 't is the face of the Christ!

The vision dies at its birth.
You're merely a butt for our mirth.
You're a 'sheeny' — and therefore despised
And rejected as 'scum o' the earth.'

V

Countrymen, bend and invoke
Mercy for us blasphemers,
For that we spat on these marvelous folk,
Nations of darers and dreamers,
Scions of singers and seers,
Our peers, and more than our peers.
'Rabble and refuse,' we name them
And 'scum o' the earth,' to shame them.
Mercy for us of the few, young years,
Of the culture so callow and crude,
Of the hands so grasping and rude,
The lips so ready for sneers
At the sons of our ancient more-than-peers.
Mercy for us who dare despise
Men in whose loins our Homer lies;
Mothers of men who shall bring to us
The glory of Titian, the grandeur of Huss;
Children in whose frail arms shall rest
Prophets and singers and saints of the West.

Newcomers all from the eastern seas,
Help us incarnate dreams like these.
Forget, and forgive, that we did you wrong.
Help us to father a nation, strong
In the comradeship of an equal birth,
In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.

DRESS AND THE WOMAN

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

THE creed and the fallacy of fashion, it seems to me, have seldom been better expressed than in the retort once made to a friend of mine, in one of our more conservative New England towns. Sojourning there for a time, she had reason to order a hat from a local milliner. When she tried it on, it did not resemble in the least the headgear of the metropolis. 'They are wearing hats very low, this year, you know,' she protested. 'Ah,' was the unperturbed reply, 'they are wearing them high in Newburyport.' I do not remember the fate of the hat — which is unimportant; but the statement has remained with me for years as one of the most significant imaginable. It was at once the glorification and the *reductio ad absurdum* of modishness. My friend and the milliner spoke in the same spirit. For provincialism in dress consists merely in adhering rigidly to the *avant-dernier cri*. The object of allegiance may be, in the provinces, a little tardily come up with; but the rigidity is precisely the rigidity of the rue de la Paix. Fashion is not simply a question of longitude.

The sense of mode might be considered, as so many other things have been, the possession that distinguishes man from the beasts. The peacock is no proof to the contrary; for if, as scientists suggest to us, all radiant plumage has been developed as a means of attraction, at least the ideal of adornment has been, in the case of the birds, consistently æsthetic. The feathery fashions have always been intrinsically good. Whereas (to be flippant) the attraction exercised by the latest mode would seem usually to point to some principle of unnatural selection. The bird of Paradise, who is probably irresistible in his native forest, can be positively repellent on a hat. Yes; the sense of mode is curiously different from the sense of beauty. Let us, however, be serious.

Preachers of all time — and satirists, who are lay-preachers — have declaimed against female extravagance in dress. It must be confessed that the sex of the more peaceful pursuits has been the more exuberantly adorned. The male costume worn, say, at the court of Henri III, was every bit as bad as anything that contemporary ladies could have boasted; but even in the time of Henri III, a man had to hold himself ready for the saddle and the tented field. Some part of his life was bound to be spent in garments as rational as he could conceive them. It was the female sex that could expand, unchecked and unpruned, into such wild tendrils, such orchid-like incontinent bloom, of 'changeable apparel.'

From the earliest times, it is the woman who has been designated as the sinner in this respect. On this point, the Old and New Testaments are, for once, agreed; Isaiah and St. Paul are at one. 'The chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets . . . and the earrings . . . the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping-pins . . . the fine linen, and the hoods and the veils,' the one accuses; 'broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array,' complains

the other. Ezekiel thunders against 'the women that sew pillows to the armholes' (the *gigot* sleeve in the reign of Zedekiah!) 'and make kerchiefs for the head of persons of every stature, to hunt souls.' And the tradition has remained. It is perhaps the only subject on which St. Ignatius Loyola and John Knox would have been thoroughly sympathetic. One is certainly at liberty to infer from the chorus that it is easier for a camel to pass through the needle's eye than for anything really *chic* to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

All these gentlemen, to be sure, seem to have objected to the fact and purpose of feminine adornment, rather than to rapid changes in the methods adopted. But I cannot believe that St. Paul, who scored the Attic curiosity born of the Attic *ennui*, would not have preached even more violently, had he foreseen the need, against fashion than against beauty. And is it not fashion rather than beauty that is subtly discriminated against by all religious orders? The nun, like the Quakeress, must adopt a single color and a single mode; though nun and Quakeress, both, often find their chosen garb the most becoming they could possibly wear. No dress could be more beautiful than that which I remember from my childhood's convent. It fell in rich and simple folds of *violet*,—*violet* being neither purple nor crimson, but something indefinably magnificent midway between, — enhanced by white linen *guimpe* and cream-colored veiling. It gave the daughter of a French duke, I remember, the aspect of a queen regnant. Yet it represented poverty, chastity, and obedience. No one is especially concerned with the nun's being unbecomingly clad. A subtler mortification is supposed to lie in her engaging to dress in exactly the same way all her life. The mortification is of course heightened by the fact that she shares her style of dress with the rest of the community, regardless of type. But in any case the first thing that the postulant renounces is fashionable clothing. They leave her curls to be cut off later.

It is not, however, with the moral aspect of fashion that I am concerned. The moral question, indeed, has ceased to be very poignant; even our Calvinist great-grandmothers permitted a shy predominance of trimming on the 'congregation side' of their bonnets. The moral aspect of fashion disguises itself nowadays as an economic consideration. With economic considerations, again, I have no special concern. They are writ large over half the printed pages of our time. Some statistician every month proves to us something appalling: either that,

> . . . since our women must walk gay, and money buys their gear,

materials are adulterated, or sewing-women are starved, or shop-girls seek the primrose path, or husbands die of the strain in the early forties. To much the same music, the New York Customs officials stage, each day, an elaborate melodrama on the steamship piers. We know that, from 'Nearseal' to 'Near-silk,' the poor will sacrifice comfort to cut, and that a really 'good' milliner makes a profit of a hundred per cent on each hat. These things are all true; and Heaven forbid that one should shirk the economic question! But I very much doubt if either moralist or statistician will turn the trick. Yet they have only, it would seem, to enlist a few other facts as good as their own, to be quite sure of success.

For not even the cynic will pretend that the real object of fashions is to disfigure. It is quite without intention that M. Worth and Mme. Paquin and all their prototypes, congeners, and successors, have become the foes of beauty. They have simply never stopped to consider that the very no-

tion of the changing mode is the negation of all æsthetic law. The most damning thing about fashions is that they make inevitably, nine years out of ten, for the greatest ugliness of the greatest number. And this is the real Achilles's tendon of *la mode*. Can anything be more absurd than to impose a single style on the fat and the thin, on the minimum wage and the maximum income?

I admit that no fashion has ever been created expressly for the lean purse or for the fat woman: the dressmaker's ideal is undoubtedly the thin millionairess. But the fat woman and the lean purse must make the best of each style, in turn, as it comes along. And if one has ever seen a fat woman in (for example) a hobble skirt, — even in an academic edition of a hobble skirt, — one knows that this is not a light thing to say. As for the lean purse: it is not only in alarmist articles that the working-girl goes without half her luncheons to buy a rhinestone sunburst. One has known the cases. Nor is the coercion purely psychological. The cheapest Eighth Avenue suit, which, ready-made, costs something-and-ninety-eight cents, is sure to be a hasty and sleazy imitation (at many removes, and losing something with each) of a Fifth Avenue model. It is one of the few true paradoxes that people who must dress cheaply must dress 'in style.' And that is a hard fate for the hypothetical poor woman with intelligence, who secretly desires a garment that will be no more conspicuous next year than this, and longs to put some of her money into good materials. It is only a very good (and expensive) dressmaker whose handiwork can both elude the exaggerations of the present fashion and foreshadow the essentials of the next. That is another thing that every woman knows.

The hypothetical poor woman with intelligence must content herself with looking a travesty on the successful chorus-girl. This, unfortunately, she comes only too easily to do. 'But,' some one might object, 'the poor woman is precisely an economic, not an æsthetic consideration.' Granted: yet since we must all dress, why not invent dresses that are widely adaptable — to different materials, to different occasions, to different human types? It would purge our streets of many a sorry and sordid spectacle, and in that sense would be an æsthetic service both particular and public. But, as it is, we must all dress alike: *blonde* and *brune*, fat and thin, tall and short, rich and poor. The Socialists have threatened us with no more rigid sisterhood than this.

The principle of fashion is, as I have intimated, the principle of the kaleidoscope. A new year can only bring us a new combination of the same elements; and about once in so often we go back and begin over. Recently we have had rather a Napoleonic tendency. Occasionally we are Colonial. We have been known to be Japanese. Now and then we have a severe classic moment — usually very unbecoming to all of us. We used to hear from our grandmothers of silk dresses that could 'stand alone.' What we need now is a silk dress that could somehow manage to run.

There is no reward, in the world of woman's dress, for a successful experiment. The most charming design in the world has no future. One is seldom tempted to apostrophize a fashion with, 'Warte, du bist so schön!'; but if one were, the adjuration would be as vain as ever. And that is another sin against beauty, for it deprives a woman of the privilege of dressing as best becomes her. There is something peculiarly bitter in watching the superseding of a mode that wholly suits one. Now and

then a woman confides to me her intention of keeping to some style that is especially adapted to her. 'It suits me, and I am going to stick to it,' she declares. She has found that it makes the most of all her 'points'; it has given her, perhaps, renewed respect for her appearance and fresh zest for life. Such a woman is always, I believe, sincerely congratulated by her friends. They do not imitate her, but they really and unmaliciously envy her her point of view. She is proud of herself, and keeps to her decision for — say — a year. I never knew a woman to try such an experiment longer. She finds herself invariably conspicuous — and no well-bred woman likes to be unnecessarily conspicuous. For modesty's sake, she must adopt the extravagance of the moment. Otherwise, she discovers herself to be not rational but 'queer'; and her attempt at wisdom to be the worst of affectations. It may be ironic that a woman who looks best in the mode of the Empress Josephine should be forced to dress *en chinoise;* but it is more than ironic when she has to dress *en chinoise* one year and *en grecque* the next. I have once or twice known elderly women who achieved something like a fixed costume for themselves; but they were semi-invalids. The consistent costume is, like the nun's habit, the best possible proof of having renounced the world.

And into what pits do the great *couturières* not fall in the search for something 'new' enough to destroy the eligibility of all last year's frocks! I never knew what ladies patronized, a few years since, the London woman who invented 'emotional dressmaking'; but I can testify to having seen, in a show-window of one of the largest department stores in America, a model from her — is not the word 'atelier'? A large group of plain women were gathered, staring at it. I joined the group and read the legend. The name of the dress was 'Passion's Thrall.' At least, as the White Knight said, 'that was what the name was *called.*' Within the shop, in the spirit of curiosity, I followed a similar group to the 'department' where such things live. Again, the emotional dressmaker. Isolated in a glass drawing-room, stood two draped figures: 'Her Dear Desire,' and 'Afterwards.' I could have imagined some one's buying 'Her Dear Desire' — it was of sad-colored chiffon. But I could not imagine any one's buying 'Afterwards'; and it was inconceivable that the name should help to sell it. I am bound to say that eventually I found myself alone in the contemplation of this sartorial drama. The crowd had followed a living model who was illustrating the possibility and method of walking in the new 'Paquin skirt.' The gravity of every one concerned was unbelievable. Mr. Granville Barker has done some admirable satire on dressmaking in *The Madras House;* but his third act is positively less poignant than a reality like that.

Yet this is not the worst. Even if we said to ourselves, 'Let us be always — but varyingly — ugly,' we should not have phrased our greatest danger. Our greatest danger is simply the loss of all standards of beauty in dress. 'Why do all the women walk like ducks this year?' was the question put to a friend of mine, years since, by a younger brother. He did not know that a quite new kind of corset had suddenly, during the summer months, 'come in.' To wear it meant change of gait and posture, eventually actual change of shape. Yet we all wore it — and doubtless went on praising the Venus of Melos as we did so. The notion that, after we have learned from the scientists to deal in evolutionary periods of millions of years, we ought not naïvely to expect to alter the human form in a season or

two, never occurred, I fancy, to any of us. 'Business is business,' men are credited with saying, when invited to apply abstract laws of honor. 'Fashion is fashion,' women would surely say if invited to apply abstract laws of beauty.

The worst thing is that the drapery or the trimming that is lovely and desirable in our eyes one year, is unspeakably offensive to our gaze the next. (Consider, for example, the chequered history of fringe! — its career like that of a French Pretender.) Fashion has vitiated our taste to that point. Our welcoming raptures are as sincere as our shuddering rejections. There was a time when sleeves could not —I say it advisedly — be too large. I remember seeing a girl turn to edge sideways through a large door, for fear of crushing the sleeves of a new bodice. Her brothers laughed; but I — I was very young — felt a pang of clear, unmitigated envy. I remember at that time prophecies that tight sleeves would never come in again — they were so ugly. Yet how many times, since then, have tight sleeves come in —and gone out? While, if one dared to make any prophecy about the clothes of the future, it would be that those *very* large sleeves would never again be worn: they are so hideous.

There is no point in pretending that one is superior to this fluctuating standard. One is not. Ideally speaking, every woman should keep the language of fashion and the language of taste rigidly apart. 'Fashionable' and 'beautiful' should not be used interchangeably. Theoretically, we all acknowledge the difference; but it is another matter when we are faced by the actual product. There may be, here and there, a woman who can say with sincerity, 'She wore a hideous thing she has just got from Worth'; but where is the woman who could ingenuously report: 'She had on a lovely frock made in the style of year before last'? I could not do it myself; nor, I fancy, could you. We may not like the new mode the very first time that we see it; we may pity before we endure; but we end by embracing. The bravest of us can do no more than criticize for its ugliness something fashionable. When it comes to praising for its beauty something unfashionable, the words stick in our throats. Clothes that are unfashionable simply do not look beautiful to us. Presently they may, when the kaleidoscope has been turned again; but not now. And that means that we have given up a good deal of intellectual freedom.

I have called the loss of æsthetic standards our greatest danger. One would prefer to think that it is. One likes to believe that the 'prestige value' of the current mode is due to an honest if mistaken conviction of its beauty, not to the implications of income that both fashionable and unfashionable clothes make so definitely. It is pleasanter to say to one's self that the woman who refuses an invitation to dinner because her best frock is two years old fears criticism of her taste, than that she fears an estimate of her dressmaker's bill. The code is more alluring. But even assuming this to be the cause, the result is no less unfortunate: namely, an almost universal social timidity on the part of unfashionably dressed women — by which I mean, for the moment, nothing worse than women in frocks that were fashionable a season since. And that is a pity.

One does not, on the whole, regret history; and our institutions are by this time historic. I offer the suggestion as one who is glad, rather than sorry, that John Adams was not (according to his reputed desire) created Duke of Braintree. But an hereditary aristocracy serves some charming minor purposes,

one of them being, perhaps, the social countenancing of dowdiness. A duchess may be as dowdy as she likes; and other women may with impunity be the less smart in a land where there are always duchesses being dowdy. I am sufficiently American, myself, not really to admire the typical Englishwoman's clothes. Half a dozen queer necklaces and a perfectly irrelevant bit of lace pinned on somewhere do not atone to me for a faded straw hat at Christmas and a skirt that is six inches shorter in front than in back.

Not many years ago, I went, with the briefest possible interval, from a British suffrage meeting to a dress-rehearsal at the Comédie Française. The resulting sensation amounted to a shock. 'Frenchwomen could not dress like Englishwomen without conviction of sin,' I said to my companion. 'And ought not to,' was his firm rejoinder. At the moment, I agreed with him. But there is something fine, after all, in the attitude of the woman who, having occasion to go to some 'function' of a kind that she usually avoided, brought out a frock from her ten-year-old trousseau, and had it furbished up by a sempstress. The frock, I should say, had passed from her mother's trousseau into her own, having served for the former's presentation at court on the occasion of her marriage. It may be that an untitled woman could not have done it so debonairly. It would certainly be hard for a good American to follow her example. But the very idea brings one such a hint of freedom as it takes — they say — a limited monarchy to give.

Sensible people realize that children should not be overdressed, and a few schools in this country have adopted the conventual method of putting their pupils into uniforms. But the uniforms are, I fear, only another turn of the kaleidoscope. I know that in one such school, at least, the girls wear the school costume all day, but dress in the evening as variously and as elaborately as they choose. A rule like that is *magnifique et pas cher*. For grown-ups, there is no uniform at all. The fact is that we are uncomfortable if we are not fashionably dressed. No man understands the subtle and complex significance of the phrase 'nothing to wear' — witness the distressed but utterly puzzled expression that overspreads a man's face at the words. He knows that his wife or his sister looks charming in 'the blue one,' or 'the lace one,' or 'the one with the jet.' She has looked charming in it often enough for him at last to identify it — and that, unless he is an exception to his sex, is very often. He is cheerfully getting into his evening coat for the fiftieth time. No wonder he does not realize that some frock which, the first time it was worn, made for triumph, should, the tenth time, make for humiliation. But the most strong-minded woman — the woman who will, if necessary, go to the opera on a gala night in a coat and skirt — at heart exonerates the woman who so foolishly, for the reason mentioned, stops at home.

There is much to be said, whether in the fifteenth century or the twentieth, for the aristocracy of wealth and all that it can do for the community in which it prevails. Neither Florence nor New York, probably, if consulted, would wish, or would have wished, to give up its Magnificent. But there are minor ways in which an aristocracy of wealth makes us all more sordid. Obviously, in these conditions, one's income must constitute one's claim to distinction, and, obviously, one can give mannerly evidence of one's income only by the amount visibly, not audibly, spent. How more silently and more visibly than by personal adornment? Is all this too trite to say? It behooves the

man, for many reasons, not to adorn himself, — perhaps, even, not in any merely personal way to outshine other men, — while his wife may not only please herself but render his reputation a positive service by outshining other women. She makes no indiscreet disclosures of fact, but she rustles with pecuniary implications. In an aristocracy of wealth, Paris may go far to make a peeress of her.

I do not wish to imply that this is the sole American standard: there are communities in which 'family' counts; and there are the academic backwaters where strange-scaled fish constitute among themselves aristocracies of intellect. It need hardly be said that in the latter places dress counts least of all. One may go to hear even the most distinguished lecturer in any rag one has; and we are judged rather by the obvious intention of a frock than by its actual achievement. There is that much of Oxford in any of our college towns. But no one can deny that the aristocracy most widely developed in America is that of wealth. It is developed in places that are really too small to afford an aristocracy at all. I myself have known women whose fathers carried dinner-pails and whose husbands have never even stopped to regret that their own education ended with the grammar-school course, who simply did not feel that the shabbily or simply dressed woman could be in their class. She may be descended from a half a dozen Signers, and be at home in every picture-gallery in Europe, but she is some one to whom, socially, they cannot but condescend.

I am told that precisely the same standards prevail in the newer urban civilizations of England: it would seem to be an inevitable immediate result of the supremacy of riches. There is perhaps no limit to the sophistication that vast wealth can eventually give to its own possessors; but this law of fashion is what, consciously or unconsciously, they impose on the seething estates beneath them. I have known tragedies in smallish American cities that began and ended in dress; women deprived of their all too infrequent intellectual and social delights, simply because they could not bring themselves to face an assembly in which other women whose authority their own taste could not acknowledge, knew their 'best' dresses by heart.

I have said that the economic considerations are no concern of mine; nor are they. Yet it may not be amiss to suggest in this context that the women who are responsible for the almost unpaid toil of the slum-children over 'willow' plumes are not the rich women who will give for their willow plumes any price that is asked of them. It is the harpy of the suburbs, the frequenter of bargain-counters and Monday morning 'sales,' the woman whose most instructive reading is done among the designs and patterns of the 'women's' magazines, who is responsible. From what one reads, one is certainly compelled to infer that if these little children are to be saved, willow plumes should be put at prohibitive prices. 'But since our women *must* walk gay,' the aristocracy that is rooted in democracy can hardly do without its willow plumes. Fashion has got itself into a position of such importance as that. It is so terrible a thing to be unfashionable that the vast majority of women — and the vast majority of women are not rich nor anything like it — stretch every nerve to be in fashion. They miss, if they are not, too much that is legitimately theirs. The requirement is irrelevant, is absurd; but it is made. They will, therefore, pay what they can; but they cannot pay much. The logic is clear. They go to the great shops to demand their willow

plumes, and their Irish-lace collars, in the very spirit which took the Dames de la Halle to Versailles. Hence many of the conditions of labor about which we read so many lurid articles. For demand creates supply.

The American woman of moderate income is alternately congratulated on her 'smartness' and scolded for her extravagance. She cannot very well, as things stand, be smart without being extravagant. But the fact that chiefly gives one pause is this: that a woman cannot mingle comfortably with her equals unless she can clothe herself each season in a way that both to her and to them would have looked preposterous a twelvemonth before. It has luckily become, in the strictest sense, vulgar, to be *endimanchée;* but most people are — by definition — vulgar; and I have known women, again, who stayed at home from church because they could not so clothe themselves. Not unadvisedly, I am tempted to say; for in one of the most famous churches of America, I have seen the shabbily dressed woman seated, by the usher, with reference solely to her costume; and I have heard, too, the testimony of other women of her kind, turned into 'stay-at-homes' because precisely that thing they could not endure. An odd battle of pride with pride; and there are better uses to put pride to than that. More blatant and less grim is the authentic anecdote recently told me concerning a Newport 'colonist.' She and her daughter entered the church one Sunday morning, marvelously dressed in contrasting shades of red. 'There will be no one else in our pew this morning,' she murmured graciously to the usher; 'put some one in with us, if you like — any one in white or black.' What could not Dean Swift have done with that! One does not wish to make tragedy out of what is essentially comic. Yet it may fairly be said that comedy has its rough side, and that a comedy retold from the point of view of the comic character himself, would often make melancholy stuff. It would be possible, over this matter of fashion, to shed the bitter tears of the satirist.

It is odd that 'dress reform' should always have meant something ugly. There would be so tremendous a chance for any one who wished to reform dress in the interest of beauty! But the most amused and disgusted of us will, very likely, forever shrink from the task. 'The pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people, therefore, of the fair made a great gazing upon them: some said they were fools, some they were bedlams, and some they were outlandish men.' There are two reasons why we shall shrink from it: we should have to begin with ourselves; and we should certainly be called bedlams. But oh, the pity of it!

THE GREAT REFUSAL

BY ETHEL PUFFER HOWES

Of the old feud between philosophy and poetry we all have heard, but I would ponder that older cleft between the poet and his fellow men. The tinge of antagonism against the artist, and of distrust of his tones or words or pigments, is felt by all, in some degree; and has been felt by all since the dawn of time. It was surely that deeper recoil which Plato acknowledged, when he would have banished the poet — with all honor — from his Republic. Who would not shrink from Byron, Poe, de Musset, at his own fireside? Yet not for his excesses; every age is quick to forgive the poet's errors of passion, proof of a common humanity. No — the cold spot of distaste is far within, a secret instinctive sense of some fatal meaning, some conflict with the demands of human nature and of life, in the æsthetic gift.

If I can diagnose and fix this subtle ill, it may be that some principle useful to criticism will emerge. For this æsthetic malady, I seem to see, is the cause not only of the tragic failure of many an artist's life, but also of some strange lack or emptiness in much exquisite work.

What, then, do we mean by the æsthetic gift? It is not identical with the creative gift, for it covers also that power of inner vision which is the same for the enjoyment and for the creation of beauty, and is the necessary condition and precursor of the work of art. Let us say rather that it is the temper which sees and calls into being and rapturously dwells on beauty in whatever form. It is the talent for the æsthetic experience.

Now, as to one element, at least, of this æsthetic experience, most men have been agreed for more than a hundred years. The æsthetic thrill is disinterested. When I hold, of flower or fruit, that it is beautiful, I am not concerned that it is good to eat or to smell, that it is or is not mine to pluck, that it is a fine specimen, that it may yield a fertile seed. I am thinking of it only in itself, apart from its use by myself or another. I love to dwell on it, but I dwell on it with disinterested gaze, and should find a mirage or a dream-flower just as beautiful. In fact, it has meaning only as appearance — its existence as a material object does not even come in question for me. Therefore it is certainly not a part of the real world in which I move and act, but it inhabits alone an ideal one of its own. Thus the pure enjoyment of beauty draws a magic circle of isolation about the beautiful object. The æsthetic experience is impassioned contemplation across an impassable abyss.

Perhaps the meaning of this break between beauty and reality may be illumined by viewing it from the side of natural science. Here it is explained that the very condition of our seeing beauty at all, is bound up with its banning from the world of action. If we took it as real, we should have to miss its beauty; and when it comes to us as beauty, we cannot respond to it as real. Thus: —

Every conception is constituted

largely by the elements of movement in it. Not primarily that we have distinct sensations of movements (as in envisaging an obelisk, for instance), but that the blending of sensations and memories which we call perception involves, first of all and more than all, a fund of experience in the way of past movements. It is by virtue of such a fund of experience, in the very texture of the mind, that the bare sensations from the outer world are given meaning: that we see objects in space, that we do not grasp at the moon or the end of the rainbow. Perception of my fountain-pen, — what it is to me, — besides the general organized experience which lets me see it in shape and in place, involves a whole circle of impulses to touch, to grasp, to manipulate — the legacy of my long use of it. Many are the amusing experiments which can be made to show what an important, though unsuspected, factor of our conscious life is this instinctive preparation for movement. And the unit-impression of a thing can differ immensely from moment to moment, according as now one, now another group of these supplement-elements in the perception becomes more vivid.

With this in mind, let us recall that every object in experience may be approached in two different ways. If it is to be 'dealt with,' those elements in the perception of it which belong to the appropriate action take on a greatly increased strength and vividness, while all others are weakened and dimmed. The object becomes more and more a cue for action. You hardly 'see' your rod and book of flies, or your billiard cue, as you dispose them for action. But if the situation is not to be dealt with, the preparatory elements fade out, and those movement-elements in perception which correspond to form and shape take the centre of the mind.

Then ensues the phenomenon we know as æsthetic imitation. The suggestions to movement involved in the complete spatial perception of the object are alone, with nothing to oppose them — we needs must follow them out. Thus it is that we indeed innerly imitate the column in its upward thrust, the urn in its swelling lines, the Greek Victory in her onward sweep. It is something like looking at a landscape with head upside down. All the habitual reactions to the shapes and meanings of things are upset — and the color-sensations become so much the more vivid as the 'intentions' fade.

But there is a third possibility. Those characteristics of the object which appear in this passive dwelling on them may be so vivid that they compel attention of themselves, shut out all other elements, crystallize the moment into one of æsthetic arrest. Thus the two groups are forever warring. If you dwell on the lineaments of the object, the very laws of mind not only forbid you to approach it, but actually hold you spell-bound. You can't eat your peach and sketch it too.

This is the explanation, in the realm of mental causes and effects, of the 'disinterested' quality of the æsthetic experience. If the very condition of your complete æsthetic vision is the absence of all elements involving the self in activity, then the abyss between the æsthetic object and your own world and life is absolute. The object is not a real object to you: *so far as you are concerned* it is an appearance only.

Entbehren sollst du is the æsthetic motto. And this is the true secret of our sadness in looking on beauty. To the world of action, will, desire, — our private personal world, — *as beauty* it never can belong.

It is thus that we have a right to say that the æsthetic experience involves detachment, isolation, inhibition of action. However perfect the æsthetic

moment, however harmonious and self-complete the ideal world into which we enter, it is none the less an interruption of real life. The æsthetic moment is a step out of life.

This, and this alone, is the reason why the greatest of pessimists welcomed the presence in life of beauty and of art. If life and the will to live are an unmixed evil, then that cessation and denial of life involved in the full experience of beauty is a relative good. And conversely, — if Schopenhauer's evil, life, and the will to live, is our good, must not his good be in some sense fraught with ill to us?

The end of life is a unity. The ideal life must be that in which every act has a meaning for the whole, in which every purpose comes to fruition. Life is a unity, and responsibility is its watchword; for responsibility means obligation, a bond, one part of life answering to another part, a close-woven texture. But the æsthetic attitude is the explicit negation of all this. Whatever we contemplate in disinterested detachment is outside responsibility, because it is deliberately thrust beyond action. The æsthetic moment, the æsthetic object, is like the pearl in the oyster — a repellent unity, essentially repugnant to the inmost meaning of life.

The æsthetic as applied to life is a contradiction of itself; because it is of the essence of life to be linked, and of the essence of beauty to be an isolated whole. Thus it is that the episode, as, by definition, an isolated unity, is foreign to the meaning of life as a whole. The episode in love is felt as something without worth or dignity, for the meaning of love points beyond itself to the only immortality the finite creature can have: it holds, in its implications, liens on the whole future of action. For the same reason it is even a failure æsthetically, for the object or situation must be self-complete, not composed of elements that look beyond itself. Such was Goethe's fatal error, when he sought to make of his relations with Cristiana 'something noble, Roman, antique.' He had thought to embrace a spirit from a dream-world, as his Faust the spirit of Helena. But life is not composed like art, nor can anything be beautiful which is a denial of its own meaning.

It is indeed when we try to take an æsthetic attitude toward personalities that the curse comes home, and we see what is really involved in the æsthetic attitude. Deliberately to cut one's self off from active relation with and responsibility to a fellowman is to deny his personality, to treat him as a thing — the only real injury a person can suffer. But this is surely involved in the way of æsthetic appreciation.

Does one come upon a thatched cottage, among English fields, rose-embowered haunt of fever and misery? To the lover of beauty it is *noli me tangere*, for to touch it is to spoil it. — The budding poet, strolling city streets, drinks in the changing spectacle like wine. The beggar-woman, crouching in picturesque rags among burnt-umber shadows, makes for him a casual Rembrandt. Athwart the jeweled shoulders gleaming from passing carriages stands out the street girl's haggard, painted face. Wonderful, terrible contrasts of this life! he thinks, with all of youth's æsthetic thrill. But if the call of real life comes to him, he is ready to act, to dare, and to endure, that this wonderful contrast may disappear, and the world become a prosaic better place for a woman to live in.

When responsibility sets in, the æsthetic moment flies out of the window. For the æsthetic attitude toward life implies acceptance and welcome of things as they are; the moral calls to change. In the words of Nero, the first of æsthetes,

> For legendary sorrows I can weep;
> With those of old time I have suffered much,
> And I, for dreams, am capable of tears,
> But not for woes too near me, or too loud.

Here is indeed the great exemplar of æsthetics usurping the field of life. Stephen Phillips, in his play of *Nero*, has missed no ironical implications of the 'disinterested.' This is the Emperor looking on the storm-background of his mother's murder: —

> Wonderful! This gives beauty to an act
> Which else were ugly and of me unworthy.
> So mighty is she that her proper doom
> Could come but by some elemental aid.
> Her splendid trouble asketh but the sea
> For sepulchre; her spirit limitless
> A multitudinous and roaring grave.

Is it not now clear why the natural, the moral man dreads the corrosive action of the æsthetic interest on the relations of life as he knows it? The secret dread and distaste of the æsthetic temperament is in so far revealed and justified.

That it is possible to safeguard the relations of life while creating beauty or drawing refreshment and inspiration from it, is what I shall try to show later. But what is of present interest to me is to follow the trail of the æsthetic infection to the origin of certain interesting elements in the history of culture. We shall find it as a philosophy of life, ravaging souls; and as an occupational disease, leaving its stigma on worker and product.

Not to make too modest a claim, let me assert at once that the rise, growth, and decay of Romanticism in Germany and France are bounded by the limits and implications of the æsthetic malady. The sickness of Romanticism was an æsthetic sickness, its decline was æsthetic self-destruction. To say that in Rousseau was the original infection, is of course only a paraphrase of the present-day platitude of criticism, that Rousseau is the universal ancestor of revolution. He was not himself a conscious exponent of the æsthetic outlook on life; yet the logical outcome of his teaching and example was in Goethe and the Romantic School, in whom the æsthetic aim is raised to a philosophy. For the liberty to return to the natural man, which Rousseau demanded, involved also the demand not to be bound by any ties save those of feeling. Complete freedom for the individual was what he asked; obligation was for him a horror. But this freedom from obligations implies the detachment and isolation which we find ever the mark of the æsthetic attitude.

Such freedom, indeed, must issue in the æsthetic relation to life; for the man who is detached cannot act. Æsthetic response is the only activity left to such a personality. But Goethe, although he owes much to Rousseau, reaches his completeness of detachment in the opposite direction. He is not pressing to revolt from obligations, but through his overwhelmingly endowed æsthetic nature he achieves detachment. It was in the inevitable logic of ideas that Gœthe, the individualist and man of feeling, should give the complete case of the æsthetic personality.

Goethe's every experience was for him an æsthetic experience, to be taken up into his gallery of pictures, but to be allowed no independent existence in the world of reality and consequence. As he said, 'With me every idea transforms itself at once into an image.' That image is what latter-day æsthetic criticism has come to know as the *Fernbild* — of which the essential quality is its detachment. Thus it was that he never gave a hostage to Fate, thus it was that the great opportunities of his life were missed. At the bourgeoning of German national feeling he had eyes only for Napoleon —

the other Superman; and at the birth of critical philosophy he was 'God-intoxicated' in contemplation with Spinoza. He never knew love, because, in true æsthetic spirit, he always foresaw the end of an experience. Schiller wrote of him, 'He makes his existence felt by means of his generosity, but only after the manner of a God, without giving himself.' That his personality might be a rounded whole, he put his life into a series of episodes, out of which he sucked the juices, but which, nevertheless, *as events*, remained sterile for him. Amiel said of him, 'He has never attained to the sentiment of obligation or of sin.' And this was why he never knew happiness. In the æsthetic experience, man is free; but the *man* who is free is a pitiable creature. We should have liked to see the Goethe in whom the springs of thought and feeling were renewed and fed by action, fellowship, and 'responsibility for the thing done.' But he was afraid of life. He made the great refusal.

In after years Goethe had enough bitterness against the German Romanticists; but whatever his repudiation, it cannot be denied that they derive from him. It has indeed been the fashion to make of Fichte the philosophical godfather of the Romantic School, but there is no doubt that they developed as they did only by ignoring the central element of stability and restraint in Fichte's system — the moral world-order, expressed in the moral will. The Self of Fichte, the absolute principle of all knowledge, creates its own world, positing a sense-world to give itself something in which to work this moral will; but translated into the language of young genius, this meant only that one creates, one dreams out, one's own world: one brings it into being as a supreme work of art.

Die Welt, sie war nicht, bis ich sie erschuf!

All this was, however, more or less a philosophical afterthought of the Romantics, an *ex-post-facto* sanction. What they really built on, and swore by, because they really understood it, was the free æsthetic attitude toward life which they first learned and worshiped in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, and recognized in Goethe himself. *Wilhelm Meister* was the text-book of German Romanticism. Not only was it the model of all works of fiction, as containing all forms of literature, but its hero was the exponent of that *Lebenskunst*, that art of life, which all professed and strove to practice.

Faust itself, indeed, is the great apotheosis of Romanticism. There have always been moralists who have professed to find, in at least the ending of Faust, a refutation of the plain lesson to be drawn from everything else that Goethe ever wrote or did: a new thesis that altruistic and creative work is the end of life, and gives at last that moment to which one may well cry, 'Verweile doch, du bist so schön!' But that view gives the lie to all the other implications of the story. Here, too, with his reclaiming works, Faust is irresponsible. It is activity for the 'experience,' that he wants. He ignores the rights of others, proceeds by magic, and ends in theft and piracy. To me the absolute truth of the matter is summed up in Mr. Santayana's vivid interpretation in his 'Three Philosophical Poets.' 'He would continue, if life could last, doing things, that, in some respect, he would be obliged to regret; but he would banish that regret easily, in the pursuit of some new interest; and, on the whole, he would not regret having been obliged to regret them. Otherwise, he would not have shared the whole experience of mankind, but missed the important experience of self-accusation and of self-recovery.' No; Faust, like his glorious creator, 'has never attained to a senti-

ment of obligation or of sin.' It is, for him too, the art of life, to create the possibility of the complete circle of experience.

But alas — since the world is the product of one's genial caprice and impulse to self-expression and may be even so annihilated, there is nothing stable, nothing worth in itself. 'The deepest truth known to me is that erelong my present truth will change.' This is the Romantic Irony, of which one has heard so much — the Socratic Irony through young German spectacles. The joke is, that one's own acts, too, are but a passing semblance, without value, for there is nothing of absolute value to measure them by. So the world is hollow, and the spirit yearns into the void in vain.

Let us say rather — agitates in a vacuum. The strangest logical transformation is that by which the daring *freischaffende Geist* finds himself in God-like isolation, so detached that he cannot act effectively anywhere. He will not be bound by obligations, so all is episodic for him. He will not act for fear of endangering an inner harmony, and so he falls into an inevitable passivity, and, from the nemesis of all unused powers, into that *ennui*, melancholy, paralysis, romantic despair — *le mal de René* — that is bewailed by all, from Goethe, Chateaubriand, de Sénancour, Byron, to that grandchild of Romanticism, the author of the *Fleurs du Mal* — 'un oasis d'horreur dans un désert d'ennui.'

The defiant sensibility of Rousseau, the free creative spirit of Wilhelm Meister, the beautiful waywardness and genial caprice of all the Romantic tribe of Schleiermacher and Schlegel respond alike to one touchstone. They are experiencing natures; yet experience itself melts away under their fingers like a globule of mercury. They take life as an opportunity for æsthetic moulding, and so it becomes for them an æsthetic spectacle, with themselves outside. For it is the condition, the meaning, and the nemesis of the æsthetic object, to be without relations to anything but itself. The romanticists are intransitive. They don't bite. Who was it called *Wilhelm Meister* 'a menagerie of tame creatures'? 'Blake, Stendhal, Goethe, Pascal, all were rebels,' says a critic. Far from it; a rebel is a man of energy who will not submit himself to outworn conventions, because he has things to do. The Romanticists were not rebels, they were truants. The Romanticist does n't want to tempt the irrevocable by deeds; he does n't want his bluff called.

Perhaps the type, and the *reductio ad absurdum* for our modern world, of the free-creative personality, is *Peer Gynt*. Ibsen has surely paid his respects not only to Romantic Idealism, but to the particular embodiments of Romantic Irony in this figure. Mr. William Archer has told us that we must not seek in *Peer Gynt* a clear consistent cut-and-dried allegory, but I confess that it seems to me to leap to the eyes. Peer Gynt has all the stigmata. He will 'realize himself' and make his life a work of art. And he will 'to himself be — enough!' Nor will he 'tempt the irretrievable' — though it does overtake him.

> Ay, think of it, — wish it done — *will* it to boot — But *do* it — No, that's past my understanding.
> (Act III, Scene 1.)

Reference to the unfortunate author of *De Profundis* as the classical case in modern life of the self-destruction of the æsthetic temperament is too obvious. Yet it is not the course of his life that seems to me most eloquent in this connection, but the completeness with which his written word upholds and confirms all my contentions. 'The Critic as Artist' goes straight as an arrow to those necessary conclusions

from their premises which the Romanticists would fain evade. 'Life!' cries Oscar Wilde, 'don't let us go to life for our experiences, it makes us pay too high a price for them.'

But 'The Critic as Artist' is still playful — *De Profundis* is supposed to be the bed-rock of conviction. It is professedly the resolution of tragic despair into a composed humility; and one would have thought, indeed, that out of a searing tragedy would have come some grasp of the basic conditions of life. Yet this is the burden of the book: the writer accepts sorrow because to complete self-realization sorrow is as necessary as joy. 'Pleasure for the beautiful body, pain for the beautiful soul.' That Christ, the Man of Sorrows, is the greatest of individualists, the artist in life, justifies the æsthetic, the 'flower-like' life, bound to no law or obligation except to realize itself. 'Humility in the artist is the frank acceptance of all experiences.' It is difficult, for me at least, to see in this reaffirmation of the æsthetic philosophy of life anything but the only defiance left against a universe which still hatefully exacts responsibility for the thing done.

But it is one thing to choose for one's end in life the perfecting and free creation of one's own personality; it is another to fall unconsciously, and by the fatality of conditions, into the æsthetic attitude toward life. Yet how can the literary artist, at least, escape it? He must be a very miracle of strength and sanity if the tool of his trade does not leave a mark upon him and his work. The disease of the will from which all the literary grandchildren of Romanticism suffer is but the obverse of the perceptive view of life — the intransitive striking in. It is a very hyperæsthesia of the senses and æsthetic paralysis, which one feels everywhere. Nothing can be more instructive than a volume of studies like *The Symbolist Movement* of Mr. Arthur Symons, who is himself a disciple. 'I write what I see, what I feel, what I have experienced,' says one of the typical figures — significant omission! Of Verlaine, 'Eyes wherein contemplation was itself an act.' 'To Verlaine happily, experience taught nothing; rather, it taught him only to cling the more closely to those moods in whose succession lies the more intimate part of our spiritual life.' 'Action,' discovers Rimbaud, 'is not life, but a way of spoiling something.' 'As for living,' cries the *Axel* of Villiers-Adam, 'our servants will do that for us!'

Yet the personal doom of this occupational disease is, after all, its least sinister aspect. Let the poet make an æsthetic hell for himself, if he will, so long as he does n't insist in taking us with him. But how can the second-rate sensitive mind view the world in detachment, vividly yet objectively — as must be to fix it on canvas — and escape taking this detachment as the very meaning and secret of life? This — this it is, this transference of the craftsman's necessary pose into a whole philosophy of life, which makes the whole literature of the decadence so hopelessly, exquisitely hollow. Nothing is in it but the experience of perception. It is bad enough that the poet in his own life only 'experiences'; but that he should never see any other attitude possible for anyone else is a refinement of exasperation. That phrase, of which one is so weary, 'The man for whom the visible world exists,' might be extended to say of these 'and nothing else!' From Maeterlinck's figures, 'enduring the presence of their soul and their destiny,' to D'Annunzio's, assuming that there is no other way to take the world than the æsthetic (and the revolted æsthetic, at that!) — all, paralyzed as by a Gorgon's

head, they sit spell-bound before the spectacle of life.

There is a certain philosophical fancy of an object, containing a picture of that object, which shall in turn contain a picture of that object; as, say, a miniature of your beloved wearing her own miniature in a brooch, which miniature must be a portrait wearing another miniature in a brooch — and so on *ad infinitum*. This self-representative mania has taken hold on the descendants of the Romantic school. I see the world as a picture; that picture is then only of people who look on the world as a picture in which others are regarding others. That way lies madness! But there is the same vertigo in following out the self-representative maze in some of the later James novels. As the author says, 'I confess I never see the *leading* interest of any human hazard but in a consciousness (on the part of the moved and moving creature) subject to fine intensification and wide enlargement.' But, at least for him, there is the human hazard. At the end of a passage there may be the all but inaudible click of a decision made. Among the others an act of will would be impossible. Nothing happens in their writings save by the sullen expansion or contraction of a vegetative soul. And this soul is vegetative because the soul of its creator is vegetative. The passivity of the æsthetic function has poisoned the spring of æsthetic creation at its source, in a personality not of the strongest.

This is the secret malady of the half-genius. We used to be told that the great man saw objectively, while the lesser gave us life at his own angle. Rather is it that the great man can picture life as it is lived at first-hand, while the lesser gives us the automatic contemplative thing which his own detached experience has made him mistake for life.

What, then, is the right and healthy regimen for the lover of beauty who yet would not fall into æsthetic heartlessness, congealment, impotence? What must be the true place and office of beauty in a world of action and of suffering?

The first answer must be, Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. One right every human being can claim — the acknowledgment of his personal existence in the same world. Yet by taking him as an æsthetic object you do put him out of the same world, beyond judgment of good and evil. The beggar, the prostitute, the amusing child, the pirate of high finance, are insulted in their inmost natures when you make them the mere objects of your æsthetic interest. 'I wonder the poor do not put on gloves to beg — they would make money by it,' said someone once to Baudelaire. If you acknowledge a living, real personality, you have a duty toward him, if only to judge him.

That is the darling error of our American people. In the realm where it has no place, in social relations, we fall at the least excuse into the æsthetic attitude. We enjoy the clever rogue or the Napoleon of finance, and contemplate him with a paralysis of responsibility entirely characteristic of the æsthetic moment.

On the other hand, the heart that craves beauty and perfection can find them innocently and freely in the works of art and the wonders of nature. No duty is owed to these save to enjoy them; therein their end is fulfilled. It is not for me to dwell here on the moral therapeutics of such æsthetic experience. Its enlarging, purifying, rectifying office is assumed. The work of art which is truly beautiful possesses those qualities which induce the harmonious interplay of the faculties; gives of its own perfection a 'perfect moment.' It

is indeed a step out of the web of responsible life — but so is sleep. Like sleep, it sends one back to life a new man. Yet one must sharply separate sleep and waking. What I have tried to show is how the æsthetic obsession works on life like a sleeping sickness.

To linger in the æsthetic moment, for the man who will grasp life as a whole, is but to '*reculer pour mieux sauter*.' Beauty, in whatever guise, supplies the image of that perfection toward which we may press on with heart the higher. Any perfection incarnate is the vindication of our hopes for the world, hopes which then more securely become our aims and our determinations. The Utopia of harmony and of happiness, once rightly envisaged, becomes a wellspring of energy for daily effort. It is indeed the promised land.

But this is rest upon and acceptance of a symbol, for the sake of unrelenting effort toward the greater symbolized. And let not the symbol lead us to ignoble quiescence. It is a danger to society that intrenched abuses or outworn creeds maintain themselves through this æsthetic quiescence which their beautiful forms impose on sensitive natures. Many people who think they are religious are only susceptible to æsthetic rapture. There is no moral passion which does not mean change and effort and discomfort.

Is there then no 'beautiful' life, and no right æsthetic appreciation of personalities? By our definition, the 'beautiful' life can be only the complete, the coherent, the perfect life, that in which any impulse is linked with its central scheme and principle, as every note in a symphony belongs to its own close-woven texture. Such a life we may æsthetically appreciate, because we can rest in it and apart from it, as in any other microcosm of perfection. We may not either help or hurt it. But a personality or situation to which we cannot enthusiastically assent, is one which demands action from us, and bars us from the æsthetic attitude. It is at least possible that our safety lies to-day rather in steadfastly refusing the æsthetic eye to all but works of art and happy chances of nature.

In this tragic world of ours, such moments can be only few and far between. Not being gods, we cannot look upon it and say that it is good.

DAVID

BY GWENDOLINE OVERTON

THE David of to-day is a man in middle life, whom you know at once for one of those accustomed to responsibility. Appreciating the value of passing help, from long years of effort made alone, he has befriended where he might, avoiding recognition, seeking no gratitude. As retiringly, without acclaim, he has done, for his community, work the value of which will increase as generations gather. He stands high in an upbuilding profession, among men of achievement and learning. And while yet in the fullness of years, he has entered into success.

But the David with whom this story has to do was a boy upon a mid-western farm. He was the first child, and the only son — though later a sister followed him into the world. It was a serious, work-a-day world as they were shown it. Conditions were hard, much was to be done, and men and women were few. So children were pressed into service, early and of necessity. Fathers whose own youth had been no softer made taskmasters unyielding to sentiment. And if the hearts of mothers longed now and then to see their babies playing careless and happily, as even the babies of the farm beasts might — why, hearts were inimical to labor and utility, and must be brought into subjection.

Yet David's mother was young in maternity and in discipline, and one cannot but wonder if sometimes there were not a revolt in her breast; for it is remembered as the child's first waking to consciousness of self, that he had a duty laid upon him, and a burden to be borne.

The burden, to be sure, was only a piece of firewood brought from the pile his father had stacked close by the kitchen door. But David's two arms could scarcely encircle it, and his feet had to be placed with the utmost care, wide apart, so that he might not tumble. When he came to the bottom of the steps a difficulty all but insurmountable confronted him. He could not cling to the stick of wood and make such an ascent. He recalls now how he stood with aching arms, working out his first problem for himself. And directly it was solved. The stick of wood was laid down upon the first step. He climbed after it, on hands and knees, picked it up, laid it upon the second step, followed, and lifting it once again, with every care and precaution, surmounted the sill of the doorway. It seemed a long journey across the kitchen to the stove. But he drew a steadying breath, and fortified by the knowledge of a duty to be performed, went forward until, when the heavy load slipped from him and fell, it lay at his mother's feet.

If it were an early entrance, however, upon the serious affairs of life, he was soon to have need of the powers fostered. For when David was twelve years old, his father died. His mother was a woman of energy and resource, reputed to be the most capable housewife of the neighborhood; but the work of the farm was heavy, and a man worthy his hire was not to be had in a

district where each might be his own master, with soil enough to till for himself.

So David understood that he had become the head of the house now, and must henceforth do a man's work. It did not seem to him anything impossible or extraordinary. In the world he knew, girls no older than he were homekeepers of many cares, fostering children younger still; and boys like himself were sometimes the mainstay of a family.

In the lonely quiet of the evening after his father's burial, the little sister had been put to sleep and David and his mother sat together by the kitchen stove. The inevitable future stretched on ahead. It was full of practical and urgent needs that must perforce be spoken of. 'There is the ploughing to be done — and the sowing,' David's mother said. The middle of March was upon them, and winter might be counted as at an end, although there would be more bleak days when the rain would beat down, wind-driven, as it was doing now in the blackness outside the windows.

'Mr. Morse might be willing to look after it,' she went on, as she tore strips of old cotton which could yet serve for dishcloths. Morse was their neighbor to the northward; a farmer of skill and repute. 'He might take it on shares.' Her tone implied, what both of them understood, that the necessary financial loss of such an arrangement was to be regretted.

'I can do it myself,' said David.

It was the speech of one who has pondered aforetime. He too was busying his fingers, — repairing the headstall of a harness, by the aid of jack-knife and leather thongs. Intent as was his mind upon this affair of the moment, it could yet deal with other matters, clearly.

His mother, however, felt doubts that might be excused. The boy beside her was not very old, to any eyes; but to hers he was younger still from having been carried in her arms and nursed at her bosom in a time which, in these last few days, had seemed so briefly past.

'I'm afraid it would be too much for you, son.' She put her discouragement gently.

David bent his red-brown head, as he rounded the strap-edge he had cut. 'I ploughed last year,' he recalled.

'Yes, I know you did. But it was only two acres — there ought to be something like ten or twelve this time.'

'I can plough 'em all right.'

It was not boastful. It was the assertion of one who knows conditions and his own capabilities. And he carried so much conviction to his mother's mind, that she found herself accepting the possibility. Had not her husband himself said to her that David had done his two acres 'as well as anybody' and 'could have tackled the whole job if he had set about it'?

So, as to the ploughing — perhaps. But the sowing? That was another thing. 'You never sowed, son,' she suggested.

'I can learn how.'

She was silent, yet it was less from conviction than from unwillingness to put objections in the way, to show lack of faith in his powers.

'Don't you bother,' he admonished, holding off the battered headstall to survey his work. 'If you'll look after the house and them things, mother, I guess I can see to the farm.'

Among the duties of the 'house and them things' was that of caring for the chickens; and it was consequently to the surprise of David's mother that she saw him, early one evening, standing before the coop, feeding the cocks and hens. Their neighbor to the northward was with him. Now and then the latter

put his own right hand into the pan and, while the boy followed his every movement with concentrated attention, scattered the grain, wide and evenly. From her place at the kitchen door, she watched for a few minutes. And then she understood. David was learning to sow. It was a man's affair, between men, and she had not been consulted. She was filled with a yearning pride over the self-reliance of her boy, over the setting of his sturdy little shoulders to bear whatever could be laid upon them. But she was careful to betray none of this to David when he came for his supper, reticent and occupied.

'I'll see to feeding the hens for a while,' he told her.

She accepted it without question, — as she believed he would be best pleased to have a woman take these consciously-new evidences of virility. So far did she carry the policy of non-intervention, that she staid her tongue even when the gorged and glutted fowls seemed upon the verge of suffering gravely from excess. For David practiced upon them at every opportunity. At daylight, in the cold spring mornings, he was already outside the house, the pan beneath his left arm, his right hand swinging. And the chickens coming from the coop, one by one, none too eagerly, found grain already upon the ground. It continued to patter — with the evenness of drops of rain — upon their backs as they gathered. It fell still as, losing interest, they ceased to pick, and wandered off. At evening the downpour of plenty came again.

Morse appeared, now and then, to observe the progress. 'You ain't going to get a great many eggs this spring,' he commented. 'Them hens'll be too fat'n lazy to lay.'

With the intensity of his efforts David looked up into the face embellished by a big black moustache which it was his secret wish to emulate at the earliest moment possible. And in his eyes there was an anxious questioning for approval, such as, at no price, would he have let his mother surprise.

'You hold your fingers too tight,' his master admonished. 'And your arm goes jerky. Look a-here — like this.'

David hung on his gestures and sought to reproduce them.

'That's right,' Morse encouraged, 'that's better.'

For it must be understood that to sow is no matter of mere haphazard scattering of the seed. It is a phase of the farmer's occupation requiring the utmost deftness and skill, an art for which one man is gifted above another. In David's part of the country there were contests for precedence, and he who was acknowledged the best sower boasted thereof, and was looked up to by his comrades. The honor had latterly been held by Morse.

Among those boys of David's acquaintance who hoped to follow in the footsteps of their fathers there was ambition to achieve the distinction. And David had long since decided that he would some day learn to sow better than any one roundabout. But that had been mere youthful vanity, and the expression of a character which would have naught of half effort. Now, however, he was confronted with necessity. If he were to take care of his mother and sister he must know how to sow. And if he were going to do it at all, he meant to do it well. The matter was one of absorbing, almost depressing seriousness. During those days of late March and early April the boy had put away childish things. Before dawn he rose, and he worked till after dark. Habit had not yet rendered this easy either to body or to mind. There was the mental effort of adjustment to conditions, of meeting new problems and solving them. And there was the

brute physical labor of those who till the ground.

A week after the new responsibility had come upon him, he began to plough. He was helped, to be sure, by horses which his father had left well trained. But it is toil of cruel severity, at the very best, when a boy's strength must guide the steel blade through acre after acre of ponderous earth. And when the day's stint had been finished he must still stand practicing his grain-throwing to the hens, his arms almost too weary for the movements. Afterwards there were the horses to care for and stable for the night. It would be well past dark when he could go in for his supper, to sit eating in the silence of exhaustion. Often he dropped asleep where he sat, with his head on his bended arm.

Not until he was deep in the abandonment of slumber would his need of his mother be confessed. She would come beside him then, and put her arms about him, and bow her head upon the close-shorn, low-lying one. And presently she would speak to him.

'David — son — it is time for bed, dearie. Come with mother.' The speech of other days, when she had taken his little soft hand, and led him, toddling.

And David would stir and rise with her aid. Leaning heavily upon her in unconscious helplessness, he would let himself be guided to the stairs and up them. And she would undress him and put him to bed, tucking him under the patchwork quilt, and kissing him goodnight. The next morning he would know nothing of it all. But his mother cherished the memories.

To have ploughed and harrowed the twelve acres which it had been decided to cultivate, might have taken less time for a grown man. But David's utmost exertion could not accomplish it under four weeks. They were ready for planting in good season, however, and on the morning after the last foot of soil had been prepared, he went out by the front gate, and turning northward, trudged along the road. He carried a small canvas sack of grain. And he scattered it to farmer Morse's chickens, while that past-master stood by, severely critical. It was a rare treat for fowls to whom grain had not become an indifferent thing. But at length Morse spoke the staying word.

'That'll do,' he said. 'I guess you can go ahead and sow your field.'

David returned home.

'I'm going to sow to-morrow,' he announced for his mother's information.

And while the light clouds in the sky were just beginning to flush pink, he went forth into the crucial day.

There is no movement among all those needful and wholesome occupations of men from which spring grace, that has a time and rhythm more perfect than sowing. The visible music of great symphonies is in the long forward tread across soft earth, in the dip, spread, sweep and return of the free right arm. The act is one complete and rounded in its symbolism, the primal type of all other acts. The supremely impartial generosity of nature itself is in the loosely opened, curving hand that sends widespread, evenly, its fecund seed. The swing of the spheres through space is in unison with the swinging passage of the man who sows earth's grains.

But as beautiful acts are oftenest unconscious ones, David was wholly unaware of being anything more than a boy in a big, brown field. He was aware, to be sure, of a certain pride in the fact that the field was a nice job of ploughing and harrowing. And as he was young and strong, and as the day was new, he could not but have had a feeling of good exercise in the smooth, repeated

gestures, and the long step over the heavy ground. But the matter in hand was work, serious work that had to be done well. It required the whole of his attention.

'I'll come over before dinner and see how you're getting on,' Morse had said. And the one thing of paramount importance in the universe was that he should not stand pulling at the enviable black moustache, frowning disapproval and shaking his head. So David went forward and back, forward and back, dipping his fingers, and spreading the grain. And before he had given a thought to the time, an acre had been sowed. He shifted the strap of his bag and stood surveying it. Then he began to walk along, head down, scrutinizing narrowly. The further he went on and the more closely he looked, the less did he like what he had done. For the first time he felt discouragement, doubt of himself. He had undertaken something he could not do. He was ashamed, sullenly, crossly ashamed. He did not want Morse to come and see this. His taciturn pride, too deep for the surface expression of boasting, was wounded and hurt. He kicked his toe into the earth.

'Aw — I've made a darned mess of it.' He spoke to the field empty of all save eager birds. And then, feeling a presence, he glanced up quickly. Morse had approached.

'Got about an acre in? I thought it would be pretty near that by now.' His keen eye was going over the ground, as he began to walk along slowly. David followed at his side, a little behind. His knees were trembling disagreeably, and his hands had grown cold. He felt light-headed, just a little as if he were sick. Morse was ominously silent. He was pulling at his moustache. Not if life had been the price would David have sought to end his anxiety with any question that might break this silence fraught with dread. He was shutting his teeth together, preparing himself to take what was coming without betrayal of feeling.

They made the tour of the acre; and when they had come again to the spot whence they had set forth, Morse stopped. He hooked his thumbs into the belt of his overalls. 'It's a good job,' he said, 'a first-rate job. I could n't have done better myself.'

Perhaps it was in recollection of his own boyhood's fierce detestation of feeling betrayed, that he kept on looking straight across the countryside. 'You want to get your scarecrows up right soon,' he casually observed.

The birds in the row of new-leaved pollards were chirping and trilling busily; a crow on a post was resting with wings down-drooped, and a squirrel, quivering with surprise at being unmolested, sat up tentatively, the better to see. David himself stood motionless, watching Morse going away along the edge of the fence. The tall, stooped figure in dingy blue came to a row of bushes, went among them and disappeared.

Then David turned slowly and looked at the field just sown. He drew a long breath — and another, which came unsteadily. His shoulders began to rise and fall, despite the mightiest effort of his will. He tried to hold his lips between his teeth. But the overtaxed powers had given way. In sudden surrender he threw his bent elbow across his eyes and stumbled unseeingly forward to the foot of the great trees. He dropped on his knees there, then at full length on the ground; and with his head pillowed on his arms the stern repression of so many days found relief, as he sobbed in complete abandonment.

He did not know that some of the birds, growing bold, flew down near

him for the scattered grain, nor that the crow moved up along the fence-rail, hesitating between investigation and flight. Neither did he know that someone was coming through the tall bushes, by the path.

His mother had spoken with Morse as he went out to his wagon in the road, and when he had driven off she had made haste past the houses and barns, and through the truck garden, to the fields. She had wanted to see David in an hour of a pride and satisfaction such as might never again in all his life be so supreme. But he was not standing as she had imagined him, shining-eyed, elaborately unconcerned, looking upon the work that had been called good. Just at first she could not find him. Then she caught a low sound, and glanced whence it came. Beneath the tall pollards, in their narrowing strip of shade, David was prone on the ground.

In the strong impulse of her sympathy, she would have gone and knelt beside him, taking him in her arms. For a moment she paused — uncertainly. Then a love beyond mere motherhood surged within her soul. She turned back along the field-path quickly.

And David was alone.

THE CULT OF THE SECOND-BEST

BY ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

All that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue;
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furled.
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
What matter to me that their star is a world?
Mine opens its soul to me; therefore I love it.

WERE I asked to choose the short poem which most suggestively expressed the attitude of our age, I believe I should pause long before rejecting this one of Browning's. If there is anything more characteristic than another of our spiritual attitude, it is our proneness to challenge the Accepted. 'Down with the Obvious' is our intellectual war-cry. It is more than a principle with us; it is a habit. We are growing temperamentally incapable of taking things for granted; we are the sworn enemies of conventional standards, both in taste and in morals; we are the champions of individual judgment. In the realm of morals this is bringing about consequences so vast that I must back away from even the mention of them. In the realm of taste it is producing conditions, to one aspect of which I should like to call attention.

Which brings us back to our poem. May I be pardoned for laying unhallowed hands on a thing so exquisite! It is like dissecting a butterfly. But perhaps we need not hurt him, and we can set him free again in a moment.

In plain English, then, the poem means, that I love a certain star because of qualities in it appreciated, I find, in a peculiar way, by me. I do not share this appreciation with others. When they press in upon me, to partake of my vision, 'it stops like a bird, like a flower hangs furled.' But when I, its discoverer and owner, look at it, it 'opens its soul to me,' and — note well the phrase — 'therefore I love it.' As for the others — the crowd — let them have Saturn and welcome — Saturn, whose wonders any one can see with half an eye. I admit that Saturn is in a sense greater, but I am happy with my own lesser thing, because it is mine.

There we have it! A turning away from accepted greatness, greatness in the appreciation of which all can take part, to the minor beauty whose enjoyment can be ours alone. It is not purely a love of beauty, then, that dominates us, but a glory in discovery, a pride of ownership, and, perhaps, an instinct of withdrawal from the crowd.

And now we may let our butterfly go again — praying that we have not brushed the least mote of bloom from his wings.

It is this attitude, I think, which is peculiarly characteristic of the age we live in. It is not, of course, the exclusive possession of our own time. Touchstone betrayed it, when, in his best court tones, he introduced Audrey as 'A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own.' And we can go back even further if we care to inquire curiously. Probably the man who black-balled Aristides because he was tired of hearing him called 'The Just' had the same feeling — which is only another illustration of the modernness of the Greeks. He was expressing a dislike of the Obvious, a rebellion against the Accepted, which we can all understand. He was tired of Saturn. Probably he had some small star of his own that, for the reasons we have just been considering, he liked better.

It is, in fact, a trait of human nature, which just now is getting the upper hand a little more than usual. For the worship of the gods has always been encroached upon by the cults of the demigods. There is something cloying about the continual contemplation of unquestioned greatness, especially if the experience has to be shared with the crowd. This is, of course, the real reason why the orthodox conceptions of Heaven are so unattractive. And, equally of course, this was what was the matter with Lucifer — ah, here at last we are at the very beginning of the whole trouble! He began it! Not Browning, nor Touchstone, nor the Greek mugwump, but Lucifer. He was the first to set up an individual judgment, to rebel against the domination of the Obvious.

There is nobody to blame, then, but a person who is so in the habit of taking blame that he can take a little more without turning a hair. Upon his broad shoulders we may load the restlessness of all the uneasy spirits since the time of the First One.

There is something to be said for them. The Great of the world do get a good deal of handling. They show it a little. The grass is trodden down all around them, their toes are worn blunt by being kissed, and they are be-starred and be-photographed out of all whooping. One can hardly think of them apart from an atmosphere of perfunctory admiration of the tourist sort, to which there clings an aroma of lunch-boxes and note-books and cameras and picture post-cards. We cannot approach them without feeling ourselves one of a rabble. 'Ugh!' we growl, 'let's get out of this! Come along over to my Little-Great-One, that nobody else is paying any attention to. Here we are, — no crowd, no noise, — the place is ours!'

Ah, yes, there is indeed something in it. There is a good deal in it. And so the cult of the Little Great supplants the worship of the Great Great.

There is no special harm in this so long as we remember that there is a difference between the Great Great and the Little Great. So long as we do not forget that, with one day of such treatment as the Great Great are imperturbably submitting to through the ages, the Little Great would be reduced to pulp. And so long as we do not blink the fact that in pursuing our cult we are yielding to our love for exclusiveness.

And though there is something to be said for these uneasy spirits, there is also something to be said against them, — certainly when we are concerned with the things of the spirit. For there is a difference between the material and the immaterial Great Great. Take the Matterhorn — it is a Great Great in its own line, no doubt, but perhaps — just perhaps — we might be excused for preferring a lower peak with solitudes around it, to the Matterhorn with a fore-ground of hard-boiled-egg shells and oiled-paper sandwich-wrappers. I am not accusing the Matterhorn of such a foreground, — the Tourist-land Improvement Society probably keeps it cleared up, — I am only suggesting a hypothetical case, in which a material Great Great might lose some of its — shall we call it bloom?

But with the immaterial Great Great the case is somewhat altered. Its audience-rooms may be always thronged, yet we do not have to dodge the elbows of the crowd, or peer under their hats in order to get a view. We can, in a sense, forget them. Only in a sense, to be sure. For the throng, though invisible, has left its traces. The Bible, for instance, has suffered from too much handling. No one who has been 'properly' brought up, can, I fancy, ever read any of its great writings and get a perfectly pure and fresh vision of their greatness. There are no egg-shells and sandwich-papers, indeed, but the fore-ground and the back-ground and the middle-ground are littered with altar-cloths and stained glass, with snatches of hymns and illuminated texts and the débris of sermons. Not with the most intense detachment of spirit can we escape them entirely. If on this account we leave the Bible and betake ourselves say, to the Apocrypha, we shall be free from all this. We can be quite by ourselves, and we shall find many wonderful and beautiful things, but in the end we shall be making a mistake if we do not go back to our Bible again, hymns and texts and sermons and all.

The next greatest sufferer among the Great Great is Shakespeare. It is hard to read Shakespeare with an undivided mind, because one keeps running up against so many 'familiar quotations.' Moreover, some of us have 'prepared' Shakespeare for the class-room, for college-entrance examination, for B.A. and M.A. and Ph.D. examinations, and the air of the study hangs heavy about him. I knew a young woman once who felt this so keenly that in selecting four plays to be studied by her class she proposed four of the poorest — one of them not surely authentic — because, as she said, the great plays were so 'hackneyed.' It seemed to me that though her plight was hard, she had not chosen the best way out. It still seems so. And if we do not find the better way of escape it is partly our own fault.

Can we not walk free with Shakespeare and enjoy his companionship because of this network of trappings — glossaries and notes and quotations and essays — in which we are involved? Do our steps drag? Are our feet clogged? Do we slip harness and escape to some companion whose charm, per-

haps, is less, but with whom we can race along untrammeled? The loss is ours. If we were just a little cleverer, we could do something still better: we could give Shakespeare the wink — he would be ready — and both together we would duck, plunge, twist, and — there we are! Free! and off together up the wind, with none to follow. And then what a day we should have!

From the brightness and the wonder of such a day does it, perhaps, detract something, the consciousness that we are not the first? Perhaps it does, because we are, as we have admitted, human. There is a joy in discovery quite apart from the quality of the thing discovered. The first man to conquer a peak gets something that those who follow never find. But this — the bead on the cup — is not for us, we come too late. Unless, indeed, we may find it in the discovery of some new Great Great among our contemporaries. Some of us may have had intoxicating moments when we have at least thought we had done this.

But for the most part, the peaks have been climbed. Shakespeare and Sophocles and the rest have been read and read. When we say 'Wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful!' we must be content to know that millions have said it before us, and millions will say it after us. And if we are not content, if our pride is humiliated and our love of exclusiveness is outraged by this knowledge, what then? Shall we allow ourselves to be driven by our own weakness eternally to the society of the Little Great? Perhaps, better than rebellion against the Obvious, would be an endeavor to reconquer the Obvious. Perhaps the thing that would pay best of all would be to strive for freshness of mind, freshness of attack, in the appreciation of these same old Great Great.

For the greatness of the Great, though obvious in one way, in another way is not obvious at all, and when we turn aside from them, we are perhaps moved not merely by intellectual priggishness, but also by intellectual indolence. The dainty musical trifle rests us when the great symphony tires us. It is easier to appreciate the little things, the pretty sketches, the rare bits, exquisite but slight, whose beauty we can in a sense see all around. Easy, and also perfectly defensible if we do it only as a part of our æsthetic experience. But if it becomes the whole of it, we are in danger of falling into a sterile round of easy enjoyment which leaves us where it found us. We shall never grow spiritually keen and muscular in this way. It is as if a man were to spend his leisure all his life in playing jack-straws when he might be playing chess. If we spend all our time on the second-best we shall lose something out of our intellectual and æsthetic equipment, something of virility, something of largeness and breadth, something of the power and the willingness to expend energy in the understanding and appreciation of the greatest things. And this ought not to be lightly given up.

A fresh vision of the Great Great is worth achieving. It is worth waiting for. I had read *King Lear* many times, but once I read it, and suddenly it took hold of me in a new way, and carried me along — breathless, overwhelmed, to the end. I had read the *Antigone* over and over, but once when I came to it, it swept me up into its own clear air: I saw it steadily and saw it whole. Experiences like these, incommunicable as they are, are to be above all desired, above all prized. When one has had them it is hard to see how one could for long be content with less.

HELPING TO GOVERN INDIA

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

WONDERFUL Mother India! As I made my way through the blazing heat across the parched grass of the square at Berhampore that morning, I fear I did not love you. Yet it was to be a day of romance.

It was in May, midway of the hot season. We had cholera through the district and up and down the Ganges valley, and were to have it five weeks more till the monsoon clouds gathered like a thick gray veil across the blazing face of the sky, and burst in the swish and swirl and thunder of the greater rains. The water was bad; the Bhagirathi River was shrunk to a brown trickle across shimmering sands, athirst for the melting of Himalayan snows. My shoulders and back were stinging with prickly heat, my ankles were swollen with mosquito bites. Altogether, a morning of exasperation.

It was hot: so hot that the red desert wind singed my nostrils; so hot that tables warped, cracking in the night like pistol-shots; so hot that the trees fringing the square hung their leaves and quivered in the glare; the minas sat in the grass, open-beaked and gasping. Only tiny blue butterflies fluttered everlastingly.

From the white, outer blaze I stumbled into the warm cavern of the huge Court building where ineffectual punkahs were flapping and creaking in every breathless room, my eyes full of green circles of light from the outer glare. I entered my own court-room on the ground-floor, laid aside my huge helmet of reed-pith, sate me down with a sigh of relief in my cane-seated office-chair, mopped my face with a handkerchief already wet, and bade the grizzled *punkah-wala* pull harder, to stir the hot, acrid air, smelling of Indian bodies in Indian heat. After a long breath or two, I found free energy for a look round the dingy court-room, and immediately perceived that there was something in the wind.

Holding themselves a little apart from the dusky, patient crowd at the back of the court-room were three exceedingly pretty young women, hardly more than girls, bright with gold bracelets and earrings, and gracefully draped in white muslin *saris* broadly margined with red; they were smiling, dainty, vivacious, with brown skin no darker than cinnamon, and one could see that they were the target of the eager and slightly scandalized observation of the dingy village folk.

The first case on the file was a charge of murder. I ordered the red-turbaned policemen, with jackets of indigo and stiff leather belts that galled their unaccustomed loins, to bring the prisoner in. The file announced that he was Mozuffer Khan, son of Mahmud Khan, of Koli village, cultivator. As he stood there in the railed dock at the right corner of my table, he did not look like a murderer. He was too jaunty, not tense enough, too well-pleased with himself for that. A shock-headed fellow with a black beard and a rakish eye, wearing a dingy breech-cloth, and with a dingy strip of muslin over his shoulders; a sturdy rascal, Mozuffer Khan,

with big arms and hairy shanks, but not murderous-looking; barefooted too, which has its advantage in a court of justice.

The dusky folk of Lower Bengal make imaginative witnesses. The inspiration comes upon them suddenly, carrying them away before they realize it. They take some simple fact, some common situation, bathe it in Indian light and drape it about with Oriental trappings, laying on splashes of gaudy color and startling ornament; piling splendor on splendor. Relevancy is no great matter. It is the story for the story's sake.

When I was quite new to it, I sometimes tried to record these purple patches, wrestling with florid, unfamiliar phrases like some old lady inquiring her way in a foreign village. Once or twice I went so far as to institute proceedings for perjury. But the Collector Sahib only laughed in his big, sympathetic way, and said, 'Never mind them! They are not telling lies; they are composing poetry. It comes over them, and they cannot help it!' So I came to lay down my quill, giving myself over to the pleasure of listening and watching the poet's toes.

When he slips his cable and pushes off from the wharf of fact, to sail forth into enchanted waters, his toes, hitherto quiescent, begin to work. They knot themselves, weave in little circles in the air, cramp together, spread out again, and suddenly shut like a fan. The poetic witness rules his face, uttering his wild inventions with sad and downcast visage, as who testifies unwillingly, but truth must out; he controls his eyes, in no fine frenzy rolling; he governs his hands. But he never thinks of his toes. Wherefore the Assistant Magistrate looketh pensively downward, and cheweth the feather of his quill-pen. He is watching the rhythmic movement of the toes, sensitively responding to the strain on the subliminal mind.

The Great Charter promised that justice should be delayed to no man; yet here am I heartlessly keeping Mozuffer Khan, son of Mahmud Khan, of Koli village, cultivator, standing in the dock, in jeopardy of his life, while I ruminate on toes. Yet, as he is thoroughly enjoying his conspicuousness, I need make myself no reproach, although I may wonder what is in the back of his mind. He looks too confident for a murderer, too rakish, too light-minded; though I shall not be surprised to see him turn up some day as the victim. He must get on people's nerves.

The Court Sub-Inspector, Bannerji by name, — Nobin Kishto Bannerji, to give him his full style and title, — is a suave high-caste Brahman, whom I like. He steers the prosecution, calling village folk to bear witness to finding the mortal remnant of one Buddun Das in a thicket of bamboos in the cool of the morning after the new moon of the fourth month. They had reported the matter straightway to the police sergeant of the nearest *thana*. Other witnesses seek to implicate Mozuffer Khan the debonair, weaving chains of circumstance about him, hinting causes of quarrel, even suggesting the woman in the case. Evidently unpopular, Mozuffer Khan, son of Mahmud Khan, of Koli village, cultivator; but I cannot hang him for that. He stands there in the dock, serene, unruffled, unafraid, with his cock-of-the-village air, smirking at the world and at justice. So the prosecution rests its case.

Comes the turn of the defense. The first witness is a woman, married, a Mahometan. She enters the witness-box on my left, at the other corner of my table, and I notice that the three fair dames with red-bordered saris and gold ornaments whisper as they look

at her, and giggle decorously. They have followed the whole case with such absorbed interest and curiosity that I decide within myself that they can have no part in it. By this time, our witness is sworn. She announces herself to be Motiya, the Pearl, wife of Hussein Baksh, of the village of Bel Gaon. Comely enough, too, in her countrified way, with dark hair sleek with cocoanut oil, dark skin, and big, dark eyes; clad in a dingy sari narrowly bordered with brown; barefoot, like all Indian women, in sign of age-long servitude.

The Pearl waits patiently to be questioned, her clasped hands resting on the rail of the witness-box. Wonderful, these selfless Oriental women, who nevertheless in their subjection wield so much power. The Pearl, for example, seems to have made her influence felt in more ways than one.

I ask her whether she knows Mozuffer Khan, son of Mahmud Khan, of Koli village, cultivator, the prisoner at the bar. She nods, and says she does; declares, in fact, that she knows him extremely well. How could she fail of knowing him, since he has been making violent love to her for two years now, pursuing her with amorous guile? Has he not followed her in the pasture, when she has gone to gather fuel in the wake of the herds? Has he not waited for her under the wide peepul tree at 'cow-dust-time,' when she drove her little fawn-colored kine along the road, and the evening air — though she does not say so — was full of shimmering dust of gold in the slant rays of the swift-sinking sun? Has he not watched when she went to the village bazar for curry, vegetables, or water-jars of fine red clay, or a new muslin sari at the *dokan* by the village cross-road? Has he not waylaid her in the dawn and in the dusk, in all ways seeking to allure her into the primrose pathway to the big, wide gate? These are not her words, but she is very downright about the fact.

Had she told her husband, Hussein Baksh? No, of course not. Why should she tell him? What could come of that but strife, perhaps bloodshed? No, she had told no one. Is not four-eared counsel the best?

But to return to Buddun Das, the central figure in all this coil, the one person in the case who had no word to say, the 'deceased,' as my friend the Court Sub-Inspector unctuously called him. His outworn casket had, as we saw, been found curled up in a bamboo clump in the chill of the morning. For reasons stark in their realism, conclusive in that hot time, those who retrieved him knew that he was not long dead. The vultures, indeed, had as yet taken slight interest in him. Further, it had been made clear that the said clump of bamboos was on the north side of Koli village, therefore five miles or more from the home of Motiya in the village of Bel Gaon.

This being elicited, I asked the still, quiet-voiced woman, who so frankly avowed her wooer and depicted his wooing, whether she could remember exactly when she had seen the prisoner Mozuffer Khan of Koli village, cultivator, before she heard of the killing of Buddun Das. Yes, she nodded confidently: she remembered perfectly. She saw him on the night before the murder, the night of the new moon of the fourth month, some two hours after sunset. She was sure of the day, because her lawful lord, Hussein Baksh, was away from home; had, in fact, journeyed to Kassim Bazar, driving a bullock wagon, with a load of rice-straw for the Nawab Bahadur's elephant stable; she had cautioned him to start early, as the night would be dark. These folk who keep lunar festivals always know just what the fickle luminary is doing.

Having thus defined the time, two hours after sunset on the night of the new moon, would she tell us the place where she had seen the prisoner, Mozuffer Khan, of Koli village? Yes, she would. She saw him at her own house in the dark of the evening, her husband being then away in Kassim Bazar. The prisoner, Mozuffer Khan, had come, in fact, because he knew her husband would be away; had come to make love to her. So she bore testimony, and stood there quietly waiting for further questions, her folded hands just resting on the rail of the witness-box.

I wrote down what she had said on sheets of white foolscap with the white embossed arms of the Government of India at the top. Then I laid down my quill, sat back in my chair, and looked long at that Moslem wife so quietly and irretrievably damning herself, as it seemed, by confession of infidelity. Her husband was there in court, and all her circle; yet she was unperturbed. Among the fair dames in the corner there was a faint titter and stir of excited expectancy, instantly hushed by Eastern decorum; but the woman's own friends were apathetic and still.

So I curiously scrutinized this modern Helen of Bel Gaon, thus, in the very presence of Menelaus, acknowledging with serene brow and tranquil speech the coming of her Paris. Then I looked at Paris, that is to say, Mozuffer Khan, of Koli village, cultivator. His whole being crowed with self-satisfaction, every ounce of conceit in the male carcass of him jubilant at the publication of his gallantries; he rubbed his hands together, his right foot caressing his hairy left shank as he listened to this comely woman thus risking all, as it seemed, name and fame and friends and future, for dear love of him. By the way, though it was in no wise relevant to the case, Mozuffer Khan of Koli village had also a wife of his own.

From the jubilant Paris of Koli I looked back, still wondering, at his Helen, regarding me with frank, innocent eyes. Then, as it happened, she turned toward Mozuffer Khan, as he stood there in the dock facing her at the other corner of my writing table. Her face lit up. Did her eyes say, as I might well have expected, 'I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine'? To my boundless surprise, they said nothing of the kind, but rather something like this: 'Scum of the earth, of ancestry Darwinian, if I ever get a chance I'll carve your liver!'

A sentiment and expression sufficiently startling. I picked up my quill again, dipped it meditatively into the ink-bottle, straightened my sheets of foolscap, and asked another question. The fair ladies at the back of the court held their breath, their eyes grew wide with expectancy.

She had seen Mozuffer Khan, the prisoner, on the night of the murder of Buddun Das, two hours after sunset, at her own house, her husband Hussein Baksh being then absent at Kassim Bazar? She nodded confident assent. Those were the facts and circumstance.

Then I had to venture on delicate ground. But an Assistant Magistrate must brave the matter. Would the witness tell the Court exactly what had then taken place? What had he done? And what had she done? As I asked the question, I avoided looking in the direction of Hussein Baksh.

Very frankly she gave her astonishing answer. Yes, she would tell the whole matter in detail. First, as to what Mozuffer Khan had done, there at her house, at evening. He had come up noiselessly in the dark, his bare feet contributing to that noiselessness; had proceeded to lay hold of the sliding mat-door and push it open; had then thrust in his head and shoulders, and asked her in a low voice whether she

was there and alone. That is what he had done.

Then as to what she had done. At first, when the door began to move, she was frightened, thinking it was a robber. But when she heard the voice of Mozuffer Khan of Koli village, and recognized him, she at once ceased to be afraid. She prepared, indeed, in a singular way, to receive him. Rising from her bed, and going to the shelf beneath the thatch, she laid hold of a *hashua*, which is a short-handled billhook for chopping sugar-cane; approaching the door and Mozuffer Khan, and with her left hand seizing him firmly by his shock of hair, to get a purchase on him, she had smitten him bravely on the neck with her hashua; whereat he had yelled horribly, withdrawing his head and disappearing into the darkness. Thereupon she had pulled the mat-door back into place, and, returning to her couch, had lain down and gone to sleep. On the next morning, seeing some blood on the hashua, she had scoured it clean with sand and water. When her husband had returned, later in the day, he had told her of the murder of Buddun Das, already beginning to be the news along the roads, and as far as neighboring villages. That was all she knew about the case. So she smiled, and held her peace, — with clasped hands awaiting her dismissal.

Truly, a startling *alibi;* but she was visibly frank and truthful. Even an Assistant Magistrate, fresh from college lecture-rooms, must learn to distinguish between prose and poetry. So I let her go. Whereupon she peacefully rejoined her husband, who was evidently proud of his wife, so far as a Mussulman may be without condescension; and, in truth, well he might be. Then, turning to the prisoner, Mozuffer Khan of Koli village, I once more laid down my quill and looked him over.

He was smirking delightedly, evidently fancying himself unboundedly as a devil of a fellow and nodding corroboration of Motiya's wonderful narrative. No need to ask him if he admitted her charge. He exulted in it.

Then I considered. If Motiya had, as she said, held him by the hair with her left hand, while she struck at him with her stubby billhook, she must have hit him on the left shoulder, at present hidden by his muslin scarf. I got him to come over toward me, stood up, drew the muslin cloth aside, and, sure enough, on his shoulder there was a long, irregular streak, bluish against his brown skin; just such a scar as a hashua would make, thus held and thus valiantly wielded. Corroborative evidence of the first class, the more so because neither he nor Motiya had thought of it.

Yet it is well to go softly. Even an Assistant Magistrate learns that a scar may come in more ways than one. So, as the Crow said, in the story of the Mouse Hiranyaka, let the matter be examined further. Ordering Mozuffer Khan of Koli village to turn his back toward me, I took a long pencil, and began to touch him lightly here and there on the left shoulder, gradually working nearer to the scar. He had no inkling of what I was doing, or why I was doing it, until I pressed the pencil-point lightly on the scar itself. Then he very genuinely winced and shrank away.

That may seem a very superfluous procedure. Yet I have had good Bengalis come to Court with terrible wounds, generally on their defenseless backs; and, though the tragical marks may have been on the right side, they have unmistakably winced, and even shrieked out, when I pressed a corresponding spot on the left. Scars of that kind yield to soap and water. Then one makes trouble for their artistic but

forgetful owner. But the scar on the shoulder of Mozuffer Khan held good. The alibi stood its ground.

Fated to be quaintly corroborated too, that unprecedented yet veridical tale. For the Court clerk, a Brahman gentleman at forty rupees a month, and my esteemed friend, announced that the next witness was a Sahib, which is to say, a gentleman of Europe, and straightway proceeded to fish out a chair for him from a neighboring room. He came, too, that gentleman of Europe, and, had I stared and rubbed my eyes when I beheld him, I might well have been pardoned. For in nothing save, perhaps, a shade of color, was he distinguished from any well-to-do Hindu villager: the same *dhuti* and *gamcha*, — breech-cloth and shoulder-cloth, — the same bare shanks and sockless shoes, the same shock of hair, even the same green-lined cotton umbrella, a shield against tropical moonstroke.

I spoke to that Sahib in English, and began to administer the oath to him in what I supposed our common tongue. But he shyly excused himself, telling me in fluent Bengali that his English was rusty for lack of use, and asking permission to testify in the local vernacular. I bade him go ahead, and offered him the chair good Sharada Babu had brought; the which, somewhat embarrassed, he took.

Pathetic derelict in the vast sea of Indian life, human flotsam on that wide, dark tide, were you a deserter or an exile from your own people? I wondered then, I wonder still, what your history was; what romance, what scandal, first motived your exile. You gave me some name like Surenne, so you were, perhaps, a silk factor, or one of the colony at Chandranagar. Yet I have a suspicion that, as you gave me your name, your toes were gesticulating their protest. I wish I had asked you to remove your shoes. I had the right to question you with the law's rude directness. But I refrained. Your story is your own, your romance or scandal. So go back to your brown village folk of Bel Gaon and forget, day by day, the fretted, feverish race you came from; learn, unless, as I think, you have learned already, to smoke the placid hookah and chew red *areca* nut wrapped in green pepper leaf and smeared with lime, plugging your cheek with *pan-sipari* like your neighbors of Bel Gaon. Dream yourself into the large quietude of rural India; forget and be at rest!

But, for the present, Surenne Sahib is no John-o'-dreams. His errand is mere prose. For it appears that it was to Surenne Sahib's *kuti*, which is to say house, that Mozuffer Khan betook himself like a stricken deer, gripping his wounded shoulder and bemoaning the waywardness of womankind; Surenne Sahib had taken him in, washing away the gore, smearing him with ointment, and tying him up in bandages; whereupon the gay Lothario of Koli village had fallen asleep much comforted, and snored the night away.

Having thus fortified the alibi, already strong, Surenne Sahib bowed himself out of Court; turned his back, perhaps for the last time, on the things and people of his race, and the immemorial brown waves closed round him.

So I prepared to release the rascal from the charge of murder; yet I had a surprise in store for him: something that had never occurred to his joyful mind. Never, indeed, have I seen man more taken aback than he was, when I told him that, though he was freed from the capital charge, — here he made a glad motion to depart, — I intended to hold him for lurking trespass, and try him in the afternoon. The which I did, and, mainly on the evidence of the Pearl, found him guilty,

and locked him up for a month with hard labor. Such was his Fall of Troy.

The day's romance was not yet done. At the rear of the Court room, where stood the three good-looking girls with broad-margined saris, the course of the village drama had been followed by politely restrained mirth and decorous giggles. It was time for the two sides to change places; the village folk were now to become admiring auditors, while the town folk, with the prettiest of the Bengali Graces as protagonist, unrolled their tragi-comedy.

The change of setting on my grimy stage was delayed a few minutes by a cause profoundly Oriental. The noon hour struck, tolled by the rail-gong at the Treasury door, and in a moment all things came to a standstill. The Mahometan lawyers, the village Moslems loitering about the Court, even Mozuffer Khan with his guardian policeman, all reverently withdrew. A moment later they reappeared on the wide concrete veranda outside the window at my left. There they laid down their prayer-mats, and, standing first with devoutly bowed heads and hands folded, they murmured the noon prayers of the Prophet's religion; then knelt, still praying, and made obeisance, prostrating themselves before Allah the Merciful, the Compassionate.

The reverence of their devotion was perfect, and wholly free from the self-conscious shamefastness that I should have felt, supposing that I, the Magistrate, had suspended Court to pray there in public. Islam is a man's religion, a manly religion; there is something fine in the faith that takes men out to pray before the eyes of all, on the wide veranda of a police court.

Then, having reverently prayed, they came back, lawyers, witnesses, prisoners, to do what in them lay to circumvent the Assistant Magistrate with Oriental subtlety and guile, to make the worse appear the better reason. And it happened that in the first case after the noon interval the Assistant Magistrate was destined to gain a wholly new insight into one side of the life of the immemorial East.

Taking the papers from Nobin Babu, the Court Sub-Inspector, I had the next case called. Shoshi Bushan Sen against Lala Bai, assault and battery. By the whispering and tittering that instantly traversed the crowd, I knew that the affair of the day was begun.

A moment or two later the defendant was in the dock, dainty, self-possessed, smiling encouragingly at the Assistant Magistrate. I never saw you before, nor heard of you after that day, Lala Bai, yet I shall not forget you as you stood there close to the corner of my table, your pretty, dark eyes full of cheerful faith, your pretty hair smoothed like Aphrodite's, the parting in the middle touched with a streak of red. Your skin was golden-bronze and velvety, your brows were like Kama's bow, limned with black collyrium; your teeth were well-matched pearls; your golden earrings, armlets, and, be it added, Lala Bai, your nose-ring, might have rejoiced the heart of an antiquary; they came down to you, perhaps, from the famed nymph who once sought to beguile Mahadeo at his devotions.

Your pretty face, Lala Bai, was but a shade darker than Juliet's; you had Juliet's figure, too, and pretty little hands, your nails rose-red with henna. And for vesture, Lala Bai, you had a pretty sari of white muslin, with a broad margin, a senatorial laticlave, indicating, I am afraid, that you were very purchasable.

Very friendly was your smile, very confident of sympathy, as your pretty eyes watched the Assistant Magistrate sitting in his cane arm-chair, pensively chewing the feather of a quill as he

regarded you, while the punkah flapped and fluttered through the acrid air. Since you will never read this, I may admit it: you made your impression, Lala Bai, as, perhaps, the issue of the case disclosed.

There is no case without a complainant, be it only such a mute supplicant for justice as Buddun Das; so it is time to introduce the adversary of Lala Bai.

Shoshi Bushan Sen, Bengali gentleman, being duly sworn, made declaration, in the presence of Lord Ishwara, that in the case before the Court, the evidence he gave should be true, that he would tell no lies, nor aught conceal. Then he stood there jauntily, patronizing the Assistant Magistrate with a glance, a very self-assured sprig of young India. He wore his hair cropped in the English fashion, supplemented his full-flowing breech-cloth of white muslin with a starched white shirt worn over all, had very nice patent-leather shoes on his sockless feet, and grasped a white umbrella lined with green. You see that he too, like Lala Bai, made his impression on the Assistant Magistrate.

His light brown face wore a pleased and self-approving smirk, a consciousness of excellent parts. Yet he did not quite win from me the recognition his merits, perhaps, deserved. It may be that pretty Lala Bai had been too quick, and got the wind of him. Indeed, thinking it over later, I came to the conclusion that India has more arts than are embodied in her metal work and tapestries.

Happy, magpie-voiced Shoshi Babu began to testify. He was, he told the Court, a student at Berhampore College, reading for entrance at Calcutta University; destined, perhaps, to base future claims for Government employ on the fact that he was an 'entrance fail'; he was, he said, on his way home from the College to his home in Ghora Bazar, with two young gentlemen friends, college students like himself, when they met the defendant Lala Bai, who, His Honor knew, was a shameless person, — here the Assistant Magistrate frowned, and Shoshi Babu, keenly sensitive to changes of official weather, winced perceptibly and lost a point or two of assurance, — met Lala Bai, with two companions, on the street.

He and his friends, he said, had passed some remarks among themselves, having reference to morals and the lack of them, when Lala Bai had suddenly slapped his Brahmanical face. Therefore he entered his complaint, praying that His Honor would visit on Lala Bai such exemplary punishment as might teach her the enormity of what she had done, in slapping a college student and gentleman. And His Honor's petitioner would ever pray.

The Assistant Magistrate had not long adorned the bench; he remembered, in fact, with tingling cheeks, the first case he had tried, wherein he gave a judgment wondrous complicated, for which it would be hard to find warrant in Coke or Blackstone. Yet the Assistant had already learned that a story in Court, and perhaps in history, is good only until another story is told.

So he turned from Shoshi Bushan Sen to dainty Lala Bai, in the dock at the corner of his table. She had been watching Shoshi Babu with a hot little smile and eyes sparkling. If I mistake not, the pretty fingers were tingling to repeat that sounding smack to which he had just borne testimony.

What a pretty voice she had, and how prettily she talked Bengali; with a tag of Sanskrit now and then, learned from some kind old temple-Brahman. I think the Assistant Magistrate smiled as he took that gray goose-quill, and began to make the record on foolscap with the emblem of the Government of

India at the top. I am certain Lala Bai smiled a little, as she told her story.

Yes, she said; the complainant had told the truth; but not all the truth. They had met, as he testified, in the street of Ghora Bazar, and he had made a reproach to her of her calling; but that came later. He and his two companions, college students like himself, had begun with compliments, not reproaches. The complainant indeed, the said Shoshi Bushan Sen, had caught her in his arms and kissed her, first on one cheek and then on the other; and, as she did not admire Shoshi Bushan Sen, and did not wish to be kissed by him on either cheek, she had, she confessed, slapped him as hard as she could — and she hoped it had hurt him.

Thereupon the Assistant Magistrate turned to the said complainant, Shoshi Bushan Sen, and asked him whether these things were so. He grinned fatuously, and said that they were; she had slapped his face, and it did hurt, and, as for the kissing, did not His Honor know that Lala Bai was an abandoned person? So he, the complainant, Shoshi Bushan Sen, Bengali gentleman, cried to the British Raj for justice.

I am persuaded that whoever cries to the British Raj for justice ought to get it, even if, in the outcome, he likes it as little as did Shoshi Bushan Sen, Bengali gentleman. The outcome befell thus. The admirably lucid Indian Penal Code, wherein each native from Kashmir to Comorin may in his own speech read of his rights and duties, has an equally admirable appendage, called the Code of Criminal Procedure. I therewith expounded to Shoshi Bushan Sen a certain section of it, which, with admirable insight into the human heart, and the spirit and temper of the land, provides that where, in the judgment of the Court, the complainant in a case shall be deemed to have brought a complaint which is 'frivolous and vexatious,' the said Court may release the defendant, and may, in its high discretion, fine the said complainant a reasonable sum; which sum may, if the Court so decide, be turned over as compensation to the injured defendant, thus frivolously and vexatiously dragged before the august bar of judgment.

By which exposition, the complainant Shoshi Bushan Sen was visibly chilled, spite of desert winds. He lost the last of his assurance, and stood, visibly perplexed, while Lala Bai began to smile.

Noting the perplexity of that young Bengali gentleman, I did my best to dispel it. I laid down for him the principle, evidently new to his Bengali mind, that a woman, even such a one as fair Lala Bai, possessed certain indefeasible civil rights. For example, if she wished to be kissed, that was her matter; but if she did not wish to be kissed, or wished not to be kissed, which is still stronger, she was within her rights and the British Raj would guarantee them to her. Wherefore it followed that, in kissing her against her will, as she testified, and as he admitted, he had been guilty of assault, and was, therefore, punishable. So I proposed to punish him under the said section of the Code; unless, indeed, — and here I turned to Lala Bai, — the defendant wished to bring a case of assault against him, in which case I stood, or sat, ready to issue a summons.

Lala Bai had a perfect sense of comedy. I had thought so, and she justified my faith. With downcast eyes and clasped hands, she said, in a voice gently sad, 'I forgive the Babu!' and then, with the shadow of a smile on her lips, glanced up through her eye-lashes.

Well, I fined Shoshi Bushan Sen, Bengali gentleman, rupees twain and

sent him home rueful; not, I am afraid, duly impressed by justice and the law. Lala Bai thought better of the British Raj, I am convinced; the decision was for her a declaration of her humanity. There was gratitude in her eyes, and genuine feeling, as she bowed to me, and then trotted daintily out into the sunlight with her two companions.

I never saw you or heard of you more, pretty, graceful Lala Bai; but some day, after you close your eyes for the last time on Indian skies, you may be incarnate in some happier clime, the wings of your soul no longer besmirched, yet with all your charm remaining. Should this befall, Lala Bai, I should like to know you.

THE COLUMBIAN CITY

BY ALICE MEYNELL

Genoa has succeeded well with a trick practiced by the race that built her — mankind. For men, too, seal up within themselves characters unapparent in their aspect, but cherished, undestroyed. Youth is locked up in the man of middle age, youth and middle age together are locked up in the aged man, well out of the sight of other men, and particularly deep out of the sight of his children: not merely a memory, but something as it were contemporary, an actual survival. In other words, the grown man knows in his own heart that he is a youngling, a youngling with additions. Perhaps he is, in his private thoughts, somewhat astonished to see that his friend is aware of him old, and is not aware of him young-and-old. Perhaps he fails to remind himself that his friend nourishes in his turn a like conviction, and carries about a like astonishment. To his junior every adult man addresses in silence the remonstrance, 'Oh, young man, I too am a young man, with age added to my youth, and you are nothing that I am not.' Other latent and lurking things are equally simple, and some accidental and some perpetual: the golden voice in the silent throat, and moonlight still streaming, albeit to us invisibly and insensibly, from the daylight moon.

It is no wonder that I should be set thinking of such concealments, since to me was shown, only yesterday, — to me who had been a Genoese child, with a full mastery of the local language, its Arabic, its French, its Portuguese, and even its Italian words, and of its perfectly organized and orderly, though unwritten grammar, — since, I say, to me had been shown for the first time the secret of my Genoa, my city of the fullness of the Renaissance; and the secret, which has always been there, is that she is at heart Gothic.

He who takes a motor-journey down the great high road of France to the South, and then through the last seaward foot-hills of the Maritime Alps eastward into Italy, leaps from ancient Rome at Nîmes and Orange and the Pont du Gard, to the Middle Ages at Avignon, and to the Renaissance at Genoa: three great stations of the genius

of building in its zig-zag flight through Europe. That flight, mainly northwesterly, has here, by some chance, left us its monuments in an inverted order, and that inverted order is exactly suitable to the journey of the traveler journeying southeasterly. He flies toward Rome as one breasts a stream, swimming toward its source; but he leaves the Roman amphitheatre behind him in France, and there also the mediæval city, and overtakes the magnificent Renaissance — the centre of it, the fullness, the success, the domination — at Genoa. Not Venice, in the Grimani palace, not Vicenza, holds a more beautiful representative of the triumphant art of civic building of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than Genoa shows in her Via Nuova (your true Genoese has not learned in twenty years and more to call that memorable street the Via Garibaldi), and in the score of scattered palaces within and without the place where stood her walls.

You have to recognize those palaces now, in the western suburb, through the smoke of factories and the dust and ashes of industrial refuse. They stand darkling in the injured sunshine, but you know their majestic, clean proportions, their four-square shape, and their cornices, their high roofs, the vaulted ground-floor, and the 'noble' storey. Some of them are now standing with nothing but their own immediate architecture left — their 'house left unto them desolate'; and the mediate architecture so much their own, the terrace, the garden, the winging half-circle of masonry to right and left, the upper fountain, and the lower, and the lowest, cut away and shoveled into ash-heaps. Gone the gardens whereof the odors went out to sea to John Evelyn sailing by. But other *palazzi*, and all those of the Via Nuova, are untouched, unsullied, altogether unchanged. And these most Genoese buildings, and this incomparable street, were, we are now to learn, a kind of afterthought, a repudiation, a change, a novelty. The inner fact that our resplendent Genoa had locked and double-locked in the heart of her other streets — the close throng of her lofty and serried ways — is that she is, within and within, a Gothic city.

The secret has been well kept now for centuries. But at last Commendatore d'Andrade, who has saved numbers of the best buildings in the Columbian city from destruction when the straight lines of new streets have menaced them, began to wonder what might mean the faint indications of pointed arches, discernible where the characteristic soft colors of the Genoese plastered wall — dim yellow and rose — imperfectly disguised them. D'Andrade was restoring the Gothic St. George's Hall, and was well aware of other relics of the great times when Genoa financed the dark distant islands of England, and gave them her patron saint, and left perdurable Italian words among the terms of her accountants. Those indications he traced and tracked, and following them discerned the Gothic town as strong as ever, upright, unruined, no dead city, no buried city, no city demolished nor one rebuilt, but a living city, hiding a lost art, a forgotten heart, an ancient spirit, inner chambers of history disguised; an erect city with a finger on her lip.

There is nothing more obscure in the history of the builder man than the manifest fact that he has grown, under all skies, to be ashamed of any gable he once put up. A recognition of this general passion was forced upon me, most unexpectedly, in California. There I saw the thing that has modernized Bruges, London, and Genoa, among other cities, prompting the new, remote, and most western American to hide his

gable too: to put up before it a shame-faced screen. It was done indeed on a small scale and by simple means. The pointed roof had a plain square clapped on in the little frontage. And there was your Renaissance, here too, here again, putting your Gothic out of sight. Here too moved that historic impulse. The humiliation of a gable must be veiled from the public eye, albeit it was the eye of no more than a scattered village, and the house, at once bashful and ambitious, was a wooden cottage; and the old tradition of European building and its inheritance were cut off by many thousand miles. Man is like man; and by the Pacific he put on his little apron of thin wood as by the Thames he covered up his gable by square brick. A decent square, a square of some kind, something vertical and quadrangular, to face the world with. Thus the tiny Gothic and the tiny Renaissance were acted out on this strange unhistoric soil and in this new day; and the Gothic was disguised.

Thus the old world disguised it. You may travel the older suburbs of London, and see little but Georgian and seventeenth-century façades. But if the chance of a high railway line should give you a sight of the roofs, you will see the multitude of high gabled tiles put pridefully out of view. Out of view, the citizen seems to say; cover that discreditable fact, and let no one but the birds know that our roof has points.

Evelyn passes over with contempt a church in Italy that was only 'of Gotiq ordonance.' Fielding apologizes for admiring a house of domestic English Gothic, albeit in the deep places of the country, far from the dominion of taste. Obviously, both the earlier and the later author would have liked, the one the church and the other the house, if they but might, if taste would but permit.

It may be objected that England has in great measure been painted red of late, and made thorny with sharp-gabled houses, and that in particular vast suburbs have been converted to domestic Tudor, and away from the cornice and the square front. But that is not a forthright choice — it is artificial and a revival. Wherever man moves on the free way of his development, whether through hundreds or half-scores of years, whether in old lands or new, in whatever compendium of his racial history, in whatever modern pettiness or haste, he is ashamed of last year's or last century's gable, and dresses it in a false front that is his pride, and that banters, little as he may know it, all that is classical in his ambitions.

Genoa wore her new face with all her old exaltation of manner, and kept her secret until the architectural and antiquary eye began to trace those signs of the pointed arch. The colored plaster had fallen somewhat away, the Gothic signal became more evident. And the antiquary finger dogged it, street by narrow street, lane by lane, as straight as the lanes of Venice, but much loftier. For Genoa is more stringently packed than a child's box of toys, set closer than any other city of Europe, so that here and there the eaves of the great houses not only meet across the foot-path way, but overlap each other from this side to that. It was then discovered that those close streets had been made for mules, and not for the walks of citizens and their wives. Genoa had been an arcaded city. The mediæval citizen walked within the houses. He went sheltered, threading his town, covered over from rain and sun, fenced from wind, about the Gothic streets. It was the Renaissance that sent him out into the little thoroughfares, first cowering in a chair, and later hurrying under an umbrella. Beauty, and the beau-

tiful attire of the Middle Ages, paraded at ease, not between but within the giant houses.

Down by the port, who does not know the long line of arcades yet remaining — round vaulted archways, with the popular shops below: the little ironmonger with his tiny window on the outward side, the deep quiet wineshop darkling to the inner side? It is a round-arched colonnade, and nothing is more familiar, more purely Genoese, than its aspect, nothing less Gothic. Well, this too is secretly Gothic. The pointed arches were converted into round when Genoa became ashamed of the *ogive*. With this discovery I resign the Genoa of my childish past, finding that she has an altogether different past of her own, hitherto kept from me who have always loved her. It is a disconcerting discovery, and I turn back to the Via Nuova, the perfect Renaissance street, always Renaissance, which has no secrets.

Americans, as of course, honored Genoa for the sake of their Columbus; but there is no Genoese school of art, and the most beautiful coast in the world is hidden from the traveler by tunnels, most fortunately for its beauty, and few pass more than a night or two in the sea-and-mountain city. But they may have time to make a comparison with New York, equally serried between waters as Genoa between the Mediterranean and the mountains. The narrow space sends New York up skywards by means of the ladder and the hod, and higher yet again by the ladder and the hod. The much narrower space, not only narrow but also steep, made the Genoese houses thus tall, and ranged them thus serried with defiles between, and set the city climbing by the help of her mountains. She steps up a stair of little wild-flower vineyards, by ledges of olive trees and wheat. You climb to the top floor of your high house, and find yourself at the roots of your neighbor's orange trees, at the foot of his blooming garden that looks over your head straight against the south. Climb his six storeys again, and you rest, on the lower terrace, among the flowers of a higher householder, who faces freely sunward over many a silver-colored roof. It is a bright light gray city, as Florence is a clear brown, Rome generally yellow, Venice somewhat prevalently ruddy.

Genoa is to be allowed to keep her old secret, though known now, unexposed. Her Gothic arcades are not to be carved out again; they are traced and tracked, but they must remain built up into the wall once gay with the soft colors of the Renaissance city, colors now so faded that they too belong to the past, a later than the Gothic past, but still a past. Only here and there, as an example, a Gothic arch has been made to show itself, wholly, under the pickaxe. The general seal is not to be shattered, the key is not to be turned, the lock is not to be picked; but Genoa has had to confess once for all that there is a seal, a key, a lock, that something once open is enclosed. Scratched, stabbed, has her secret been, and probed, conjectured, ascertained, published; and now returned to her altered keeping, like a child from the surgeon's hands into the mother's.

CRITICIZING THE COURTS

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

In a general sense the question of the right to criticize the courts is no question at all. In a democracy every institution is necessarily the subject of criticism, often of an offensive and painful character; and to this general rule the courts are no exception. Indeed, in one sense, the courts are peculiarly the subject of the criticism of experts. Lawyers who try cases are engaged in testing the judicial capacity of judges. Lawyers who appeal from a lower court to a higher court are engaged in criticizing the judge who was responsible for an unsatisfactory decision. The appeal judges are paid by the state to act as critics of their brethren in the court below. In view of this machinery through which the courts are subjected to the animadversion of professional critics, it would be a hardy or a very foolish man who would assert that criticism of the courts should not be indulged in by laymen.

But, while the general right to criticize is not disputed, there has been evident in recent years, and generally in political campaigns, a somewhat vague attempt to draw an imaginary or real line between the types of criticism which are permissible and those which are not and which constitute what are called 'Attacks upon the Courts.'

If we were to attempt such a classification of current criticisms of the courts, we should find in the group concerning which the right to criticize is unquestionable, such subjects as the break-down in certain sections of our criminal law, the defects of over-cumbersome procedure, the imperfect condition of judicial machinery, and the time-honored complaint of the law's delay.

Modern conditions are the natural causes for these criticisms. The improvement of judicial machinery is a matter of very considerable importance. The amount of work which has to be done by the courts is enormous in comparison with what was required a half-century ago; and with the increase of litigation, the inevitable result of our more complicated form of society, the strain upon the machinery of the courts has increased. We are applying efficiency tests to industrial processes to promote speed, accuracy, cheapening of cost, conservation of energy, and the adaptation of means to the end sought. These critics demand the application to the courts of the same principle of scientific management which to-day bids fair to revolutionize the machinery of production. There is, they assert, the same need of economic efficiency in the courts as in business. Their criticisms have a double aspect: one which relates to defects in the machinery of procedure and practice, and aims from a standpoint of efficiency to reconstitute the processes of justice; and the other, to the substitution of a new and more healthful spirit for one in which the broad ethical demands of justice are too often subordinate to unserviceable technicalities and trifles.

On these subjects we have now an

aroused public opinion, guided by leaders of recognized standing and authority. A demand for law-reform supported by the leaders of the American Bar, and by the judges themselves, is nowhere considered as in any sense an attack upon the courts, as that much worn phrase is currently used.

The subjects which have been mentioned are not controversial ones, since we are all interested in having our courts improved in efficiency, and our criminal law made sure and speedy. Criticism of the courts for defects in these matters has never written a line in a party platform pledging any political organization to the defense of the courts against attacks upon the judiciary.

When, however, we have passed from the consideration of these matters, upon which public opinion is substantially in accord, to the consideration of the relation of the judiciary to the public policy of the state and nation, we have entered the field in which the existence, or at least the extent, of the right to criticize the courts, is challenged or denied as a political issue.

It is the recurrence of an old subject in a new form. The right to criticize the Supreme Court and to question the finality of its decisions on political problems, half a century ago was a subject of debate in the great controversy over the nature of the Constitution, which later culminated in our Civil War. The right to criticize the judiciary and to question the finality of decisions upon economic, industrial, and social problems is the open public question of our own time, and is the fundamental issue in the current discussion of attacks upon the courts and current defenses of the judiciary.

The question rarely, however, is expressed concretely in this form. Ordinarily the issue becomes available for political purposes in the highly utilitarian literature of party platforms, through the form or manner of criticism upon court decisions, on grave public questions, indulged in by prominent public men in an opposite camp; and the 'defense-of-the-judiciary' planks, evoked by such utterances, deal with rebukes of the manner of these criticisms more than with their substance. The Republican planks which defended the courts against Bryan and his criticisms of the Income Tax decision, and the Democratic planks which defended the courts against Lincoln and his criticism of the Dred Scott case, and more recently against Roosevelt and his criticism of the Bakeshop and Sugar Trust cases, are alike in this regard.

There exists to-day, no doubt, a wholesome public opinion which protects our courts generally from the vilification and coarse libeling to which our legislative and executive officers are constantly exposed. To a certain extent, party platforms which protest against attacks upon the courts are healthy expressions of this public opinion.

It is an encouraging feature of our democracy that at least in our attitude toward the courts, we have, by general consent, decided to be civil. It is an attitude which to-day protects our courts from that criticism, unlimited either as to form or substance, which relentlessly pursues prominent members of coördinate branches of our government. It is a comparatively modern development of democracy.

The distinction made between the courts and other executive and legislative officers as to the form of criticism applicable to them did not exist at the time our government was founded, nor in the so-called 'Golden Age' of the Supreme Court. It was recognized neither by the public nor by the great statesmen of the past. Jefferson, for example, indulged in criticism of

the Federal Judiciary which would be intolerable to-day from any living public man. 'The Judiciary of the United States,' he declared, 'is a subtle corps of sappers and miners, constantly working underground to undermine the foundations of our confederate fabric.' His followers, who shared his bitter animosity against Marshall, joined with him in his repeated attacks upon the great Chief Justice. After the Jeffersonian resistance to the power asserted by Marshall in his court to declare laws to be unconstitutional had ceased; after the disappearance of the Jacksonian doctrine, asserted in the matter of the rechartering of the Bank of the United States, that each branch of the government was a law unto itself as to the construction of the Constitution, and that the executive might on this theory disregard a construction given to that instrument by the Supreme Court in holding that such a bank was authorized by the Constitution; after the disappearance of the still more dangerous heresy, originated by Jackson, that the executive might refuse to compel the enforcement of a resisted judgment of the Supreme Court if that judgment happened to be displeasing to the executive, — after these and other contests for power between the executive, legislative, and judicial branches of our government for the time being had been settled, the modern doctrine of judicial immunity from political criticism began.

That immunity John Marshall never enjoyed. During substantially the whole of his judicial career, while he was rendering that long series of constitutional decisions, political decisions in the higher sense of the word, through which not merely the extension, but the very existence of our national life was made possible, he was the object of partisan criticism of the bitterest kind. The old nationalism of Marshall was an alarming doctrine to the early Jeffersonians. The development, through these decisions, of a nation, where Jefferson desired merely a confederation of jealous states, required not merely judicial decisions, but public discussions of those decisions and the final acceptance of them by the people as wise statesmanship, as well as sound interpretations of our fundamental law.

Marshall ceased to be the subject of political discussion only when public opinion had concluded that an American nation, harmonized by a great American court, was not a menace to the sovereign states. No one would have dreamed of saying at any time during the first twenty years of Marshall's incumbency in the Supreme Court that any decision of that court was to be taken as the final word on the relation between the states of the nation; that is, taken as the final word in the sense that the political problem involved in it was not to be discussed, criticized, defended, or condemned.

It was largely through the discussion of the expansive principles of Marshall's constitutional nationalism that public opinion became formed. Those principles were tested in public debates on the great question whether, under the Constitution, there was or should be an American nation rather than a mere federation of states. They were discussed and were understood — not in their narrower sense as legal decisions, but in their wider sense as constitutional political principles — by a public which listened to the great debates between Webster and Calhoun.

It was to no small extent because the great judicial decisions of Marshall stood the test of these debates, because the national principle of Marshall, expounded by Webster, appealed to the people of the North as something not only sound but worth fighting for, that

the war was fought and the nation saved. The criticism of the judiciary which prevailed during most of Marshall's term of office did the court little harm, and did the nation infinite good; for it was essential, not only that the Constitution should be construed, but that the construction which made the federation of states a nation, should be known, weighed, balanced, tested, and accepted by the people.

The notion that the Constitution is a sacred puzzle for lawyers, concerning which the opinion of the people is unimportant, certainly did not exist in Marshall's time among statesmen, or even among lawyers whose opinions have escaped oblivion. The Jeffersonian critics were met, not by assuring them that they were attacking the courts and were enemies of organized society, but by replying to their criticisms in debate, thereby putting a wholesome public opinion behind the court.

The more lawyer-like attitude toward the court and the Constitution, the attitude that the decision of the court on a constitutional proposition is not only final but undiscussible, and that public opinion in opposition to it is morally wrong, had its first conspicuous expression after Marshall's death, when Chief Justice Taney tore the safety-valve from the national machine, in the Dred Scott case, by substantially declaring that there was no way under the Constitution for the law-making branch of the nation to deal with the problem of chattel slavery.

Up to the death of Marshall, the criticism of the Supreme Court had been directed merely against its extension of the life of the nation by a broad construction of the Constitution. Taney's decision was a contraction of the constitutional life of the nation by the declaration of its powerlessness to act on a matter which peculiarly needed national action. The friends of slavery asserted that the Dred Scott decision was not debatable; that the decision made by that august tribunal must be accepted in silence, and that the only lawful and orderly escape from its conclusion was by the amendment of the Constitution itself on the subject covered by the decision,—a thing absolutely impossible.

In all ages there have been classes of men, wise after events and not in them, who 'build the tombs of the prophets and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and say that if they had lived in the days of their fathers, they would not, like them, have shed the blood of the prophets.' This class in our own country is prone to look back to Lincoln's attacks upon the Dred Scott case, and upon the court which rendered that decision, and assure itself that if it had lived in the same period it would have sided with him in his criticism of that decision. But the principle upon which Lincoln acted is far more important and vital to-day than the decision which he attacked. We, all of us, are able to see to-day that when the Supreme Court declared that the nation was powerless to remedy by law the iniquities of an industrial system which required law, it left no alternative for those who stood for freedom, but war. We can look back and see that the acceptance of Douglas's position was impossible.

We are all able to see now, in the classic conflict between a small man and a great man, the distinction between a narrowly juristic and a statesmanlike attitude toward the courts. What we differ about is the application of the same principle, which we admit was correct when expressed and applied by Lincoln, to the social, industrial, and economic rather than political problems of our own time. Most of us are ready to say that Lincoln, who was a great and far-seeing

statesman and who is dead, was right; and that Judge Douglas, who is also dead and whom subsequent events and the judgment of history have found to be neither a statesman nor a great man, was wrong. But the same class that believed Douglas right when he was campaigning for the political issue which he called the supremacy of the courts, in the recrudescence of that issue in our own time are followers of his spirit today; and the principle which Lincoln maintained has, among them now, as few friends as it had when he was alive.

It would be a rash person who would deny that Douglas's doctrine is not substantially that with which defenders of the courts meet their critics today. Lincoln asserted the right of the people to criticize particular decisions as embodying dangerous doctrines, and, more especially, when such particular decisions, as in the Dred Scott case, clog the whole machinery of government and leave it powerless to act where action is essential.

'We believe,' he declared, 'as much as Judge Douglas, perhaps more, in obedience to and respect for the judicial department of government. We think its decisions on constitutional questions *when fully settled* should control not only the particular case decided, but the general policy of the country, subject to be disturbed only by amendments to the Constitution, as provided in that instrument itself. More than that would be revolution. But we think the Dred Scott decision is erroneous. We know the court that made it has often overruled its own decisions, and we shall do what we can to have it overrule this.'

Judge Douglas asserted that a political issue based upon the criticism of this single decision involved or implied an attack upon the whole judicial system and created, he declared, 'a distinct and naked issue between the friends and enemies of the Constitution, the friends and enemies of the supremacy of the laws.'

If Douglas was wrong and his doctrine was unsound at the time when it was enunciated, the political tendencies of our own day afford still less excuse for its reaffirmation. The problems of our day are essentially different from those which formed the subject of the great debates prior to the Civil War. The political relation of the states to the nation is settled. Our questions are not political in the old sense of the word, but primarily economic, social, and industrial. They are problems of corporations and labor-unions, of the regulation of railroads and industrial trusts, of taxation, of conservation of natural resources, of congestion and concentration, of natural and artificial industrial inequality. Back of all these problems is the fundamental one of the extent to which, under our constitutional system, they may be dealt with by law — and law of a new type.

As society becomes more complex, the whole tendency of legislation is to attempt to deal with the individual as a member of the state, instead of dealing, as formerly, with the state as a mere mathematical sum total of individuals, whose individual rights as such must be preserved, at least in theory, at the cost of society as a whole, and, far too often, at the cost of the individual himself.

This principle is old and well-established in Europe, and consistent with the necessities of continental government. It is new with us. It is a decided variation from American traditions. It is at variance in particular with the economic theory current when we adopted our Constitution, an economic theory which, having been unconsciously adopted, has tinged the interpretation by our courts of the broad generalities of our Constitution.

A historical discussion of the principle of the laissez-faire doctrine of Quesnay and Adam Smith would be out of place here. Its merit from the standpoint of history is in the immense service it rendered in the destruction of a bewildering network of ancient, meddlesome interferences with the liberty of the individual, a despotism which was rarely benevolent and almost uniformly destructive of the enterprise and initiative of the individual, and of natural and proper opportunities for self-development. No one can study the causes which led to the French Revolution without seeing that the overgrowth of the state supervision of the citizen, not for the benefit of the citizen, nor for the benefit of the state, but to afford luxuries to a selfish, idle, and fearfully extravagant court, was one of the main causes for the termination of the old régime.

The cry for individual freedom from governmental interference, the shibboleth that that government is best which governs least, was a natural reaction from the bondage of regulations of the past. This principle Europe soon found to be unworkable under continental conditions. America, however, tried it under economic conditions unlike those in Europe, — in a new country with immense areas of free land, with few cities, where the opportunities for individual initiative were by nature apparently unlimited, and for a long time in their exercise involved no conflict with the interests of society as a whole.

As our society becomes more complex, with the enormous growth of our population, with the development of our cities, new industrial, social, and economic conditions are presenting problems for solution of the greatest difficulty. These questions in Europe are legislative questions, pure and simple. With us they are something more. One of the most important questions which confronts us in America is one which does not exist in Europe, and that is the exact relation of the courts to American economic problems. This is the main basis for current discussions of the judiciary. The principal critics of the judiciary to-day are those who are insisting that the economic and social questions which confront us, in so far as they can be affected at all by any branch of government, can be solved only by legislative and executive action, and require the greatest flexibility and freedom in those branches of government for the adaptation of the means to the end in accomplishing the result sought. They meet with criticism, and often with harsh criticism, each decision of the courts which in their judgment unnecessarily limits legislative and executive power in these matters. They are insisting that the courts should not still further complicate the enormously difficult problems confronting legislative bodies and executive officials, by imposing upon them constitutional limitations which are economic theories in disguise.

It is noteworthy that in America a considerable part of this criticism comes from a class which in no other country has any like attitude toward the judiciary, — the humanitarians who interest themselves in social problems, who study the conditions of the working classes, who are allied in one association or another in endeavoring to improve social and industrial conditions in the country, and who formulate and support the legislation which aims at mitigating evils which threaten the lives of the poor.

An example of this type of criticism of the courts was given at the recent Child-Welfare Exhibition in New York. It was a series of photographs of the interiors of tenement houses in the terribly congested district of that city,

showing men, women, and little children huddled together in small, unventilated rooms, filled with one kind of merchandise or another, and engaged in that unregulated 'home work' which is the main cause of that congestion: a form of industry destructive of every principle of home life, and in which not only are adults sweated, but children of all ages labor incredible hours for pittances incredibly small,—children for whose protection in the thousands of tenements to which these industries have now spread, even an army of factory inspectors would be inadequate. Over these series of photographs, to suggest that these conditions are its result, was printed a quotation from a decision of the Court of Appeals, holding, nearly twenty-seven years ago, that the legislature could not take away from the individual worker the right to transform his home into a workshop, and that legislation was unconstitutional which attempted to prevent that congestion 'by forcing him from his home and its hallowed associations and beneficent influences to ply his trade elsewhere.'

The relation of the courts to economics is not settled. It is an enormously important political problem, a problem which affects and involves the whole future of American government. It requires discussion. It forbids finality to judicial decisions which involve this problem until the best wisdom of the courts has been supplemented and properly modified and influenced by the best opinion of the people. Take a single example, the much-discussed recent decision of the New York Court of Appeals in the Workmen's Compensation Act case, with which the public is now generally familiar.

Here we have a situation which gives a concrete illustration of the whole problem. New York, like other American industrial states, had and has a system, or rather lack of system, of dealing by law with the enormous number of accidents in factories and industrial establishments, which its own courts admit is unjust to the worker, inadequate, inefficient, and uncertain. The legislature appointed a Commission to make a careful and extended examination of these defects and injustices, and of the problem of industrial accidents generally. The Commission made a report to the legislature and recommended certain legislation. That legislation was of an extraordinarily radical character. Yet it was passed, not only with a most surprising lack of protest from the employing classes, but with the active support and approval of great employers, who realized the weight and injustice of the great burden of accident-loss which is thrown upon the helpless workers and their families.

This legislation was supported by associations of the Bar in the state, whose representatives urged that the gross injustice of the present system needed radical changes, and recommended the legislation presented by the Commission. This legislation was based upon a principle, not new and untried, but in successful operation in England and in every great commercial country in Europe. When this law was tested in the courts, the Court of Appeals, however, declared that this principle—which was social justice as recognized in England and on the Continent—was in New York confiscation of property of employers without due process of law; and that under the constitution of New York, and the fourteenth amendment of the Constitution of the nation, the state was powerless to enact a law of this kind unless the people should accomplish the superhuman task of amending both constitutions. A proposed amendment of the state constitution is now before the legislature as I write.

Optimistic, indeed, are those to whom there appears to be nothing dangerous to the future of American government in such conflicts between the court and the legislature! To the critics of the judiciary there seem open but two alternatives: either to accept, with the socialists, such decisions as final declarations of the powerlessness of the American state to bring about justice by law, and of the breakdown of constitutional government; or to try by further discussion, and by criticism of such judicial conclusions, to reach a definition of 'due process of law' which does not involve either the collapse of justice through legislative paralysis produced by the courts, or, on the other hand, an actual rather than a fanciful confiscation of property or property-rights.

Time alone will tell whether critics of such decisions are conservative or radical forces in our society. When Turgot was advocating the abolition of the Jurandes and Maîtrises, he was attacked as a dangerous radical. History now regards him as a great conservative, who foresaw that the continuance of intolerable abuses meant increasing distress and discontent, and perhaps revolution. The supporters of government by law, who defended the Dred Scott case against political criticism, considered themselves conservatives. The principle they defended made for war.

The mental attitude in which their successors defend the courts against such criticism of decisions involving economic questions makes for socialism. A statement of that attitude except in a fragmentary way is difficult in the limits of a magazine article, and it is with hesitation that I attempt it. It is, however, something like this. A large class of well-meaning, educated, well-to-do people in our country view with alarm, not so much the causes for industrial discontent as the means proposed at times to remedy social maladjustment. This class includes not only those whose opposition is based upon purely selfish interests, and whose opinions are negligible in all discussions of principle, but another class deserving of the highest consideration, as representing a sane and intelligent conservatism. To this class our modern legislative tendencies are distinctly alarming. They note the increasing number of statutes which regulate, inspect, limit, or prohibit industrial activities which had formerly been free from state interference or control. They fear more the meddlesome hand of crude or careless legislation than those evils of unregulated industry which the lawmakers seek to mitigate or remove.

To these conservatives, the courts seem the main, and at times the only power against what is to them the new barbarism, whose principal means of expression is legislation. They look to the past, and see in the regulative legislation of our own time an attempt to revive in a new form cumbrous, unworkable, and destructive systems of legislation which belong to the Middle Ages in England, and which France threw off with the Revolution. They say that history affords clear proof that the adoption of that theory of industrial liberty which began with the French economic philosophers of the laissez-faire school contributed more to the enormous development of industry in the nineteenth century than any single force; that the impetus to individual initiative, generated by the removal of legal restraints upon individual liberty, has transformed the whole industrial and social world in which it has been applied; and that to sacrifice that principle, or to limit it by unwise legislation, is not progress but retrogression, the repudiation of a priceless birthright.

They see what we all see, that our political parties for the most part have no programmes which deal with fundamentals; that references in party platforms to economic problems are almost invariably vague generalities. They see that in the absence of party-programmes on these subjects, a growing volume of questionable legislation is proposed in state legislatures and at Washington. They see bad laws enacted, and worse laws proposed. Some of all this is due to corruption; some to a desire to gratify mere mob passion; and some of it, and indeed most of it, to a genuine but often ill-advised and ineffectual desire to meet and remedy social and industrial evils which require law. To stem this current they look to the courts. They are asking the courts to enlarge their functions by declaring such legislation unconstitutional; by interpreting laws which they do not nullify, in such manner as to remove their sting by ignoring their plain meaning. Some of the more Bourbon of these advocates of judicial aggression have even proposed the abdication by the legislature and Congress of their functions in dealing with certain of these vexed questions, and the leaving of them to the courts for solution: urging, for example, that the common law and the courts can, if undisturbed by meddling legislation, furnish an adequate remedy for the problems of industrial trusts; that the Sherman Anti-trust Law, with its sweeping generalities, should not be amended or repealed, but left for the Supreme Court to furnish the missing statesmanship in its composition.[1]

This principle, that the extension of the power of the court in the sphere of government is or may be an antidote for bad legislation and tendencies toward executive aggression, is a modern heresy, and a dangerous one. It aims to place in the judge a responsibility and a power which the Constitution never gave, and which the courts cannot exercise and should not exercise. There is no country in the world governed by courts. There is no place in the American system for such an experiment. The over-development of the judiciary is no cure for legislative corruption or inefficiency. One of the most healthful indications of the vitality of American democracy is the general recognition of the weak spots in our government, — defects which these conservatives point at incessantly, and for which they offer judicial aggression as a cure. The common sense of the people rejects that cure as a dangerous nostrum, but the disease is recognized, — the partial breakdown of the machinery for law-making and law-enforcing, and the failure of that machinery to produce officials capable either of enacting, enforcing, or applying the kind of law which our present needs demand.

We are slowly reacting from the madness of mob democracy, the demo-

[1] Since this article was written, the United States Supreme Court has decided the long pending Standard Oil case. The amendment to the Sherman Anti-trust Law, which Congress has repeatedly refused to make since 1896, and which the President in his message of January 1910 refused to recommend, as involving an extension of judicial power dangerous to the judiciary itself, has been now written into this law, amid general rejoicing in the business world, by judicial interpretation. In his message President Taft had said, 'It has been proposed, however, that the word "reasonable" should be made a part of the statute, and then that it should be left to the court to say what is a reasonable restraint of trade, what is a reasonable suppression of competition, what is a reasonable monopoly. I venture that this is to put into the hands of the courts a power impossible to exercise on any consistent principle which will insure the uniformity of decision essential to just judgment. It is to thrust upon the courts a burden which they have no precedents to enable them to carry, and to give them a power approaching the arbitrary, the abuse of which might involve our whole judicial system in disaster.'

cracy which fills our ballots with a vast number of elective offices, bewildering to the voter, beyond his capacity of intelligent choice. We are recognizing these causes of the weakness of the state. We are everywhere planning revisions of our laws, in an effort to attain greater legislative and executive efficiency and honesty, by changes, for example, in electoral machinery in relation to the nomination of candidates for public office. One of the most recent of these new proposals, the judicial recall, is however a direct attack upon the independence of the bench. The advocates of judicial aggression must accept their full share of responsibility for this menace to judicial freedom, for it is an equally indefensible counter-proposition to their own heresy. Friends who multiply for us hosts of new enemies are liabilities, and not assets. Those who wish to use the courts to stunt or sterilize democracy are not true friends of the judiciary, despite their many protestations, or of the American system of constitutional government.

For the courts to maintain at all times under such conditions, between such widely divergent views, the position which the law and the Constitution require, is difficult. To satisfy both schools is impossible. That there should be criticism of the courts under such circumstances, with such jealous scrutiny of each important constitutional decision is inevitable. It is to the credit of the courts that the volume of public criticism is not greater; that the occasions for it, either fanciful or real, are comparatively so few. It is particularly to their credit that reactionary decisions are so infrequent, and that so generally they have taken in the consideration of legislation a true position, well expressed by Judge Harlan, when, in Atkin *vs.* Kansas, he said: —

'No evils arising from such legislation could be more far-reaching than those which might come to our system of government if the judiciary, abandoning the sphere assigned to it by the fundamental law, should enter the domain of legislation, and upon grounds merely of justice and reason or wisdom annul statutes that had received the sanction of the people's representatives.'

The position in which the American courts are placed to-day is a peculiarly delicate one. On the one side are those to whom modern American legislation is the new barbarism threatening the states and nation with a rank growth of meddlesome, inefficient, unenforcible laws injurious to industrial development, a growth noxious yet inevitable, unless restricted, as they ask to have it restricted, by new judicial limitations. On the other side are those who contend that legislation of the new type is necessary and unavoidable, that the collective principle so clearly expressed in industry in the great aggregations of capital, can only be governed, so as to preserve an actual rather than a nominal individual freedom, by the enactment of wise law; and they too are looking to the courts to sanction, and not to destroy, new legislative programmes, and to permit such increase of governmental control over industry as will prevent the exploitation of the people. Hence the issue of criticizing the courts; hence unreasoning defense, and at times intemperate censure, of judicial decisions involving the Bakeshop Law, the Workmen's Compensation Law, the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, the Oklahoma Bank-Guaranty Law, the Interstate Commerce Law, and other legislative experiments with the collective principle.

That such an issue should exist is inevitable. A conservative institution is always subject to strain and stress in

a period of progress, and in our country the courts have always been our greatest and best conservative institution. No single fact, however, more clearly indicates the general respect and confidence of the people for the kind of conservatism which the courts have so long expressed, than that no substantial faction or party in our country today desires the judiciary to throw off that conservatism and become 'radical,' or even 'progressive,' as that term is currently used. What we ask from our courts is, in fuller measure, that which in the main we are conscious that we receive: a conservatism which is consistent with a not too remote possibility of progress, a conservatism free from all entanglements with either radicalism or reaction, a conservatism which harmonizes the past with the future by preserving the present from violent oscillations through contending forces.

THE FRUITS OF DEATH

BY AMEEN RIHANI

Said the folded Leaves upon the Heath
To the opening Leaves upon the Tree:
'Soon will the Warders of the Storm
Bring us to our Mother-Sea,
Even as they opened yesternight
Our prison doors of Destiny:
We envy not the Birds now nor the Dew,
To them we leave the Forest and to you.'

The infant Leaves thus made reply:
'But we rejoice that we are here;
We stand in the cerulean Gate
Of Life to crown the dying Year.
Him who emancipates we love,
He who enchains is also dear:
You are the Flowers of the Storm, and we,
We are the Fruits of Death upon Life's tree.'

THE COLLEGE: AN UNDERGRADUATE VIEW

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

THE undergraduate of to-day, if he reads the magazines, discovers that a great many people are worrying seriously about his condition. College presidents and official investigators are discussing his scholarship, his extra-curricular activities, and his moral stamina. Not content with the surface of the matter, they are going deeper and are investigating the college itself, its curriculum, the scholarship of the instructors, and its adequacy in realizing its high ideal as a preparation for life. The undergraduate finds that these observers are pretty generally inclined to exonerate him for many of his shortcomings, and to lay the blame on the college itself; the system is indicted, and not the helpless product.

For this he is grateful, and he realizes that this dissatisfaction among educators, this uneasy searching of the academic heart, promises well for the education of his children, and for himself if he remains in college long enough to get the benefit of the reforms. Meanwhile, as he attends recitations and meetings of undergraduate societies, talks with his fellow students and the professors, and reads the college papers, he may, even if he can get no hint of the mysterious inner circles where the destinies of the students are shaped and great questions of policy decided, be able himself to see some of the things that complicate college scholarship to-day, from an inner point of view which is impossible to the observer looking down from above. He may find in the character of the student body itself, and the way in which it reacts to what the college offers it, an explanation of some of the complications of scholarship that so disturb our critics; and in a certain new quality in the spirit of the college, something that is beginning to crystallize his own ideals, and to make him count himself fortunate that he is receiving his education in this age and no other. In the constitution of college society, and in the intellectual and spiritual ideals of the teachers, he may find the explanation why the college is as it is, and the inspiration of what the college ought to be and is coming to be.

The first thing that is likely to impress the undergraduate is the observation that college society is much less democratic than it used to be. It is to be expected, of course, that it will be simply an epitome of the society round about it. But the point is, that whereas the college of the past was probably more democratic than the society about it, the present-day college is very much less democratic. Democracy does not require uniformity, but it does require a certain homogeneity, and the college to-day is less homogeneous than that of our fathers. For the growing preponderance of the cities has meant that an ever-increasing proportion of city-bred men go to college, in contrast to the past, when the men were drawn chiefly from the small towns and country districts. Since social distinctions are very much more sharply marked in the city than in the country, this trend has been a potent influence in undemocratizing the college. In ordinary city

life these distinctions are not yet, at least, insistent enough to cause any particular class feeling, but in the ideal world of college life they become aggravated, and sufficiently acute to cause much misunderstanding and ill-feeling. With increasing fashionableness, the small college, until recently the stronghold of democracy, is beginning to succumb, and to acquire all those delicately devised and subtle forms of snobbery which have hitherto characterized the life of the large college. If this tendency continues, the large college will have a decided advantage as a preparation for life, for as a rule it is situated in a large city, where the environment more nearly approximates the environment of after life than does the artificial and sheltered life of the small college.

The presence of aliens in large numbers in the big colleges, and increasingly in the smaller colleges, is an additional factor in complicating the social situation. It ought not to be ignored, for it has important results in making the college considerably less democratic even than would otherwise be the case. It puts the American representatives on the defensive, so that they draw still more closely together for self-defense, and pull more tightly their lines of vested interest and social and political privilege. The prejudice of race can always be successfully appealed to in undergraduate matters, even to the extent of beguiling many men with naturally democratic consciences into doing things which they would murmur at if called on to do as individuals, and not as the protectors of the social prestige of the college. The fraternities are of course the centre of this vast political system which fills the athletic managerships, selects members of the societies, officers of classes and clubs, editors and assistants of publications, and performs generally all that indispensable public service of excluding the aliens, the unpresentable, and the generally unemployable from activity.

I am aware that most of the colleges pride themselves on the fact that the poor man has an equal chance with the rich to-day to win extra-curricular honors, and mingle in college society on a perfect plane of social equality with the best. It is true, of course, that in college as in real life the exceptional man will always rise to the top. But this does not alter the fact that there exists at too many American colleges a wholesale disfranchisement from any participation in the extra-curricular activities, that is not based on any recognizable principle of talent or ability. It is all probably inherent in the nature of things, and to cavil at it sets one down as childish and unpractical. At present it certainly seems inevitable and unalterable. The organized efforts of the President recently to democratize the social situation at Princeton met with such dull, persistent hostility on the part of the alumni that they had to be abandoned.

This social situation in the college is not very often mentioned in the usual discussions of college problems, but I have dwelt on it here at length because I believe that it has a direct bearing on scholarship. For it creates an eternal and irreconcilable conflict between scholarship and extra-curricular activities. Scholarship is fundamentally democratic. Before the bar of marks and grades, penniless adventurer and rich man's son stand equal. In college society, therefore, with its sharply marked social distinctions, scholarship fails to provide a satisfactory field for honor and reputation. This implies no dislike to scholarship as such on the part of the ruling class in college society, but means simply that scholarship forces an unwelcome democratic standard on a naturally undemocratic society. This class turns therefore to the

extra-curricular activities as a superior field for distinction, a field where honor will be done a man, not only for his ability, but for the indefinable social prestige which he brings along with him to college from the outside world. There is thus a division of functions, — the socially fit take the fraternities, the managerships, the publications, the societies; the unpresentable take the honors and rewards of scholarship. Each class probably gets just what it needs for after life. The division would thus be palpably fair were it not for the fact that an invidious distinction gets attached to the extra-curricular activities, which turns the energy of many of the most capable and talented men, men with real personality and powers of leadership, men without a taint of snobbery, into a mad scramble for these outside places, with consequent, but quite unintentional, bad effects on their scholarship.

The result of all this is, of course, a general lowering of scholarship in the college. The ruling class is content with passing marks, and has no ambition to excel in scholarship, for it does not feel that the attainment of scholars' honors confers the distinctions upon it that it desires. In addition, this listlessness for scholarship serves to retard the work of the scholarly portion of the classes; it makes the instructor work harder, and clogs up generally the work of the course. This listlessness may be partly due to another factor in the situation. An ever larger proportion of college students to-day comes from the business class, where fifty years ago it came from the professional class. This means a difference between the intellectual background of the home that the man leaves and of the college to which he comes, very much greater than when college training was still pretty much the exclusive property of the professional man or the solid merchant, and almost an hereditary matter. For, nowadays, probably a majority of undergraduates are sent to college by fathers who have not had a college education themselves, but who, reverencing, as all Americans do, Education if not Learning, are ambitious that their sons shall have its benefits. These parents can well afford to set their sons up handsomely so that they shall lose nothing of the well-rounded training that makes up college life; and although it is doubtful whether their idea of the result is much more than a vague feeling that college will give their boys tone, and polish them off much in the way that the young ladies' boarding-school polishes off the girls, they are a serious factor to be reckoned with in any discussion of college problems.

Most of these young men come thus from homes of conventional religion, cheap literature, and lack of intellectual atmosphere, bring few intellectual acquisitions with them, and, since they are most of them going into business, and will therefore make little practical use of these acquisitions in after life, contrive to carry a minimum away with them. In the college courses and talks with their instructors they come into an intellectual atmosphere that is so utterly different from what they have been accustomed to that, instead of an intellectual sympathy between instructor and student, there ensues an intellectual struggle that is demoralizing to both. The instructor has sometimes to carry on a veritable guerilla warfare of new ideas against the pupils in his courses, with a disintegrating effect that is often far from happy. If he does not disintegrate, he too often stiffens the youth, if of the usually tough traditional cast of mind, into an impregnable resolution that defies all new ideas forever after. This divergence of ideals and attitudes toward life is one of the most interesting complica-

tions of scholarship, for it is dramatic and flashes out in the class-room, in aspects at times almost startling.

There is still another thing that complicates scholarship, at least in the larger colleges that have professional schools. Two or three years of regular college work are now required to enter the schools of law, medicine, divinity, and education. An undergraduate who looks forward to entering these professional schools, too often sees this period of college work as a necessary but troublesome evil which must be gone through with as speedily as possible. In his headlong rush he is apt to slight his work, or take a badly synthesized course of studies, or, in an effort to get all he can while he is in the college, to gorge himself with a mass of material that cannot possibly be digested. Now, the college work is of course only prescribed in order that the professional man may have a broad background of general culture before he begins to specialize. Any hurrying through defeats this purpose, and renders this preliminary work worse than useless. A college course must have a chance to digest if it is to be at all profitable to a man; and digestion takes time. Between the listlessness of the business youths who have no particular interest in scholarship, and the impetuosity of the prospective professional man who wants to get at his tools, the ordinary scholar who wants to learn to think, to get a robust sort of culture in an orderly and leisurely way, and feel his mental muscles growing month by month, gets the worst of it, or at least has little attention paid to him. The instructor is so busy, drumming on the laggards or restraining the reckless, that the scholar has to work out much of his own salvation alone.

Whether or not all this is good for the scholar in cultivating his self-reliance, the general level of scholarship certainly suffers. Neither the college administration nor the faculties have been entirely guiltless, in the past, of yielding before the rising tide of extra-curricular activities. Athletics, through the protection, supervision, and even financial assistance, of the college, have become a thoroughly unwholesome excrescence on college life. They have become the nucleus for a perverted college sentiment. College spirit has come to mean enthusiasm for the winning of a game, and a college that has no football team is supposed to have necessarily no college spirit. Pride and loyalty to Alma Mater, the prestige of one's college, one's own collegiate self-respect, get bound up and dependent upon a winning season at athletics. It seems amazing sometimes to the undergraduate how the college has surrendered to the student point of view. Instructors too often, in meeting students informally, assume that they must talk about what is supposed to interest the student rather than their own intellectual interests. They do not deceive the student, and they do miss a real opportunity to impress their personality upon him and to awaken him to a recognition of a broader world of vital interests than athletic scores and records.

If the college would take away its patronage of athletics, which puts a direct premium on semi-professionalism, would circumscribe the club-house features of the fraternities, and force some more democratic method of selection on the undergraduate societies, would it have the effect of raising the general level of scholarship? It surely seems that such a movement on the part of the college administration would result in keeping athletics proportioned directly to the interest that the student body took in it, to the extent of their participation in it, and the voluntary support that they gave to it, instead of to the amount of money that

an army of graduate managers and alumni associations can raise for it, and to the exertions of paid professional coaches and volunteer rah-rah boys. This would permit college sentiment to flow back into its natural channels, so that the undergraduate might begin to feel some pride in the cultural prestige of his college, and acquire a new respect for the scholarly achievements of its big men. This would mean an awakened interest in scholarship. The limitation of extra-curricular activities would mean that that field would become less adequate as a place for acquiring distinction; opportunity would be diminished, and it would become more and more difficult to maintain social eminence as the *sine qua non* of campus distinction. Who knows but what these activities might be finally abandoned entirely to the unpresentable class, and the ruling class seize upon the field of scholarship as a surer way of acquiring distinction, now that the old gods had fled?

If the college is not yet ready to adopt so drastic an attitude, it has at least already begun to preach democracy. It is willing to preach inspirationally what it cannot yet do actively. In the last few years there has been creeping into the colleges in the person of the younger teachers a new spirit of positive conviction, a new enthusiasm, that makes a college education to-day a real inspiration to the man who can catch the message. And at the risk of being considered a traitor to his class, the sincere undergraduate of to-day must realize the changed attitude, and ally himself with his radical teachers in spirit and activity. He then gets an altered view of college life. He begins to see the college course as an attempt, as yet not fully organized but becoming surer of its purpose as time goes on, to convert the heterogeneous mass of American youth — scions of a property-getting class with an antiquated tradition and ideals that are out of harmony with the ideals of the leaders of thought to-day; slightly dispirited aliens, whose racial ideals have been torn and confused by the disintegrating influences of American life; men of hereditary culture; penniless adventurers hewing upward to a profession — to a democratic, realistic, scientific attitude toward life that will harmonize and explain the world as a man looks at it, enable him to interpret human nature in terms of history and the potentialities of the future, and furnish as solid and sure an intellectual and spiritual support as the old religious background of our fathers that has been fading these many years.

This is the work of the college of to-day, as it was the work of the college of fifty years ago to justify the works of God to man. The college thus becomes for the first time in American history a reorganizing force. It has become thoroughly secularized these last twenty years, and now finds arrayed against it, in spirit at least if not in open antagonism, the churches and the conservative moulders of opinion. The college has a great opportunity before it to become, not only the teacher, but the inspirational centre of the thought and ideals of the time.

If to the rising generation our elders rarely seem quite contemporaneous in their criticisms of things, we in turn are apt to take the ordinary for the special. We may be simply reading into the college our own enthusiasms, and may attribute to the college a new attitude when it is ourselves that are different. But I am sure that some such ideal is vaguely beginning to crystallize in the minds of the younger professors and the older undergraduates, or those who have been out in the world long enough to get a slightly objective point of view. The passing of the classics has meant much more than a mere change

in the curriculum of the college; it has meant a complete shifting of attitude. The classics as a cultural core about which the other disciplines were built up have given place to the social sciences, especially history, which is hailed now by some of its enthusiastic devotees as the sum of all knowledge. The union of humanistic spirit with scientific point of view, which has been longed for these many years, seems on the point of being actually achieved, and it is the new spirit that the colleges seem to be propagating.

I am sure that it is a democratic spirit. History, economics, and the other social sciences are presented as the record of the development of human freedom, and the science of man's social life. We are told to look on institutions not as rigid and eternally fixed, but as fluid and in the course of evolution to an ever higher cultivation of individuality and general happiness, and to cast our thinking on public questions into this new mould. A college man is certainly not educated to-day unless he gets this democratic attitude. That is what makes the aristocratic organization of undergraduate life doubly unfortunate. For one of the most valuable opportunities of college life is the chance to get acquainted, not politely and distantly, but intimately, with all types of men and minds from all parts of the country and all classes of society, so that one may learn what the young men of the generation are really thinking and hoping. Knowledge of men is an indispensable feature of a real education: not a knowledge of their weaknesses, as too many seem to mean by the phrase, but knowledge of their strength and capabilities, so that one may get the broadest possible sympathy with human life as it is actually lived to-day, and not as it is seen through the idealistic glasses of former generations. The association only with men of one's own class, such as the organization of college life to-day fosters, is simply fatal to any broad understanding of life. The refusal to make the acquaintance while in college of as many as possible original, self-dependent personalities, regardless of race and social status, is morally suicidal. There are indications, however, that the preaching of the democratic gospel is beginning to have its influence, in the springing-up of college forums and societies which do without the rigid coöption that has cultivated the cutting one's self off from one's fellows.

I am sure that it is a scientific spirit. The scientific attitude toward life is no longer kept as the exclusive property of the technical schools. It has found its way into those studies that have been known as humanistic, but, in penetrating, it has become colored itself, so that the student is shown the world, not as a relentless machine, running according to mechanical laws, but as an organism, profoundly modifiable and directive by human will and purpose. He learns that the world in which he lives is truly a mechanism, but a mechanism that exists for the purpose of turning out products as man shall direct for the enrichment of his own life. He learns to appreciate more the application to social life of machinery in organization and coöperation; he gets some idea of the forces that build up human nature and sway men's actions. He acquires an impartial way of looking at things; effort is made to get him to separate his personal prejudices from the larger view, and get an objective vision of men and events. The college endeavors with might and main to cultivate in him an open-mindedness, so that he will not close up at twenty-five to the entrance of new ideas, but will find his college course merely introductory to life, a learning of one's bearings in a great world of thought

and activity, and an inspiration to a constant working for better things.

I am sure that it is a critical spirit. A critical attitude toward life is as bad a thing for a boy as it is an indispensable thing for an educated man. The college tries to cultivate it gradually in its students, so that by the end of his four years a man will have come simply not to take everything for granted, but to test and weigh and prove ideas and institutions with which he comes in contact. Of course the results are unfortunate when this critical attitude comes with a sudden shock so as to be a mere disillusionment, a turning of a beautiful world yellow; but it must come if a man is to see wisely and understand. The college must teach him to criticize without rancor, and see that his cynicism, if that must come too, is purging and cleansing and not bitter.

And lastly, I am sure that it is an enthusiastic spirit. The college wants to give a man a keen desire for social progress, a love for the arts, a delight in sheer thinking, and a confidence in his own powers. It will do little good to teach a man about what men have thought and done and built unless some spark is kindled, some reaction produced that will have consequences for the future; it will do little good to teach him about literature and the arts unless some kind of an emotional push is imparted to him that will drive him on to teach himself further and grow into a larger appreciation of the best; it will do little good to enforce scientific discipline unless by it the mind is forged into a keener weapon for attacking problems and solving them scientifically and not superficially. And it is just this enthusiasm that the college, and only the college, can impart. We come there to learn from men, not from books. We could learn from books as well at home, but years of individual study will not equal the inspirational value of one short term of listening to the words of a wise and good man. Only enthusiasm can knit the scattered ideals and timorous aspirations into a constructive whole.

Some such spirit as I have endeavored to outline, the college is beginning to be infused with to-day; some such spirit the undergraduate must get if he is to be in the best sense educated and adequately equipped for the complex work of the world. If such a spirit is instilled, it almost matters little what the details of his courses are, or the mere material of his knowledge. Such an attitude will be a sufficient preparation for life, and adequate training for citizenship. We want citizens who are enthusiastic thinkers, not docile and uncritical followers of tradition; we want leaders of public opinion with the scientific point of view: unclassed men, not men like the leaders of the passing generation, saturated with class prejudices and class ideals.

The college is rapidly revising its curriculum in line with the new standards. The movement is so new, to be sure, that things have hardly got their bearings yet. Men who graduated only ten years ago tell me that there was nothing like this new spirit when they were in college. The student finds a glut of courses, and flounders around for two or three years before he gets any poise at all. A judicious mixture of compulsory and elective courses seems to be furnishing a helpful guide, and a system of honor courses like that recently introduced at Columbia provides an admirable means, not only to a more intensive culture, but also to the synthesis of intellectual interests that creates a definite attitude toward life, and yet for the absence of which so many young men of ability and power stand helpless and undecided on the threshold of active life. To replace the classics, now irretrievably gone as the

backbone of the curriculum, the study of history seems an admirable discipline, besides furnishing the indispensable background for the literary and philosophical studies. Scientific ethics and social psychology should occupy an important place in the revised curriculum. The college cannot afford to leave the undergraduate to the mercies of conventional religion and a shifting moral tradition.

The pedantic, Germanistic type of scholarship is rapidly passing. The divisions between the departments are beginning to break down. Already the younger instructors are finding their ideal professor in the man who, while he knows one branch thoroughly, is interested in a wide range of subjects. The departments are reacting upon one another; both undergraduates and instructors are coming to see intellectual life as a whole, and not as a miscellaneous collection of specialized chunks of knowledge. The type of man is becoming common who could go to almost any other department of the college and give a suggestive and interesting, if not erudite, lecture on some subject in connection with its work. It is becoming more and more common now that when you touch a professor you touch a man and not an intellectual specialty.

The undergraduate himself is beginning to react strongly to this sort of scholarship. He catches an inspiration from the men in the faculty who exhibit it, and he is becoming expert in separating the sheep from the goats. He does not want experiments in educational psychology tried upon him: all he demands in his teacher is personality. He wants to feel that the instructor is not simply passing on dead knowledge in the form it was passed on to him, but that he has assimilated it and has read his own experience into it, so that it has come to mean more to him than almost anything in the world.

Professors are fond of saying that they like to have their students react to what they bring them; the student in turn likes to feel that the professor himself has reacted to what he is teaching. Otherwise his teaching is very apt to be in vain. American youth are very much less docile than they used to be, and they are little content any longer to have second-hand knowledge, a little damaged in transit, thrust upon them. The undergraduate wants to feel that the instructor is giving him his best all the time, a piece out of the very warp and woof of his own thinking.

The problem of the college in the immediate future is thus to make these ideals good, to permeate undergraduate society with the new spirit, and to raise the level of scholarship by making learning not an end in itself but a means to life. The curriculum and administrative routine will be seen simply as means to the cultivation of an attitude towards life. As the ideals crystallize out and the college becomes surer and surer of its purpose, it will find itself leading the thought of the age in new channels of conviction and constructive statemanship through its inspirational influence on the young men of the time. Admitting that these ideals are still unorganized and unestablished, that in many of the colleges they have hardly begun to appear, while even in the larger ones they are little more than tendencies as yet, — is it too much to hope that a few years will see the college conscious of its purpose, and already beginning to impose on the rank and file of its members, instructors and undergraduates alike, the ideals which have been felt this last decade by the more sensitive?

ROMAN NIGHTS

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

I

It will give an idea of what ages ago those nights were, and of the youth I brought to them, if I say that I arrived in Rome on the first tandem tricycle seen in Italy.

I can look back to it with pride, for I was, in my way, a pioneer; but there was not much to be proud about at the time. Rome was so little impressed that J., my fellow pioneer, and I had scarcely shown ourselves within the gates before we were arrested for driving the tandem furiously through the Corso — as if anybody could drive anything furiously through the Corso at the hour before sunset, when all the world comes home from the Borghese. But two policemen, drawing their swords as if they meant business, commanded us to dismount; and we had to walk to the hotel, pushing the tricycle, between them; and a crowd followed; and the policemen asked us for a *lira*, which we refused, thinking it a proof of the corruption of modern Rome. I do not care to say for how many more we were asked a few weeks later by the Syndic, whom we could not refuse; and altogether I do not think we were to blame if, after the policemen and the swords and the crowd had gone, and the tricycle was locked up, and we wandered from the hotel in the gathering dusk, we were the two most ill-tempered young people who ever set out to enjoy their first night in Rome.

Nor was our temper improved when J.'s instinct, which in a strange place takes him straight where he wants to go, having got us into the Ghetto, failed to get us out again. The Ghetto itself was all right, — so entirely what a Ghetto ought to be, that had I been the Romans, instead of pulling it down, I should have preserved it as an historical monument: dirty, dark, and mysterious, a labyrinth of narrow, crooked streets, lined with tall grim houses, filled with melodramatic shadows with dim figures skulking in them; but a nightmare of a labyrinth which kept bringing us forever back to the same spot. And we could not dine on picturesqueness, and we would not have dined in any of the murderous-looking houses at any price; and at last J. admitted that there were times when a native might be a better guide than instinct, and in his best Italian he asked the way of two men who were passing. One, who wore the tweeds and flannel shirt by which in calmer moments we should have recognized him, pulled the other by the sleeve and growled in English: 'Come on, don't bother about the beastly foreigners!' I can forgive him, remembering what his incivility cost him, not only that night, when we would not let him off until he had shown us out of the Ghetto, but on a succession of our nights in Rome, Fate having neatly arranged that at the one house whose doors were opened to us he should be a constant visitor.

Other doors might have opened had we had the clothes to try them. But

we had come to Rome for four days with no more luggage than the tandem could carry, and we stayed four months without adding to it. We could have sent for our trunks, we could have bought new things in the Roman shops, but we did not; I can hardly say why, except that there was work to do, our letter of credit was small, Youth is stern, — or, more likely, because it saved so much trouble not to.

But if we could not spend our nights in other people's houses, neither could we in the rooms we had taken at the top of one of the highest houses on the top of one of the highest hills in Rome. There was no objection to the rooms: they were charming; but we had found them on a warm November day when the sun was streaming in through the windows that looked far and wide over the town, and beyond to the Campagna, and still beyond to a shining line of the horizon that we knew was the Mediterranean; and we did not trouble about anything but the price, which to our surprise we could meet; and so we moved in at once. Nor for days as we sat at our work in the sunlight, the windows open and Rome at our feet, did we imagine there could be anything to trouble about, unless it were to prevail upon the *padrone's* son-in-law to blow his melancholy cornet anywhere rather than on the roof over our heads.

But even in Rome the sun must set and November nights grow chill, and once, after a day of rain, when a fire would have been pleasant, we suddenly discovered that there was no place to make it in. It had never occurred to us that there could not be, newly come as we were from the land where heat in the house is as much a matter of course as a sun in the sky. At first we wrapped ourselves in shawls and blankets, hired the *padrona's* biggest *scaldino*, and called it an experience. After a few evenings we decided that it was an experience we could do without, and, like all miserable Romans who have no fireplaces, we settled down to spending our nights in the restaurants and *caffès* of Rome.

I doubt if I should care to spend my nights that way now; a quarter of a century has added unexpected charm to a dinner-table and fireside of my own; but no Arabian Nights could then have been fuller of entertainment than the Roman Nights that drove us out in search of warmth and food. In Philadelphia there never had been a suspicion of adventure about my dinner. It was as inevitable as six o'clock, and as inevitably eaten in the seclusion of the Philadelphia second-story back-building dining-room, if not of my family, then of one or another of my friends. In Rome it became a delightful uncertainty that transformed the six flights of stairs leading to it from our rooms into the 'Road to Anywhere.' That road was by no means an easy one to climb up again, and, if we could help it, we never climbed down more than once a day, usually toward dusk, a few hours earlier when we were in holiday mood, but always in time for a tramp before dinner. If we came to a church, we dropped into it, or a gallery, or a palace, or a garden. We followed the streets wherever they might lead, — the brand-new Via Nazionale to the Forum, or the narrow alleys to St. Peter's, or beyond the gates to the Campagna, — seeing a good deal of Rome without setting out to see anything. When we were hungry, we stopped at the first *trattoria* we passed, provided it looked as if we could afford it, and the chance dinner in a chance place at a chance hour was a bigger adventure than any that crowded the way to it.

One night our trattoria happened to be the Posta in a narrow street back of the Piazza Colonna. It was small: not

more than twenty could have dined there together in comfort. It was clean, and the padrone, his son, and the one waiter greeted us with that enchanting smile to which, during my first year in Italy, I was a ready victim. Once we had dined at the Posta, we found it so pleasant that we fell into the habit of getting hungry in its neighborhood. I have since known more famous or pretentious restaurants, but never have dinners tasted so good as at this little Roman trattoria where we had to consider the *centesimi* in the price of every dish, and the quarter of a flask of cheap Chianti shared between us was an extravagance, and we ate with the appetite that came of having eaten nothing all day save rolls and coffee for breakfast, and fruit and rolls for lunch, that we might afford a dinner.

And I have dined in restaurants of gilded and mirrored magnificence, but in none that I thought so well decorated as the Posta, with its bare walls and coarse linen and no ornament, except the stand in the centre where we could pick out our fruit, or our vegetable, or our fish still squirming in proof of its freshness. Nor has any restaurant, gorgeous with the creations of Paquin and Worth, seemed more brilliant than the Posta filled with officers. In Philadelphia I had never seen an officer in uniform in my life; at the Posta I saw hardly anything else. We were surrounded by lieutenants and captains and colonels, and as I watched them pass in and out, with clank and clatter of spurs and swords, and military salutes at the door, and military cloaks thrown dramatically off and on, and gold braid shining, I began to think a big standing army worth the money to any country, on condition it always go in uniform. But it was when the old, spare, grizzled General, always the last, appeared, and they all rose upon his entrance, that our dinner was dignified into a ceremony. Sometimes I fancied he felt his importance more than anybody, for he is the only man I have ever known, courageous enough in public to begin his dinner with cake and finish it with soup.

Now and then, on special occasions, when we had sent off an article or received a cheque, we went to the Falcone and celebrated the event by feasting on *Maccheroni alla Napolitana*, *Cinghiale all' Agra Dolce*, and wine of Orvieto. The Falcone, another accident of our tramps, though we afterwards found it in Baedeker, was I should be afraid to say how many centuries old, and it looked as ancient. Indeed it was such a shabby, sombre crypt of a restaurant that I accepted the tradition it cherished of itself as a haunt of the Cæsars, and believed the waiters when they pointed to the mark of the Imperial head on the greasy walls, just as the waiters of the Cheshire Cheese in London point to the mark of Dr. Johnson's, while the flamboyancy of the cooking revealed to me the real reason of the decline and fall of Rome. It might be the story of our own decline and fall I should have to tell, had we sent off articles and received cheques every day. But fortunately it was a long time between feasts, and now never, never again can our digestions, or the Cæsars', be imperiled at the Falcone, for they tell me it has gone with the Ghetto and many other things in the Rome I knew and loved.

II

By the middle of the winter we gave up the Posta, not only for special occasions but for every day, and went to the Cavour. I don't know how we had the heart to, for the Cavour never had the same charm, we never got to like it so well. It was too large and popular

for friendliness, the officers dined in a room apart, and the padrone and his waiters were too busy for more than one fixed smile of general welcome. But then, if we paid for our dinner there by the month, it cost us next to nothing by the day, and our letter of credit allowed as narrow a margin for sentiment as for clothes. Besides, the dinner was good as well as cheap; and when the streets of Rome were rivers of rain, as they often were that winter, it was brought to us in a dinner-pail by a waiter, after he had first come half a mile with the *menu;* and in our cold rooms, wrapped in blankets, a scaldino at our feet, a newspaper for tablecloth, we made a picnic of it, freezing, but thankful not to be drowned. And on great holidays, the padrone spared us a smile all to ourselves as he offered us, with the compliments of the season, a plate of *torrone* and a bottle of old wine from his vineyard.

With dinner the night was but beginning, and smiles must have faded had we lingered over it indefinitely. But I learned, to my astonishment, that hours could be, or rather were expected to be, devoted to one small cup of coffee, and that always near the trattoria was a caffè which provided the coffee and, at the cost of a few cents, was our home for as long and as late as might suit us. In Philadelphia after-dinner coffee had been swallowed promptly, in the front or back parlor, according as there was company or not; in Rome it was an excuse to loaf, for people with apparently nothing to do and all their time to do it in. I suspected something wrong in so agreeable a custom, as youth usually does in the pleasant things of life; and at first, when we went to the ancient Greco, I tried to believe that it was because of J.'s interest in a place where artists had drunk coffee for generations. When we gave the Greco up because nobody went there any longer save a few gray-bearded old men and a few gold-laced hall-porters, and transferred our patronage to a brand-new caffè in the Corso, that called itself in French the Café de Venise, and in English the Meet of Best Society, I pretended that it was because we could there see the *Daily News*, for which Andrew Lang was writing the leaders everybody was reading. But Lang could not reconcile us to the nightly *Gran Concerto* of a piano, a flute, and a violin concealed in a thicket of artificial trees; and the Best Society meant tourists, and we shocked a family of New England friends by inviting them to share its tawdry pleasures; and when after this, finding we could stand it no longer, we exchanged it for a caffè without a past and with no aspirations as the Meet of any save the usual caffè society of a big Italian town, I gave up hunting for excuses and devoted myself to nights of idleness and coffee with as little scruple as the natives.

The caffè we chose was the Nazionale Aragnos in the Corso, the largest and most gorgeous in Rome. Three or four rooms opened one out of the other with a magnificence that we could never have achieved at home, and would not if we could, and a succession of mirrors multiplied them indefinitely. We leaned against blue plush, gilding glittered wherever gilding could on white walls, waiters rushed about with shining nickel-plated trays held above their heads, spurs and swords clanked and clattered; before the end of the evening not a table was vacant. It was only the usual big Continental caffè, but to me as strange as everything in the wonderful life in the wonderful world into which I had strayed from the familiar ways of Philadelphia.

To the marble-topped tables, to the gilding, mirrors, and plush, novelty lent a charm they have never had

since, and might soon have lost had we been left to contemplate them in solitary state, as at first it seemed probable we should. For we knew nobody in Rome except Sandro, the youthful Roman cyclist we had picked up on the road, who amiably showed us the hospitality of the capital by occasionally drinking coffee with us at our expense, and once introducing a friend, a tall, slim, good-looking young man of such elegance of manner and such a princely air of condescension, that Sandro himself was impressed and looked in again the same evening to explain our privilege in having entertained the Queen's hair-dresser unawares.

Foreigners did not often stray into the Nazionale. They were almost as few in number as women, and women were very few, for as they never dined, — or so I gathered from my experience at the Posta, the Falcone, and the Cavour, — they never drank coffee, though on Sundays they descended upon the caffè with their husbands and children, and devoured ices and cakes at a rate that convinced me that they devoured little else from one Sunday to the next. When I asked for the *Times*, which they took at the Nazionale, the waiter invariably answered: 'It reads itself, the Signore Tedesco has it'; and the Signore Tedesco, a mild German student who for his daily lesson in English read the advertisement columns from beginning to end, was the only foreigner who appeared regularly at any table but our own. And yet at ours, before I could say how it came about, a little group collected, and every evening in the furthest room, J. and I were holding an informal reception which gave us all the advantages of social life and none of its responsibilities. We could preside in the travel-worn tweeds of cycling, and not bother because we were not dressed; we could welcome our friends the more cordially because as we did not provide the entertainment it was no offense to us if they did not like it, nor to them if we failed to sit it out. In the caffè we found the 'oblivion of care,' the 'freedom from solitude,' though not the big words to express it, which Dr. Johnson 'experienced' in a tavern. Were all social functions run on the same broad principles, society would not be the strain it is upon everybody's patience and purse.

III

Almost all the group were artists. Some lived in Rome; others, like ourselves, were there for the winter; others were just passing through. Artists were then as great a novelty to me as the caffè, — I had been married so short a time that J. had not ceased to be a problem, if he ever has, — and nothing was more amazing to me than the talk. They talked as if talk were the chief business of life; but while they had so much to say that it made me grateful I was born a listener, they had only one subject to say it about. It was art from the moment we met until we parted, though we sat over our coffee for hours. Often it was next morning when J. and I reached the house at the top of the hill, and he dragged the huge key from his pocket, undid the ponderous lock, and struck the overgrown match, or undersized candle, by which the Roman who had six flights to climb lit himself to bed; and, having only the one supplied by the restaurant, we hurried upstairs as fast as we could go, lest it might not last.

And the talk was bewildering, revolutionary, to anybody who had never heard art talked about by artists. All I had thought right turned out to be wrong, all I had never thought of was right, all that to the critic of art was

essential had nothing to do with it. History, dates, periods, schools, sentiment, meaning, — attributions had just begun to be heard of, — were not worth discussion or thought. The concern was for art as a trade — the trade which creates beauty; the vital questions were quality, color, values, tone, mediums. The price of pictures, the gains of artists, the things in artists' talk to-day, were never mentioned; rather, those who sold were looked down upon. There were nights when I went away believing that nothing mattered in the world except the ground on a copper plate or the grain of a canvas.

But though the talkers might be of a hundred opinions as to the meaning of right and wrong, though they might wrangle over mediums until the German student looked up in reproof from his columns of advertisements and the Romans shrugged their shoulders at the short tempers of the *forestieri*, they were of one mind as to the supreme importance of art. If I ventured to disagree — which I was far too timid to do often — they were down upon me like a flash, abusing me for being so blind as not to see the truth in Rome, of all places, where of a tremendous past nothing was left but the work of the masters who built and adorned the city, or who sang and chronicled its splendors.

The noise of their talk is still loud in my ears, but many of the talkers have grown dim in my memory. Of some of the older men I cannot recall the faces, or even the names; some of the younger I remember better, partly, I suppose, because they were young and starting out in life with us, partly because one or two later on made their names heard of outside the Nazionale and Rome. The Young Architect was getting ready to make his known in Philadelphia, and the knowledge of the Beaux-Arts could not have served him so well as his conviction that the architecture of Europe had waited for him to discover it. He had never been abroad before and he could not believe that anybody else had. He would come to our little corner, from his prowls in Rome, and tell men, who had been there for more years than he had days, all about the churches and palaces and galleries, as I can fancy Columbus telling the Spaniards at home about the wonders of the New World. But the older men listened patiently and spared his illusions, no doubt hearing in his the voice of their own foolish youth calling. He carried his confidence back home with him unspoiled, and his first building — a hospital or something of the kind — was a monument to his discoveries, beginning on the ground floor as the Strozzi Palace, developing into various French châteaux, and finishing on the top as a Swiss *châlet:* atrocious as architecture, but amusing as autobiography. All his buildings were more or less reminiscent, telling again in stone the story so often told in words at the Nazionale, for Death was kind and claimed him before he had ceased to be the discoverer, to become himself.

Donoghue too has gone, Donoghue the sculptor who, as I knew him in Rome, was overflowing with life, young, — he would never have grown old no matter how long he might have lived, — big, handsome, and so gay that wherever he went laughter went with him. His discovery was of Paris and the Latin Quarter, but it had filled a year between Chicago and Rome, and he had had time to work off his fantastic exuberance as discoverer. 'Donoghue is all right,' they would say of him at the Nazionale; 'he has got past brass buttons and pink swallow-tails, even if he does cling to low collars and tight pants and Oscar.' Certainly, he

had got so far as to think he ought to be beginning to work, and he was in despair because he could not find in Rome a youth as beautiful as himself to pose for his Young Sophocles. He would drop into the Nazionale to report his want of progress, and in our rambles we often met him upon his search for a model. He referred to his beauty with the simplicity and vanity of a child — a real Post-Impressionist, without the struggle. Indeed, he was a child in everything, with the schoolboy's sense of fun. I never knew him happier than the evening he hurried to the caffè from his visit to the Coliseum by moonlight, to tell us of his joke on the Americans he found waiting there in silence for the guide to say that the moon was in the proper place for emotion. A friend was with him. 'I said, "*Sprichst du deutsch?*" very loud as we passed,' was Donoghue's story, 'and he answered as loud "*Nichts! Nichts!*" and of course the Americans took us for Germans. Then we hid ourselves in the shadows a little further on and we both yelled together at the top of our voices, "Three cheers for Cleveland!" and the Americans jumped, and they forgot the moon, and they would n't listen to the guide, and I tell you it was just great'; and he roared with laughter until I was sure that even the mild German would protest. He was as enchanted with his method of learning Italian. He was reading Wilkie Collins and Bret Harte in an Italian translation, and when he yawned in our faces and left the caffè early, it was because the night before the Dago's *Woman in White* or *Luck of Roaring Camp* had kept him up until dawn, though really it was a waste of time since anybody had only to get him half seas over and he would talk any lingo in the world. Eventually he posed for himself, tired of his hunt for a model and also perhaps because he always spent his quarter's allowance the day he got it, and most models could not wait three months to be paid. After that he joined us less often. But for me, in memory, he would dominate the group in our corner of the Nazionale, had it not been for Forepaugh.

Who Forepaugh was I did not know then, I do not know now. I do not think anybody ever knew except that he was Forepaugh, which meant, according to his own reckoning, the most wonderful person on earth. He was one of the men whose habit it is to turn up in whatever part of the world you may happen to be, with no apparent reason for being there except to talk to you; and as it is years since he has turned up anywhere to talk to us, I fear he has joined the Philadelphia Architect and Donoghue, where he will talk no more. In sheer physical power of speech he was without a rival, and none surpassed him in appreciation of his own eloquence. His interest never flagged so long as he held the floor, though when we wanted him to listen to us, he did not attempt to conceal his indifference. We could not tell him anything, for there was nothing about which he did not know more than we could hope to. He, at any rate, had no doubt of his omniscience. Judging from the intimate details with which he regaled us, he was equally in the confidence of the Vatican and the Quirinal. The secrets of the Roman aristocracy were his, he was the first to hear the scandals of the foreign colony. The opera depended upon his patronage and balls languished without him, though I could never understand how or why, so rarely did he leave us to enjoy them. Every archæologist, every scholar, every historian in Rome appealed to him; and as for art, it was folly for others to pretend to speak of it in his presence.

He called himself an artist, and for a time he used to go with J. to Gigi's, the life school where artists in Rome often went of an afternoon to draw from the model. But J. never saw him there with as much as a scrap of paper or a pencil in his hands, and nobody ever saw him at work anywhere. For what he did not do, he made up by telling of what he could do. His were the pictures unpainted which, like the songs unsung, are always the finest. He condescended to approve of the Old Masters, assured that the masterpieces he might choose to produce must rank with theirs; but he never forgot the great gulf fixed between himself and the Modern Masters, whose pictures were worthy of his approval only when he had been their inspiration. It was fortunate for American art that scarcely an American artist could be named whom Forepaugh had not inspired.

Like all talkers who know too much, Forepaugh had what Carlyle called a terrible faculty for developing into a bore. Some of our group would run when they saw him at the door, others took malicious pleasure in interrupting him and suddenly changing the conversation in the hope to catch him tripping. But out of all such tests he came triumphantly. I never thought him more wonderful than the evening when somebody abruptly began to talk about Theosophy in the middle of one of his confidences about the Italian Court. It was no use. Without stopping to take breath, Forepaugh began to tell us the most marvelous theosophical adventures, which he knew, not by hearsay, but because he had passed through them himself. We might express an opinion: he stated facts. And it seemed that he had no more intimate friend than Sinnett, and that to Sinnett he had confessed his skepticism, asking for a sign, a manifestation, and that one afternoon when they were smoking over their coffee and cognac after lunch in Sinnett's chambers, then on the third floor of a house near the end of Bond Street, — Forepaugh was exact in detail, — Sinnett smiled mysteriously, but said nothing except to warn him to hold on tight to the table. And up rose the table, with the litter of coffee-cups, cigars, and cognac, up rose the two chairs, one at either end, with Sinnett and Forepaugh sitting on them, and they floated out of the open window — it was a June afternoon — and along Bond Street, above the carriages and the hansoms and the omnibuses and the people, as far as Piccadilly, round the lamp-post by Egyptian Hall, up Bond Street again, and in at the window. '"Hold on," said Sinnett, and I never held on to anything as tight in my life as I did to that table,' said Forepaugh in conclusion. He always reminded me of the man who annoyed my uncle, Charles Godfrey Leland, by always knowing, doing, or having everything better or bigger than anybody else. 'Why, if I were to tell him I had an elephant in my back-yard,' my uncle used to say, 'he would at once invite me to see the mastodon in his.' Forepaugh had a mastodon up his sleeve for everybody else's elephant.

If Forepaugh gave us a deal of information we had no use for, he was really a good fellow whom we should have missed from our table. And it was through him that J. and I were first made welcome in that one house open to us, to which I have been all this time in coming. For it was Forepaugh who told Vedder we were in Rome, and Vedder, once he knew it, would not hear of our shutting his door in our own faces, nor would Mrs. Vedder, whatever the condition of our wardrobe. Vedder may have revealed many things in his recent *Digressions* but not

the extent of the hospitality he and his wife showed to the American who was a stranger in Rome, where then already they had been long at home. And not only to the American. Often as we went to them, we never found them alone, and never was the group at their fireside without a foreigner or two. The first person we were introduced to on the first visit was the Englishman who would have deserted us in the Ghetto, and who looked as if he wished the Vedders had learned to be less indiscriminate in their hospitality. We had the satisfaction of knowing that we made him supremely uncomfortable. He scowled upon us then, and continued to through the winter. He could not forgive us for having found him out, and was evidently afraid we were going to tell everybody about it. He was something very learned and was writing a book on Ancient Rome; later he became something more important at South Kensington. But no degree of learning and importance helped him to forget, or, anyway, to forgive. At chance meetings, years afterwards, in London, he scowled, as no doubt he would still, had he not long since gone to the land where I hope all scowls are smoothed from his scowling brow.

If he scowled, there was another Englishman who smiled: an elderly man with the imperturbable serenity of a Buddha. He also had written books, but I never knew their names and now I have forgotten his, and it would spoil my impression of him if I knew or remembered. For when I was in Rome he had risen above activity and toil to the contemplative life, and, I suppose, to the income that made it possible. One night he explained his philosophy to me. Men could not be happy without sunshine. The sun was house, food, clothes, furniture, everything; and as most of the year in England sunshine was not to be had at any price, he lived in Rome, where almost all the year it was his for nothing. He sat on the Pincian or in other gardens during the day, doing nothing in the sunshine — that was living. And he urged me to follow his example and not to wait until half my life had been wasted in the pursuit of happiness where it was not to be found. He may have been right, but I never needed to become a philosopher to value the virtue of indolence, though I have never had the money to pay for it. Any man has the ability to do nothing, a great authority has said, and I can answer for one woman who has more than her fair share of that ability.

As regular a visitor was a huge long-bearded Norwegian, who looked a prophet and was an artist, and who spent most of the winter in the study of Marion Crawford's novels, — I cannot imagine why, as they roused him to fury. 'Marion Crawford,' he would thunder at us; 'bah! He is a weak imitator of Bulwer, that is all, and he has not Bulwer's power of construction. He is not Bulwer. No. He is a weakling. Bah!' My only quarrel with Marion Crawford's books was that they never excited emotion in me, one way or the other, and I was so puzzled by his excitement that I went to the trouble of looking up *Mr. Isaacs* and *The Roman Singer* at Piali's in the Piazza di Spagna, where I had shortly before asked for Pepys's Diary and been offered Marcus Ward's. But the learning of the store could supply Marion Crawford, and I re-read the two novels and understood less than ever the Norseman's rage.

We were as certain to find this fiery critic and the two Englishmen any night we called as we were to find Vedder. Other men came and went, among them a few Italians and Frenchmen and more Americans, but none could

have appeared so regularly, so much fainter is the impression they have left with me. They were mostly artists, and at Vedder's, as at the caffè, the talk was chiefly of art. There was little of his work to see, for his studio was some distance from his apartment. But it was enough to see Vedder himself or, for that matter, to hear him. In his house he led the talk, even Forepaugh having small chance against him. He was the most prolific, the most determined, the most animated of talkers. It was stimulating just to watch him talk. He was never still, he rarely sat down, he was always moving about, walking up and down, at times breaking into song, at times into dance. He was then in his prime, large, with a fine expressive face, and as American in his voice, in his manner, in his humor, as if he had never crossed the Atlantic. He had recently finished the illustrations for the *Rubaiyat*, and the book was published while we were in Rome. It was never long out of his talk. He would tell us the history of every design, and of every model or pot in it. He exulted in the stroke of genius by which he had invented a composition or a pose. I have heard him describe again and again how he drew the flight of a spirit from a model outstretched and flopping up and down on a feather-bed laid upon the studio floor, until she almost fainted from fatigue, while he worked from a hammock slung above.

I recall his delight when a friend of Fitzgerald's sent him Fitzgerald's photograph with many compliments, asking for his in return; and when Dr. Chamberlain, while filling a difficult tooth for the Queen, sang the praises of the *Rubaiyat* until she ordered a copy of the *édition de luxe*. In looking back, I always seem to see Mrs. Vedder pasting notices into a scrap-book, and to hear Vedder declaiming quatrains from the *Rubaiyat*, and telling stories about it. There was one evening when he came to a dead stop in his walk and his talk, and shaking a dramatic finger at us, said, 'I tell you what it is. I am not Vedder. I am Omar Khayyam!' 'No,' drawled the voice of a disgusted artist who had not got a word in for more than an hour, 'No, you're not. You're the great I am!'

Vedder laughed with the rest, but I am not sure he liked it. He was sensitive to criticism, though he carried it off with a laugh. Clarence Cook was one of the critics of his Omar who offended him. 'It's funny,' Vedder said, 'all my life I've hurt Clarence's feelings. He always has been sure I have done my work for no other reason than to irritate him, and now that's the way he feels about the Omar.' The laugh was not so ready when Lang — I think it was Lang — wrote that Vedder's Omar Khayyam was not of Persia, but of Skaneateles. And after I suggested that it was really of Rome, and some mistaken friend at home sent my article to Vedder, I never thought him quite so cordial.

IV

And so the winter passed. For us there was always a refuge from our cold rooms at the caffè or at Vedder's; very occasionally with friends we stumbled upon unexpectedly during our rambles; and once in a while with new friends, made I have forgotten how — though I have not forgotten that it was in Rome we first met Miss Harriet Waters Preston, who accepted us, cycling tweeds and all, notwithstanding the shock of our shabbiness to the admirably appointed *pension* where she stayed. There were also nights when the affairs of Rome drew us from the caffè. I remember once our little group interrupted their in-

terminable arguments long enough to see the Tiber in flood, down by the Ripetta, where people were going about in boats and Rome looked like the Venice to which I had then never been, and we met Humbert and Margherita driving down alone in an American trotting-wagon so as to show their sympathy; for, whatever they may not have done, they always appeared in person when their people were in trouble. Not so many weeks before, we had watched the enthusiasm with which the Romans greeted Humbert on his return from visiting the cholera-stricken town of Naples. And I remember, too, on Befana Night, adjourning to the Piazza Navona to blow horns and reed whistles into other people's ears and to have them blown into ours.

For the humors of the Carnival there was no need to leave the caffè, where one Pulcinello after another broke into our talk with witticisms that kept the caffè in an uproar, and for me destroyed whatever sentiment there might have been in the thought that this was my last night in Rome — the last of the wonderful nights when I learned my folly in ever having believed that anything in the world mattered, that anything in the world existed, save art.

Pulcinello went with us from Rome, following us to Naples, and saving us from homesickness for the rooms full of sunshine at the top of the high house on the top of the high hill, and for the blue plush and the gilding and the mirrors and the talk of the Nazionale. And Pulcinello went with us to Pompeii, reappearing during our nights at the Albergo del Sole, that most delightful and impossible of all the inns that ever were. It may have vanished in the quarter of a century that has passed since the February day I came to it, when the sky was as blue as the sea, and a soft cloud hung over Vesuvius, and flowers were sweet in the land. But Pompeii could never be the same without it. It was made for our shabbiness; its three tumbled-down little houses ranged round the three sides of an unkempt, mud-floored court; our bedroom without lock or latch, and with a mirror cracked from side to side, like the Lady of Shalott's, though for other reasons; the dining-room with earthen floor, and walls decorated by a modern-primitive fresco of the padrone holding a plate of *maccheroni* in one hand, a flask of *Lacrima Christi* in the other; and a central column spreading out branches like a tree, bearing for fruit row upon row of still uncorked bottles; and a door open to all the stray monks and beggars of Pompeii — to all the fowls, too, including the gorgeous peacock that strolled in after its evening walk with the young Swiss artist on the flat roof of the inn where, together, they went before dinner to watch the sunset.

Throughout dinner, at the head of the long table where we sat with the Swiss artist and an old German professor of art and an older Italian archæologist, the talk was of art. While we helped ourselves from that amazing dish into which you stuck a fork and pulled out a bit of chicken or duck or beef or mutton or sausage; while the old professor and archæologist absent-mindedly stretched a hand to the column behind them, and plucked from it bottle after bottle of wine; while the beggars whined at the open door, and the monks begged at our side, and Pulcinello capered and jested and sang; while the American tourists at the other end of the table deplored the disorder and noise until we sent them the longest and most expensive way up Vesuvius to get rid of them; while the fowls fought for the crumbs, — the

talk was still of art, and again of art, in the end as in the beginning. I might not understand half of it, coming as it did in a confused torrent of German, Italian, French, and English, but the nights at the Sole, like the nights at the Nazionale, made this one truth clear: that nothing matters in the world, that nothing exists in the world, save art.

THE CHURCH AND THE MOUNTAIN

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

THERE is no doubt about it that mysticism is the only philosophy.

Of course all the others are true too, and there are probably none too many of them to preserve the balance of the many-sided world. If one commits himself wholly to a statement like that above, one finds himself confronted with the challenge: 'So you believe that the business of life is to escape from the illusion of individuality and to merge your troublesome run-away soul as quickly as possible in the All-One, the All-Nothing?' But why must philosophy bind itself into a logical system? Why is it not generously content to remain a tendency? A thing which devotes itself utterly to the needs of the human spirit, it ought to give plenty of scope even to moods and occasions; so that if I abandon my soul completely to-day — finding it uncommonly troublesome, perhaps — I should be perfectly free to reclaim it to-morrow and give it another trial.

I modify my initial statement. All the philosophies are good, but mysticism is the best of them.

Ah, that business of losing the soul — how sorry one is for those who have never known it! One can seldom predict the experience. It does not come very often at best, and has a royal way — which becomes it — of choosing its own occasions. Describe it? One cannot. It is as the lapse of the river into the sea, as the merging of spirits on lovers' lips, as the breathless hush when wind folds into wind and the night broods close, as the withdrawal of the morning star into the dawn. Yet it is more than all these things; it is — very God of very God. When it is over, one stands transfixed, intensely serious, yet serenely light-hearted too; exhausted, yet wonderfully refreshed; purged, exalted; and quiet — that is the best gift of the experience, its gift of peace. A very profundity of repose holds the spirit that has submitted to a mystic embrace.

Explain it? How can one, if even description has to go halting by synonyms and comparisons? Perhaps the soul is an emanation from God and is gathered wholly back into Him when the rapture falls. Perhaps our boasted individuality is really as much of an illusion as the early, thorough-going mystics consistently maintained. Perhaps — but who knows, and what does it matter? The experience itself is the thing; and one who has known that, perceives that the function of

understanding is not so essential to the life of the spirit as is sometimes supposed.

I have said that one can seldom predict a mystic experience. That is true; the high summons may come anywhere, at any time. But still there are certain places that are more liable than others to know divine visitations; and the wise mystic searches these out and zealously frequents them. Every one for himself in this matter. Although mysticism is anything but an individualistic faith, its manifestations are purely particular; and its children have to study their own peculiar environments to understand where, for them, Jacob's ladder rests.

In my experience, there are two places — widely sundered and utterly diverse — which can above others be trusted to catch and detain the skirts of Divinity.

One is a mountain. It is not so very much of a mountain — not so very high, I mean, and, viewed with strictly impartial eyes (if any one in the world is so unlucky as to have optics like that), certainly no more beautiful than a hundred other hills. Its prosaic name is Green Peak. I like it immensely for that. It is so unassuming and genuine of it; so fine, too, and clever — masking High Heaven in the guise of the commonplace. As if a seraph should rest content to bear the name John Jones. It is just a hill like all other hills; — but, ah! it has ways with it.

Sometimes it wakes me in the early dawn. That is inconvenient, for I hate to get up. But I have to do it, thrusting my feet into my slippers, wrapping a long cloak about me, stealing down through the silent house, mysterious, shadowy, unreal, not my familiar home at all, but an enchanted dwelling. The pictures and tables make significant signs as I pass; I catch them from the tail of my eye. Slowly, softly, I open the door and step out into the glimmering dawn; the cool air breathes in my face, and the silence — ! Why is it that even the quietest house is full of obscure disturbance compared to the wide peace of the outdoors? I sit down on the doorstep, and look across the valley at Green Peak. It stands very dark and high, outlined against the faint glory which is just beginning to quicken in the sky behind it, with one great white star above its head and a white band of mist folded across its breast. Other mists out of the valley are creeping softly about its feet and climbing its dark sides. It is a shepherd — no, a priest. But, after all, are they not the same thing? It is sublimely august and gentle, presiding over the dawn.

I gaze at it and I cannot breathe softly enough in my adoration. The meadows worship with me; they are mute, all gray and silver with dusk and the dew. The tall trees worship; no murmur runs through their hushed branches. The very grass prostrates itself still lower in its dear humility, and waits; we all wait — for what? There comes an instant, when, thought and sense suspended (or else exerted — I really do not know which) to the uttermost, self-consciousness entirely eclipsed, the trees and the grass and the meadows and I are caught up together with the white mists to the dark breast of the mountain, and there are held close in an embrace which fuses our separate beings and makes us one even with the morning star. After this, I go soberly back to bed; and when the quarry whistle wakes me at seven o'clock in the usual manner, and I sit up and remember, I seem to have had an experience beyond the world, in the ideal realm which the objects of sense only symbolize.

So much for the morning. Green Peak's mid-day mood is for the most

part a practical one. The sensible mountain understands that the work of the world must be done, and that its children must be left undistracted to do it. It stands out quite clearly therefore, with cloud-shadows racing over it, with breezes saluting it, with a blue sky irradiating it. There is as little of mystery about it as may be. Nevertheless, it torments me sometimes, will not entirely let me alone; and I often have to shut myself quite away from it if I expect to concentrate my mind on anything else. It has lurking suggestions of magic in its lines and its hollows at almost any hour of the day.

Then when evening comes — ! If I had to choose its superlative moment of revelation, I should hesitate between the dawn and a certain sunset that occurs two or three times in a season. The conditions for the latter are known to me now, and I can watch for it; though of course I am quite as likely to be disappointed as gratified in my expectation. For mere conditions do not secure revelation. As a matter of fact, the thing seems to mean most when it comes as a surprise, when I have quite forgotten about it, have failed to recognize the possibilities of the sky, and am merely roaming about the garden, thinking that here is a dull day over — better luck to-morrow. For, in accordance with one of the most beautiful laws of the world, it is always a dull day that works the spell. From morning to night a gray heaven of cloud, brooding above the tops of the mountains, not very low, but close, unrelenting. No wind, as a rule — a silent day, heavy and forlorn. Such a day is depressing; one aches with the burden of nameless troubles. Then, just when it seems to be over, when the sun has withdrawn his unseen presence behind the western hill and there is no longer any hope of a glimpse of his genial countenance, then the miracle happens. A touch, a warning — I know that the hills send forth a summons when they feel the glory coming, for I have often been called from the supper table, from the depths of the barn or the library, by a sudden, unreasoned necessity to go and look at Green Peak. And there — oh, wonderful! how shall one paint such a transfiguration? The clouds have parted somewhere in the north, below the line of the hills, and the light of the sunken sun streams back in a long, level finger or band across the breast and summit of the whole eastern range. The feet of these mountains stand plunged in shadow, — the gray night has met the gray day there, — but their crests soar into a sudden glory which dazzles and confounds the sight; one cannot believe it. Radiant, shining, glowing, intense, they lift up their heads, like flaming archangels, against the gray sky, and the King of Glory comes in.

There is simply no sort of comment to make on a sight like that.

Green Peak is very noble in storms. It wears the clouds grandly, and lets them wreathe and stream about it as they will, shutting it away altogether, or giving dark glimpses of its crest or slopes to watchful valley eyes. It is terribly austere thus at times; but that is all right — priests have to be austere now and then.

One evening I came home across the meadows, late, in the final hush of a storm that had spent itself at sunset time. It was quite late, there was very little light left, and what light there was seemed to be all embodied in a white mist which filled the whole valley. A veritable sea of mist; I swam in it, I could not see or breathe or feel anything else. There were no mountains, there was no sky, there was hardly a path under my feet. One's very thoughts become muffled in a mist like that. I was plodding along blindly,

stupidly, not enjoying myself very much (this kind of mystery is too oppressive), when a faint stir, the merest soft breathing of air, made me look up, and there above me loomed the crest of my mountain, gigantic. Only the crest; its sides were still lost in utter vagueness and nothingness. I forgot that it had any sides, and its crest astonished me as something unfamiliar, a new peak in Darien. Yet it was Green Peak, beyond any doubt. It leaned over me out of its fathomless realm of white cloud, and sternly admonished me — how it impended, how it imposed, how it grew! I stood perfectly still of course, and again the releasing touch came upon me, and in that white oblivion Green Peak and I were once more made one with each other and with the universe.

Green Peak's twin sister in magic is not a mountain, or any shape of the open country. It is a church in a city, many miles away. A very beautiful church; yet here again, one has to know it to love it. It occupies a commanding position, in a triangle, at the junction of several streets. But it holds this position so modestly, with such an unassuming grace, that one does not realize what a power it wields until it is too late. Too late to escape, I mean of course, — if one happens to want to escape. For myself, I think that the rogue has bewitched me, the rascal has given me medicines to make me love it.

I do not 'belong' to it in the least; it does not represent my native denomination. But I went in there one day in some stress of spirit, and all was over with me. I have forgotten now what was the matter; I only know that I was tired and vexed, and that the church presented itself, and that I went in. I crossed the street with a dash in front of a trolley car; I mounted the steps with a little run; I opened the outer door with a brisk pull, entered the vestibule, paused, hesitated, looked up to see who had spoken to me, opened the inner door slowly, and went in and stood still.

There was nobody there. It was late afternoon, and parts of the church were already in soft shadow. On either side of the nave the columns soared into obscurity, and far down behind the screen the chancel lay dim with dusk. But the low sun had found a last way for itself through a corner of one of the windows and was stealing along the opposite wall, touching here a column and there an arch, resting upon the carved pulpit and bringing a saint or an angel into a sudden brief prominence. Just like the late sunlight on Green Peak. Precisely. The analogy struck me, and I sat down in one of the back rows of chairs with a sense of home-coming.

It was very still. The vastness of this interior removed it from the legitimate class of 'indoors,' and allowed it a range of silence which houses do not know. But it was articulate nevertheless, instinct with a thrilling communication which the spirit understood. Those who had built it had loved their work. That was apparent not only in the compelling impression of the whole, but also in the fine perfection of the details, as the lingering sunlight pointed them out — in the grace of the carving, in the dignity of the statues. There was everywhere the touch of a thoughtful, discriminating devotion, working to produce one effect through a multitude of means. Love to love always. As those who had built had wrought with their hearts in their fingers, so those who inhabited were moved with tenderness and awe. I was sure of this as I sat there alone. I felt the presence of an adoring host of other worshipers in the empty chairs

and in the shadowy, vacant aisles. Their unseen occupation was strangely moving to me.

It was all strange. It is hard to explain what the church did to me that afternoon to make me its slave. It appeared to do nothing at all. There was even a certain aloofness about it, as if it were wholly absorbed in a transcendent mood of contemplation. Yet there was an awareness too, an attention which took note of every sigh, every glance, every hesitating thought. A curious, contradictory mixture of response and ignoring, of utter remoteness and intimate presence. It let me completely alone; yet I had never been so enveloped, so permeated.

The spirit of places and buildings is one of the most mysterious forces we have to reckon with. How can it happen that an inanimate edifice, a mere construction of timber and stone, achieves a distinct personality, even a soul of its own? Matter in its crudest form is here, — undeniable, heavy, opaque, — yet it strikes out a result of pure spirit, intangible and thrilling.

There was no doubt about this church's soul. Soul is an attribute that one knows when one sees it. A lofty soul, invested with grandeur (like Green Peak in that respect), but so gracious as to be almost humble in its response to the faintest tug of a human need. It listened through all its rapt spaces that day to the beating of one heart. A wise soul, moreover. The ages behind the prayers and the litanies which were said in the place every day lent it a weight of intelligence which was very comforting. One felt sure that it would understand every peculiar crisis. Yet not too tolerantly: there was a certain austerity underneath its beauty, an inflexible purpose which forbade many things. It was probably capable of coldness and severity. A serene soul — oh, profoundly untroubled! That was its most significant trait. For if all the sins and the sorrows of life had been poured out in it, if it knew the very worst of mankind, and could still maintain its high peace, then human affairs could not be in such a desperate strait after all. A scourged criminal might go out from that presence, bleeding, but with a shining face.

Do we often enough stop to think what a beautiful thing our religion is? We are so used to it; or, alas! so unfamiliar with it. For, of course, as mournful matter of fact, our present civilization reflects it hardly at all. But we profess it, and it stands patiently waiting for us to see our way clear to live up to it. Meantime, if we consider it fairly, we find it a most exquisite product, a work of the trinity of God and Man and Brother Time. There is probably no offense in saying that man has improved and developed it much. That is the way of things in the world. A divine seed, a human garden; a divine idea, a human poem or symphony. Humanity is not simple enough, is not consistent, is too diverse, to follow the Christ idea nakedly. It has other needs in its manifold nature: sensuous, passionate longings which crave for adornment and ceremony, pomp and symbolism; docile and timid necessities which must have the safeguard of law and order. It had to take the teachings of Jesus and fashion them into a system. The reed with its one high note of unworldliness has become the organ with many stops and many cadences. Nor has it lost the unworldliness thus. The theme remains the same through all developments.

I thought of these things during the first part of my twilight sojourn in the silent church. But by and by I stopped thinking. The reluctant sunlight withdrew, the shadows deepened and settled, even the silence grew more profound. I sank on my knees. I waited. My

soul lay, an offering, on the white altar, hidden in the dusk. When it was accepted, my life escaped, and I was folded into the church as completely as one of its shadows.

This was already an experience beyond the scope of Green Peak. It had no more divinity in it perhaps (Green Peak is divine enough); but it had humanity, and Green Peak is rather 'careless of mankind.' Having humanity, it had all the rich complexity of emotion which pertains to the intricate working of human affairs; and it moved me, if more disturbingly, yet more profoundly, than the lonely hill. I went out into the evening city, hushed and exalted; nor did I hear the church say behind me as I closed the door, 'Yet show I unto you a more excellent way.'

The next morning the enamored sunlight and I returned in good time; and there was the humanity too, hurrying to embody the spirit which it had left to fill the church so potently in its absence. Humanity? I should say so! It came flocking along the many streets which converged so significantly at this point, trooped in through the doors, paused, subsided, and took its way soberly up the aisles. It was a humanity versed in genuflexion beyond a Puritan understanding; but what did that matter? The church reassured me, or rather compelled me, with its imperious gentleness; and I reëntered my nook and knelt down with my kind. I supposed that they were still my kind in spite of their superior proficiency in gesture.

Verily, they were, and I was theirs, and we were all one another's. We could not very well help it in the tide of that mighty service which rolled through the aisles presently, sweeping us all together in one burst of praise and prayer. Marvelous service! It was as the voice of the church itself, waking at last from its contemplation and turning to tell us what it had learned. There was the ring of eternity in it. But there was also the pulse of time and the human accent which marked it the voice of the people as well as of the church. There could hardly have been a heart there that did not find its special need expressed in some prayer first or last; and that is saying a good deal, for an assembly of several hundred modern hearts presents — or conceals — a lavish variety of complex necessities. Yet there was no effect of separation, of passing from point to point in the prayers. They all took their flight from a common ground to a common heaven. Such a service is perhaps the best example there is in the world of the place of the many in the one, of the life of the one as made up of the many, and yet as greater than the sum of them. What is it, by the way, that makes everything that is worth while greater than the sum of all its parts?

The church's morning mood was triumphant. The stained-glass windows glowed in the sun, the arches rose clear of mystery, and even the altar offered its white beauty generously to the reverent gaze of the throng. The organ pealed and the choir exulted; silence was put to flight. The place was no less compelling thus than it had been the evening before. Rather, I found it more compelling, for there was now so much more of me to be compelled: there was the woman across the aisle, the little boy in the next row but one, the young girl in front of him. It is curious how the spirit runs out and identifies itself with certain people in a congregation or audience, claiming them in their unconsciousness, sharing with them a secret congratulation which they never suspect. The experience is a happy one. But it is nothing compared to what happened to that whole churchful of people when, at the most

solemn point in the service, they all knelt together and suddenly — not a barrier of any kind remained, not a sundering distinction in the whole throng; but each life flowed into the other, and all flowed into the One Life and were spread and hushed in an ineffable peace.

This was the 'better way,' this was the crest of mystic experience. For it is more to have been several hundred people than to have been a mountain or even a morning star.

What does it all mean anyway — this spell of the church and the mountain? Nothing new, surely. The spirit world has for ages been knocking at our doors, commanding, appealing, pleading, now and then thrusting its glories upon us in a desperate sally which ought to make an end of resistance. What is the matter, then? Are we perverse, that we so fleetingly and so seldom embrace the morning star? Do we not even yet understand the meaning of life that we so rarely love one another? Or are we really helpless, bound in chains which we cannot break, unable to live the life of the spirit save in little snatches?

The snatches are something at any rate; in fact they are everything. They indicate native talent and ultimate achievement. That which we have known we can know again, and again, and again; and perhaps by and by permanently. Meantime, the church and the mountain stand fast and hold the keys for us. We can hardly revere them too much, wait upon them too patiently, expect too much of them. They are highly significant.

Every man his own mountain and church. But when he has found them, let him cling to them.

THE LAST ROOM

BY KATHERINE METCALF ROOF

I

THE rehearsal of certain scenes from *Die Walküre*, held for the benefit of Herr Jansen preparatory to his first American performance, was over, and the aids and supernumeraries were disappearing with mysterious dispatch. But Brünhilde, in a gray street-dress, holding shield and spear, still remained upon the empty stage chatting with Siegmund, in English tweed, and Sieglinde, in an American shirt-waist. All three had met and sung together before in the land of their common tongue. They were of widely differing types, however. Jansen, from the vicinity of the Danish border, was racially if not geographically a Dane. He was a fine-looking, well-built man over six feet in height, and noticeably lean for a Wagnerian tenor. Of him the press agent had already prophesied that he would become a matinée idol — the American equivalent for the German '*Schwärm*.' Hilda Bergmann, the Sieglinde, was a pure northern blonde from Saxony; Ilma Samara, the most famous Brün-

hilde of the period, had no suggestion of the Teutonic type, nor indeed of any type. She was an Austrian from a Slav province on the shores of the Adriatic. In her delicate features, her dark eyes, her subtle personality, one seemed to feel the mysteries of a remote Asiatic inheritance.

They walked together to the stage entrance, where a nurse and a fair-haired child waited in an open carriage to receive Sieglinde. Brünhilde and Siegmund stood a moment on the sidewalk.

'What a fine boy. She seems very happy.'

Ilma Samara's sympathetic interest lingered upon the younger singer greeting her child as if after a long absence.

'And your Evchen, she must be a tall girl now?' Jansen questioned.

A different expression came into Brünhilde's eyes.

'She comes to my shoulder, but I think she will never be so tall as I am. She is now seventeen.'

'Brünhilde having married a mortal, her daughter is perhaps only a woman.'

Jansen had the light manner of the man of the world, rather than the impressive mannerisms usually characteristic of the operatic artist.

Brünhilde's dark eyes rested a moment on his face.

'To that Brünhilde came in the end: to be only a woman.'

'Say superwoman,' Jansen amended.

Ilma smiled. 'Which way do you go, Herr Jansen?'

'Your way, if I am permitted.'

The tenor waited with something more than his usual effect of chivalrous devotion for her permission.

'With pleasure. I think I shall walk, my hotel is so short a distance.'

'And Evchen, will she inherit Brünhilde; has she a voice?' Jansen inquired as they walked on together through the cross street.

Ilma Samara glanced at him, her expressive eyebrows lifted in a whimsical smile.

'You too, Carl Jansen! Here in America they must always hurry on the thing which comes next. They hurry from the opera to the ball while Isolde sings her death-song and Brünhilde lights her funeral pyre. You see the women with their summer hats in March — Well, that you perhaps do not see —' with an implication of pity for his unobservant masculinity — 'but it is the case. They adore the *Wunderkind*. They cannot wait to see the spear of Wotan struck from his hand by the young Siegfried. But you — I am surprised at you. At home we are generally content to let the old singers become first *ausgesungen*.'

Jansen smiled. 'You call yourself an old singer, most beautiful of Brünhildes. But you can afford to say it!'

'My age, alas, is no secret. But a singer, I suppose, is at least as young as her voice.'

'By that sign then you are the youngest as well as the most beautiful, *gnädige Frau*.'

She laughed with a little shake of the head, a soft laughter that brought a radiance to her face without obliterating its melancholy suggestion.

'The same Carl, always ready with compliments.'

'I state only the obvious fact.' The tenor guided her competently across the traffic-tangled street. On the other side he repeated his question. 'But you do not tell me — has Evchen a voice? I remember she had a remarkable ear as a child.'

Ilma answered a little slowly. 'Yes. But it is not a great voice. I do not wish her to become a singer.'

Jansen gave her a quick glance. The engrossing egoism and jealousy of the operatic artist were a familiar spectacle to him. A philosophic cast of mind,

a sense of humor, and an artistic appreciation of femininity had combined to save him from becoming a prey to it. But Ilma — the naïveté of egoism displayed by the majority of their colleagues would of course be impossible to her subtle, civilized psychology. But could it be that she was self-deceived in this matter? She had always seemed to him a devoted mother.

He watched her as he put the question. 'And Evchen — how does she feel about it?'

'It is inevitable that she should have the idea, living in the atmosphere of the life.'

'And she has studied?'

'She has studied — yes. She is a natural musician. When she began to sing, unconsciously at first I told her what to do, what not to do. I had not thought much of where it would carry her. She was just to me Evchen, my little girl.'

He glanced at her finely-cut profile, observant of the subtle, reserved line of the lips.

'And you are sure about her voice. Is it not rather soon to tell?'

'I think not. At her age I was already singing small parts. And even if she might rise to the top of her profession I prefer her to be a happy wife and mother, if that be possible.'

'You did not find that enough.'

It was a moment before Ilma answered. 'I would have her life very different from mine.'

He looked at her again, — that face so expressive in her art, in a sense so at the mercy of her emotions, yet after all so inscrutable. One seemed to see the thing there visible, palpitant as a captured bird; but while the sensitive eyebrows betrayed the presence of an emotion, the sombre eyes kept its nature a secret.

'Ilma,' — he spoke her familiar name for the first time with a change of tone. 'Forgive the frankness of a man who has loved you; but is it possible that you who have seemed always so cold, so engrossed in your art, have come at last to see that no human being can live without love? I said it to you many years ago, but you always denied it.'

'Ah!' she drew a breath, a shimmer of some deep feeling passed over her face. 'I had to deny it to myself so often, Carl Jansen.'

He was silent, stirred by something in her voice.

After a moment she added, 'Do you imagine that I married without love?'

He glanced at her, then quickly away again, for she had power still to set his heartstrings in motion, in spite of all the feminine episodes that had intervened, and that were no doubt yet to come.

'But you were so young, and Berling' — He broke off.

She continued quietly — a quietness, he seemed to see all at once, acquired at the cost of many things. 'I was young, it is true. But I loved as much, I think, as any mature woman can love. I gave all of myself — all. I can speak of it now that it is so far behind me. Otto was — incapable of love. I mistook what I had inspired in him for love. It was long before I found out.'

'Yet you remained in the opera after your marriage, although it separated you.'

'That was his wish, not mine. It gratified his pride and' — she paused — 'hampered him less. It hurt me that he should wish it, yet I believed in him, and so I stayed and worked for him, that he should be proud of me. My remaining there in the opera separated us as you have said, so that he was with me very little. When he was with me he was still my lover as he had been before.' She paused. 'Do you know that I was Otto's wife for five years before I really knew him? Then it was

of my choice that we lived apart. And then after I had taken the step it seemed to him that he wanted me, but it was too late. So I felt, I feel still that I know enough of men, Carl Jansen, although I am not so bitter as to believe all men to be like Otto. There, I have spoken to you as I have to no one.'

'Ilma — ' he began, and could say no more.

She went on: —

'Six years ago — you heard — Otto died. But if I could have had my life as I wished it' — She paused, then said very simply, 'Love would have been all that I asked.'

Their eyes met. He spoke gravely: 'Are you sure?'

'Yes, I am sure, Carl Jansen.'

Then for an instant he seemed to see revealed in her beautiful eyes the possibilities of that wasted love. He wished that he might bend and kiss her hand. He walked beside her some distance in silence; then he said, 'And now?'

She shook her head. 'It is too late. If you take a vine when it is young, and first begins to put out little tendrils and clings about something, and you tear it loose, you break some of the roots and tendrils, and the vine droops for a time, and many little buds die, and never come to anything. But after a while the vine begins to grow again about the new support, and it keeps on growing until the two are one and you cannot pull it free.'

'I see,' he said; and again for a time they walked on in silence.

'After all, it comes to the same thing in the end, beautiful Ilma.' He spoke with his eyes upon the cañon-like perspective of the Avenue. 'Love goes, the voice goes — whatever it is we set our worldly hopes upon — it goes. In the end we are always alone.'

'We are not alone if we love without selfishness,' was Ilma's answer to that.

He shook his head.

'Does one ever love like that?'

'A mother can,' was her answer, 'almost — '

He smiled. 'Almost! But even so, to love unselfishly is to accept loneliness.'

'I can't quite agree to that.'

'Wait then, Brünhilde, until you have walked all through the house of life, and find yourself in the last room face to face with —' He paused, they were approaching her hotel, and walked more slowly. She waited for him to finish: 'face to face with your own soul.'

'But even then there must be a window from which one can look out.'

He turned and looked into her eyes that seemed to have seen so much. 'For those who have the courage to look, but there is always the same prospect.'

She looked at him curiously. 'This from you, Carl, always so light-hearted.'

He smiled whimsically. 'One cannot afford to be otherwise. Life is too grave a matter to be serious about.'

They had reached her hotel. He removed his hat, and stood in the sunlight with bared head. Some young girls passing tittered self-consciously, and turned their heads over their shoulders to stare at him. Ilma's eyes were fixed upon the blurred mass of bare branches in the park, his were upon her face.

'But not all people travel so far as that room,' he said.

She turned and looked at him. 'But I think I have been there already.'

He shook his head. 'You have not been in that room until' —

Again he paused until she supplemented, 'Well, until —?'

'Until there is nothing more that life can take from you.'

She shivered between a frown and a smile, and noting the touch of apprehension upon her revealing eyebrows, he felt a quick self-reproach.

'*Hein*, pay no attention to the talk

of an idle German pessimist! It is for such as Carl Jansen over his beer, and not for such beautiful realities as you, Ilma Samara.'

She smiled and put out her hand. 'Of what should real people talk then, if not of real things?'

He detained the hand a moment. 'I think the real people do not talk them, they live them.'

Then, rather as if something about him enabled her to think aloud than that she confided in him, she said, 'Yet to me my life as I look back upon it seems not real at all, except for Eva. It is for that reason I wish hers to be different.' She gave his hand an added shake of friendliness, then dropped it. 'You won't come in?'

'Not to-day. Another time, if I may.'

He stood a moment watching her until she vanished within the revolving circle of the door, still vividly conscious of the look in her eyes. She had always had it, the look of one predestined to loss. 'Fateful,' Otto had called it. That such a woman should have loved Otto Berling!

II

As the clock struck twelve the young girl lying on the floor, bent in an absorbed heap over the score of *Traviata*, glanced up and paused in her *sotto voce* singing. It was time for her mother to be home from rehearsal. But the next moment her eyes went back to the music. As her interest grew, her voice unconsciously increased in volume, until with the 'Addio Del Passato,' she was singing in full voice. It was a voice of a pleasing but light quality, if one could judge by this performance, destined to such rôles as this she was scanning rather than those of the dramatic heroines of modern opera.

Just as she was beginning upon 'Ah gran Dio,' her accustomed ear caught the sound of a step in the hall, and in an instant she was on her feet, and at the door.

Ilma Samara, releasing herself from the girl's embrace, laid a light hand upon her cheek.

'I don't need to ask what you have been doing.'

Eva flushed; her eyes went to the abandoned opera score. The mother's hand slipped to the girl's shoulder. 'What an untidy room, dear child!' Her glance referred to the scattered newspapers about the floor; but the reproof was almost a caress.

As they stood side by side, the absence of resemblance between mother and daughter was striking. Eva was a pretty girl, possessed of little distinction beyond the unconscious charm of youth and fresh coloring. Ilma, tall enough to deserve the Wagnerian adjective heroic, was yet not large enough to be overpowering in a drawing-room. The heroic suggestion lay rather in an inherent nobility, a disciplined strength, that was the very essence of her personality. Indeed, although she was a large woman, there was an indescribable effect of the elusive, the impalpable, about her. Superimposed upon the pure classic regularity of her beauty was a shimmering suggestive quality that gave it that mysterious power to call up images, ineffable things, to the mind of poet and artist.

Eva helped her mother to remove her wraps, then bent to pick up the scattered papers. Ilma, readjusting her heavy, dark hair after the removal of her hat, inquired, —

'By the way, what did Albertson say of the *Todesverklärung* Saturday?'

Eva did not answer at once. Ilma smiled.

'Did he say that I sang two tones false in "Nur Todgewühten"?'

Eva nodded reluctantly.

Ilma seemed to watch the glaring,

crowded street. 'It is true,' she said at last, 'it is difficult to bring down the tone after the cry. But I have never done so before.'

Eva flung herself passionately upon her mother, yet with not quite the usual abandon of a child. The thing about Ilma Samara that kept people at a certain distance had its effect even upon her own daughter. 'It makes no difference. No one sings as you do.'

Ilma drew the girl's hand against her cheek. 'I grow older, dear child. These things must come.'

'You are but thirty-eight. That is young, extremely young for Brünhilde. Look at Brunzola. It is not time yet.'

'No, it is not time,' the singer reflected, 'yet for each of us the hour is set, and we do not know when it strikes.' Then seeing tears in the girl's eyes, she hastened to add, 'There, make yourself tidy for lunch, Evchen. We are late.'

But when, a moment later, she returned to her daughter's room through the open communicating door, she found Eva, her toilette preparations hurried through, bent over the *Die Walküre* score she had laid down the moment before. As she stood there, her presence unnoticed by the absorbed girl, there was a curious expression on her face. To decipher its meaning was like reading a score of complexly interwoven themes, — a strain, one would have said, of some hurting remembrance, love of her child, the less unselfish passion of her art, a premonition perhaps of both wrested from her: Eva torn from her complete allegiance by the lure of art, her own career passing from her as Eva took up her own life. All this and something more bitter from the past that, suddenly overcoming her, wrung a cry from her: 'Eva!'

Eva was at her side in a moment. 'Mother darling, what is it?'

Ilma kissed her daughter, her normal calm quickly reasserting itself. 'Nothing, dear child.'

Eva hesitated, unconvinced. 'Is it that you don't like me to think of the opera?'

'It is that I don't like you to grow up. I can't bear to lose my baby.'

Eva spoke with her face against her mother's arm. 'But I have not been a baby for a long time, mother. When you were my age you were both opera-singer and wife.'

'I would save you from my mistakes.'

'But you do not feel your life a mistake, mother, surely, when you are the greatest Brünhilde in the world.'

Ilma put the girl gently from her. 'It is life that is the real thing, dear, not opera. I prefer that you have a happy life in your home.'

As if half frightened at her own temerity, Eva persisted: 'But, mother darling, you did not do that.'

The very answer Jansen had made her a few moments before.

Ilma's eyes seemed to look back and forward a long distance. 'Dear Eva, I want you to have what I have missed. It was not ambition or love of the life that kept me in it.'

Strange that she should be saying it again to-day after her long silence. It was characteristic of their relation that Eva did not question beyond the confidence her mother chose to give. But for the first time she pressed her little argument further.

'You say that I have not a great voice, that I cannot go so far as you have gone. But that will not make me unhappy. I would not be so great as you are if I could.'

Ilma smiled a little sadly into the girl's eager face, drawing her hand tightly down over it. 'It would be different, little girl, when you were once there behind the footlights. You would care then.'

Eva was silent a moment, then she

looked up quickly. 'Are you quite sure, mother dear, that you will never marry again?'

Ilma smiled, moving toward the door. 'Quite. What has put that in your head?'

'The other day I heard Bella speak to Frieda, the wig-maker's maid, of some man who is in love with you. She said you were so proud you would n't look at him; and Frieda said — it made me so angry — that some day yet some man would come along who would take down your pride.'

Ilma smiled. 'One man has already done that. Do not be afraid. Until you find the man that you love better than you love your mother, you will have her, as always, to yourself.'

'That day,' declared Eva passionately, 'will never come.'

The look Ilma turned upon her daughter expressed an encompassing tenderness that was both wide and deep. 'That day, I hope, will come in its time, my Evchen.'

III

Eva had for several years been permitted to go with her mother to the opera-house, although until the last two years only for the matinées, Ilma having discovered that the child's absorption in the performance protected her against any harm from the presence of rough stage-hands or light-minded artists. Upon the occasion of this *Die Walküre* performance, however, the character of the cast was as conventional as that of the most decorous of afternoon teas, from Wotan down to the least of the Valkyrs. That ungodlike god was impersonated by a middle-aged German gentleman, chaperoned by an anxious, gray-haired wife who served as his valet, and hovered in the wings during his performance. Hunding was a young Australian giant who had served his apprenticeship in a German opera-house, and had reached New York by way of Covent Garden. The Fricka was Edith Danforth, a young American woman of conventional antecedents, with a piquant prettiness and light-hearted amiability that made her a general favorite. Jansen as Siegmund, and Hilda Bergmann as Sieglinde, completed the cast.

It was but half an hour before the performance when Ilma and Eva arrived at the opera-house, Brünhilde's presence not being required until the second act. As they entered the corridor resounding to the familiar sounds of scales and motives, Fricka's maid came hurriedly toward them, a wig of virulent red flowing from one hand, a bottle of smelling salts in the other. Ilma detained her to inquire, —

'Madame Danforth is not ill?'

'No, it is only the little Fräulein Schmidt,' the maid explained. 'She has fainted.'

'Schmidt?' Ilma repeated vaguely.

Eva volunteered, 'She sings one of the Walküren.'

Then, with expressions of sympathy for the indisposed Valkyr, they passed into the dressing-room, giving no further thought to the matter.

But Fräulein Schmidt — like many other obscurities — proved to be more important in her illness than in her health. As Hilda Bergmann in the third stage of her make-up, having covered grease-paint with powder, was adding the accents of art to her candid blue eyes, a knock came at her door, and Bella, the general maid of the women's dressing-rooms, a facile, amiable, untidy person, thrust an indifferently-coiffed head in at the door.

'Have you any cognac, madame? Fräulein Schmidt is sick.'

Hilda turned around in shocked compassion; one eye ringed with cobalt in a preparatory stage produced a startling effect; the other, beautifully finished,

showed a neat arrangement of painted eyelashes like those of a wax doll on the lower lid.

'Poor litt'l thing. I am awfle sorry. I have nothing, only Apollinaris.'

Bella disappeared. Hilda finished the remaining eye by superimposing black upon the cobalt, and adding a touch of rouge at the corners. Then she rang for Bella to assist her into Sieglinde's traditional garments of white cloth and fur. The sound of a Valkyr testing her powers caused her to frown.

'How she sings all tight in her throat! It is terrible.'

'I guess Fräulein Schmidt don't sing at all to-night,' Bella observed, not without some relish in the excitement. 'They're 'phoning all over town to get some one.'

She fastened the last hook deftly, then stood off, regarding her handiwork.

Hilda did not exhibit any emotion over this familiar operatic contingency. A Fräulein Schmidt was easily supplied, in her estimation. She scrutinized herself intently in the glass, observing, 'I am perhaps a litt'l too pink.'

'I think you look fine,' Bella reassured her.

Then, dismissing the maid with a smile, Hilda opened the score of the opera and devoted the remaining minutes to a fragmentary rehearsal.

"Nicht sehre dich sorge um mich
Einzig taugt mir der Tod" —

As she sang she walked slowly across the room with the solemn step of tragedy, one hand extended to mark the phrasing, an emotional reflection of the music etherealizing her face. Perceiving however, as she walked, her discarded civilian shoes in the middle of the floor, she bent, still singing, to pick them up, and walking on, disposed them neatly against the wall without losing the expression of either face or voice.

Then a rap came at her door and the call-boy's voice, 'Ten minutes'; and gathering up her skirts, Sieglinde passed out into the corridor, threaded her way across the familiar darkness of the region back of the stage, automatically avoiding electric-light wires, out on to the scene of the first act. Hunding, with folded arms, paced the narrow confines of his hut. Sieglinde greeted him cordially, and after casting an eye on the packed house through a hole in the curtain, turned to chat with Jansen, who strolled up, more picturesque than grotesque in his primitive garments, the outline of his fur girdle perpendicular instead of showing the familiar outward slant of the Teutonic tenor.

No one remembered Fräulein Schmidt lying white and helpless in the dressing-room she shared with two of her divine sisters. Then a concentrated, harassed-looking man walked up and down, calling, 'Clear stage,' and Siegmund retired to the back entrance, Sieglinde to the left, and Hunding betook himself to an open space behind the wings occupied by stage-hands, electric-light apparatus, and unused pieces of scenery. Here he walked uneasily up and down, giving himself over to a *sotto voce* rehearsal. Then sounds of the storm began in the orchestra, raging to fury, gradually dying down as the curtain went up. Siegmund, with a last smile for a pretty young Valkyr lingering in his wake, staggered in through the doorway of the hut; and Sieglinde, preparatory to her entrance, mounted the short flight of steps that composed the interior of Hunding's sleeping apartment.

Hunding continued to stride up and down, oblivious of the stage-hands exchanging their uncouth jests as freely as if they lounged upon a street corner. A few pale Hebrew attendants stood in the wings watching the performance, occasionally singing with the singer. When a motive connected with his

future utterances occurred in the music, Hunding sang, strengthening his hold on the key. After a moment he heaved a deep sigh, and seated himself on a soft rock provided for the convenience of Siegmund in the next act.

Bella, passing with a trailing scalp of valkyr hair pendant from each hand, paused to remark, 'Mr. Marsh is half crazy. They have n't found a substitute for Fräulein Schmidt.'

'Oh, they'll find one.'

Hunding was unstirred by the impending tragedy; beads of perspiration stood out on his grease-paint. Mythological beards and furs were heating, and he was nervous, a condition against which his British pride revolted. But later in the act, when he had made his appearance and exit, and having harshly ordered Sieglinde from the room had rejoined her upon terms of cordial equality in the wings, they were greeted by Mr. Marsh with a face haggard and furrowed with apprehension. The opera singers almost invariably associated Mr. Marsh's face with this expression. He was a sort of stormy petrel who seldom appeared in fair weather, but rose into prominence in the event of a sudden change of opera, indispositions, and the like.

'Here's a fine mess. Little Schmidt can't sing. We've dredged the town for a substitute. Whiteley's on the wire now, after a last forlorn hope in Harlem.'

'Surely many girls of chorus know these parts,' Hilda exclaimed.

'Yes, but most of them are in Philadelphia.'

Sieglinde, being by nature social and sympathetic, and fond of giving advice, would have been glad to continue the conversation, but Siegmund's voice rising in the final measures of *Wälse* warned her of her entrance. Hunding, still indifferent, repaired to his dressing-room to cool off. Brünhilde, in full armor but without her shield and spear, followed by Eva in her simple schoolgirl dress, slipped into their place in the wings to watch.

'A fine voice. Some day she will sing Brünhilde,' she observed, as Sieglinde concluded the narrative of the sword.

'But never as you sing it,' was Eva's jealous response.

Ilma, turning to smile at her, found herself confronted by the despairing features of Mr. Marsh.

'Well, we are up against it all right, all right!' was his opening remark.

'How is that?' inquired Brünhilde, sufficiently inured to American slang to comprehend.

'No substitute for Schmidt. It's preposterous, incredible. I suppose every other soprano in the German chorus knows her part. I tell you this giving opera all over the U. S. at once is n't all it's cracked up to be.'

'What shall you do?' Ilma wondered.

Mr. Marsh made a gesture seeming to indicate that he threw up his hands. Ilma, beginning to realize the imminence of operatic catastrophe, looked serious. She felt a timid touch on her arm, and looked around to see Eva looking at her with transfigured face.

'I can sing it, mother.'

She spoke in German and almost in a whisper, but the quick ears of Mr. Marsh had heard.

'What's that?' He shot the question out fiercely.

'I can sing it,' Eva repeated in English. 'I know all the parts of the chorus. Siegrune is *mezzo*, but it is not too low for my voice.'

'Eva!' cried Ilma faintly.

'How about that?' Mr. Marsh's eyes sent out a steely spark.

'It is impossible. No —' Ilma whispered.

'She can't do it then?' Mr. Marsh snapped out tensely.

'I do not wish it.' Ilma spoke with difficulty.

'But can she do it?'

'She knows the music. Who can say what a young girl would do out there for the first time. Besides — I do not wish it.'

Mr. Marsh was silent. Even the irreverent expeditiousness of the business office dared not press Ilma Samara.

Eva repeated breathlessly, 'I can do it, mother. Please let me.'

Ilma caught at the framework of Hunding's home, her breath came unevenly. She could forbid Eva — and that would end it. She knew that. Yet somehow the words would not come, her prohibitive force seemed paralyzed. She felt the thing slipping out of her hands. She heard Eva's voice again, 'Mother darling, I won't do it if you don't want me to. But please let me.'

'The Lord knows what's to become of us if she does n't,' muttered Mr. Marsh.

Still Ilma could not speak. An electric-light hand stumbled past, brushing them roughly without apology. The stage-manager's voice, raging expletives, followed him. She heard Mr. Marsh wretchedly turning over the problem. 'One of them might double up, but they're sure to make a mess of it. They're all green except Danforth and Wandhoff.'

'And there would still be the part missing in the *ensemble*,' Ilma responded mechanically.

The crashing climax of irresistible love came in the orchestra. Siegmund and Sieglinde ran past them, then walked around to a side wing from which they would emerge to go before the curtain. Stage-hands began running past in every direction, as distracted apparently as if scene-shifting were a totally new experience. Ilma found herself closely studying Hilda Bergmann's smile as she acknowledged her share of the applause. How silly they looked there, bowing like marionettes! She studied intently a misplaced strap protruding from Hunding's black fur shoulder. A long time seemed to have passed when she turned to face Eva's eager eyes, and the anxious frown on Mr. Marsh's official countenance. She looked a moment into the girl's face.

'As you wish,' she said at last. Then she knew that she had expected Eva to reply, 'Not if you don't wish it, mother dear.' But instead Eva sprang lightly off like an arrow released from a bow in the direction of the Valkyrs' dressing-room.

'Thank God!' exclaimed Mr. Marsh, mopping his brow. 'I hope she gets through all right!'

Mechanically dodging the pieces of scenery being swiftly and violently dismantled, Ilma walked slowly back to her dressing-room. For the first time since Eva had come to the theatre she was not there waiting for her.

IV

When the call-boy's knock came at her door Ilma, recalling suddenly that there was some variation in the new setting for this act, went out on the stage at once to make sure of her acquaintance with the pathway down the canvas rocks. As she stood tentatively upon her peak, testing a board that seemed to be loose, Jansen joined her.

'*Schöne Aussicht*,' he observed in the popular phrase of the German tourist.

Ilma smiled. 'The same perhaps as from the window of that last room of which you spoke.'

Jansen glanced at her quickly. 'So soon, beautiful Ilma,' he thought. 'I am afraid it is always lonely upon the heights,' he replied, looking away from her.

She changed the subject abruptly.

'Evchen makes her début to-night as a Valkyr sister. Did you know that?'

He gave her a quick look. 'How is that?' Then he spoke again quickly to save her answering. 'She will come through all right. She is too young to be nervous. Do not think of it.'

'I must not,' she said with an effort; and the betraying expression of her brows sent a pang through him.

Then the stage was cleared and Jansen left her upon her peak, still, shining, wonderful, potent to create illusion even to his accustomed professional eyes.

Her first Valkyr cry was a glorious outburst, a veritable voice from the clouds, a sound of nature. But at the last prolonged 'Hi ya ha,' Siegmund bit his lip, and the brows of a musical stage-hand contracted. Ilma's voice had slipped and wavered on the last tone. Few in the audience realized it, but the singers behind the scenes noticed and commented.

'She worries for Evchen,' Sieglinde observed sympathetically to Fricka, whose unwelcome visit was even then announced by Brünhilde. Swiftly arranging her vivacious features into the semblance of righteous wrath, Fricka moved solemnly upon the scene. Jansen, standing in the opposite wing, thought of Ilma while Fricka exhorted, and the weak-minded god evaded in human fashion. He wondered if this business about Eva was going to upset Ilma's performance. Then he became conscious that Fricka was advancing with a stern and forbidding countenance toward the spot in which he stood, one hand clenched against her breast. The moment however that the canvas rocks hid her from the sight of the audience she extended the hand to him, her features transformed by a radiant smile of welcome. It was the first time they had met since Jansen's arrival in America.

They stood chatting of their meeting in Bayreuth the summer before, until Jansen was obliged to leave for his entrance. She turned, conscious of Brünhilde's arrival at her side.

'He will make a fine Siegfried. You must be glad you are to sing with him in the cycle.'

'It is certainly agreeable in the love scenes to have a tenor whose head is not below your shoulder,' Ilma answered with a smile.

Fricka laughed. 'Why are tenors short? It is an unanswered conundrum.'

Then she remembered that Ilma Samara did not like to talk between her scenes, and did not speak again.

When Brünhilde, moving slowly from the mouth of the cave, stood, the vision of death, before the ill-fated Volsung, the awe infused into Siegmund's question, 'Who art thou?' was as an unconscious response. There was something about Ilma — he thought about it with a divided consciousness partly centred upon the formation of his forthcoming tones. She was somehow set apart from other women. It must be that she dwelt upon lonely heights. He had always felt it.

'Only those doomed to death can look upon me.' It was the voice of a being from another world, possessed of more than human vision.

The dialogue went on. 'Shall Siegmund possess Sieglinde there?' he sang; and then, with something indescribable in her voice of solemnity, finality, tenderness, Brünhilde pronounced the doom of the lovers: 'Sieglinde sieht Siegmund dort nicht.'

When, at the end of the act, the enthusiasm of the audience having been appeased by repeated appearances of the singers, they were passing through the region of dismantled scenery to their respective dressing-rooms, Ilma discovered Eva standing among the Valkyr sisters,—an unfamiliar Eva, taller,

older, in the shining armor and trailing blue mantle of Fräulein Schmidt.

'It fits me exactly, only I am a little taller. But I like the skirt short so. Mother dear, how do I look?'

Ilma with a smile considered her daughter transformed into a Valkyr sister. 'As if you had sung it a whole season. Go now and look over the score with Frau Wandhoff. She enters with you and will show you what to do out there. Go as soon as the scene is set.'

'Oh, mother dear, I know that scene by heart. I just can't make a mistake.'

Ilma smiled again. 'Rehearse it, nevertheless.' Then she passed on to her dressing-room, and seating herself before her dressing-table, tried to concentrate her thoughts upon the forthcoming scene. Her voice must not fail her again as it had in the last act. The remembrance brought upon her the momentary panic of the artist, and with her will she summoned to her help a force associated with that secondary part of herself that belonged in the opera-house.

Then the moment arrived for the Walküren to assemble upon the rocks, and for one moment, in the midst of the hurrying, jostling throng, she and Eva looked into each other's eyes. Ilma spoke calmly, —

'Think only of the music. Listen, and think how you form your tones. Do not force them.'

'Yes, mother,' Eva whispered. Then, in the fashion of her German childhood, she bent and kissed her mother's hand. That familiar act, seeming as it did to the mother at that moment the last remnant of Eva's childhood, almost unnerved her, and turning quickly away she slipped into an empty chair in the wings. Eva passed on to the place from which she sang her first phrase from without. An assistant prompter stood before her with the score, to start her. Absorbed, tremulous with anticipation rather than apprehension, for the first time in her life Eva had forgotten her mother. Once Ilma stole a glance at her. The make-up changed her. It seemed a strange Eva, but unafraid — as she was of life itself waiting to hurt her. The mother's heart reached out in a passionate futile instinct of protection. Then her subconsciousness following each step of the music made her pulses beat. Eva's moment had come.

'*Arbeit's sind gab*' — Her voice rang out in the swift phrase clear and true. The cries of the Walküren echoed back and forth, the music ascended, then descended, with shivering cymbals picturing their furious ride on the winds.

Ilma, waiting where she must enter with Sieglinde, was joined now by that ill-fated daughter of the gods, who observed cheerfully, 'She sings like *echte artiste*. Now you must be no longer nervous.'

Ilma contrived a smile. It was time for Eva to appear within sight of the audience. There was no telling how that might affect her — but she entered with two others, and Wandhoff was a seasoned warrior-maiden. Now, she had made her entrance — she was smiling. It was well that she did not have to sing her first phrase before the footlights alone — There, it was over. She was conscious of Hilda Bergmann's kind voice again, 'That was beautiful. Have no fear for her any more.'

Now they all united in the cry. Eva was standing high upon a peak, — radiant, triumphant, the Brünhilde of the future in her own eyes no doubt, and in the eyes of many who saw her. Already Ilma fancied the accustomed watchers behind the scenes prophesying, 'No doubt she will take her mother's place.' The child would be filled with false hopes; that meant just so

much hurt coming to her. It was time for her own entrance. Eva's voice anticipated her approach. The sisters flew back and forth, all the winds of heaven swirled in the strings and wood wind, the *tempo* grew swifter, the horns louder, rising to the climax of Brünhilde's flight from the wrath of Wotan. Ilma put out her arm, Hilda Bergmann relaxed upon it, and they rushed on with the haste of the pursued.

'Shield me and help me in direst need.' Ilma's voice had the character of a broken, despairing cry. Then as she began Brünhilde's impassioned plea to her sisters, something indescribable happened to Ilma Samara. It was as if all that she had gone through in this last hour, all the heart-break of her past, went into her expression of the music from that moment on to the end. Through it, in a curious dual way, she was conscious of Eva's presence. It touched her as if with some cruel significance when, after she had pleaded with Siegrune, Eva, turning aside in denial, sang, 'Must we also be dragged to thy doom?' She had but one more fragment to sing, except in the *ensemble*, 'To the east lies a wood.' There it was, safely, successfully over. No mortification for Eva, no young heart-break.

The Valkyrs were driven wailing from the scene, and Brünhilde was left alone to face the wrath of Wotan.

As she half rose from her prostrate position before the angry god, she caught a glimpse of Eva in the wings receiving congratulations.

'Was it so shameful the thing I have done?' It was the bewildered question of the untouched immortal beginning to apprehend human suffering. No one surely had ever so poignantly defined emotion in music as Ilma Samara. Then with the anguished cry of a great soul facing ignominy, she implored the cruel god not to inflict this degrading penalty upon her. 'Kill thy child, but do not make her pay this price — Let no weakling win me — Encircle my mountain with flames so that none but a hero shall find me.'

It was over, the flames of the gods were extinct, and Brünhilde was roused from her couch to acknowledge the applause which fairly shook the house as the audience transposed their deeper emotions into the conventional form of appreciation. But she scarcely smiled as she acknowledged the ovation.

'She has felt it so much,' a sentimental feminine applauder in the front row remarked.

But when Brünhilde joined her daughter in the wings she smiled.

'So, little Valkyr, it has begun for you.'

For the first time she missed — no one could guess how she missed — the girl's worshiping homage, for the first words Eva said were, 'Oh, mother, how was it? Did I get through all right?'

'You made no mistake. I am proud of you,' Ilma answered.

Then Hilda Bergmann, in an enveloping cloak not of mythological cut, Jansen in civilian's clothes, and Wotan still in armor, stopped to add congratulations. 'She is her mother's daughter,' said Hilda; and Wotan, a wit in private life, added, 'Look out, Evchen, that you do not remain *Einspringerin*.'

'Meantime we must not make her vain,' said Ilma; and putting a hand on the girl's arm she urged her gently in the direction of the dressing-room, with a parting smile for her colleagues. But Jansen followed her, detaining her at the door after Eva had passed in.

'You were right. The girl's voice will never be great.'

'You had doubted me? But I forgive you, old friend. In our egoism I think that we artists often deceive ourselves. Yet in this case I believe I have not been selfish.'

Again the sense of mystery and awe that she could inspire came over him as he looked at her. He bent and kissed her hand.

'Beautiful Ilma. It is much only to have known you,' he said.

That night she lay long awake trying to foresee the future of a young girl in silver armor standing above her with radiant eyes and upraised shield. Well — if the life must hold disappointment for Eva, if she must be less than she dreamed in this restless, striving, struggling world of opera, the thing must take its course now. It was out of her hands. There was no real reason for this sense of isolation, desolation, that seemed to engulf her. She had lost her little girl — that had to come; she had not lost her love.

The next morning's papers were full of rhapsodies upon Ilma's performance. One critic wrote that she was epic, and well stood for the symbolism of the earth's mythology. She seemed, he said, more than woman, a being whose domain was some kingdom vaster than the earth.

Reading on in a paper of another cast, Ilma came upon a paragraph beginning, 'An interesting feature of this most memorable performance was the unexpected début of the singer's young daughter.' Then came rather an amusing account of the difficulties resulting from the indisposition of Fräulein Schmidt, followed by speculation and prophecy concerning Eva's operatic future.

The spear of Wotan struck from his hand by the young Siegfried — that prophetic simile had not occurred to the facile reviewer, but it came again to the singer. The public with its eager anticipatory eye fixed upon the future. But no! the spear of Brünhilde was still firmly grasped in her own hand. If her art was to be all that was left to her for her own — it was hers still. She had gone over all this before. But then she had had her child, her own as only a young child can be. Jansen was right. She had never before traveled so far as this room. And the window — was it a window that looked out upon a far horizon, or only a mirror which gave back her own face?

But there was still her art. She rose unconsciously, a light kindling in her eyes. Then suddenly the whole human hurt of it, past and present, smote her down, and the two figures, husband and child, seemed merged into one, and she saw Eva looking at her with her father's hard eyes. With an uncontrollable cry she pressed her hands against her face to shut out the sight. Then she started up quickly, for she heard the girl's step.

'Mother dear, have you seen the papers?'

'Yes, little Siegrune, I have just been reading them.'

Eva came over for her morning kiss. No, they were not her father's eyes. They had the same love in them. The same — yet the mother, studying her child intensely, recognized a difference. They held something else now besides that worshiping love; a light, a look, fixed on something beyond.

Eva had begun to live her own life.

THE FLAG ON FORTRESS MONROE

TO THE FOUR WINDS

1864

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL

THE stars of destiny are mine,
The Belle Dame Sans Merci,
What news, what news, my vassal winds
Bring ye by land and sea?

What ho! thou lusty Admiral
From East across the deep,
How fare my wave-borne lovers
Who swore their tryst to keep?

'I heard their cannon thunder
Along the English shore.
The pirate foe of peaceful ships
Shall haunt the sea no more.'

Fresh from my eagle's eyrie
Come, gallant west wind, come;
Hast heard the tramp of armies,
The war roll of the drum?

'Lo! Mistress sweet and fatal
Beloved of daring souls
From lake to gulf unfettered
Thy lordly river rolls.

'And thine the death-bought summit
Where brothers met and bled;
Oh! Lady of the fateful stars
Weep! Weep! thy lovers dead.'

Ho! loitering southern breezes
What news for me to-day?
Still rings the clash of battle
Between the blue and gray?

'Belle Dame, ah, Belle, Sans Merci,
Death Mistress, proud and gay,
We lingered o'er the leaguer
For those you loved to pray.'

Ho, herald of the Northland,
Of granite and of pine,
What news from waiting homesteads
To greet these stars of mine?

'I heard a moan of sorrow
Along the rock-mailed shore,
The sob of maid and mother
For those who come no more.'

Tears, for the brave who loved me,
Tears, tears for those who died
That o'er a land unbroken
Should float my bannered pride.

Ye comrade stars of heaven,
Look down on those I led
To rest 'neath southern roses,
My knighthood of the dead.

NELSON P——

BY ROBERT M. GAY

I HAVE a waste-basket of green leather adorned with writhing green poppies in repoussé. It is columnar in form, like a drain-pipe, and so admirably constructed that it has survived the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune without perceptible detriment, except a slight sagging in the basal angle. A dissertation on waste-baskets in general, their forms, economy, symbolism, would be stimulating; it would be interesting to speculate upon the quantity of literature of the first rank, but now lost to a bereaved public, which time out of mind has been fed to these voracious craws, only in turn to be cast forth periodically into the oblivion of the rubbish barrel. But such moralizings would lead us too far afield. My basket, too, has been well fed, yet out of it, as from the Arabian bottle, rise no accusatory shades, but only the chubby semblance of one who on a summer afternoon, years ago, diffidently presented it to me as a unique token of his regard.

His name was Nelson P——. I have not asked his permission thus to make him and his waste-basket known to the world. He may never know. If he does he will forgive.

One morning I found myself—a badgered teacher in boarding-school — seated at the head of a long table at which were also eleven boys. P—— sat facing me at the other end. I saw only his round face and square shoulders above the board, but something in the smile with which he regarded me seemed to indicate that he recognized a victim. He was twelve, and I was twenty-four; I had seen much of boys, and he had seen much of teachers; neither of us was likely to be misled concerning the other. I knew from the first that P—— worshiped the Goddess of Mischief. What he thought of me I shall not venture to imagine.

He began by disappearing under the table. A strange upheaval of the middle leaf proclaimed his whereabouts. In time he was kicked out by the other boys, and bobbed up in his place still smiling blandly. He then proceeded to drink a glass of water without using his hands. This is a feat requiring skill and he was not very skillful. He ended by upsetting the tumbler on the tablecloth. I remonstrated, and his smile became broader.

By this time the Headmaster was looking our way as P—— had intended he should, and so P—— was naturally gratified. He watched his time, stole a baked apple from one of his mates, and nearly strangled himself trying to swallow it before he was detected. When at last he began a performance in legerdemain with his pancakes, I sent him from the room. His exit was not characterized by an appearance of profound humiliation.

At the next meal, I gently detained him as he was passing to his place and seated him beside me. He was impressed. The repast was marked by a preternatural calm. I recall only two incidents in which he figured.

Thinking to win his confidence by a show of friendship, I asked him if he

was named after the famous English admiral.

He regarded me with pity. 'No,' said he, 'I was named after Battling Nelson.' Having fired this shot, he continued his meal with a chastened air until near the end, when he looked up at me and said sadly, 'Say, Mr. So-and-so, I feel as if somebody'd just died.'

Having myself felt more than once the depression of spirit which is the fruit of extreme virtue, I laughed sympathetically, and immediately we were friends.

That evening I paid him what may be termed my dinner-call. I found him sitting in his pyjamas on the foot of his bed, half buried in pillows, studying the geography of Farther India. Facing him at the head of the little iron cot sat his room-mate, Smitty. Smitty soon proved to be a character. He had a moon face, in the middle of which was a little globular nose, flanked by two round, grave, gray eyes. Smitty seldom smiled and then, —

> in such a sort
> As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
> That could be moved to smile at anything.

He spoke with a crisp cold intonation, and aired carefully-weighed opinions in supernaturally perfect English with the manner of a sexagenarian. Such words as he used, and such maxims proceeding thus out of the mouth of a babe, filled me with endless pleasure and surprise. In Smitty's presence the young animal, P ——, reminded one of a bull puppy listening wide-eyed to the preachings of a twelve-year-old Saint Francis.

For Smitty's knowledge was no more remarkable than P ——'s ignorance. It is a common delusion of teachers that a well-informed boy deserves more credit than one who is wholly uninformed. The absorption of bookish knowledge is as natural to some boys as the absorption of apples or jam, while to others it is as unnatural as the absorption of eupatorium or senna tea. P —— belonged to the latter class. Gifted with a serviceable enough head-piece, he had sedulously avoided burdening it with erudition derived from antiquity, preferring the pragmatic wisdom of how 'to chase the rolling circle's speed and urge the flying ball.' If generals have achieved fame by avoiding battle, surely he deserved some congratulation for having retained immunity from inoculation with the virus of knowledge so obstreperously urged upon him throughout his life at home and in school. If, to quote Bacon, there is a superstition in avoiding superstition, may not considerable knowledge be demanded to avoid acquiring knowledge? P ——'s skill in the art of remaining ignorant certainly seemed to indicate a spark of genius.

Of course, Smitty was a phenomenon of endless perplexity to him as he was to Smitty. Yet, compelled by an inscrutable providence to room together, they made shift to get along. For even Smitty could unbend. When they were not studying or exercising or drilling, they put their heads together to enliven the monotony of the hall; and here Smitty's brain and P ——'s hand proved to be a formidable combination. They counted that day unprofitable which saw no new disturbance. The pursuit of mischief is as great a leveler as common peril, and there is no telling where their antics might have ended had not a new influence come into P ——'s life.

But I am anticipating. When I left them that evening, we were on the best of terms, and from that time for some reason P —— haunted me; I became his oracle.

Not long after this I was reading in my room when a diffident knock announced him. Outside in the hall he

stood, transfigured in a brand-new uniform of gray-blue, the embroidered bugle of the field-music on his arm, the tubular insignia of manhood, creased to a razor-edge, on his legs. He was proud, but carried his honors with becoming modesty. I saw that his heart yearned for approbation, and gravely complimented him on his rank, his bearing, his trousers, until the conscious red mounted to the roots of his tow hair. He sat painfully on the edge of a chair while I instructed him in the art of preservation of long trousers: how to pull them up to keep them from bagging, how to press them under the mattress at night, how to fold and hang them when they were not in use. He listened gratefully and, as the sequel showed, registered my remarks indelibly on the tablets of his brain.

It may be that this occult lore gave him a long-awaited advantage over Smitty, for from this time their positions were to an extent reversed. No longer did P —— sit in rapt astonishment while Smitty discoursed. The latter still talked in his grave and reverent fashion, but no longer to votive ears. He became the under dog. Of what value was his knowledge of pyramids and Parthenon, of King Arthur and Hereward the Wake, of anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, when his roommate, who had suddenly developed into a soldier with an ambitious eye on the position of first bugler, not only could talk learnedly of tactics and strategy and whistle every call in the manual of field-music, but moreover could criticize Dress and expound the recondite kabala of Clothes.

I continued to be the humble instrument in this transformation of P ——. Many a long evening he sat in my room, like Paul at the feet of Gamaliel, while I ransacked my fund of precarious knowledge for new facts which should help him retain his ascendancy over his disgruntled room-mate. Smitty affected to scoff, but the worm of envy gnawed his vitals. I soon found that being an oracle had its disadvantages, for while an oracle may at times be obscure, it must never hesitate. What I did not know — shall I confess it? — I made up, and verified at leisure. When, at the close of the year, P —— received the prize awarded to the best soldier in the junior ranks, my breast swelled with pride almost as much as his.

That evening P —— entered my room carrying a cylindrical package. From his manner of carrying it, one might have thought it a keg of dynamite or a crate of custard pies. Silently he edged through the doorway, eyeing me furtively, a wan smile playing about his lips, his brow puckered with preoccupation. I waited curiously, sure that important developments were in the wind.

P—— shifted from one foot to the other, the fingers of his free hand picking at the braid stripe of his trouser-leg. He was painfully embarrassed. Assuming my most ingratiating expression, I glanced hopefully at the package as containing the crux of the situation. He finally deposited his burden on the bed with a sigh of relief and turned to go. I caught a glimpse of Smitty outside in the hall, hovering and peeping. For a moment P—— paused. He was evidently conning a speech.

'I thought maybe you'd like — ' he began at last, but was cut short by a shrill cry from without.

'Teacher's pet! Teacher's pet!' came Smitty's voice, rising exultant on the wings of jealousy.

For an instant P—— wavered as if to proceed. But it was too much. There was a noise of scampering feet in the hall, and, without a word, he darted from the room and disappeared hotly in pursuit.

As the reader has surmised, the package contained the waste-basket. I have often wondered what train of thought led P—— to hit upon just this gift. The mere absence of a waste-basket from a boarding-school room would scarcely be noticed by a boy who found the window the handiest chute for apple-cores and banana-skins. Moreover, to him for whom most knowledge was feigning, all study mere folly, the need of a receptacle for superannuated notes and cast-off manuscripts could hardly have occurred. I suspect that a laborious correspondence with his mother flowered in the repoussé green poppies. The hours of mouth-twisting and other facial contortion this cost him made me doubly grateful. I should like to own the letters. I more than once had to revise his epistles, and can bear witness that never did the King's English endure worse maltreatment than at his hands. It may be that Mother was a sly humorist and, knowing her son's literary originality, thought to supply me with the most appropriate repository for his compositions.

Is it dangerous to confess, at any rate, that P——'s waste-basket came soon to rank as a true labor-saving device to which were fed occasional themes, the correction of which had been deferred until their authors had forgotten their existence, and then, of course, deferred for all time? It has, in consequence, grown to be for me the symbol of the English teacher's profession as the wicker waste-basket is of the editor's. The especial advantage of the leather contrivance is that it is water-tight and so is proof against the absent-mindedness of the professor who inadvertently empties his wash-basin into it.

P——, like an old comet, has swum out of my ken. I saw Smitty not long ago at a more than usually lugubrious performance of *Hedda Gabler*, which he pronounced in true old fashion to be 'highly creditable and most interesting.'

The green leather waste-basket, as I have said, begins to show signs of age. Upon closer examination I find that its skin is furrowed by a wrinkle or two. Yet I never look at it without a smile of reminiscence as P——'s bullet head and Smitty's moon face,

> flash upon that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

OCTAVIA FRANKLINIA BENNET

I CAN as easily imagine the Indian River valley and the granite shoulders of Stony Mountain rolled out into level prairie land as think of the Bennet homestead without great-aunt Octavia's dominating personality. For she has in her something of the eternal, immemorial quality of river and mountain. Her massive body making nothing of the weight of seventy-seven years, her unwinking black eyes, tight shut lips, masterful nose and chin, all testify to her descent from the old stock, who were Puritans, not through enervation but through discipline; and from the same inflexible source she has drawn the somewhat austere mentality, which is the key-note of her character.

When I climb two miles straight up from the village and knock at the low unpainted door, she greets me without effusion — not to say grimly. I know she must be glad to see me, for life on the hillside has few breaks and the bond of kinship is an article of her faith; but she does not tell me so. She continues pottering about the kitchen leaning on her cane, oblivious of my existence until I venture an opinion. Then, whatever it may be, she contradicts it and the battle begins. Debate is her grand passion. I have never seen her matched in whole-hearted fervor of argument. There is nothing cold or fine-spun about her logic; it shakes with energy, like an express locomotive. She plunges into the subject, rolls up a mountain of citations, and buries the enemy in his own trenches. She is a match for every style: she can parry and riposte or, if her opponent is too thick-skinned for her rapier, she can fillip him with a three-man-beetle. She says what she thinks, without mincing, in downright Saxon: she calls a spade a 'spud.' Her talk is like one of Hazlitt's essays, — all fire and gusto. Often I have seen her on the wrong side of a question, but I have never seen her beaten.

After she has silenced opposition she falls into a monologue which, no matter how it begins, swings eventually round to the degeneracy of modern society. Great-aunt Octavia puts everything to the test of logic, — Reason, she calls it. Caprice she holds to be the cardinal sin: treason against an orderly universe. It is diverting to observe the ingenious sophistry with which she attempts to harmonize into one cosmic system all her favorite prejudices; it is less diverting to listen to her pronounce judgment on the failings of the community. She cannot forgive her neighbors their frail humanity: she asks them to perform rational acts as a machine turns out clothespins.

'I've been lookin' down on the chimneys in the village for nigh on eighty years,' she is wont to observe, 'and I hope I have a little Charity left, but what I've seen has sort o' used up my Faith and Hope. There's Jed Baldwin's wife now, she that was Lucy Hopkins. She's tryin' to bake bread with green popple! If I was his wife, he'd cut some wood!' Great-aunt Octavia's cane makes a minatory flourish toward the smoke-blackened beams; she scowls; pouts out her lips; and forgets to limp as she stamps around

the kitchen. Presently she breaks out again: 'Jed is that lazy an' slack! One of his grandfathers was a Meade: "what's bred in the bone!" — an' his mother's folks are from York State!'

There is nothing sour or envious in her critical survey of the Baldwin family tree: she has a conscientious desire to be thorough; 'Justice is her plea,' and she is certain that in the course of Justice none of her neighbors shall see salvation. Her psychological observations are very keen and shrewd, but there is a flavor of the hanging judge about them. I like it better when she changes the theme to her other great topic of interest, — the world of books. There she is in her element — in her glory! She is no scholar: she left the district school to cook for the harvest hands; but she has lived, observed, talked first and last with seven generations, and over twenty thousand lamp-lit evenings have familiarized her with more than the mile-stones of comparative criticism. She reads no language except her own, but that she knows. You cannot put her down by referring to Goethe or Aristotle, or any one who has been translated. Above all, she *cares* about literature. I remember quoting once in the course of conversation, 'There's nothing either good or bad, but custom makes it so.' Great-aunt Octavia was in bed with the lumbago, but the words were hardly out of my mouth when I heard her heavy step in the next room. A night-capped head was thrust violently through the curtains. 'Thinking, child, thinking!' she corrected, '"but *thinking* makes it so."'

Wonderful great-aunt Octavia!

Many an evening have I sat toasting my feet by the stove while she scalded the milk-pans and talked to me of books, of the people who wrote them, of the people who criticized them, of the people in them, swinging from Chaucer to Chesterton, from Bunyan to Burns. Her variety of interest is marvelous. She can discuss *Man and Superman* and keep her temper; she read, as they came out, pirated editions of the great Victorian novels; she remembers, still with a thrill, the year *Maud* was published; and the schoolmaster-uncle who formed her childish taste taught her to revere Dryden, Pope, Young, Beattie, and to deliver heroic couplets with proper intonation. In her heart of hearts I believe she still considers the *Essay on Man* the finest thing in literature. Passion and word-harmony may be all very well, but here is a poem with real meat in it.

> Aspiring to be gods if angels *fell*,
> Aspiring to be angels men *rebel;*
> And who but wishes to invert the *laws*
> Of Order, sins against th' Eternal *Cause.*

She mouths out the couplet rhymes as if they were clashing cymbals.

Indeed, she has a cult for the Eighteenth Century. When I was a bumptious undergraduate I once depreciated its 'sterile classicism.' Great-aunt Octavia caught me up in a minute. It was bed-time when we joined issue; by midnight we were at it hot and heavy; at one o'clock we had shifted ground to the great question of the Gothic spirit versus the Hellenic. As the small hours passed I began to grow weary, but with each chime of the clock the bright black eyes of my opponent sparkled with fresher fire and her attack grew livelier, more compelling. I tried desperately to stick to my guns, but she beat me back from position after position. My order of battle lost shape. I was driven to the forlornest of hopes, to impossible Balaklavas; and at last, after I know not how many hours, I found myself claiming for Dickens the moderation of Addison, the polish of Shaftesbury. This was such palpable nonsense that I capitulated and apolo-

gized. Great-aunt Octavia passed a hand over her white hair, ruffled with the energy of the debate. 'Well,' she cried, 'I'm real glad to hear you willing to listen to sense. Now you come into the pantry and have a piece of pie; afterward we'll go over back of the barn and see the sun rise,' — and we did.

She led the way through the bars into the pasture and turned to watch the east, looking, with her shawl flung over her large powerful shoulders, like a Michael Angelo Sibyl, as old and as unconquerable as the boulder against which she leaned. It needed only a touch of fancy to see in her the embodiment of the old New England spirit, with its stubbornness and integrity; its stinginess and thrift; its pride and self-reliance; its lack of charity; its respect for law; its dour unsociability, its devotion to ideals. All at once the sun rising through the mists added a final note to the comparison as it struck full on her wrinkled face, — strong, hard, intellectual, with very little sweetness, but blazing with light.

THE AUTOMATIC HAT-RAISER

A CANDLE that flickered and went out during the past year was the effort of a citizen of Cincinnati to inaugurate a world-movement that should sweep away forever what he mercilessly designated as the 'hat-tipping evil.' 'The sudden exposure of one's valuable head to extreme weather conditions is dangerous' — therefore let it be abolished: let us, in fact, substitute a 'graceful raising of one's hand to his hat, with a nod.' Naturally the reformer got into the newspapers, and throughout the country grateful paragraphers, anxiously looking for material, figuratively took off their hats to him.

As a needed reform, however, the suggestion was not taken seriously. The prophet was without honor even outside his own city. The lack of response indicates clearly that the average man raises his hat as a matter of confirmed habit, and thinks no more about it. Granted a certain amount of preliminary good breeding, in this case fortunately pretty widely diffused, and the approach of a feminine acquaintance simply touches a subconscious button, the hand and arm do the rest, and the man goes on his way hardly conscious that he has made any movement whatever. Even if he had been convinced by arguments and statistics that raising his hat would give him a cold in the head, the action would have accomplished itself automatically before the cautious mind could have prevented it.

The lifting of the hat has become spontaneous in proportion as it has lost the degree of significance that once attached to it; and now that it is associated with a single sense-impression, the approach of petticoats, its spontaneity is beyond the control of any individual reformer.

The situation might have been different in the days when men raised their hats to each other, symbolizing degrees of social position by the completeness with which they uncovered. Thought must necessarily have preceded salutation. A lampooning versifier could write of an unpopular group of fellow citizens: —

> Oh! monstrous, superstitious Puritan,
> Of refined ways, yet ceremonial man,
> Who, when thou meet'st one, with inquiring eyes
> Dost search; and, like a needy broker, prize
> The silk and gold he wears, and to that rate,
> So high or low, dost raise the formal hat.

But this vile poet, rhyming 'rate' and 'hat,' must needs have had a model, and Puritans certainly had no monopoly of the not altogether uncommon human characteristic of snobbery. This very versifier numbered either a patron

or a publisher among his acquaintances. Class distinctions, in proportion as they were thus concretely recognized, must necessarily have affected the degrees of hat-raising, and the present status of the salutation as a purely sex compliment indicates the world-conquest of democratic principles. A ceremonial salutation dating back at least to the early Middle Age — for writers on the important subject of the hat find it difficult to pursue their quarry much further — is thus reduced to an instinctive motion that nothing short of the general adoption of male costume by women can be expected to eradicate.

It is the skirt, one may fairly argue, rather than the woman, that touches the subconscious button, and if a man saw a pair of trousers approaching he would not automatically uncover his head. The one hopeful line of action for the Cincinnati reformer, therefore, would be to work patiently and courageously for universal suffrage — with trousers. Universal suffrage without universal trousers would probably make no difference. The automatic action of the hat-raising instinct is superior to any personal opinion on the part of the hat-raiser.

The fixity of this instinct is, moreover, soundly evident in the similarity of the present salutation to that of more than a hundred years ago. Fortunately we have an exact means of comparison. *The Polite Academy, or School of Behaviour*, published in London in 1780, devotes a chapter to 'Of walking and saluting, passing by.' The directions are explicit.

'If you bow to any one passing by, do it in this manner: raise the right hand to your hat gracefully.

'Put your fore-finger as far as the crown, and your thumb under the brim, and then raise it from your head gracefully and easily.

'Look at the person you bow to, and hold your body gently forward.

'Hold your left arm straight down at your side, neither drawing it forward or backward.

'Move the right leg, if the person goes by on the right side, and keep the other firm.

'If the person goes by on the left side, move the left leg, and keep the right firm.

'Let your body be bowed moderately, not too much.'

These are excellent directions, as good now as they ever were, although not at present followed with the exactness that the *School of Behaviour* desired of its pupils. Everything, including the leg, moves more rapidly than it used to, and it is difficult to suit the right leg or the left quite so judiciously to the position of the person who is being saluted. It is, in fact, a little difficult to work these relations out with a paper and pencil. The soft hat — an admittedly informal article even in the hat advertisements — does not permit so nice an adjustment of thumb and fore-finger: indeed, young men representing the culture of our greatest universities tend to grasp it recklessly by the top, somewhat as a hurried Indian might grasp an enemy's scalp-lock, and snatch it from the head in a way that would shock any School of Behaviour beyond polite expression. But the elevation of the Derby and of the Tall Hat (the first comparatively modern, and the other a descendant of the headgear worn by Sir Walter Raleigh, who followed the new fashion set by his friend, the Earl of Essex, when that gentle favorite of the Queen trimmed the brim and raised the crown of his own previously flapping beaver) is still recognizably like the result aimed at by these eighteenth-century directions. And the reckless individuality with which the brim is handled still further

proves that the whole process has become automatic.

Whether or not this automatism is a desirable condition is another matter. It would perhaps be better, when a man lifts his hat to a woman, if he realized more fully what he is doing. And he would then realize, despite all arguments to the contrary, that the symbolism of the act is well worth the very slight risk of a cold in 'one's valuable head.'

CHRISTIAN NAMES

THE delightful paper on the 'Utterance of Names,' in the Contributors' Club for January, embarked our circle at once upon a discussion: does a name impress in itself, — take Edward, for instance, or Francis, — or does the suggestion of personality that it gives come only from association? Has it, or has it not, its own character?

'Association only!' says the leader of our Opposition. 'You read *Geoffrey Hamlyn* at thirteen, and Sam Buckley made all other Sams heroic and gallant for all time. Association only, a composite photograph of early impressions.'

Sam Buckley is a very dear fellow; but I do not agree in the least with Opposition's conclusion.

Take Richard, for instance: Richard is dignified, a little stately; a grave character; no hammocks or moonlight for Richard. No, from the moment he comes on the scene we are in for serious business.

'That is easy,' puts in Opposition, 'Cœur de Lion, Sir Richard Grenville, and Warwick the King-maker, of glorious memory. There you are in a nutshell!'

But Richard III is quite as familiar an association as Richard I, to say nothing of Richard II; and there is poor Richard Carstone, in *Bleak House*, and I do not know how many unworthy Dicks scattered through all fiction. No; Richard, the name in itself, is sonorous and stately in utterance; the mere sound of the vowels has its part in the suggestion and impression of character, as the key of C major has its own quality. What other name could Richard Feverel possibly have borne?

Thus name after name has its character. It is true that the differences of opinion as to the characters suggested by some names on the evening in question were quite violent, and that our discussion grew fiery; and it is perhaps needless to state that I am giving my own views, not those of a united company.

Lawrence is an interesting and even a romantic person, inclined to be thoughtful and somewhat dreamily speculative; slender rather than stalwart or robust in figure. (Yet I know a fat Lawrence.) Robert is, or should be, the best of good fellows, and as Bob he is even more, he is a darling; and James — but I never like James, though I have liked many Jameses!

George is stodgy. No heroine of mine shall ever whisper low, 'Support me, George!' And stodgy also is William; and this when the names of Washington and of William the Silent shine to me brighter than any others in history. A diminutive or nickname will sometimes lighten a character up wonderfully. Billy and Bill (never Will) are great improvements on the too staid William; indeed, they are two delightful fellows. (But do not let your hero think that Georgie will ever help him out at all!)

Charles is rather a light-weight, in spite of Charles Ravenshoe, and a later hero, Charles Danvers. Charles may be handsome, gay, charming, but you would never trust him with the graver matters of fiction. Harry (Henry has

a little of George's over-solidness) is light-hearted and winning, gay, handsome and lovable. When he has his own way he is apt to go for a sailor.

John is, however, the name of names, and has been for all time. John is strength, goodness, sureness. The situation, however desperate, is saved when John appears. Wife, sweetheart, sister, or mother may calm her fears when the strong shoulder of John is there to lean on. The ship is safe when John has his hand on the tiller; and the villain may well look to the priming of his pistol, or, better still, make what terms he can, when he has John to deal with.

The character of a heroine's name is as a rule less distinctive, and girls' names change more with the fashion; but Mary is Mary, most beautiful, queen among women; or she may masquerade in lighter guise as Molly or Polly, the darlings!

Nearly all the girls' nicknames are pretty: Jessie, Kittie, and Annie, what gayness they have, and what sweetness.

But alas! and alas! that all names must change so with the fashions. 'The utterance of the mere name,' says the Contributor in the January *Atlantic*, 'is one of the most powerful auxiliaries which the lover of emphasis or emotion can summon to his aid'; and further on, 'There is hardly a passion which does not sometimes avail itself of this simple but potent instrument. "Philip!" the wife exclaims in a burst of love and pity, when the husband returns home at night to falter out the tale of his ruined fortunes.'

True; but suppose that the wife had cried, 'Marmaduke!'

Lord Orville's 'My beloved Miss Anville!' can no longer thrill us; we are grown less punctilious; and it is hard in these days to think of young lips quivering, of young voices growing soft over our own Puritan names.

'Keziah!'

'Yes, Increase!'

We were all busy last evening looking up old fashions for a fancy dress-party in the back numbers of *Punch*.

'No, no, these are n't old enough,' objected one of our number, '*Punch* hardly goes farther back than the Lauras and Claras, and we want at least Arabellas.'

Arabella and Araminta; Evelina; Angelica; we must look for the dear creatures in the old *Book of Beauty*, and here they all are, in frocks quite as preposterous — and pretty — as their Christian names are. Spencers have passed from us, pelisses, short-gowns, farthingales, crinoline, no more completely than have the lovely names of their wearers; and surely the year and century of a heroine are stamped quite as well by her name as by her costume.

In Herrick's time, of course, all the ladies were nymphs and flowery graces: Althea, Chloris, Lucasta; and then in the early part of the nineteenth century came what a reaction! Harriet, Lydia, Jane, Emma; just hark back to Miss Austen's young women! And a little before these was, I fancy, the height of the reign of Maria.

'Ay, ay, Louisa Musgrove, that is the name,' says Admiral Croft, in *Persuasion;* 'I wish young ladies had not such a number of fine Christian names. I should never be out if they were all Sophys, or something of that sort.'

Now I should never have thought of Louisa as being any newer, or finer, than Sophy.

Scott 's immortal quality shows nowhere more than in his choice of his heroines' names; he never was bound by a fashion. Diana, Flora, Lucy, Alice, and Edith, their beautiful names

are of all time; and Bulwer threw off completely the yoke of Eliza (imagine Eliza!) and Harriet, of William and Edmund, and with what magnificence, with what splendor! made no bones about it, but came out full with Violante and Leonora, 'Dear, dear *Guy Darrell*,' Harley L'Estrange, and Audley Egerton!

Thackeray certainly gave in to the fashion of his day with Amelia, and Dickens with Dora and Agnes; but Meredith's names are all lovely. Indeed, the great names do not change with the fashion: Mary, Elizabeth, Helen, Margaret, Rose, — these never lose their bright beauty.

Elizabeth has, in fact, more prominence than even her loveliness deserves, just at this present moment; scarcely a novel of to-day can be happy without her; and to place a heroine in the very fore-front of fashion, to mark her the actual 'latest,' she need only be named Betty.

What next, dear sisters in fiction? To-day we have many fancies. Gladys and Marion may be passing into temporary eclipse, but Natalie and Veronica, Anita and Muriel, these abound.

Are we to be classic again: Cornelia, Helena, Chloe? Or flowery: Lily and Violet? Or Scriptural: Martha and Persis? Or almost the sweetest of all: Faith, Hope, Love, Peace, Charity? Whichever it is, as your turn comes, you all will be lovely.

A NEW TITHE

THERE are plenty of people nowadays who tithe their incomes: so much for eating and housing, so much for raiment, for travel, for a rainy day; even, if they be true old-fashioned souls, so much for the Lord's Treasury. I have a new tithe to recommend; one that will not be popular, but that I believe to be just and seemly. It will be the less popular, because the persons who should practice it have notoriously ragged pocketbooks and uncertain incomes. They are, namely, the People Who Write Poetry for Magazines.

I can see them bristling up their backs, as who would say, 'Now, what is this base person who would snatch from us one penny of the paltry cheques we earn with our hearts' blood? Certainly this must be some undiscerning missionary, who thinks the natives of Zamboanga need more Bibles; or some cynical editor, who wants to devise a new fashion of reducing our pay and killing us off altogether, and we will have none of this new Tithe.'

Not so: for I am just one of themselves: a humble Person who Writes a little Poetry for Magazines, and to whom the cheques are keys to Paradise. I agree with them perfectly that ten, or even fifty, dollars are queer cold returns for so many lines of heart's blood and spirit's vision and brain's patchwork-labor; but the ten or fifty dollars are pleasant to behold, none the less. So let them pay me heed, and take notice that I myself will suffer by this tithing even as my fellow craftsfolk.

Here, then, is my argument.

It is a long-accepted fact that Books of Poetry do Not Pay. The very few that do pay seem to be either no Poetry at all, or else rare exceptions, popularized by some good lucky turn of Fortune more than by their undenied worth.

Now, I have not wished to believe all this. It seemed a poor comment on the ideals of the modern reading public; and it made me feel with terrible keenness that there was no actual call for the work that I and my artistic kin might do, even if we succeeded in saying the things that we so often fail even to whisper. But the other day, in a

talk with the head of a certain authoritative firm that publishes much of the best current poetry, I made bold to ask plainly what had been the financial success of one book of poems hailed by critics and poets all over the country as the Real Right Thing, with the dew of Heaven on its wings. He smiled sadly. 'It has been a perfect failure,' he said. 'It is a great risk to put out a book of poems. Publishers have to hesitate a long time before taking one on, even one of the first order of merit. There is no public that *buys* poetry; although there must be many who *read*.'

I left his office very slow and sorrowful, cursing the Materialism of the Age, and wishing I had been born a gypsy *improvisatrice*, or a druid-woman of old Ireland. For what, I thought, is the use of confiding a few of my dreams to the fugitive pages of the magazines, if they may never sit well-ordered in a book, with pleasant margins and indexes, to be rustled over and marked and digested by even two or three choice spirits? For if ——'s book with all its choirs of angels had so fallen by the way, what good things ever would come to my small cricket-songs?

But as I walked, dragging my feet and bumping into the passers-by, an unhappy yet cleansing shame began to burn within me. I began to realize that I myself, with all my fine, exalted ideas about the Calling of the Poet, with all my belief in the Quest of the Vision, and my avowed willingness that I should decrease if only others might increase, and speak the flaming Word in its season — I myself, I say it with shame, *never bought one Single Book of Modern Poetry*.

I began to catechize myself. Since of a certainty I had bought no Modern Poetry, where then had I read it? And behold, I found that I had done no less a crime than to *steal* it; even as in the street-cars I steal the morning news from the back of another's *Globe* or *Herald*. I had read it in libraries, I had snatched it guiltily from bookshop counters, I had borrowed it from friends, I had culled it unfairly from critical reviews in the monthlies and garbled quotations in the dailies, I had heard people repeat scraps of it in lectures and conversations; in short, I had dealt basely with it, all the time deceiving myself with the belief that I loved it and would uphold its honor with my last breath.

With that horrid yet salutary conviction of sin, came the swift desire to set myself right; both that I might no more be guilty of such crooked theft, and that I might myself deserve more honest treatment, should my verses ever sit well-ordered in a Book. And the best reparation I could think of was this: which brings me back again presently to my first proposition regarding the new tithe I would lay upon the Writers of Poetry for Magazines. Let me put it under headings, lest I ramble away from the point.

A. That I would henceforth make a business of knowing with fair certainty about the poetry that gets into books; that I would rely not only on advertisements and reviews, but would myself dig for it, as for hid treasure.

B. That having found — if it might be — a Book of Great Poetry (some say there is none, but I will have faith); yea, and even a Book of Good Poetry that has the soul of the matter in it so that it be worthy to endure, I would forthwith buy it, cash down, and bear it home and set it in an honorable place, not so far from the Browning and Whitman and Lanier that I bought readily. (And indeed, the New Poetry would cause no greater diver-

sity of Tongues than those already on my shelf.)

C. And this is most important of all. That the money wherewith I would pay for these Books should be set aside as a Tithe, — to the Lord and to my Calling, — from what I should receive in payment for my flitting magazine-poems; and that I would, if needs be, deny myself a new pair of gloves, a pot of daffodils, or a recital, to keep true to my tithing.

When I had decided upon this course of action, my shame was much abated; but I reflected that I and my purchase of books of poems made but one least drop in the bucket. So it came to me clearly that it was the duty of all writers of Magazine Poetry, — save indeed those whose songs must actually keep the wolf from the door, and to whom, I fear, my attitude seems unpardonably easy-going, — to set aside some portion, even if it be very small, of the income from this poetry, quite soberly, yet I hope joyfully, for this purpose. In truth, it might not make much difference in the sale of the books of poems; although there are many Magazine Poets — too many, each separate one is inclined to think. But it would at least be just, and brotherly; and it would strengthen the bonds of knowledge and comprehension between those who write poems, often, I think, far too fain to hold their hearts and songs apart from each other, in a sort of pitiable petty jealousy.

Yes, this appears to me a seemly tithe to lay upon the Writers of Magazine Poetry. One only provision must I make, but that a notable one. Let no one buy without conviction that what he buys is high and worthy. For to buy Trash were as great a shame as not to buy Treasure; and the Trash of Poetry is seven times trashier, methinks, than that of any other art. 'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.'

Now let the People who Write Poetry for the Magazines think of me without bitterness; and know, all of them, that I turn from this writing to tithe my latest cheque: yea, though it go sorely against the grain, and the pair of gloves is much needed to make me fit and neat. But I know what I shall buy: two books are they, and one of them is that book of ——'s that, the publisher said, was so complete a failure, but that sings so well. A shame upon me if ever again I steal its music by counters or in library-stalls; and may the public do so to me, and more also, if ever I come to Be a Book!

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1911

THE VANISHING LADY

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

I

'I HAVE had a most interesting, not to say exciting, season,' the lady wrote, 'but it has left me somewhat bewildered. You know I have been out of the world for many years. Going down to the old home after my husband's early death, I was detained there by one duty after another. I traveled occasionally, but my visits to this city, that I knew in my girlhood and married life, were brief, until my niece insisted that I spend this winter with her here. Of course the town has grown enormously. I came expecting to find it changed, but quite unprepared for the kind of changes I really found. The old names still mean something here, but not the old ideas.

'The people are so different! Would it sound priggish if I said that I find a very heterogeneous society where I left a more or less homogeneous one? Everybody in it in those days was not cultivated and Christian, exactly, but seemed to be striving toward that desirable condition. Men and women alike were judged to fall short of the standard if they did not attain those ends. This gave us a definite unity of principle and atmosphere.

'I may be mistaken, but it quite seems to me that, in Bessie's very up-to-date world, Christianity is nowhere and cultivation leagues behind that! I don't mean, merely, that most people now pay pew-rent without going to church, or that elderly gentlemen have ceased to quote Horace. What I mean is that life no longer centres about those things; refinement, taste, spiritual qualities are no longer thought especially desirable. The Lady and the Gentleman are no longer what they were.

'As a minor illustration of the things that are different, it used to be thought ill-bred to talk about what people "had." Appparently it is so no longer. People all have more money, but less of the things money is good for. And — really, what is the use? I do not see what these people are trying to do. I do not see where they are going. I do not see, even, where their "fun" comes in! The lady of leisure no longer has any leisure. She races from one thing to another (beginning with card-parties soon after breakfast) like a hunted hare. When she "rides" for pleasure, her joy consists in going so fast that it is impossible to see anything but the speedometer, and she often talks so rapidly that there is no opportunity for a response. She has no time to read, or converse, or think, or grow — you know those were the uses of leisure once!

'Of course I meet scattered individuals of types more familiar to me, and Bessie has some friends who are fine and thoughtful women; but they, too, are rushed to death, and have not the time to be charming and restful, as well as admirable and useful.

'Here is a little incident which will explain better than anything else what I mean about the altered status of cultivation. The household accounts of one of Bessie's acquaintances got into the newspapers one day (I believe she was petitioning her trustees for a larger allowance), and Bessie was reading them aloud at the breakfast table and commenting on them. The monthly bills for food and wines were three hundred and seventy dollars; for reading matter, one dollar and eighty-five cents.

'"What an exorbitant allowance for the things of the mind!" I remarked. And Bessie — actually, Bessie, my sister's child — said this: "Oh, I don't know! Magazines seem to cost so much more now they have raised the price from ten to fifteen cents."

'My mother used to speak of women as having, or not having, "the manner of the sheltered life." No one seems to have it any longer. All life is so exposed, so unsheltered from the unlovely things of life! It used to be tacitly understood that everybody was trying to be like — or to seem to be like — the people who were nicest. And there was no mistaking them! But it is n't necessary to be nice any longer. I don't know what is necessary except a large checking account. Blood no longer "tells"; knowledge is no longer power; honesty is no longer the best policy; manners no longer make the man. Well — this is a democracy; let blood go if it is not fit to hold its own; let knowledge go, too, if it must, but do you not think we might contrive to retain a little honesty and a few manners?

'Does all this sound very critical and ill-natured? Perhaps I am scolding because I have lost my bearings. I frankly confess myself at a loss in this topsy-turvy world. It appears a lavish, good-humored, free-and-easy world, but it lacks quality. It seems to me that there was a pleasantness and dignity about existence when the pace was slower that is entirely lacking now. And I see very few happy people — not nearly so many as formerly. What has become of the old-fashioned Lady? What does her disappearance mean? Is she no longer needed in the world, and shall we never see her like again?'

II

The lady's correspondent hesitated long before replying. It is such a complicated, and, probably, such a useless thing to express one's self freely about one's own times!

'It was an innocent-looking question your letter put,' came the reply at last. '"What has become of the old-fashioned Lady?" you wish to know. But any attempt to answer you demands an appalling amount of ink and audacity.

'What you are really asking is an explanation of the social drift of our day. Now, to criticize competently the social tendency of one's own time requires superhuman detachment and clarity of mind, an abnormal amount of experience, and much historical knowledge for purposes of comparison. Who can claim all these qualifications? Certainly not I! Such contemporary criticism is bound to be one-sided, imperfect, and to that extent unjust. Nevertheless, any of us may catch a glimpse of vital changes happening around us and manifested in us, and try to set them forth. This is my *apologia* for telling you brazenly what I think.

'It is true, as you say, that "the Lady and the Gentleman are no longer what they were." All thinking people recognize that social organization and intercourse in this country have undergone a change in the last thirty years as marked in its way as the profound change in business organization and methods during the same time. This change extends to the predominant types in the more favored classes. With their alteration there has come a certain loss of savor in social life. It is only here and there that hospitality has all of its old flavor, and social relations all of their once fine charm. These functions are admittedly in the Lady's keeping. It is she who has failed us.

'Everybody loved that old-fashioned Lady of whom you speak. And I find that almost everyone past forty has, at the back of his mind, vivid impressions regarding her and the social life of which she was the centre. One remembers the atmosphere of that day as one remembers the blush-roses and spicy pinks of old gardens. Even yet there are gardens where blush-roses grow, and I know some women not yet old, and a few young girls, whose mere presence serves to-day to reproduce that atmosphere.

'She was dauntless and sweet, that old-fashioned Lady; witty but tender; as notable a housewife as a hostess; full of gentle concern for others, with a mind ever at leisure for their affairs, and a heart whose sympathy was instantaneous in their service. She stimulated and she soothed. Fine, complicated, and interesting as the old lace and finely wrought gold she delighted to wear, she was a very precious piece of porcelain. The brilliant, soft daguerreotype that has preserved her early likeness for us did not idealize her beyond her just due. Perhaps the intimate secret of her influence was the impression she gave of one whose heart is fixed, one whom the world can no longer harm.

'If to this inadequate description any object that such women were then, as now, the rare, the exquisite exceptions, the answer is at hand. Such women were then the ideal, the type. Assuredly the ideal was not always brought to perfection, but young womanhood admired it and worked toward it consistently. Clay in the hands of the potter is no more plastic than girlhood in the grasp of its great admirations.

'That gentlewoman of yesterday did not know, or do, or have, a thousand things that we all know and do and have to-day, but she was the incarnation of an ideal — a pattern of things sacred — that we are losing, or have lost. She is the Vanishing Lady. What have we done to drive her forth?

'In considering how this type of beloved woman went, we must take account of how she came.

'So late as thirty years ago, in the country at large, "easy circumstances," whether the margin of ease was wide or narrow, implied and demanded cultivation. It went with them as butter goes with bread. It was the thing expected of people so placed in the world. This was one of the basal ideas of the nineteenth century. The expectation was freely met, as it had been in the generations immediately preceding. There were certain books in the family library, and their contents were a part of the mental equipment of the household, just as, on the less important material side, there was a certain weight of silver on the family tables and a certain quality of linen in the family chests. There were also certain habits of thought and refinements of taste, certain definite ideas in the family consciousness as to what was due to one's self and others. The cultivation of that

day may have been narrow — a little provincial, if you like, even in the cities — but it was effective. Their ideas shaped types of character and manners, both in men and women, whose loss has left social intercourse impoverished.

'The "easy circumstances" of that period were seldom wealth. Viewed by the standards of to-day, many of those sufficient incomes were small indeed; and yet, as you have noted, their owners achieved more of the finer things, that we suppose money can buy, than wealth often gives to-day.

'Incomes are larger now, and a very much larger number of people have adequate ones; silver and fine linen are still plentiful, but cultivated people are very much less in evidence than they used to be. Let me say quickly that this is not an assertion that cultivation is ceasing to exist, but only that, broadly speaking, it has lost its ascendancy with the great body of people of a comfortable life. It is no longer one of the things that they seek first. It is, one suspects, becoming one of the compensations of moderate poverty. This, if true, is greatly to be desired, but it does not explain why financial ease and cultivation should cease to be companions. Opponents of our democracy have always claimed that it would result in leveling down, not leveling up, the grades of character and culture. For very pride before such critics, the well-to-do should not justify the taunt that they are becoming the Great Unlettered.

'Another curious phenomenon is that the same amount of education seems to produce less cultivation than formerly; it certainly produces less of that fine atmosphere for which we have no name, but which we know to be the flower of life.

'These results have come to pass in spite of the steady spread of education, both higher and lower; the raising of standards in the schools; the vast increase in libraries; the birth and growth of women's clubs; the valuable device of the traveling library; the incredible development of the magazines, and the indefinite multiplication of all manner of cultural devices.

'Surely, we have all the conceivable appliances for self-development. Why does not our cultivation cultivate? It almost seems that atmosphere and the gracious quality men complain of missing out of life must be based on something other than the spread of cultural devices.

'Many thoughtful people regard this loss as the last and subtlest of our "money troubles."

'A dozen years ago I clipped from one of New York's daily papers a forcible letter addressed to it by an elderly gentleman of Knickerbocker extraction, who hotly arraigned New York in the late nineties as compared to the New York known to him in the sixties. His opinions had no lack of definiteness. Young New York's insensate handling of its largely increased bank balance was the root of the trouble. He described, as it had seemed to him, New York's dignified social life before the Civil War, and its gradual deterioration under the subsequent influx of cheap wealth made by furnishing "shoddy" goods to the government, and the other get-rich-quick methods of that era. Running over a list of names prominent in old Manhattan for a hundred years or more, "These people," he said in effect, "spent their wealth, large for their day, in comfortable and seemly living. They achieved dignity without flaunting. Expenditure for ostentation was to them a vulgarity impossible to be committed by a right-thinking people. Personal distinction was the basis of their social selections; the result was a satisfying and stimulating society,

free from the vacuities and puerilities which have swamped us since bank accounts became the basis for an exchange of social courtesies."

'This is as precise as possible. Knowing human nature, we may be at liberty to speculate whether New York before the war was as absolutely ideal in its conditions as the basis of "personal distinction for social selections" would have made it; but as regards the more recent "vacuities and puerilities" of its yellow rich, and their lack of interest in the things of the mind, we have a multitude of notable witnesses.

'"We have been swamped by the imported provincialism of the newly-rich," mourned one distinguished gentleman in public the other day. "At a dinner where the talkers were worth over thirty millions, the talk was worth less than thirty cents," said a well-known scholar, in a lecture designed to further another nation's acquaintance with us. "Nobody talks here any longer. Social intercourse consists in exchanging food at intervals too brief to permit of digestion," writes one suffering from the *malaise* that follows dining too often and too well.

'However — whatever it was in the sixties — New York is no longer typically American. It is a city without a country, the chief outpost of Mammon in our land. Where materialism avowedly holds the citadel, why should not our national types be defaced? Why judge the country by New York?

'In spite of all the strictures at which these samples only hint, it does not do to be too didactic about anything so much a matter of opinion as atmosphere. The Knickerbocker gentleman, you, and I, may be prejudiced. Let us make the appeal to letters.

'Imagine some critic, five generations hence, scrutinizing the documents in the case after the familiar manner of Taine, and building up a picture of the different periods of our time from contemporary fiction, always held a good guide in such matters.

'"During the latter part of the nineteenth century, especially the seventies and eighties," such a critic might conceivably say, "the people of the United States enjoyed a 'Minor Peace' comparable to the famous interval of serenity so-styled in the early history of Christianity. The country was resting and recovering from the terrible strain and losses of the Civil War; when it had once achieved a state of adjustment after the inflation following that conflict, it was fairly prosperous. The tremendous series of scientific discoveries and commercial developments which were to follow, and were to enrich the material, and blight the spiritual, life of the land, was only beginning. The coming corrosion of that cheap wealth, vulgarizing manners and demoralizing principles, had not even been suspected. If in religion the old ideas still largely prevailed, their austerity was remarkably softened, while yet their man-making merits remained. Life was not yet upon a plutocratic basis, and the virtues of a still simpler time endured.

'"We can obtain," this critic might continue, "a vivid idea of the difference between this period and the one immediately following it, by studying and comparing two popular fiction-writers of the day. During the seventies and eighties, Mr. William D. Howells was certainly the most widely read novelist of the time. He is everywhere acknowledged in contemporary criticism to be a realist of the greatest distinction and accuracy. His output of fiction diminished during the nineties. This period seems to have been the decade of great social changes, with results which became apparent soon after the beginning of the twentieth century. From 1900 to 1912 we find

the position of popular novelist and acknowledged realist held by Mr. David Graham Phillips. The student will find a close comparison of their novels most instructive. Nothing could serve more clearly to bring out the lightning change that fell upon American life and ideals at this time.

'"In the novels of Mr. Howells, we are dealing with a gentle-mannered people of high intellectual efficiency, of elevated moral standards, of very sensitive consciences, often of wit and charm. The ultimate basis of their social choice appears to be a combination of the finer traits and habits of human nature, somewhat inadequately termed 'niceness' by the women of the period. While all well-placed people were not equally 'nice,' and there is some confusion of standards (impossible for the historian to make out fully after such a lapse of time) between the different brands, or grades, of niceness, there is still no doubt that in looking as a whole at the picture of the time which Mr. Howells presents, we are regarding a period whose social life is formed upon, and dominated by, the tastes, customs, and ideals of people who are cultivated and Christian; people whose aspirations are upward, and whose universe centres outside themselves.

'"In the novels of Mr. Phillips, we find an appalling change. To believe the state of affairs really actual, and not merely the jaundiced view of a single writer, the student must constantly remind himself that this novelist also was acclaimed a realist. His work sold largely and was widely read. These are facts. Probably there is not a single character in the Phillips novels who would not be pronounced by the Howells characters entirely without the pale. These people eat, drink, work, marry, carry on the world. They do it all as the brutes that perish, asking at each step, 'What is there in it for me?' and asking that only. No following of the Gleam for them! The basis of their social preference is money or power. Their morals are imperceptible. High or low, whether they are climbing or are alleged to have arrived, politicians, artists, business men, professional men, working-women or women of leisure, it is all one. They are frankly pursuing the satisfaction of their personal appetites. Some of them do conceive of this process under the formula of 'seeking self-expression,' but in general it does not occur to them to explain or justify themselves. They are there — like other natural phenomena — set forth explicitly for the reader's consideration.

'"No portraits that Mr. Phillips draws resemble ever so faintly the Lady and Gentleman of former days. These people are certainly not 'nice.' The only tolerable personalities among them are an old father and mother in *The Second Generation*. This sensible pair are troubled by the brutalizing effect of their late-won wealth on their own son and daughter, and the father tries to avert the curse he sees his money to be by leaving the bulk of it elsewhere. But these old people, with their regard for manhood and womanhood left over from a more civilized day, are alone in their point of view in these novels.

'"Undeniably, the characters of these tales convince. They are husky, hardy personalities, active, vital, pushing. One cannot deny that they live — so much as beings can be said to live when they have nothing even remotely resembling a soul. Terrible indeed are these characters —and all the more terrible because they do not recognize that they are anything but average, normal citizens. The author has set them forth as he saw them, without comment, which is, as he doubtless intended, the most merciless way. They

go greedily about their business as though poets had never dreamed or prophets warned, as though the gentle Jesus had neither lived nor died. If men were indeed but brutes with intellects, thus and not otherwise would they conduct their lives. These people are, to sum it up, as definitely Pagan as the Howells characters are definitely Christian. But they are far from the simple, joyous, quasi-innocent pagans of pre-Christian days as they have been represented by some writers. Their paganism is of the low and brutal order that might be expected as the result of degeneration from higher standards.

'"The inference from all this is inevitable. Somewhere there was an awful break in the orderly evolution of American society. Old ideals of manners, of social intercourse, of the ends of civilized living, went down; new conceptions arose, more materialistic, more selfish, and therefore vulgarized. The historian is bound to attribute this to the swift demoralization always following large accessions of cheap wealth.

'"Doubtless the old refinements died hard, and certainly they did not wholly die. Nevertheless, they must have been sore put to it to hold their own, facing the invading horde. Imagine a coterie of Howells characters quietly trying to keep a coterie of Phillips characters in their proper places! The victory would be to the brazen. You might as well ask a dignified family equipage of the eighties, rolling along behind its plump horses, to compete in the matter of speed and noise with a 'six-sixty' car, 'hitting it up' at fifty miles an hour, and tooting its horn meanwhile. The mere outward vulgarity of an era when noise and display were so much in evidence must have been enough to make heart-sick those inheritors of a different tradition who still cling to quieter ways.

'"The life of that day must have held a thousand little dramas — shall we call them tragedies? — wrought out in flesh and blood as the old order made its gallant but ever-losing fight against the new, succeeding brilliantly at moments here and there, succumbing over the whole field at last, crushed by the brute force of numbers and the brute weight of dollars. But *did* the old order make such a fight? Surviving literature holds little record of it save in some stories of the South, — most notably and exquisitely in a book called *Lady Baltimore*. In these stories the conditions are special and the contrasts sharp. It is impoverished porcelain against enriched clay. This lays almost no stress on the real meaning of the continent-wide struggle which we imagine to have taken place before the finer elements in American life gave way to the coarser; before the inheritors of the high traditions of elder days succumbed to the lures of luxury, indolence, and so-called pleasure. That struggle — if indeed it was ever fought — was broader-based. It was the eternal battle of the spirit against the flesh."

'This is a more crushing arraignment than a contemporary would dare to make. And yet there are facts that speak more harshly than this about these "brutes with intellects." I read the other day of an accident to a limited train on one of our great railroads. After the overturning of the coaches, men fought their way out over women's bodies. Some men were seen seizing and thrusting back a woman whose companion had broken a window to help her out, scrambling to safety in her stead. There was no danger of fire, for the coaches were of steel, nor of water, for the accident occurred in dry and level railroad yards. It was merely an instance of baseless, brutal cowardice, such as we have always claimed, and believed, could not hap-

pen among decent men of our race. Probably there is not an American woman now living who read of the wreck of La Bourgogne and the fire at the Bazar de la Charité without saying to herself, "Thank Heaven, such cowardice, such brutalities, are impossible to men of our nationality!" That was only fifteen years ago — but what shall we say now? The decadent French whose brutalities we deplored were, at least, in danger of their lives.

'To return to our critic's comparison — even if we who are on the spot can see that Mr. Howells's realism appealed to one public and Mr. Phillips's realism to another, the comparison still has justice. The two publics overlap. Also, in the seventies and eighties there *was* no reading public that would have suffered the Phillips brand of realism. The audience for it arrived simultaneously with the conditions depicted — for people like to read about themselves.

'When it first began to appear that Mr. Phillips's powerful unpleasant stories were authentic social symptoms, they worried divers thoughtful readers whom I knew. Could it be that great numbers of other American readers accepted them as faithful presentations? Were these brazen, blatant characters really people whom people knew? One day I found a friend absorbed in one of the books. She assembled in her own person such diverse ingredients and experiences as gave confidence in her breadth of view. In the sixties her grandfather was probably a boon-companion of the querulous Knickerbocker gentleman previously quoted; her mother's people belonged to the old South; she herself had spent most of her life in the great capital of the Middle West, and her knowledge of it was intimate. She was a shrewd, discriminating observer of people and practices.

'"What are you reading that for?" I inquired captiously.

'"Why — I like it."

'"*Like* it — pray, why?"

'"It is so true to life. They are so like people, the people one knows."

'"I don't know any such horrors!"

Doubtless this was said with that aggressive and inexcusable air of self-righteousness with which we all occasionally refuse to recognize what we dislike.

'"That, my dear, if true, is because you keep your eyes shut as you go about. I call it an ostrich-like habit. It does n't tend to any exact knowledge of the world as it is. For it really has changed a little since the daguerreotype days, and it is sheer stupidity not to recognize it."

'"But I like the 'daguerreotype days' best," I pleaded weakly.

'"What — may I ask — has that to do with the question of how things are?" she demanded, round-eyed and serious.

'I had no answer. Certainly it is impossible to argue in cold blood that one's own prepossessions ought to shape the universe, however sure we may all be in our hearts that the universe would be the better for a little conformity to our notions!

'Admitting that my friend was right, — and a great many people agree with her, — it begins to be clear why the old-fashioned Lady has disappeared, does it not? Can you imagine her in the same world with the Phillips heroines? She was the cherished mental and spiritual product of a society that held, however imperfectly, to Christian ideals; she could only exist in numbers in a society whose aspirations were upward. With the arrival of the modern pagan, she is necessarily superseded. Where her place in the social order is not filled by women of the pagan type, it has been taken by a stronger and more

militant Lady, better fitted than she to cope with them.

'The "easy circumstances" of the greater part of the nineteenth century were the direct product of character and intelligence to a greater extent, probably, than financial ease ever has been before or ever will be again. It was the Golden Age of our national life when, for once in human history, all the elements united to permit a people to prosper without debasement. This was our pride, our boast.

'At a time when wealth was moderate and depended thus directly upon character, intelligence, and thrift, society was gentle-mannered, idealistic, and cultivated, and the type of woman I have tried to describe was its fine flower. It was impossible for matters to be otherwise. Such qualities were the inevitable outcome of such conditions.

'In twenty years we have gone back, in this one respect, three hundred. A great share of the new-made wealth now depends, almost as largely as in the days of the robber-barons, on lack of scruple, the abuse of the strong hand, the ability to hold people up. I do not here refer so much to the misuse of corporate power for undue aggrandizement (much as that has affected individual standards of honesty) as to the code of the average business man all over these United States. And, unfortunately, the general lowering of tone has influenced even the learned professions, which were once, and still should be, the strongholds of a better spirit. Ask your family doctor and your family lawyer, if you are so happy as to be ministered to in these capacities by men of the old type, for the truth about the business *morale* of their respective professions at large to-day. If they are willing to answer you at all, they will tell you stories of greed, graft, and oppression that, somehow, seem more brutal and depressing than similar stories from the world of business — for the business-man takes no vow to deal justly, subscribes to nothing like the immemorial oath of the medical profession.

'Where money is made in such ignoble fashion, it *cannot* be used for beautifying, enriching, and civilizing life; it can only be spent in ways that are as crude and unlovely as are the methods by which it was made, and the people who have made it. Very broadly speaking, most modern systems of making fortunes work out speedily to the placing of wealth in hands unfit to use it for gracious ends, while the old systems placed it as directly in the hands of the fit. Thus, "the leisure classes have suddenly become the lump and not the leaven," as one acute observer phrases it.

'Of course, to affirm this is not to say that the wrong people did not frequently get financial ease by dishonest methods in the old days, or that the right ones do not frequently secure it now by wholly honorable means. But I do mean that in each case the majorities have been reversed. The scales have tipped the other way. And as, under the old system we could feel that the nation as a whole was going uphill, in spite of much that was out of joint, so now, in spite of great betterment in many details, we are bound to feel that it must be going down.

'There is always a large saving remnant. It is not the easiest thing for a youth, brought up in a home where cultivation and Christian ideals are the accepted ways of life, to transform himself off-hand into a highwayman when he is turned out to make a life for himself. It goes against the grain. With all the conspicuous greed of our era, there are countless refusals of begrimed money; countless men who cannot quite stomach many of the modern

methods of making fortunes, and who, realizing that character, intelligence, and thrift do not, even yet, connote abject poverty, hold on to them as to their best inheritance. This being the case, it leaves the majority (unfortunately not all) of our would-be highwaymen to come from families where cultivation and Christian ideals were *not* the accepted rule of life. Hence, the sudden rise to barefaced prosperity of the heavy-bodied, strong-brained pagan as we meet him in Mr. Phillips's novels or on the street — the man who says in so many words that he "intends to run over anybody who gets in his way," and does so.

'If these sturdy pagans only knew it (but they are not interested in ideas) they have their philosopher in Nietzsche, and their defenders in some of the younger writers who conceive of a pagan revival as a time of joyous license, when they can do as they will, without paying any of the penalties which they erroneously suppose are exacted by the "cold Christ and tangled Trinities" of the regnant religion, rather than by the nature of things.

'Conceivably, of course, the Life-Spirit may be in search of the sleek, bull-necked, hard-muscled commercial pirate who is conspicuously the strong man of the hour, as the goal of its long endeavor. But one is unwilling to think so meanly of the Life-Spirit as to believe this. If it were true, the world might as well slip back into chaos at once, for it has been evolved in vain.

'But doubt of the Life-Spirit is, in sober truth, the Unpardonable Sin. We know that all creation has not travailed together until now to produce the red-faced magnate, the ferret-eyed speculator, and the women of their kind.

'One cannot travel far in these days without being filled with wonder at the vast numbers of these women roaming the continent. They are usually of a wilful fatness, with flesh kept firm by the masseuse; their brows are lowering, and there is the perpetual hint of hardness in their faces; their apparel is exceedingly good, but their manners are ungentle, their voices harsh and discontented; there is no light in their eyes, no charm or softness in their presence. They are fitting mates, perhaps, for the able-bodied pagans who are overrunning the earth, but hardly suitable nurses for a generation which must redeem us from materialism, if indeed we are to be so redeemed. Facing them, one wonders if race-suicide is not one of Nature's merciful devices. How should they or their offspring ever replace our vanishing Lady? Yet they are the natural product of much of our modern wealth, as she was the natural product of the comfortable life of a generation or two ago.

'I recall visiting, as a child, one Monday morning, a kitchen where the housewife was assisting the cook about some domestic matter, while the washerwoman was at work in the adjoining laundry. I saw the latter stop rubbing, to peer through the steamy air into the sunny kitchen.

'"If I was Lawyer So-an'-so's wife," she said, "I would n't be a-messin' 'round the kitchen Monday morning. I'd have on a white wrapper, an' set in the front room, an' rock, an' rock, an' *rock!*"

'The incident gripped my infant mind. Was that what washerwomen thought the mornings were for? I knew the housewives did not think so! For those were still the days of famous housewifery, when the self-respecting woman, of whatever class, looked well to the ways of her husband's house, and thought it a shame to do otherwise. No morning card-clubs in those days!

'Looking around an altered world,

it sometimes seems to me now that the washerwoman's ideals have come to the surface and are controlling "society," while the ideals of the Lady — be she Puritan matron, the much-tried châtelaine of the Southern states, or the descendant of either, who carried their customs into the West — have been relegated to the rubbish-heap.

'Not that the modern woman is satisfied literally to "rock, an' rock, an' rock," except upon hotel verandas! She is often very busy, — rushed to death, as you have found her, — but she prefers her occupations to have as little relation to the real needs, adornments, and dignities of life as the swaying of the washerwoman's easy-chair. This is the latest interpretation of the phrase "lady of leisure." The old interpretation was a different one.

'One must exempt promptly from these accusations the stronger and more militant Lady already mentioned. She has been developed by the stress of the situation — a daughter of Martha, troubled about many things which men, and other women, and the Zeitgeist, are not attending to properly. It is possible that she, with her deep convictions and her fine earnestness, is destined to play the part in the body social that phagocytes play in the blood. But this is not yet clear.

'In any case, she is, thus far, outnumbered in the classes having financial ease by the neo-pagan women, and by the very large body of her sisters who are drifting with the current of the modern tendency. The name of these latter is Legion. Some of them are the daughters of our old-fashioned Lady, and by inheritance and training they should have her principle and charm. But they are, frankly, too much hypnotized by other people's money and other people's ideals — or lack of them. They want to "keep up," to be as idle and extravagant as the next, to compete with an ostentation as insistent as it is tasteless. I once heard a woman put in a nutshell this attitude. She chanced to belong to a city whose exceptionally interesting people had been tried in the furnace, seven times heated, of swiftly alternating lean years and fat. The fat years were at their height.

'"It's no use talking. You can't support your social position in this town any longer without plenty of sables and diamonds. . . . I suppose they are n't the highest qualifications, but *I'm not so sure that I mind.* I like sables and diamonds."

'This has the merit of candor. But if "I'm not so sure that I mind" is to be the Lady's attitude toward the materialism that is swiftly gaining on us, on her head be the consequences. That these are to be serious and far-reaching, no thinking person can doubt.

'In defense of the leaning toward diamonds and sables, one must admit that a surplusage of decoration is one of the traditional adjuncts of the Lady — and it does become her! Where the modern woman often makes a grave mistake is in thinking that a useless life, a life of artificial occupations, is the Lady's traditional life. That belief comes up from the lower levels, as in the case of the washerwoman, or across, from the Latin civilizations. The Germanic, the Anglo-Saxon usage has always been otherwise.

'The tradition of the high-hearted tribal dames who were our fore-mothers is carried on loyally by our own more militant matrons and maids. They are active at home and abroad. A few of them have been accused of excess of zeal, but their readiest answer — that surely any class must be fairly safe when it is carrying on and adapting a race-usage — is hard to refute.

'The truth about the leisure of the Lady is this: it was never, in women of our race, a leisure of the hands; it

was, preëminently, a leisure of the mind. Aside from her first and most obvious function, the Lady was sheltered, petted and adored that she might have a mind at leisure from *itself*, and therefore at the service of others. According to her temperament, whether a Martha or a Mary, she performed this service in a more active or more passive fashion. She was the Listener; she inspired, pacified, comforted. She bound up the wounds life made, poured in the oil and wine. Her heart was the home of homeless causes; she cherished ideals as well as individuals. It is a priceless service, and cannot be overpaid. Her loving performance of it was the glory of the type whose loss we are deploring.

'To be worth her salt in our national life, the Lady must be either Martha or Mary. There is no other honest life for her.

'Probably the pagan man who is rapidly coming into possession of the earth would like the qualities of our old-fashioned Lady in his domestic life as well as his fathers did. But he can never have those virtues in his womankind. This is one of the natural punishments for being what he is. For all his money cannot buy them, since, to sum up all this argument, they are Christian virtues and will not grow on pagan soil. It is only when men and women associate "in honor preferring one another," that a really beautiful and well-ordered social life is possible. The moment that even manners become superlatively good, they become Christian. Social intercourse cannot be finer than the people who carry it on. Wealth cannot purchase ideals and the distinction that they alone can give.

'Doubtless distinction never ran the streets, but our Vanishing Lady, infinitely tender and disciplined, possessed it by virtue of the spirit that was in her. And, by virtue of that same spirit, the cultivation of that day did cultivate, where ours does not; their narrower lives were wider and more gracious than ours of boasted breadth, for the whole of the spiritual kingdom was theirs to explore at will. You cannot do better than to live on the highway that leads everywhere.

'In that day it was enough to say of people or practices that they were not Christian or well-bred, but these adjectives no longer carry finality. To convince the growing pagan spirit of to-day of its own unfitness, the argument must be broader, more cosmic. Shall we ask, then, if the stars in their courses fight for or against our old-fashioned Lady?

'Quite apart from any religious prepossessions, this world has been demonstrated to be the world of the Spirit. That is to say, from the beginning of time, the tendency of evolution has been steadily toward the creation of the finer, the more complicated type. From amœba to Man is almost an infinite journey, but painstaking nature made it, spending endless millions of years and lives, experimenting, adapting, struggling

> Upward along the æons of old war,

to perfect that vision commanded, one may well believe, from the Beginning.

'The journey from pre-historic man to the Christian gentleman is almost as marvelous a pilgrimage, if shorter. But what is Man as finally achieved but a vehicle, a little less clumsy than other forms of flesh, for the perception and expression of spirit? How clumsy a vehicle still! Yet every candid person must admit from experience that the great thing in our life is this: somewhere in the deeps of being, in some way we do not understand, flesh and spirit are knotted fast together. We actually do come into this world with the whisper in our ear of a Voice from

the dark commanding "valor and an unnatural virtue."

'Coming down to the pages of recorded human experience, the Spirit has written large on all of them,—

'"They reckon ill who leave Me out."

'The pendulum of history swings a long arc from the brutality of barbarism to the brutality of decadence. For the former condition there is hope; for the latter, none. The ancient civilizations all tell one story. With increase of wealth comes materialism, decadence of morals and manners, loss of the Spirit. Then, quickly, that nation rots, dies, and is buried; the stage is cleared, the scene set for a new experiment. The Spirit seeks another vehicle, one fitter and more loyal, to carry on the sacred fire.

'History and the sciences have joined hands to give us this long perspective. To no generation of earth has such a vast view of the cosmic plan been available before. We actually see something of the drift of the æons, the great current of the Spirit's intent. By grace of the knowledge we have fought for, it is given to us, first of all the sons of men, to read the mind of God.

'If, then, we allow ourselves to descend into the hell of a voluntary materialism, our damnation is deeper and swifter than that of Greece or Rome or Babylon. For we *know* what we do.

'Yet in the face of our vast increase in wealth and our distressing increase in materialism, who can say that the time of our own last testing is not at hand? It is a curious thought, and a stirring, that even this may be the illuminated, the critical moment in our development, upon which the spot-light of history will finally be turned.

'"In the early years of the twentieth century," some austere future historian may write, when we and ours have vanished utterly, "the fate of the American people hung in the balance. Only a little way behind them lay the honorable days when character, intelligence, and thrift worked out for individual ease and a refined society. Only fifty years earlier they had waged for an idea one of the fiercest wars ever fought. Possibly that war killed so many of the best youths of the nation as to leave the next generation spiritually impoverished by the loss of their offspring. And it is true that in the meantime cheap wealth had assailed them with its demoralizations, and the nations of Europe had flooded them with alien peoples. But, in judging the failure of America, it must be borne in mind always that theirs was a nation founded upon an ideal, by men who were determined to plant in the wilderness a Commonwealth of God.

'"No nation ever had such a foundation laid for it, such a virgin continent given into its hands for an inheritance. It was the unequalled opportunity, never offered to the human race before, impossible to repeat on this globe. Their chance was matchless, wonderful.

'"Only one hundred and twenty-five years after they achieved national unity, we find them rotting, though not ripe. They were destroying with inconceivable rapidity both their physical and their moral inheritance. They wasted their forests, they gutted their mines; their municipalities were frankly corrupt, their governing bodies less openly so; even their judiciary was under suspicion.

'"All this was the work of cupidity. Lust of wealth had become a mania, an obsession. Greed was epidemic, virulent. They were at death-grips with materialism.

'"And yet they were so near those simpler, happier days of their earlier national life that it seemed to middle-aged men and women that they had but to put out their hands to touch

them! Surely, somewhere, there must have been enough of the old spirit left to save them!

'"Contemporary accounts show that many men of the nation were mightily aroused, and that many of their women fought with them. They directed their efforts, however, against the graft and corruption that were the symptoms of encroaching materialism. Against the disease itself there was no concerted attack. There seems, even, to have been no clear general notion of its relation to their national disorder.

'"The women of their leisure classes had in their very grasp a marvelous opportunity. What an achievement, to maintain the Puritan standard of morals and simplicity, the Cavalier's standard of courtesy, and to add to this the intellectual refinements of the older civilizations! As a matter of fact, this composite ideal was developing in the mid-Victorian period. But, whatever it was that diverted them from that fine ambition, certain it is that in the early part of the twentieth century, great numbers of their women of comfortable lives were incapable even of grasping such a conception. Their mothers had chosen the better part, but they are described as inordinately idle and extravagant, evading domestic duties, crying, 'Give, give,' like the daughters of the horse-leech. They were untrue to those standards of social honor which it had hitherto been considered the privilege of the gently-nurtured women of their nation to maintain. They made small effort to preserve the old ideals.

'"This is called a material world, yet it takes only fifteen or twenty years for an idea that is widely accepted to alter the world's face. This is a Janus-faced fact. It will work as well for damnation as for salvation. It worked steadily against the American people after the social changes of the nineties; it might have worked for them with equal facility, had all their women willed it so.

'"From all accounts, their influence with their men was so great that, single-handed, they might have given battle to decadence and won. In the two great struggles which the nation had previously endured, the women had borne their honorable, arduous part. Had the women of the more favored classes been of one mind in recognizing at this time that the land was again in danger, was, actually, in its death-struggle with materialism; had they proudly refused, as they might have done, to countenance the extravagance, ostentation, corruption, and greed, which were the symptoms of the nation's swift decay, the men fighting for honesty, for the success of the Great Experiment in democracy, might have won their struggle. The better causes might have prevailed. America's account with the Spirit, opened in 1620 and closed with the closing years of the twentieth century, might have shown a different balance. But — they chose otherwise. And so to another race was given the land of their inheritance, and of them it was finally written, '*They know not the things that belong to their peace.*'"'

HECKLING THE CHURCH

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

A PERUSAL of current literature in reference to the church reveals how much the rage it has become to censure the blunders of organized religion. There are fashions in magazine articles as well as in dress, and the present vogue is, by any means, to drub the church. Recent essays in which, with force and cleverness, both friends and foes have pointedly remarked upon ecclesiastical failures, — how familiar are the titles, 'The Failure of the Church,' 'The Conflict of Religion with the Church,' 'Is Modern Organized Christianity a Failure?' 'The Ebb of Ecclesiasticism,' — leave the impression, not only that there are grievous errors to be criticized, but that some people are having rare sport criticizing them.

The 'candid friend' goes about his task, indeed, with that pained, parental countenance which seems to say, 'This hurts me more than it hurts you'; but subtly in him, as quite obviously in others, one can discern the joy of gunning for game and peppering it with nice precision. How many times have we been told of the laboring men's convention that hissed the church and cheered Jesus; of the trades-union leader who said, 'Christ is all right, but damn the church'; of that other proletarian who eclipsed them all in scorn: 'We used to hate and then we despised the church,' he said, 'but now we ignore it.' How much gayety also has been added to the mirth of nations by the English statesman who remarked, 'Do not attack the church. Leave it alone. It is the only remaining bulwark against Christianity.'

A consideration, however, is suggested by this last reference, which might well be taken to heart by these voluble critics. That English statesman lived in the eighteenth century. This twisting of the ecclesiastical lion's tail is not a novelty, and perhaps the hectic insistence that a crisis is upon us, unprecedentedly acute, — 'We are tottering on the verge of a terrible religious disruption,' writes one, — would be calmed somewhat, brought to saner poise and more balanced judgment, by a little painstaking reading of history. Behind a vast amount of this current criticism is the implicit and strangely mistaken understanding that the ecclesiastical situation used to be better than it is.

Hugh Latimer's sermons, for example, from the middle of the sixteenth century, suggest reflections that should give pause to this feverish badgering of the church. Is the unsatisfactory attendance on public worship now decried? Yet one questions how many would resort to Latimer's appeal in 1548: 'One of her neighbors met her in the street and said, "Mistress, whither go ye?" "Marry," she said, "I am going to St. Thomas of Acres, to the sermon; I could not sleep all this last night and I am going now thither. I never failed of a good nap there." So,' adds the bishop, 'I had rather ye should go a-napping to the sermon than not to go at all.' Are golf and automobiles vaunted now as the success-

ful rivals of the preacher? Yet one questions how many bishops to-day could be reduced, like Latimer in 1549, to facing a locked church, where he had been advertised to preach, and on the steps one villager saying, 'Sir, this is a busy day with us, we cannot hear you; it is Robin Hood's day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood. I pray you hinder them not.' One questions, too, in what more modern terms Latimer could have referred to the matter than those he used: 'It is no laughing matter, my friends, it is a weeping matter; under the pretense of gathering for Robin Hood, a traitor and a thief, to put out a preacher, to have his office less esteemed, to prefer Robin Hood before the ministration of God's word.' Is the subsidizing of the ministry by the subtle influence of great wealth a stinging modern accusation? Then for what magazine would Latimer have written such a paragraph as this about the clergy? 'They hawk, they hunt, they card, they dice, they pastime in their prelacies with gallant gentlemen, with their dancing minions and with their fresh companions, so that preaching is set aside.' In a word, is the whole religious situation going to the dogs? Well, so Latimer cried in 1548, 'London was never so ill as it is now.'

When, therefore, a college woman after an ample spiritual vacation returns to church attendance and is so undone by it that she writes a magazine article on the 'doddering of the service' and the 'divagation of the sermon,' our hearts will not utterly sink within us at the evil days to which we have come. Her criticisms may be no extempore complaint, peculiar to a twentieth-century college graduate, but seasoned and perennial from the time a young man fell asleep and toppling from a window broke his neck, listening to the Apostle Paul. Look up Pepys's Diary, vintage of 1667, to see if it may not be full of comfortable balm. 'Up and to church alone where a lazy sermon of Mr. Mills,' is his typical Sunday comment. How modern also such sentiments as these: 'Much discourse about the bad state of the church, and how the clergy are come to be men of no worth in the world; and as the world do now generally discourse, they must be reformed. . . . Lord Brereton, who, above all books lately wrote, commending the matter and style of a late book called, *The Causes of the Decay of Piety*, I do resolve at his great commendation to buy it.' As one continues in this consideration, he begins to perceive the wisdom of even so cynical a disbeliever in progress as the author of *Ecclesiastes:* 'Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days were better than these! For thou enquirest not wisely concerning this.'

The serious believer in the function and future of organized religion, therefore, begins to pick up heart, and is inclined to turn upon the bewailers of present ecclesiastical calamity, with their mental background of good old times, and borrowing a little of their own exaggerated ardor, to cry:—

'What good old times? Good old times, when for the quibble of a text men excommunicated each other, or for a difference about the sacrament made the ground run red with human blood! when James said of the Puritans, "I will make them conform or I will harry them out of the land," and the Puritans turned the compliment upon the Baptists and the Quakers! Good old times, when the Congregationalists of Massachusetts and the Episcopalians of Virginia were bent on state churches, supported by a public tax, and when as late as 1833 even Lyman Beecher bewailed it as an intolerable disaster that folk of a persuasion other

than his own were no more compelled to contribute to his salary! Good old times, when the elders, with a tankard of ale, walked down the aisle in the middle of the sermon, that the preacher might refresh himself before he proceeded with the next two hours of homily; and when in Connecticut a minister in jail for felony had his prison limits extended to take in the brewery which he owned, and where his presence was required for business!

'Good old times, when no Governor Hughes could claim the allegiance of the people of the churches in his assault on gambling, but when many a church edifice in Greater New York was erected by a lottery! Good old times, when the Edinburgh Conference, the greatest ecumenical gathering in Christendom's history, would have been a wild impossibility for at least two reasons: that the severed branches of the church were bitterly hostile, not fraternally coöperative, and that the majority of American Protestants were anti-missionary! Good old times, doubtless, when books like *Christianity and the Social Crisis*, *The Social Teaching of Jesus*, *Jesus Christ and the Social Question*, were undreamed of; and Tennyson's aunt, so his biographer tells us, used rather to weep by the hour over the goodness of God, and say, "Has he not damned most of my friends? But me,—me he has picked out for eternal salvation, me who am no better than my neighbors!"

'What good old times? When Dean Swift wrote to Stella, "I was early in to see the Secretary Bolingbroke, but he was gone to receive the sacrament. Several rakes did the same. It was not for piety, but for employment, according to Act of Parliament"? When were the good old times? When Sunday, as Ruskin said, cast its shadow over him three days in advance? When you were fined five dollars in Massachusetts for every church service that you missed? When Jonathan Edwards pictured God holding sinners over a brimstone pit, likely any minute to let go? Or, are these discouraged critics of the modern church thinking of the halcyon days when Calvin said, "The future appals me. I dare not think of it. Unless the Lord descends from heaven, barbarism will engulf us"?'

That the church meets a crisis today, no one doubts. Shall theology relegate countless laborious tomes to the dust-heap without a struggle, when evolution upsets old premises and compels a readjustment of religion's basic ideas? Shall not the church, with a small van and a large, straggling rear-guard, dawdle along on the forced march toward a new camping-ground, with innumerable shufflings and evasions, petty compromises, blind obscurantisms, and absurd denials? It has never been otherwise. The pleasantly human and ingenuous custom of theology, as of all other organized systems of thought, has always been to kick a new truth round the block and then welcome it as a long-lost brother.

Said Martin Luther, 'People gave ear to an upstart astrologer who strove to show that the earth revolves. . . . This fool wishes to reverse the entire science of astronomy; but sacred Scripture tells us that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, and not the earth.' Even a century later Father Inchofer exclaimed, 'The opinion of the earth's motion is of all heresies the most abominable, the most pernicious, the most scandalous; the immovability of the earth is thrice sacred; argument against the immortality of the soul, the existence of God, and the incarnation, should be tolerated sooner than an argument to prove that the earth moves.'

There never have been any good old times.

The growth of the factory system, the amazing increase in urban population, the bewildering kaleidoscope of social reconstruction, these and their kin create a crisis. Shall the church, adapted in organization and method to an age of agriculture and domestic manufacture, confused in thought by the left-overs of an exaggerated individualism, go through no spasms in her attempts at readjustment? A few of her sons, the prophets of the new church yet to be, throw themselves into the social mêlée; but the major part of them, as usual, remain within the walls of their little spiritual gymnasia, pulling on the exercisers that are good indeed for raising moral muscle, but are not belted in anywhere to the big business of the world. It has never been otherwise. This modern social crisis is the result of the amazing transformation of the western world from autocratic monarchies to democratic states. Did not the church in that crisis stammer and stutter her way toward a new phrasing of her social creed? After her long aristocratic training of seventeen centuries, with Rome for her nurse and Europe's kings for tutors, she acted like some Prince Hamlet habituated to the scenery of his royal court, who suddenly finds himself amid the setting of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with Quince the carpenter, Snug the joiner, Bottom the weaver, and a bellows-mender, a tinker, and a tailor on the stage. Shall he not be tongue-tied, or else most inept and ridiculous, when first he tries to trim his courtly mien and purse his princely lips for democratic speech? So the church hemmed and hawed then, as now, over the difficult business of readaptation. Granted that the new democracy was in part the fruit of the church's ideal of brotherhood, nevertheless she got on ill with it at first, as to-day she does but slowly adjust herself to the new social spirit. Then, as now, Job's complaint about the ostrich was applicable: 'She is hardened against her young ones as though they were not hers.'

There never have been any good old times. The man discouraged now about the church would have been crushed to heart-break in the sixteenth century, and would have been driven insane in the eighteenth. The crisis is here, but the church meets it on her way up, not on her way down. When one considers the assets and stops recounting the liabilities, ceases bemoaning the inevitable ruin of those sections of the church obdurate to new truth and opportunity, and rejoices in the success of the van-guard closest to the flag; when one thinks of the increasing open-mindedness of our theology, the growing liberality of our interdenominational spirit, the passage from dogmatism to character and service in the church's emphasis, the amazing growth of the social consciousness motived by religious faith, the unprecedented missionary enthusiasm, the hands reached out from the main body of the church for many special ministries, he wonders to what age he could look to find a man who, rising in our day with a mind able to see and understand, would hesitate to say, —

> Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

Beneath the fashionable criticisms of the church, this other strange assumption lies, that the church's ills are exclusively her property, sins peculiarly ecclesiastical. Jesus's sense of the ridiculous was aroused, tinged with a little indignation, by the sight of a man with a beam in his own eye, squinting to pull a mote from his brother's. This picture with its beautiful hyperbole never has been better done into life

than by those men, who, representing other forms of organized endeavor, are possessed with the notion that the church has unique complaints not shared by her self-appointed and critical mediciners. One would suppose, to read the recent articles, that there are special ecclesiastical diseases, traditionalism, formalism, sectarianism, and such like, so peculiarly the distress of the church, that she, being now rather tiresomely heckled concerning them, may not turn and cry, 'Tu quoque.' Men shake their heads over the church's complaints. They grow lugubrious over ecclesiastical blunders. They become ironical about clerical idiosyncrasies. They forget that the problems and distresses of the church are not unique, but universally human foibles and failures, exhibited in every form of organized enterprise, as medicable in the church as elsewhere, and unless men play the coward, to be as resolutely, hopefully, constructively faced there as in medicine or law.

There is the charge of traditionalism, for example. The church turns to the tombs for authority. She does not observe the statute of limitations in her reverence. In what a variety of shapes the accusation lands upon us: that we are Beef-eaters in the clerical Tower of London, long since superannuated, no longer rallying to the country's colors, but spending our few remaining days guarding the relics of our ancestors; that we are a snowball, rolled down the ages, gathering sticks and stones which now are regarded with the same pious awe as is accorded to the snow itself; that like the railroads we are too narrow in our gauge out of deference to the days of horse-drawn vehicles, so that the ghost of an old cart-horse still trots before our 'Federal Expresses.'

The obvious truth of this accusation need not be mitigated. Send matches to a savage tribe and they indeed will use them to light their secular fires, but the antique flint and steel will start the sacred altar-flame. Send steel knives to the islands of the sea, and while food may be cut with them, the sacrificial animal will yet be slain with copper. Religion loves the ancient, not the new. She hallows with beautiful associations the long accustomed thing, and is devoted to it. All this is clearest to the leader within the church, not to the critic outside. Within are theories of the atonement, phrased in terms of the feudal system, as much out of place in a democracy as a Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court; within are vast assemblies carried away by a vague reactionary sentiment to sing, 'The Old Time Religion is Good Enough for Me'; within, as Dr. Forsythe remarks, the chief problem of the modern preacher is 'to tell the truth without scaring his grandmother.'

The trouble is not that the charge of traditionalism is untrue, but that the charge should be supposed uniquely to concern the church. What profession is it that vaunts its motto, 'Stand by the precedents,' aye, and lives up to it with a consistency that often neither considerations of humanity nor dictates of common sense can overcome? When the church is in danger of too lax a liberality, she can learn of the law a traditionalism that makes a constitution a paddock instead of a road, a fetish instead of a guide, and that often welcomes one precedent five hundred years old rather than a dozen arguments of to-day. Surely, it is the religious and philanthropic men who are beseeching the lawyers, for the sake of pity, in an age of machine industry, to drop the fellow-servant theory of employers' liability, fitted only to an age of domestic apprenticeship. The moral sentiment of the people now most bitterly rebels

against the intricate and futile technicality of a legal procedure so tiresome, superannuated, expensive, and unjust, that some Dickens could well write another *Bleak House* against our modern American chancery. When a case long tried and well settled is carried to an appeal because the stenographer left out the word 'the' before the word 'State' in the indictment, although the meaning was not altered one iota, that is law! When the church does the same, it is ritualism! When in a twentieth-century New York hotel the rights of a guest come in question, and the case is finally decided on the precedent of an English judge under Edward VI, that is law! When bishops do that, it is bigotry! Whereas the simple facts are that conservatism, hugging even old forms from which the life has gone, is a universal human safeguard, liable to dangerous perversions, and that no organization ever yet succeeded in reaping the benefits without undergoing the perils of that instinct which clings to the ancient until the new has more than proved itself. The church is dangerously reactionary, but the young man who avoids the ministry and goes to the law to escape the tyranny of precedent, has leaped out of the frying-pan to no purpose. The church is pitiably traditional, but then, as the old Spanish proverb says, 'They boil beans all over the world.'

The same line of thought holds true when one hears the church heckled because of its sectarianism. One would suppose, from reading the magazines, that divisiveness is a peculiar ecclesiastical evil, a baneful growth indigenous to churchly soil. That there should be thirteen different brands of Baptists, all the way from 'Old-Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit-Predestinarians' up, and twelve styles of Presbyterians, and seventeen fashions in Methodism; that sects should be distinguished from one another by such holy matters as disbelief in wearing buttons and a penchant for hooks and eyes instead; that little villages where every consideration of efficiency, economy, and fraternity dictates a single church, should be split up into a dozen congregations where wretchedly paid ministers weakly dispense what some one has called 'supernatural ventriloquism'; all this offers a mark for ridicule too obvious to be missed. The church may not resent what so richly she deserves. She is putting new hymns into her service-books and she cannot too loudly sing them: —

> Gather us in, Thou Love that fillest all,
> Gather our rival faiths within Thy fold;
> Rend each man's temple veil and bid it fall,
> That we may know that Thou hast been of old;
> Gather us in!
>
> Gather us in, we worship only Thee.
> In many names we stretch a common hand,
> In diverse forms a common soul we see,
> In many ships we seek one spirit land;
> Gather us in!

While the church, however, may well be ashamed of her petty schisms she need not be discouraged as though she faced a problem peculiar to herself. Are not the bristling boundaries of European states, horridly ready for war, the world's gigantic specimen of sectarian folly? The anatomy of the soul is infinitely delicate, its healing how mysterious! Surely the body will offer clearer ground for agreement, and ministries to its good health need not bear party names. But what with allopathy, homœopathy, osteopathy; what with schools of health from vegetarianism to Fletcherizing, and quacks innumerable, one finds it difficult to see how medical sectarianism could be carried much further. In one of our unusually intelligent communities many prominent citizens have been endeavoring for years to persuade allopaths and homœopaths to use the

same hospital. Denominational loyalty in medicine here also has proved too strong; two hospitals are now required. 'If the Presbyterians want a new church,' wrote one of the allopaths, 'they do not ask the Baptists to violate their convictions!' So do medical and theological sectarianism manifest alike the same elemental human trait. Indeed, when good, round, controversial language is desired, let a man no longer listen to a Christian talking of his brethren in another fold. We are as meek as lambs; in a score of coöperations we stick closer than brothers. But let him listen to one school of medicine talking of another, when united enterprise is anyhow suggested. One can imagine that the days may come when a father shall speak thus to his son: 'The phrase "Theologicum odium," my boy, refers to the hatred that used to be aroused in religious controversy, and is best illustrated in our times by the way the allopaths regard the homœopaths!'

In every realm where a popular indictment is found against the church, the fault, called by some ecclesiastical name, is still the common human folly from which no organization ever yet escaped. Even in that most bitter and monstrous charge against the movement founded by Jesus, that preachers fawn and policies are pliant before the subsidizing power of wealth, who without sin shall cast the first stone? Shall the lawyer? But Governor Woodrow Wilson rightly expresses, in a recent address, his apprehension, because it is increasingly difficult to find, for the bench, men from the bar who by their associations with corporate wealth have not lost all understanding of the people's needs. Who is bought up to-day for the service of wealth against commonwealth if not lawyers? Shall the editors press the charge, as though clear-eyed they saw the church's mote? But their news is trimmed and clipped, suppressed and twisted as the advertisers and the owners say, and they notoriously write as they are paid rather than as they think. Professor E. A. Ross has well marshaled the facts in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1910, to show that the American press to-day is the outstanding illustration of the saying, 'He who pays the piper calls the tune.' Shameful and incongruous it surely is, that this and other charges should be true in some degree of the Christian church; but this consolation at least she has, this assurance, that her problem is a common difficulty — to be solved in her as elsewhere by undiscourageable patience; that she can turn to every one of her accusers, whatsoever form of organized life they represent, and say, 'You're another!'

That this answer solves no problems is evident, but negatively it clears the ground for the positive attitude which the progressive leaders of the church to-day are taking. We may put words into their mouths that surely will not misrepresent them. 'The basal question,' so they say, 'is not the superficial up or down of contemporary ecclesiastical success. The basal matter is the unescapable presence of religion as a dominant element in human life. In that we assuredly believe. For weal or woe men are religious, and this motive power which puts a "Deus vult" behind conduct, this interpretative insight that insists on seeing eternal values in life, is so penetrative and controlling that its intelligent development, its spiritual purification, its moral direction, are still the deepest concerns of man. Religion may do anything, from creating an Inquisition with its excruciating martyrdoms to breathing a saving charity that makes men cry, "The God that answereth by orphanages, let him be God!" Can the same fountain send forth sweet

water and bitter? Yet religion does it. For all life is somehow motived by visions of God, and upon their vagueness or clarity, their superstition or intelligence, their hopelessness or joy, their moral perversion or their social wholesomeness, depend human interests more deep than are concerned in commerce or in war.'

'How can it be thought,' so the new church within the ancient churches asks, 'that such an inevitable and ubiquitous phase of life may be unorganized? The spirit will somehow insist upon a body. Shall equity avoid creating courts and codes, or the desire for health issue in no schools of medicine? Destructive criticism of the courts justly arouses public indignation, because courts are inevitable, and inevitable problems are not to be met with heckling, but with patient and constructive labor. So the church, too, is an unescapable problem. We know the unsatisfactoriness of her present forms, born every one of them out of historical conditions in which no living man can have the slightest practical interest to-day. We know the petty dogmatisms, the mean divisiveness,the querulous femininity, the base sycophancy, that have too often qualified her spirit, until strong young men shun the pulpits, and of the laity a local village paper says in an illuminating sentence, "The Episcopalians and their husbands enjoyed a pleasant luncheon." We know that whole sections of the church to-day are doomed already, caught in eddies by the shore, oblivious of the main stream, and whirling round and round until they rot. Yet these very faults and failures, which the church shares with all human institutions, just because they accompany humanity's inevitable attempt to organize the religious life, are for us calls to help, flags for rallying, signals that men are needed. Shall we despair of organized equity because even supreme courts fall into folly? The folly of the courts is rather the signal for a rejuvenated citizenship. Can we do otherwise with the unescapable problem of the church? Church or no church is not the alternative; the question is, since there must be some sort of church, what sort shall we have? The ills of the church are to religious patriots a summons to churchmanship.'

So to-day the new church within the churches is speaking. The spirit there evinced is more full of hope than all the failures are of discouragement. The last ten years have seen a reformation in American Protestanism greater than the most sanguine could have dreamed. Like the Jews rebuilding the walls of their sacred city, multiplying hands are at work upon the unescapable task of organized religion. It must be half-breed Samaritans who now, as then, heckling the builders with gibes and missiles, compel them to work with a trowel in one hand and a sword in the other.

Just one sort of man has the right to criticize and to be heard — the man who has earned the right by making some positive contribution himself to this inevitable and superlatively important problem.

THE PRINCIPAL GIRL

BY J. C. SNAITH

[In the opening chapters of 'The Principal Girl,' the reader is introduced to Philip Shelmerdine, the amiable son of a recently created peer. He leads the life of an idle young man about town, destined to inherit a title and to marry the girl of his parents' choice.

He breaks an engagement made for him by his managing mother, to attend a concert with Adela Rocklaw, the young woman of her selection, seventh daughter 'of not quite a hundred earls,' and goes, instead, to the theatre with a lately bereaved friend and his brood of motherless children.

During the performance the Principal Girl sings her way into the hearts of a great audience. The effect of her appearance upon the young heir to the barony is instantaneous and overpowering. Before leaving the theatre, Philip has a word with Arminius Wingrove, the playwright, and soon after returns to his club with the father of the motherless brood.]

VI

IN WHICH WE DINE OUT IN GROSVENOR SQUARE

FATHER sat down to write a letter and Uncle Philip smoked a cigarette in a meerschaum holder and read the *Sporting Times*. But the unfortunate young man could not bring his mind to bear upon those chaste pink pages, in spite of the fact that The Dwarf and Mr. Pitcher were quite at the top of their form this week.

Was it because his conscience hurt him? Fretting about Busoni, do you suppose? Wondering whether the seventh unmarried daughter and his dear mother had got to Queen's Hall unscathed, and had also managed to get home again all right?

May have been so. If there is a doubt about it, conscientious fellow is entitled to benefit thereby. But we are bound to admit there is a doubt upon the subject.

And our reasons be these, lieges all and masterful men. At twenty to seven, long before Father had finished his letters, who should deign to enter the silence room but the identical Arminius Wingrove, to whom the gentle reader has already had the honor of a formal introduction.

Ping went the heart of the heir to the barony. He rose from his chair of Russia leather, lately recovered at the behest of the Committee, and trod softly across the Turkey carpet, old but good.

'Fathead,' said the heir to the barony — for this coarse familiarity we can only offer the excuse that the Great Man had always been Fathead to his familiars since his Oxford days — 'Fathead,' said the heir to the barony, 'I want to talk to you.'

Fathead almost looked as though he had no desire to converse with the too-familiar groundling, being due to take the Dowager Duchess of Bayswater to dine at the Ritz Hotel.

But on all occasions Arminius Wingrove knew how to assume the air of the *bon camarade*.

'Fire away. Only five minutes. Dining old Polly Bayswater at the Ritz.'

'More fool you,' said the profane young man.

Alas! that nothing is sacred to the helots of the Button Club.

'Come into the smoking-room where we can talk a bit.'

'Five minutes only,' said Arminius Wingrove, fixing his eyeglass with his accustomed air of mental power.

The heir to the barony laid hold of the arm of the famous dramatist as though he did n't intend to let it go, hustled him into a room adjoining, deposited him into the emptiest corner, ordered two sherries and Angostura bitters, and straightway proceeded to show what comes of spending Saturday afternoon in places licensed by the Lord Chamberlain for stage performances.

'Do you know by any chance the girl who was Cinderella?'

'Know her. Of course I know her. — And it was I who chose her first long clothes for her.' — At least the air of bland surprise of Arminius Wingrove was open to that interpretation, although of course modesty would have restrained him from saying anything of the kind. 'Everybody knows her — *now*.'

'Did n't know she was so famous,' said the heir to the barony, limp as rags.

Arminius measured him in his naïveté, though not with the naked eye.

'Absolute nailer,' said the heir to the barony.

All *vieux jeu* to Arminius. Took out his watch, — inset with jools of a rare variety, — a present from never mind who, ye froward journalists.

'Ritz at eight. Polly will curse if kept waiting for her meals.'

'Absolute nailer,' said the vain young man. 'Would like to meet her awfully, if you can manage it for me.'

Arminius Wingrove pondered some.

'Why — ye-es,' said that great man.

'Thought perhaps —?'

Arminius Wingrove pondered more.

'Must go — poor old Polly. But be at the Carlton, Monday, at five — '

With suppressed but deep and sincere emotion the heir to the barony wrung the bejeweled hand of Arminius Wingrove.

Exit Arminius Wingrove to dress to take old Polly to the Ritz Hotel.

As for the heir to the barony, he dressed in the Albany in his tightest evening trousers, although the question why he could not have performed that action under the roof of his excellent parents at No. 88 Grosvenor Square, the corner house, can only be answered on the plain hypothesis that the uncles and aunts and other collaterals of this idle rich young fellow had left him a great deal of money to play with.

White waistcoat, of course; buttons mother-o'-pearl; tie by Mr. Thomas Ling; pomade by Truefitt for the upper story. Even his man was proud of him. But we grieve to relate that his reception at No. 88 Grosvenor Square, the corner house, was not so cordial as might have been expected, considering that up to the time of writing, the life of this idle rich young fellow was void of serious blemishes.

He could feel the frost even before he took off the coat with the astrachan collar.

'Ought to keep a stove, Jenkins, in this hall during the winter months.'

But that well-trained servitor looked solemnly down his Wellington nose, because he could perceive that the temperatoor that was already up against Master Philip had nothing whatever to do with the state of the British Climate.

'Lady Adela and his Lordship 'ave been here a quarter of a hower, sir.'

What! twenty past eight. O curst pantomime of Drury! O curst vision in thy chestnut curls, that thou shouldst annihilate time and space for a comparatively recent creation — although a Tory one happilee!

'I look like getting it in the neck

properly,' said the vain young fellow, for his personal private information; and Mr. Jenkins, that well-trained servitor, who heard him not, would yet have concurred had he happened to do so.

Certainly this surmise was fairly accurate. Adela's gaze was very cool and level; her method of voice-production also enhanced her statuesque appearance. Even her Pa looked the reverse of cordial, but that, of course, was rheumatism.

Such a pity he had missed Busoni, said the good old mater. Dear Adela had enjoyed the second rhapsodie of Liszt so much.

The seventh daughter may have done so, but her demeanor seemed rather to make a secret of the information.

The frost had come at last. Shivered poor young fellow, as he took in Adela in sequins, a frock he had seen her in before, which did n't suit her, and in a hapless moment of expansion had been fool enough to tell her so.

Cross as two sticks. Oh yes, a proper minx, my lords and gentlemen. If she will go on like this we shall really have to see about a boor who will abuse her.

Pa talked high politics with First Baron: whether it was merely fun of Wilhelm, or whether Wilhelm *weally* meant it.

'We will keep our eyes upon him,' said these two distinguished peers.

'Dear Adela,' said the good old mater, 'don't you think that *Elektra* is quite the finest music that Wagner has *ever* written?'

Dear Adela did n't really know. In fact, she did n't seem to care about Elektra, or about Busoni, or about Sir Henry Wood. Seemed to think that salted almonds and Burgundy were of more importance far, although we are bound to say we feel dear Adela was wrong in this.

Of course it was up to Mr. Philip, as a man of birth and education, to have a word or two to say. But, unluckily for him, in the stress of this laudable ambition, he suddenly slipped his bridle, and waltzed right into the conversation.

It was not so much lack of tact, my lords and gentlemen, as the act of destiny. He could be as tactful as another previous to attending this ill-fated matinée at Drury Lane. But since that tragic action he was merely one more tempest-tossed mortal — for all the *soigné* look he had — in the grim toils of fate.

We are afraid this is where Euripides begins to backfire a bit, and Mr. G-lsw-rthy smiles within the precincts of his collar.

'I wish you *had* come, Adela, really,' said the vain young man. 'There was a girl there playin' Cinderella.'

'*How* interesting!' said the good old mater.

Adela nibbled a salted almond, kind of pensive-like.

'Absolute nailer,' said Mr. Philip.

'How *very* interesting. And Busoni's first piece was the overtoor to the polonaise by Chopin, quite classical of course, but so full of verve and charm.'

'Her name is Mary Caspar, and Teddy Clapham had n't heard of her before.'

'What a strain it must be for those poor professionals. It made one quite ill to watch Busoni. Poor man got so excited, but a polonaise is such a *difficult* form of music, one understands.'

'"Nelson and his Boys in Blue" was absolutely rippin'. I say, mater, if you have a free afternoon, Saturday or Wednesday, I should like you and Adela to come and hear her sing it, awfully.'

'And Sir Henry Wood conducted so admirably, did n't he, Adela dear?'

Adela was at almond the sixth.

'I suppose he is a good conductor,' said she. 'But music is so tiresome

unless one happens to be musical, and even then one is likely to be bored.'

'Ought to have come to Cinderella,' said Mr. Philip. 'Enjoyed it, awfully, I'm sure. An absolute nailer! I mean to go again.'

Even with a weight-for-age allowance for the tact, the charm, and the urbanity of one of London's leading Constitutional hostesses, it would be idle to speak of the evening as a great success. The good old mater did all that a brave woman and a devoted mother could have done, in the circumstances, but such was the atmospheric pressure that at last she was obliged to ask the butler whether anything had gone wrong with the ventilator of the new fire-grate, which she had always viewed with suspicion from the moment it had been put in.

In the withdrawing-room the frost grew worser. 'I must really have my cloak,' said the mother of the heir.

The morning following being Sunday, dear Adela kept her bed till Monday, instead of going to church.

'Where is the Pain?' said Sir Wotherspoon Ogle, Bart.

The rude girl snapped at him a little, although he was such a *very* dear old fellah, as Windsor Cassel used to say. But he quite agreed that dining with dull people was likely to overthrow a sensitive digestion; still for the next twenty-four hours, at any rate, she must take nothing in the way of nourishment but peptonized biscuits and desiccated milk.

Mr. Philip hardly missed her genial presence at St. Sepulchre's as much as he might have done perhaps. Sitting with his mother, only two rows off the chancel, with his hair brushed back from his intellectual forehead, he got wrong in the responses, could n't find the Psalms appointed for Third Sunday, got mixed most hopelessly over the order of the prayers. He allowed his mind to wander in respect of those appointed for the Royal Family; and when the Reverend Canon Fearon, robed in full canonicals and a rather ritualistic stole, came to grips with the Laws of Moses, the eye of Mr. Philip, as it envisaged him, saw a golden chariot where other people saw a wooden pulpit merely, and in lieu of a sconce of shining silver, a diadem of chestnut curls.

At five o'clock on Monday, O ye Liberal organs of opinion! the heir to the barony looked in at a resort of fashion that we almost blush to mention. Youth and Beauty, in their various disguises, were also there. Some in mink and some in ermine, some in frieze and some in velvet, some with clocks upon their wrists, some with clocks upon their stockings, some in paint and some in feathers, some in hobbles, some without 'em, some in turquoise earrings, some in pearls, some in mutch of sanguine hue, some in coal-scuttle, some in beehive and other arch creations; and as the weather east of Piccadilly was really getting rather chilly, all we hope wearing Jaeger combinations.

Ping went the heart of the heir to the barony as each fresh arrival entered. *Ping* went the heart of Philip. *Ping, ping* it went continuous, as the patent doors revolved upon their hinges, and rank and fashion, youth and beauty, swept proudly past commissionaires and other quite unimportant people. But as late as 5.15 Arminius Wingrove had n't shown a feather.

A puss in every corner worrying buttered scones and muffins with the aid of silver-plated forks. All across the parquet, under palms and awnings, the latest things by Paquin toyed with their real old china teacups, and coquetted with toast and bread and butter and Monsieur Eschoffier's most delightful comfit cakes.

Ping went the heart of the heir to the barony; *ping* went the heart of Philip; but although the strain upon that important organ was terrific, Arminius Wingrove never showed a feather.

The Blue Bulgarian Bazoukas discoursed really delightful music; tunes by Strauss and tunes by Wagner, oratorio by Monckton, masterpiece by Rubens, *chic* morsels by Debussy, rhapsodies by gentlemen whose names are easier to spell in Russian, the latest expression of the genius of German, things in Spanish, things in French, Elgar and Villiers Stanford, Sullivan and Dr. Parry, Leslie Stuart and the Abbé Liszt — but Arminius W. never showed a feather.

Actually the hour of six had struck. Already the motley throng of muffin-worriers, replete with tea and cake and music, had begun to take again to taxis, and to pair-horse vehicles, with and without cockades.

Now, what do you suppose had happened to Arminius? His excuse, when ten days later it happened to be forthcoming, was so comprehensive, that the dignity of human nature calls for a special chapter in which to unfold the same.

VII

IN WHICH WE AGAIN DRINK TEA AT THE CARLTON

It was the simple fact that Arminius Wingrove had forgotten all about it. Let us not be hasty in our blame, however, since according to his *amende* to Mr. Philip, at least ten days after his breach of faith, he made it clear that he was without any sort of stain.

Indeed the poor idle rich young fellow had to chew dust and practice the compleat art of humility when next they met at the Club.

'You are a rotter to go back on your word like that. You promised to be at the Carlton last Monday week, and you never showed a feather. And I waited a solid hour and a quarter for you.'

Arminius transfixed the poor unintellectual, though not with the naked eye.

'*You* have n't been to Windsor,' Arminius removed his hat in his loyal mannah. '*You* don't know the Cassel.'

Poor young upstart took it in the neck terrific.

'Telephone or send a wire? Only just time to pack my bag and then dam near had to have a special. I feel obliged to chastise you, you cub, for this display of e-go-tism.'

The luckless heir groveled in abasement.

'But we'll let it go at that,' said Arminius, with an air of really princely magnanimity, 'if in the future you 'll please not overrate yourself so much, and you'll refrain from being so curst familiar in mixed company. One don't mind so much in this Bohemian resort, but when I meet you as one of the mob at the Blenheims I particularly hope you will not address me as "Fathead" before all the congregation.'

Deep shame overflowed the blond complexion of the heir.

'You've been asking for it a long time,' said Arminius grimly, 'and now it's come. Cheek I abhor. But as I like you pooty well I am going to forgive you.'

The heir to the barony was only too glad to be forgiven on these terms by such a distinguished man. He had been several times in front to see Cinderella, but he was not sufficiently intimate with Mr. Hollins to dare to go behind. And not one of his acquaintances seemed able to bring him closer to his divinity, with the sole and august exception of Arminius Wingrove.

Perhaps that is the reason the young man ate humble pie *ad lib.*

'I've only one afternoon free this month, and that's to-morrah,' said Arminius.

Most unfortunate, but it happened that on the morrow the vain young fellow was booked to take Adela and her Cousin Jane from Cumberland to drink tea at Claridge's.

'Just as you like,' said Arminius W. 'My only afternoon.'

The young man knitted his brow in grave perpexity.

'I wonder if I could persuade Adela to turn up the other shop and come to the Carlton. It is n't quite playing the game though, is it? She must n't know the reason.'

So supremely bored looked Arminius, in the stress of these parochial affairs, that, like a wise young fellow, the heir to the barony decided to curtail them somewhat.

'Yes, I'll be there at five to-morrow, Minnie. Carlton is quite as expensive as the other place, and the crush is greater. You know Adela Rocklaw, don't you?'

'Met her at Highcliff,' said Arminius, casual-like. 'Old Warlock's daughter. Girl you are engaged to.'

'Not engaged exactly.'

'Thought you were.'

'Not exactly. Not official yet.'

'Time it was, then,' said Arminius with magisterial gravity. 'Just the girl for you.'

Perhaps.

Life itself is a great perhaps, says — no, there hardly seems a sufficient warrant to fix responsibility upon any private individual for this venerable saw. But all the same, *peut-être* is perhaps the most important word in any tongue.

The morrow and the hour appointed brought forth the vain young fellow with Adela, looking very smart, and Cousin Jane from Cumberland, looking rather the reverse of fashionable. Precautions had been taken to book a table in a sequestered nook where the Blue Bulgarian Bazoukas would be powerless to wreck any conversation that might chance to be forthcoming.

The heir was feeling all to pieces, and Adela, as usual, was not so very gay. She had said Claridge's, distinctly. Why had he not obeyed instructions? Best people went no longer — now pray don't think we are going to risk an action on your account, you minx. If you can't be more agreeable, Miss, when you are taken out to places by rather slow and wooden, but patient, meek and long-suffering young men, we shall have to take the opinion of the Editor of the N-t-on — who was once a great friend of ours, and we hope he'll be again — as to what is to be done with you. You are a minx, you know; and we almost think that the best course in the circumstances is to arrange for one of Mr. Arnold W-lls's heroes to pay his addresses to you. Stern measures will have to be tried with you, you Insolent Young Hussy, looking so very uppish in that absolutely charming hat.

Five P. M., yet never a sign of Arminius Wingrove. But even the heir to the barony, with a sinking sensation behind his superior double-breasted angola waistcoat, as he ordered tea and muffins for three persons, was man of the world enough to be aware that Arminius might n't appear very much before the hour of six.

Indeed the odds were seven to four on that Arminius would either forget this little engagement for the second time, or that he would be again commanded to the Cassel. Still it was by no means clear at the moment that this would cause the young man grief. For a fortnight past, asleep and awake, had he dreamed of Cinderella, but alas! he was feeling rather cheap just now, for the young minx opposite, with the

cool blue eye and the chin of domination, — 'ware 'em, you young bachelors, — was engaged in giving him tea without any sugar in it.

'What?' said the young cat.

They could hear her quite three tables away.

'A Mr. Wingrove. Says he's met you. Thought you would n't mind meeting him again — awful clever chap — and he's bringin' a girl he knows.'

'What?' snarled the young puss, starting on her first muffin.

Even poor Cousin Jane from Cumberland, who was nearly twice the age of the young minx, got snubbed most severely when she ventured some perfectly commonplace remark. And such a nice, sensible, well-disposed girl as she was.

'How do you spend your time in Cumberland?' said the unfortunate heir, feeling weaker and weaker, and wondering if he might order a large whiskey and a small apollinaris.

'I hunt otters all the mornin',' said nice sensible Cousin Jane, 'and in the evenin' I gen'rally knit bed-socks.'

Overpass it, Mr. Editor; any port in a storm, you know. You are a kind-hearted man, sir, as none has better reason to know than ourselves, so please don't let these poor idle rich upset you. They are doing their best, you know. That young minx opposite has already got to her second muffin; perhaps Nemesis may be persuaded presently to take her case in hand.

You must talk a little louder, please, now that the Blue Bulgarian Bazoukas have opened fire upon that magnificent 1812 Overtoor by Tchaikowski.

'How rippin' they play, don't they, Adela?' said Cousin Jane from Cumberland. 'So nice and loud.'

'What?' snarled the young minx above the strident outcries of the great retreat.

'Rather makes you think of otter huntin' — just when they begin the worry.'

The irresistible *élan* of the Blue Bulgarian Bazoukas inspired Mr. Philip to an act of hardihood. Under cover of the clamor he hailed a passing waiter.

'Large whiskey and small polly,' said the desperate young man.

Girt with this classic beverage, he was once more able to look the whole world in the eye. It was indeed a happy inspiration, for hardly had his courage risen, when, at 5.27 by the hand of the clock, among the greenery, a most distinguished figure emerged through a host of minor persons and converged upon the scene.

Ping went the central organ of the young man's being. The hour and the man had come to hand. And ye gods, there was Cinderella!

Retain your presence of mind, my lords and gentlemen; the authentic heroine is coming to you, as fast as her feet in very sensible number threes can bring her. And her trim form inhabits a plain blue serge costume made by a very ordinary provincial tailor on very reasonable terms; and her sensible head is surmounted by a *hat*, not a coal-scuttle, nor a sauceboat, nor a beehive, but a form of headgear well behind the fashion two years ago in Manchester; and there is just a common strip of fur around her throat, because the weather east of Piccadilly is still blowing rather chilly, and she has to sing this evening.

She is coming past the tables, whose critical occupants are wondering why young ladies from the suburbs are admitted to this Valhalla, which holds all that is best and brightest in the metropolis. Not of course that Arminius comes within the purview of this misdirected criticism; his far-flung gaze surmounted by a noble topper; astrachan collar inches deeper than the

heir's; white spats by Grant and Cockburn, and a very snappy pair of gloves.

The far-flung gaze of Arminius Wingrove has seen the vacant places at the table, although he affecteth not to notice 'em.

''Ow did-do, Lady Adela. When did you return from Highcliff?'

Rude girl slowly raiseth fin.

'Awful good of you, Fat—Minnie, I mean—old boy.' The heir, stronger for his liquid sustenance, spoke in tones of deep emotion. 'Sit here, Miss Caspar, won't you? I know you are Miss Caspar, I've seen you so often lately.'

General introductions, which even the best society seems at present unable to dispense with.

Nice sensible Cousin Jane from Cumberland smiled so kind and pleasant, and thought they ought to have more tea.

'And what's your choice in cakes, Miss Caspar?' said the young man brightly. 'Scones or muffins or some of those toppin' things with sugar on 'em.'

'Thanks, anything'll do for me,' said the Principal Girl, as easy as if she were playing Cinderella. 'No fresh tea—quite warm and liquid. Just as I like it. I'll pour it out myself. No use offering tea to Mr. Wingrove. A whiskey and apollinaris; and—I didn't catch your name—had n't you better have another one yourself?'

Oh, how rippin'! The heir to the barony was wreathed in smiles. But the rude girl opposite stared considerable at such spontaneity and natural ease of bearing.

'Such a bore,' said Arminius. 'Got to go to-morrah to the Cassel. Dare say, Lady Adela, I shall see you there.'

'Papa is so poorly,' said the rude girl, thawing some. 'But of course Aunt Selina will explain it to the Cassel as she is in waiting there just now.'

'Don't know Blackhampton!' said the Principal Girl. 'Oh, but you ought. It is the duty of every Englishman to know dear, dirty old Blackhampton. It is the very best town in England. You are always *sure* of your friends in front when you play in Blackhampton.'

The heir to the barony supposed it was so! Not in any perfunctory spirit, my lords and gentlemen. How do you suppose the young chap could be perfunctory with his divinity drinking her Bohea and eating Monsieur Eschoffier's famous comfit cakes as though she enjoyed them thoroughly?

Don't let us heed the rude girl opposite. She is quite safe in the competent hands of Arminius.

'Here's your whiskey and polly,' said the Principal Girl, 'and Mr. Wingrove's too. Better have some more tea, I think. Miss Percival and Lady Adela are going to have some to keep me company. Oh yes—*please!* And I say, waiter, have you any of those cakes with currants in them, like you get at Nottingham?'

The waiter, a little loftily, said he would inquire.

Never mind the rude girl opposite; Arminius has her well in hand. With that chaste pair of yellow gloves and his knowledge of the world there is really no need to fear for him, my lords and gentlemen. A Miss Caspar — Drury Lane — the Backinghams thought the stock was bound to go higher. Sorry that the stage had no interest for Lady Adela. Yes, the Cassel was looking awfully well just now, in every way quite its own bright and cheery Presence.

The heir to the barony said he had been to Blackhampton. 'Only once — but I've been there.'

'Oh, how interesting!—to play for the Olympians against Blackhampton Rovers—no—really—I did n't catch your name—why, who *are* you?'

'My name is Shelmerdine,' said the

heir to the barony, as modestly as the circumstances permitted.

'Why — *the* Mr. Shelmerdine!'

If there was such a person as *the* Mr. Shelmerdine, the heir to the barony feared it was a true bill.

Cinderella, with her provincial naïveté, did n't know that lords and people did such democratic things as these.

'Do all sorts of wild things when you are up at the 'Varsity,' said the heir to the barony. 'And, of course, you know, that was before my guv'nor got his leg up.'

'Now it is no good your being modest, is it?' said Cinderella. 'Because I know all about you. It was you who kicked those three goals against Scotland in nineteen four.'

The confusion of the heir to the barony was dire.

'Not a bit of good your blushing, is it? I saw the match — I was only a flapper then, playing Fairy Footlight at the Royal Caledonian, Glasgow, and I went with my Aunt Bessie to Celtic Park, and saw you kick three goals, and I won tons of chocolates off the Scotchies in the company, because I had put my pinafore on old England, as I always have, and as I always shall —'

'— They say the new system of drainage at the Cassel —'

'— Steve Bloomer himself could n't have done better than you did that day — and it is no use your being modest, is it?'

'— And the Kaiser is one of the most charming and well-read men I have ever —'

'And so you really are the great Phil Shelmerdine, with your hair brushed just as nice as ever. Even when I was a flapper, and wore a blue ribbon round my pigtail, I used to think your hair was fine. You ought never to have left off playing socker; but I suppose you kind of had to when Mr. Vandeleur made a peer of your poor father. But England needs you more than ever now that Steve is on the shelf.'

'Don't you find the theatre a very trying profession, Miss Caspar?' said nice, sensible Cousin Jane from Cumberland. 'Are n't the late hours a dreadful strain?'

'One sort of gets used to them,' said Cinderella. 'I'm as strong as a horse; and it's great fun; and it is wonderful how one gets to love the good old British Public.'

'And how the British Public gets to love you, Miss Caspar — not of course that I mean that that is wonderful.'

Not so bad for a very dull young man. But don't get out of your depth, young fellow, — that is our advice to you.

'Oh, Homburg is the greatest bore of all —' The seventh unmarried daughter suspended the story of her sorrows to train a gaze of twenty-four candle-power upon the heir.

'I shall never forget your Cinderella, and such a cold as you had! But it seems to be better now.'

'The best way with a cold is to pretend you have n't got it.'

'And I shall always remember your "Arcadee" and "Nelson and his Gentlemen in Blue." We were in a box, you know, second tier on the left, my friend Clapham and his five kids — lost their mother last year — and their nannas. They simply howled with joy. That little Marge is a nailer. I should like you to meet her, Miss Caspar. When she grows up she'll be just like you.'

Miss Insolence opposite rose in the majesty of black velvet and white ermine.

'Goo'-bye.'

Arminius received a fin at an angle of sixty-five degrees.

'Jane.'

Cousin Jane was so glad to have met Miss Caspar, and hoped before she returned to Cumberland to have the pleasure of seeing her play Cinderella. But that other unmannerly young madam never even bowed. Yes, Mr. G-lsw-rthy, we shall really have to save it up for her. A proper young cat, my lords and gentlemen.

'Well, I'm awfully proud to have met you, Miss Caspar. And I hope you'll honor me some day soon by bringing your friends along to tea. My number on the telephone is 059 Mayfair, and I'll lay in a stock of cake.'

'Delighted! — and you must come and see us, me and my old Granny — Mrs. Cathcart — used to play Lady Macbeth to John Philip Kemble, and those old swells, although I dare say you can hardly remember them. But she's a dear, Mr. Shelmerdine; and if you want to hear about the dignity of the profession and how her granddaughter's lowered it, come round to Bedford Gardens Number Ten any Sunday afternoon, and you'll say she is the dearest old thing about.'

VIII

IN WHICH IT IS OUR PRIVILEGE TO MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THE GODDAUGHTER OF EDMUND KEAN

Mr. Philip counted the hours till Sunday came. He was sorely infected now by the deadly virus.

He had forgotten those three goals against Scotland. They were never mentioned in his own little world. In Grosvenor Square, in particular, no store was set by such irresponsible undergraduate behaviour. There his career only dated from the time he had managed to get his commission so easily in the Second; and he had never been quite forgiven for tiring of a respectable course of life so soon. It was strange that this sportswoman, so full of sense and pluck, had seen him in the crowded and glorious hour when life was his in its fulness. He had lived in those days, crudely and vulgarly perhaps, but now he wanted to have done with his idleness and start to live again.

He was in love with Mary Caspar, and that was all about it! She rang true in every note, whether she drank tea at the Carlton or warbled ditties on the boards of Drury. No wonder that she was the uncrowned queen of many a provincial city; no wonder that every errand boy in the metropolis whistled 'Nelson' and 'Arcadee.'

On his way to the Albany, he called at a news-agent's and invested a shilling in picture-postcards of Mary Caspar.

'I suppose you sell a lot of these?'

'Hundreds,' said the young man behind the counter. 'We've sold out three times in a fortnight, and the demand is increasing.'

Yes, it was clear enough that, as usual, the public knew a good thing when they saw it.

On the Sunday afternoon, as five o'clock was striking from St. Martin's Church, Mr. Philip drove up to Bedford Gardens and pulled the door-bell of Number Ten.

Miss Caspar received him with unaffected cordiality.

'And this is Granny, Mr. Shelmerdine,' said Cinderella, proudly.

Granny was a stately old dame in a turban, turned eighty-three — a really wonderful old lady. Her speech was lively and forcible; and her manner had the charm of one who had grown old with dignity. It had a semi-humorous touch of grandeur also, as of one who has known the great world from the inside and is not inclined to rate it above its value.

She shook hands and said she was glad to meet the son of his father.

'A good and honorable and upright

man, I'm sure, Mr. Shelmerdine, although his politics are all wrong, to my mind. You see we artists, even the oldest of us, live for ideas, and these unfortunate Vandeleurites — but we won't talk politics, although it was I who bought Mr. Vandeleur his first bells and coral. At that time nobody except his mother and myself, and possibly his nurse, foresaw that he was the future Prime Minister of England. Polly, my dear, the tea.'

'You boastful old Granny,' said Mary. 'And I don't think Mr. Shelmerdine is a bit impressed.'

'Oh yes I am — awfully,' said Mr. Shelmerdine gallantly, handing tea.

And he came within an ace of dropping the cup on the hearthrug, because Mary chose at that fateful moment to twitch her adorable left eyelid so artfully that he had to whisk away his countenance to keep from laughing in the face of Grandmamma.

'Mr. Shelmerdine, have you seen my granddaughter play at the Lane?'

Yes, Mr. Shelmerdine had, and if he might say so, admired her playing awfully.

'I am sorry to hear you say that,' said the old lady. 'To my mind she displays a strange lack of ambition. We are an old theatrical family, Mr. Shelmerdine, a very old theatrical family. When I was her age I was playing Lady Macbeth to John Philip Kemble.'

The young man was mightily interested, although, to be sure, this was the first he had heard of John Philip Kemble; but happily he had a sort of general idea that Lady Macbeth was the name of a thrilling drama by the late Earl of Lytton.

Mary's laugh was ready and responsive to this damaging criticism.

'Yes, Granny dear, but then you had genius and that's a thing that does n't often occur in any family, does it?'

'Polly, child,' — the natural grandeur showed a little, — 'it is a mere *façon de parler* to speak of ambition, respect for one's calling, determination to live up to the highest that is within one's self, as genius, but the absence of genius does not excuse any one for lowering the traditions of a distinguished family. Mr. Shelmerdine, I hope you agree with me.'

Appealed to at point-blank range, the young man was fain to agree with Grandmamma. But if his note of conviction was not very robust, it must be remembered that his present ambition was to run with the hare and to hunt with the hounds.

'By taking pains,' said the old lady, 'and showing a proper reverence for its calling, even a modest talent may add a cubit to its stature. That, at least, was the opinion of John Philip Kemble and Mr. Macready.'

Of course Mr. Shelmerdine was bound to agree with these great men.

'To think of my granddaughter playing Cinderella at the Lane, when she should be playing Lady Macbeth at His Majesty's!'

'Oh, but, ma'am,' said the young man, 'she is a nailin' good Cinderella, you know.'

'A *nailing* good Cinderella, when her great-grandmother played with Betterton and Garrick, and one of her forebears was in Shakespeare's own company!'

The young man thought silence would be safer here. Still knightly conduct was undoubtedly called for.

'I hope you won't mind my sayin', ma'am,' said the heir to the barony, 'that she's the finest Cinderella I've ever — although I dare say I ought n't to say it in her presence.'

But Grandmamma would neither brook contradiction, nor admit any extenuating circumstances. Polly was really a disgrace.

'Well, Granny dear,' — and again that wicked left eyelid came into action — 'you can't deny that next year they are going to double my salary at the Lane, though I am sure I get quite enough already.'

'Polly, my child, do you suppose for a moment that John Philip Kemble would have urged such an excuse?'

Grandmamma's majesty dissolved Miss Mary in light-hearted mirth.

'I quite see your point, ma'am,' said the young man, playing as well as he knew how.

'Mr. Shelmerdine,' said the old lady, 'I make you my compliments on your good sense.'

It must certainly be said for the heir to the barony, that he made quite a favorable impression upon Grandmamma. Rather a plume in the bonnet of the parfit, gentil knight moreover; because Granny had been kissed by Mr. Dickens, had known Mr. Thackeray almost as intimately as she knew her own father, had dined and supped with Mr. Gladstone, and had a very poor opinion indeed of Mr. Disraeli.

IX

A LITTLE LUNCH AT DIEUDONNÉ'S

Mr. Philip was in for an attack of the ancient malady. What made it worse for him was that he had never had it before. He was twenty-nine, a very healthy and normal citizen, 'a little slow in the uptake' to be sure, but with a snug little patrimony already, and the heir to something even more substantial. He should, of course, like other interesting young men, have tried to keep out of mischief by serving his country in a Household regiment.

It was a mistake to have left the Second, said his admirable parents. He wanted a wife, said all the world. It was really necessary that a young man rising thirty should provide himself with this indispensable accessory.

In his rather torpid way, he rather agreed. Still, he got no for'arder, although it was perfectly clear that the hour and the girl were waiting for him.

To be quite frank, he had never exactly hit it off with Adela. Self-willed and over-bearing young women were amusing in the right place and season; but he was much too shrewd a young chap to crave to be tied up for life with one of them. But if he was n't careful, the fetters might easily be riveted. Things had rather shaped that way for twelve months past.

Yes, the young man was in a rather parlous state just now. Let the right sort of girl come along, and the consequences were likely to be serious. The fruit was ripe for plucking. A single shake of the branch and it might fall from the tree.

Cinderella had shaken the tree pretty severely. Simple, kind, and cheerful, she was just the sort of girl you could get on with. Straight as a die, overflowing with life and sympathy, she had the noble faculty of being genuinely interested in all the world and his wife.

Would she come out to lunch?

Oh yes, any day except Wednesday and Saturday, when she had to play.

So the very next morning they lunched at Dieudonné's, and everything seemed perilously pleasant.

Punctual to the minute; how delightful to have a table in the corner; the restaurant of all others she liked to lunch at; and lark and oyster-pudding and Chablis, the fare above all others she coveted. Comparisons are odious, as the world has long agreed, but really they seemed inevitable just now!

Did n't he think Granny was wonderful? And really quite great in her day. A link with the past, much esteemed in the profession.

Was Miss Caspar never tired of the theatre? Was n't it an awful grind? Did n't she ever want a night off? When she was feeling as cheap as she must have been feeling a fortnight ago last Saturday, did n't she feel inclined to turn it up?

No, she just loved it all the time. Her motto was Nelson's, 'Never to know when you were beaten.' It was Nelson's motto, was n't it? Besides, having two thousand people in your pocket, gave you such a sense of power. And then the princely salary — a hundred pounds a week, and next year it was going to be doubled. She really did n't know how she would ever be able to spend it.

'Why spend it at all? Why not invest it at four-and-a-half per cent?'

'Oh yes — for a rainy day!'

Such an idea was evidently quite new to Cinderella, and she proclaimed it forthwith as the very zenith of human wisdom.

'You must let me spend a little, though.'

She spoke as though he had charge already of her hundred pounds a week.

'Not more than a fiver now and again.' The good forebears made answer for the heir to the barony. 'No need, really. Of course, when you take a holiday abroad, you can dip a little more freely.'

Granny thought the provinces were vulgar, but Cinderella was quite sure that Mr. Shelmerdine did n't agree with Grandmamma.

'Now look me right in the eyes and tell me whether the provinces are vulgar. Honest Injun now, and on your oath!'

The good gray eyes were open to a width that was positively astonishing.

Mr. Shelmerdine did not agree with Grandmamma.

'No, of course you don't. The provinces are hearty and easy to get on with, and we are very fond of each other, and I don't consider either of us vulgar. Of course, it is Granny's Victorianism, to which I always pretend to give in, although I don't really. Do you know dear dirty old Sheffield? The next time you go and play against the Wednesday — I beg your pardon, I had forgotten those wretched Tories had made your father a peer; well, the next time you go to Sheffield, — which you never will again, — ask the dear old Tykes whether they have ever seen Mary Caspar as Alice in *Dick Whittington*. Why, it was I who presented the Cup and Medals to the United when they won the Hallamshire and West Riding Charity vase.'

'Oh, really.'

'You must n't say, "Oh, really"; you must say, "Did you, ma lass! I wish I'd been playin' in ta match."'

Would Miss Caspar have a cigarette?

Avec plaisir; but she insisted on lighting his before he was allowed to light hers.

'I wonder if I know you well enough to call you Philip?' she said at about the fourth puff. 'Your name is such a long one, is n't it?'

The heir to the barony was bound to admit that his name was long, and that even Philip was shorter when it became Phil.

'Would n't Phil be just a little familiar, considering that we have only known each other a week?'

'I seem to have known you for years and years and years.'

'Well, if you really mean that, Philip, I don't think there is any reason why it should n't be Phil. But you must n't go beyond Mary, you know. To Granny I'm Polly, of course; but there's only one other person outside the family who calls me Polly, because somehow I object to it on principle. And you'll never be able to guess who that is.'

'Mr. Vandeleur?'

'Dear no! — of all people. I am a perfectly ferocious Radical.'

'Well, I hope it is n't — ?'

'— Be careful, Philip. *Very* dangerous ground. But no, it is n't he. The only other person who is allowed to call me Polly is the Lessee and Manager of the Royal Italian Opera House, Blackhampton.'

A sudden pang of consternation went through the being of Mr. Philip. There was a confounded ring on her finger!

'Goose,' said Mary, with her incorrigible frankness, and vastly amused by the course of the young man's gaze. 'Old enough to be my father. But he's a dear; and if I ever marry any one — which I never shall — I don't think I should mind marrying him, although he's just celebrated his silver wedding, and he's got a family of eleven, seven girls and four boys, all with a broad enough accent to derail any tram in Blackhampton.'

Yes, Mr. Philip enjoyed every moment of this little luncheon at Dieudonné's.

Before going to misspend his afternoon at one of his clubs, he accompanied the charmer as far as Bedford Gardens. They went on foot for the sake of the exercise, which she vowed she would rather die than do without; along the Strand if he did n't mind, because she loved it so.

The Strand was a wonderful place, they both agreed. Certainly, he had been in it before — often — though always on the way to the play or to supper at the Savoy. But he had to admit that this was the first time he had come to it in broad daylight as an amateur.

'You get more human nature to the square inch in the dear old Strand than any place in the world,' said this young woman who had traveled the five continents in the exercise of her calling.

'Piper, miss? 'Orrible murder in the Borough.'

Mary was proof against this lure; and with true feminine irrelevance, proceeded to pile insult upon the head of injury by calling upon a young gentleman of nine, who apparently was not going to Eton next term, and whose person was held together by a single button, to explain the absence of his shoes and stockings.

'Are n't got none, lidy.'

'Why have n't you?'

'Ain't 'ad none, lidy, since mother was put away for doin' in father a year lawst Boxin' night.'

'I daresay it is quite a good reason,' said Mary Caspar, 'if only it could be translated into English. What did your mother do to your father?'

''E come 'ome ravin' and mother throwed a paraffin lamp at him, and the judge give her ten years.'

Mary Caspar opened her purse and produced the hundredth part of her week's salary.

'Never let me see you again without your boots — or your stockings either.'

The recipient looked at the sovereign doubtfully. Then he looked up at the donor.

'Gawd bless yer, lidy,' he said, depositing this incredible wealth in some inaccessible purlieu of his late father's waistcoat.

The heir to the barony was rather silent as they turned up Bedford Street. He was, of course, a drone in the hive, but he sometimes indulged in the habit of turning things over in his mind.

'There 's something wrong, you know, somewhere. A kid not a day more than nine, all on his own. I think we ought to have got his name and address.'

Mary thought he would have forgotten his name and that he would n't have been at the trouble to possess himself of anything so superfluous as an address, but she agreed with a further display of true feminine irrelevance — and what would any Principal Girl be

without it? — that they certainly ought to have got them. So they turned back for the purpose. But the bird had flown. They walked back as far as Trafalgar Square, crossed over and came back on the other side, but their quarry had quitted the Strand.

'We must look out for him again,' said the heir to the barony. 'Although I expect there are thousands like him.'

'Millions,' said Mary.

'And of course it don't matter what you do in individual cases, so the johnnies say who know about it — but you must let me stand that sovereign, although it is good of you and all that.'

The heir to the barony produced the sum of one pound sterling and inserted it in Mary's muff, a very ordinary sort of rabbit-skin affair, our feminine readers will regret to learn.

Mary declined point-blank to accept the sovereign, which irresponsible behaviour on her part made the young man look rather troubled and unhappy.

'Oh, but you must.'

'Why?'

The heir to the barony seemed perfectly clear in his own mind that she ought to do as she was told, but not being gifted in the matter of clothing his thoughts with language, the reasons he gave seemed both vague and inadequate to an independent-minded young woman whose salary for the time being was equal to that of the First Lord of the Treasury.

They parted on Grandmamma's doorstep, with a hearty handshake, and a reluctant promise on Mary's part to come out to tea on the morrow at Harrod's Stores. The young man walked on air to one of his numerous houses of call, firm in the conviction that he had never enjoyed a luncheon so much in all his born days.

'Ye-es, Agatha, I a-gree with you,' said the first Baron Shelmerdine of Potterhanworth at half-past seven that evening, twisting his face in the torment of achieving the conventional without a suspicion of the baroque or the bizarre. 'The ve-ry next shirts I order from Hoodlam shall all turn down. Harold Box, I believe — so why not I? Oh, confound it all — that's the third I've ruined.'

'Fetch another, Wally, and I will tie it for you,' said the Suffolk Colthurst superbly.

It was humiliation for a Proconsul, but we are pledged to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in this ingenuous narrative. And of their courtesy we ask none of our readers to accuse us of malice.

'You must bend a bit, Wally.' The Suffolk Colthurst grappled firmly with the situation. 'Better order two dozen at once from Heale and Binman. Their's carry more starch.'

Here it was that Destiny came into the picture, casual-like.

'Wally,' — the Suffolk Colthurst had just achieved a reticent, self-respecting single bow, — 'now that Lord Warlock has agreed to that settlement, if I were you, I would send round a note to the Albany for Philip to come and see us in the morning.'

'Well tied, Agatha. I'll write a note to Philip now.'

If the truth must be set down, and that of course is essential in all circumstances, the parental communication, in spite of the fact that it had an impressive device on the back and a motto in Latin, was not the first note that was opened at B–4 the Albany on the following morning. It was not the second, nor the third either, because there was quite a pile of correspondence in front of the kidneys and bacon at a quarter past ten in the forenoon of Tuesday, the first of Feb.

'Dear Philip,' said the parental

communication, when it was open at last, 'Your Mother will be pleased if you will come to luncheon to-morrow, as there is an important matter she would like me to speak to you about. Luncheon at one-thirty sharp, as I have to go down to the House. Your affectionate Father, S. of P.'

Mr. Philip helped himself pensively, but not illiberally, to kidneys and bacon. He sprinkled salt and pepper over them, spread mustard on the plate, buttered his toast, poured out a cup of tea of almost immoral strength, read over the parental communication again, and then made use of an objurgation.

'I wish the good old mater would n't get so meddlin',' said he.

Nevertheless, like a dutiful young man, he decided he must go and lunch at 88 Grosvenor Square. But by the time he had put on his boots with five buttons, and had been inserted into the coat with the astrachan collar, and had sauntered forth to his favorite florist's, twirling his whangee cane, somehow the good old sky of London did n't look quite so bright as it did yesterday.

His favorite florist's was in charge of his favorite young lady assistant, Miss Pearson by name, whom, a fortnight ago, he had had serious thoughts of calling Sally, without her permission. But a good deal of water had flowed under London Bridge in the meantime, so that now, whether she gave her permission or whether she withheld it, he no longer yearned to be guilty of any such freedom.

Still Miss Pearson was a very good sort for all that; and the heir to the barony raised his hat to her this morning in his politest manner; although perhaps it is right to remark that he would still have done so on any other morning, and even if Miss Pearson had not been such a very good sort — but in that case he might have gone a little higher up the street, as far as Miss Jackson.

'Mornin', Miss Pearson. How are we?'

Miss Pearson was so-so. Had been to the Coliseum to see *Richard III*, the previous evening.

'Have you been to Drury yet?'

No, but Miss Pearson's best boy had promised to take her next Monday — that being her night out.

'I *envy* you, Miss Pearson,' said the heir to the barony, with emotion. 'And the young chap — of course.'

'Mr. Shelmerdine,' said Miss Pearson, 'do you know what my impression is?'

Mr. Shelmerdine had not the faintest idea what her impression was.

'My impression, Mr. Shelmerdine,' said Miss Pearson, 'is, that you are in love.'

No rebutting evidence being offered, Miss Pearson grew grave and serious as became a young lady of good Scottish lineage on the spindle side.

'If you'll take my advice, Mr. Shelmerdine, you'll go a short sea-voyage. I've noticed a deterioration in you during the last fortnight. It is far worse than when Cassie Smallpiece was at the Gaiety. I shall go and see for myself on Monday, but I've no opinion of actresses as a class. It is time you married that Lady Adela, you know.'

It was the first time that Miss Pearson had been moved to these communications so far as this particular client was concerned; but the fair president of as smart a florist as was to be found in Piccadilly was a lady of considerable social insight.

'Well, Miss Pearson,' said the heir to the barony, slowly and thoughtfully, 'you know that I always value your opinion, but Mary Caspar is an absolute nailer.'

'Go across to Dean and Dawsons,' said Miss Pearson. 'Or you can use

my telephone, if you don't want to run the risk of crossing the street. Egypt or Switzerland or a short sea-voyage. Think what a blow it would be to your father if you did n't marry a lady in society.'

'Ha, you have n't seen her yet, Miss Pearson,' cried the incredible young man. 'If I could book a couple of stalls for Monday, do you think your young chap would mind accepting 'em?'

'Only too pleased, I'm sure,' said Miss Pearson promptly. 'No false delicacy about Alf. He's in the green-grocery the other side the Marble Arch.'

The heir to the barony was a little 'slow in the uptake,' but like others who labor under that natural defect, in the end he generally contrived to get to his destination.

'I hope you ain't throwin' yourself away, Miss Pearson,' said the heir to the barony. 'Blow to your people, I'm sure, if you are side-tracked by anything under a bank clerk.'

'Money before position, Mr. Shelmerdine, is my motto,' said Miss Pearson. 'If you've got the one, you can always get the other.'

The heir to the barony seemed rather impressed by this pearl of wisdom. He pondered it while that very able and personable young woman twined a piece of wire round a posy of violets. And then as if to prove a general proposition, Position itself appeared and somewhat abruptly terminated this instructive tête-à-tête.

Position entered in the person of a youthful marquis, leading a bull terrier whose natural beauty was almost as chastened as his own.

'Why Shel — have n't seen you for years!'

Position held out a hand gloved somewhat aggressively in yellow. His senior by four years shook the gauntlet warily.

'Mornin', Sally.'

Position turned its back and put its elbows on the counter. It might have been the sole proprietor, not only of those most desirable lock-up basement premises, but of Miss Pearson and all their other contents. Still no reproof was forthcoming.

During an even earlier phase of Position's adolescence, it had been Mr. Shelmerdine's privilege as a House Prefect, a member of the Eleven, a member of Pop, and of other high dignities, to lay into Position in no uncertain manner. Alas that his zeal had proved so unfruitful!

Autre temps, autres mœurs. Had we the pen of the sage, the fervor of the poet, the *saeva indignatio* of the preacher, what a theme is here, my lords and gentlemen! Position not only usurping the badge of intimacy, reserved for the peers of the Keeper of the Field, but actually venturing to take the *pas* of him by addressing Miss Pearson by her first name, setting his elbows on the counter and removing a bunch of violets from her ample bosom, while he — the unspeakable humiliation of it! — actually had to wait meekly for his own.

Had there been a toasting-fork within the precincts of those desirable lock-up basement premises, it is appalling to think of the consequences that might have ensued.

Miss Pearson handed Mr. Shelmerdine his bunch of violets in a manner quite decidedly *dégagé*, as though her interest in him had assumed a less acute phase. Raging within, the heir to the barony, a mere 1905 creation, sought the purer air of the Ritz Arcade, leaving the field to 1720, who could be heard saluting Sally not too chastely, as his early benefactor hurriedly crossed the threshold of his favorite florist's.

'Called me Shel — my God! If only I'd got that long-handled old-fashioned one with the five prongs — !'

(To be continued.)

SOCIAL DEMOCRACY AND WEST POINT

BY H. M. CHITTENDEN

THE comparison suggested by the title of this paper will appear a contradiction in terms to many persons who have been accustomed to think of West Point and the army as a nursery of caste rather than of democracy. In reality, however, the fundamental principle of the socialist propaganda is one which is put into actual practice in the Military Academy Service and is found to work; and the system enforced there, considered apart from the strictly military end in view, is in miniature an ideal social democracy. It may seem a strained effort to attempt a parallel between the life of a small and select body of men, organized for a special purpose and controlled by absolute external authority, and the life of the great world outside; but human motives, like the force of gravitation, are unchanged by the circumstances of their exercise, and the smaller example is therefore not without instructive application to the larger.

In keeping with the thoroughly democratic origin of the student body at West Point are the rules and regulations by which it is governed. There is absolute uniformity in treatment, duties, and privileges, an entire absence of favoritism and of all distinctions of wealth, and a prohibition of secret societies with their petty likes and dislikes, and of practices which foster the snobbishness and heartburnings characteristic of so much of American school life. Particular stress is laid upon the practical enforcement of the principles of honesty, fidelity, courage, justice, and the like, which must, of course, lie at the foundation of any social system if it is permanently to succeed. While West Point has always maintained this democratic simplicity, with little modification from external changes, the tendency of school life outside is distinctly away from it. This is to be deplored, not only because of its adverse influence upon the happiness of student life, but because that influence is necessarily projected into after-life, and thus affects society as a whole. In the opinion of many thoughtful observers, there is required an awakening on this subject, and an effort to restore to our schools something of the equality of the West Point system. It is a matter no less essential to the citizenship of this country than the mental training which is ordinarily considered the primary object of youthful education.

This only in passing. The purpose of the present paper is not to discuss methods of education, but to show by a practical example that the fundamental aim of social democracy is not visionary or hopeless, but on the contrary eminently practical. Reduced to its final analysis, this purpose is an ever nearer approach to equality of opportunity, and to an equitable distribution of the products of labor. Few will deny that such equality and equity are of the very essence of justice. This does not mean that social goods shall be divided on a communistic basis, or that differences in physical and intel-

lectual capacity shall be ignored and mankind reduced to a dead level of mediocrity. It means rather that natural inequalities shall have free play, so that society may reap the full benefit of superior capacity; but it also means that such capacity shall be restrained from that unjust exploitation of wealth which results in a distribution without any definite relation to actual human needs.

Deeply fixed in the thought of the more well-to-do, is the belief that anything like equality of opportunity or condition would be incompatible with their own enjoyment and with efficiency of work in the lower classes. The dignity of self-sustained leadership on the one hand, and the spur of necessity on the other, seem to them the only forces which can keep the world moving. But this belief has really no higher authority than that of tradition and long-established custom; and in the example here chosen for comparison, every argument in support of it is disproved by experience. West Point, and in only a less degree the service outside, demonstrates the impotence of wealth or privilege as a necessary spur to endeavor. Equality of opportunity, privileges, and pecuniary rewards is found to be in no sense incompatible with individual initiative, with efficiency in work, and with the general happiness. No loss results — rather the reverse — from the absence of all extraneous advantages, and from compelling every one to stand on his own merit, performing the work for which he is fitted, without any reference to the pecuniary compensation which he receives.

Conscience is so far a creature of education, and so little a matter of abstract justice, that in the present state of civilization it fails to perceive the lack of equity in a system which gives to superior capacity, and to superior service resulting therefrom, a superior share of the fruits of human labor. It quite overlooks the fact that this gift of superior capacity is an advance payment to the recipient of dearer worth than any pecuniary reward can be, and one which his utmost efforts can never adequately repay. It is *he* who is the debtor to society, and it is a reversal of his obligation to hold that society is a debtor to *him*. Every candid individual recognizes in his heart the truth of this. The possessor of superior natural gifts would not exchange places with his less favored fellows for any conceivable pecuniary gain; yet without a qualm he uses his advantage to tax them to the limit of his ability to extort, or of their ability to pay. And the tax thus imposed, in the form of high salaries or fees or outright exploitation without any pretense at return service, is converted into an engine of additional extortion (through interest, rents, profits, etc.), until the accumulation, like a huge snowball, growing faster the larger it becomes, soon loses all relation, not only to reasonable personal needs, but even to assumed superiority of service. Passing on through transfer, bequest, or inheritance, it eventually results in giving to mediocre talent precedence over superior, and in fixing almost immovable barriers in the way of equal opportunity.

'Uuto every one that hath shall be given,' is an aphorism which has done duty in defense of privilege ever since it was first uttered. Yet it is clear that its Author intended to make duty performed, not possession of ability, the justification of reward. He punished the faithless servant, not because he had little, but because he did not use what he had. He rewarded the faithful servants, not because they had much, but because they used what they had. And the real reward was not in material

things, but in honor and authority — from ruler over few things to ruler over many. It is a gross perversion of this beautiful lesson to hold that it justifies superior ability in exploiting the less favored mass of humanity. With something of effrontery, a recent apologist for this doctrine said, 'A great house on the Avenue is a receipt from society for value received.' An inventory of these houses, and a fair estimate of the services to society of their owners and of others who do not own such houses, would rudely upset that theory. If ownerships along the Avenue could be suddenly readjusted on the basis of value received, there would result a boom in the local record and abstract business such as it has never yet dreamed of. In a majority of cases the statement above quoted is not true in fact; in none is it true in principle. It is the right of society to *exact* superior service from superior capacity, and that without any 'house on the Avenue' either as a bribe or as a reward.

The world now has before it a great object lesson upon this question of reward for service. A few years ago the chief executive of this nation was casting about for men to take charge of building the Panama Canal. Seeking them among the great railway corporations of the country, it was necessary to offer salaries commensurate with those paid to the higher officials of such corporations. Yet he had within reach a body of men competent to handle that work, with whom the question of salary beyond their regular pay as public servants would have cut no figure whatever, and with whom the distinguished character of the service would have been extra reward enough. These men are now in charge of that work, and although they stepped into the shoes of their predecessors to a certain extent in the matter of pay and are actually receiving largely increased salaries, every one, from the President down, knows that this increase was not necessary to secure the highest efficiency of which these men were capable. If they had gone down there with only such reasonable increase over their slender army pay as increased risk and expense would naturally require, not a man of them would have rendered any less valuable service on that account.

And this is not the only example. Much of our best public service — in our wars, in the engineering work of the Army, in the Reclamation service, in the scientific bureaus of the government — has been and is being done upon salaries which even inferior talent in much of the work in private life would look down upon with contempt. Likewise the supremely important service which the educators in our colleges and universities are rendering in equipping youth for the work of life is done with as pure devotion and as strenuous effort as many times their pay commands from the servants of great corporations.

The question here discussed is not the adequacy or inadequacy of a given salary, but the relation of salary to efficiency. The point insisted upon is that high salaries are necessary to high efficiency only as a false convention of society makes them so. Change this convention, as is done in the Army, and it would be found that just as high results — most probably higher — would follow comparative equality of wages as now are secured through exaggerated differences. The honor of service, the sense of authority, the love of recognition, are motives enough to call forth all that is worth calling forth in any man. Does any one believe that if an approximate equality of wages existed in the railway service from top to bottom there would be any

less strenuous seeking for promotion? any less devotion to duty? any less efficiency in the different grades of employment? Would the ambitious youthful telegraph operator look forward any less hopefully to some day becoming president of the road if that position carried a salary of only five thousand dollars instead of fifty thousand? West Point answers this question in the negative. The striving for advancement and recognition there could be no more strenuous if there were corresponding increase in pay instead of no increase at all. In the Engineer Department of the Army, where the responsibility and character of work vary greatly, and it often happens that an officer of no higher rank or pay (sometimes less) than another may be charged with more important duties, that fact makes not the slightest difference in his devotion to duty or efficiency in work. There is a distinct degradation of our finer ideals in the prevalent notion that the character of service should be gauged by the salary attached to it. Perhaps the most regrettable incident connected with the building of the Panama Canal was an impression which at one time got abroad of an apparent indifference to these ideals, and a subordination of the sense of honor attaching to so great a work to considerations of mere pecuniary reward.

The argument that mere capacity for service is not a true criterion of wages should not be taken as a plea for uniformity of wages regardless of the service rendered. It is, at most, a plea that the needs of the individual as a human being should be the primary and controlling factor. If the pecuniary demands of a position were limited solely to the individual necessities of the occupant, uniformity might be practicable and just. But they are not. Position itself imposes varying demands dependent upon its importance. The drain upon the private purse of a cabinet officer or a railway president, arising solely from the necessities of service, is much greater than upon that of a fourth-class postmaster or a locomotive engineer. A perfectly equitable adjustment of wages could scarcely mean equality. Consideration for society rather than for the individual prevents it. The true criterion would seem to be the individual necessities of livelihood (essentially the same for all men) and the added needs which the position itself imposes.

But even on this basis a practical difficulty in the way of a strictly equitable system is found in a condition of things with which society, in spite of the marvelous progress of civilization, has yet scarcely begun to reckon. What is service, and what are legitimate individual needs? In common acceptation, service is the specific work which an individual does for some employer, and compensation is determined upon this narrow basis, and is practically uniform in any locality for any given grade of work. It takes no account of that other, and often more important, service which is done for society in the rearing of children. It takes no direct account of the increased necessities which this larger service requires. Under the present imperfect system the individual who assumes nothing of this universal duty receives as large compensation as the one who assumes it in full. It may be replied that, inasmuch as most adults do marry and rear children, the grand average of wages has a definite relation to the grand average of needs — and this is probably true. But the system is nevertheless full of inequity through inability to take cognizance of individual needs — something quite impossible in the present organization of society, owing to the detail-work involved and the

lack of permanence in the relation of employer and employed.

The system of pay in the Army offers an interesting example on an elaborate scale of an effort to devise an equitable wage-system on the basis of average needs. Promotion roughly keeps pace with increasing family responsibilities, and the resulting increase of pay thus meets increased personal needs and increased demands of position. To compensate in part for irregularities in promotion, there is an arbitrary increase of pay, based upon length of service alone. This takes place every five years, beginning with entry into the service, and continues for four successive increases, or during a period of twenty years at that time of life when domestic burdens are presumably most onerous. From that time on there is no further increase except that which comes with promotion in rank, or with increased demands of position. When the age of retirement comes and the demands of position cease, and the work of rearing a family is presumably complete, the pay is arbitrarily reduced and all perquisites are cut off, thus again roughly adapting compensation to actual needs.

On the basis of grand averages, this is perhaps as equitable a system as it is possible to devise. It leaves to the officer of high rank not much more of a surplus over his necessary outgo (often less) than to the officer of low rank, or even the enlisted man himself. The character or importance of the service rendered does not enter the question at all. Neither does the question of individual capacity for service. It is assumed that every man will do his best, regardless of the pay he receives. As his special ability discloses itself he may be assigned to special work and be given difficult and important duties to perform, and he may, as is continually the case, distinguish himself above his co-equals in rank. But there is never any thought that such superior service entitles him to increased pecuniary compensation. If given promotion on account of such service, it is not primarily a reward to himself, but for the good of the service, that he may be in a position where his abilities can have a larger field for their exercise.

On a less elaborate system the general principle applies to the gradation of wages paid to our educators. Certain it is that differences of salary do not measure differences in capacity to serve, nor differences in services actually rendered. They are probably not much, if any, greater than differences in individual needs and demands of position dependent upon length of service.

It is when we pass to the great business enterprises outside the salaried professions that the differences between extremes of wages become such as to arrest attention. One naturally asks what there is in the insurance business, for example, which calls for a president's salary fifty times as great as that of a clerk who may himself rise to the rank of president, while the pay of the highest officer in the Army is less than five times that of the lowest, and the range of salaries in educational institutions is little if any greater. This discrepancy is certainly not necessary for efficiency of service. It is the result of definite causes, all of which are an outgrowth of the still venerated system of *laissez faire*. In the first place, there is unregulated competition, with the exaggerated extremes which such competition always brings. But this is only a part, and the least objectionable part, of the system. Its chief evil lies in the power of the managers of great enterprises to give themselves, in the form of salaries, an undue share of the revenues. It is the survival of an evil which has characterized all history, and has flourished under a variety

of hideous forms. To-day it is shorn of the bald iniquities of the past and sanctioned by the plausible theory of value received (for superior service); but it is none the less a relic, undemocratic in principle, and its inevitable tendency is to perpetuate those conditions which are a principal barrier to equality of opportunity.

The fee system, which results to a large extent in restricting the benefits of high professional service to the very wealthy, is another form of the same evil. Still further removed from organized equity is the system of profit in which unrestrained competition, with its temptation to fraud and corruption, leads to almost unlimited evils; while at the bottom of the scale is that social parasitism which makes no pretense at real service but battens on the vices, weaknesses, and credulity of human nature. West Point and the public service demonstrate that these features of the existing order are not in themselves necessary, either to the highest professional excellence, the distribution of social goods, or the general happiness. It is not because they are indispensable that they are retained, but because society, through natural inertia, is reluctant to assume those broad responsibilities which the progress of civilization has now made it practicable and desirable that it should assume.

A salaried basis for all human industry, except possibly agriculture in certain of its phases, and an adjustment of wages on the basis of needs, are necessary if we are to realize the ideal of equal opportunity. That the tendency of the times is in that direction can scarcely be doubted. The great department store, the railway system from coast to coast, the vast consolidation of industrial enterprises, are healthy symptoms of the universal movement. It is the public duty to help, not hinder, this tendency, and to favor its growth, while restraining unhealthy and corrupt excrescences. With this progressive development will come a greater degree of public control, greater permanence in the relations of employer and employed, and an increased practicability of reaching down to the individual needs of humanity.

Would the universal application of such a system banish discontent from human life? It is not a question of discontent, but of injustice; not of altering human nature, but of restraining its selfishness. The utmost that social progress can hope to accomplish is to remove those causes of discontent which are based upon injustice. And it is a distinct tribute to human nature that discontent with social conditions is relative rather than absolute. The actual quantity of goods which one possesses is of less consequence to most men than inequity of distribution. The pioneer settlers of this country, on a footing of comparative equality, though possessing little of what are deemed necessities to-day, unquestionably enjoyed more real contentment than do their richer posterity, who are confronted at every turn by the unjust distribution of wealth. And to-day the life at West Point, and in a less degree the garrison life at army posts, proves that the more effectually artificial distinctions can be removed, the more genuinely wholesome is the comradeship and good-fellowship of social life.

The grand lesson of West Point is that this ideal system of equality of opportunity, with all that it implies, is a practical working system; and that, wherever put into operation, it does produce the results expected from it. It is the evidence, which many despair of ever seeing, that true democracy may exist in the midst of

great social wealth. The word *true* is used advisedly, for the democracy of West Point is quite as far removed from ochlocracy (dead-levelism) on the one hand, as it is from oligarchy and plutocracy on the other. It recognizes that no social system can march which does not make use of the basic principles of military organization and discipline. Distinctions and grades there must always be, for nature has so decreed; but the only gradation which West Point recognizes is that founded upon justice, and rank therein is determined by worth, and not by wealth or privilege, whether inherited or acquired.

At the recent graduation exercises at the Academy, the Secretary of War said to the graduating class: 'In a world where money is too often made the measure of men . . . the chief reason why the nation has such traditional faith in the graduates of this Academy is because it believes them to have higher ideals and nobler standards.' And on the same occasion a Professor, who was about to retire from active service under operation of law, left in his farewell address this noble conception of service and its reward: 'The law of life is labor, and the joy of life is accomplishment.'

These ideals, and the democratic simplicity and equality of its social life, are the precious gift of West Point to the nation — more important even than the specific technical work which is its official *raison d'être*. War may pass away, and with it the necessity of purely military service; but for every step away from that necessity there will be a longer step toward the necessity of a wider application of these fundamental principles of our military system. We may conceivably cease to need an army, but we shall never cease to need West Point.

Steadily, yet surely, public authority is laying its powerful arm upon all human activity. More and more it is grappling with those vital problems which have been looked upon hitherto as being outside its legitimate province. Entrenched opinion affects to view this tendency with alarm; but if it be held to be true to the democratic ideal of West Point, then every fresh advance will be a new triumph for civilization.

HIS CHRISTMAS MIRACLE

BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK

He yearned for a sign from the heavens. Could one intimation be vouchsafed him, how it would confirm his faltering faith! Jubal Kennedy was of the temperament impervious to spiritual subtleties, fain to reach conclusions with the line and rule of mathematical demonstration. Thus, all unreceptive, he looked through the mountain gap, as through some stupendous gateway, on the splendors of autumn: the vast landscape glamorous in a transparent amethystine haze; the foliage of the dense primeval wilderness in the October richness of red and russet; the 'hunter's moon,' a full sphere of illuminated pearl, high in the blue east while yet the dull vermilion sun swung westering above the massive purple heights. He knew how the sap was sinking; that the growths of the year had now failed; presently all would be shrouded in snow, but only to rise again in the reassurance of vernal quickening, to glow anew in the fullness of bloom, to attain eventually the perfection of fruition. And still he was deaf to the reiterated analogy of death, and blind to the immanent obvious prophecy of resurrection and the life to come.

His thoughts, as he stood on this jutting crag in Sunrise Gap, were with a recent 'experience meeting' at which he had sought to canvass his spiritual needs. His demand of a sign from the heavens as evidence of the existence of the God of revelation, as assurance of the awakening of divine grace in the human heart, as actual proof that wistful mortality is inherently endowed with immortality, had electrified this symposium. Though it was fashionable, so to speak, in this remote cove among the Great Smoky Mountains, to be repentant in rhetorical involutions and a self-accuser in fine-spun interpretations of sin, doubt, or more properly an eager questioning, a desire to possess the sacred mysteries of religion, was unprecedented. Kennedy was a proud man, reticent, reserved. Although the old parson, visibly surprised and startled, had gently invited his full confidence, Kennedy had hastily swallowed his words, as best he might, perceiving that the congregation had wholly misinterpreted their true intent and that certain gossips had an unholy relish of the sensation they had caused.

Thereafter he indulged his poignant longings for the elucidation of the veiled truths only when, as now, he wandered deep in the woods with his rifle on his shoulder. He could not have said today that he was nearer an inspiration, a hope, a 'leading,' than heretofore, but as he stood on the crag it was with the effect of a dislocation that he was torn from the solemn theme by an interruption at a vital crisis.

The faint vibrations of a violin stirred the reverent hush of the landscape in the blended light of the setting sun and the 'hunter's moon.' Presently the musician came into view, advancing slowly through the aisles of the red autumn forest. A rapt figure it was, swaying in responsive ecstasy

with the rhythmic cadence. The head, with its long, blowsy yellow hair, was bowed over the dark polished wood of the instrument; the eyes were half closed; the right arm, despite the eccentric patches on the sleeve of the old brown-jeans coat, moved with free, elastic gestures in all the liberties of a practiced bowing. If he saw the hunter motionless on the brink of the crag, the fiddler gave no intimation. His every faculty was as if enthralled by the swinging iteration of the sweet melancholy melody, rendered with a breadth of effect, an inspiration, it might almost have seemed, incongruous with the infirmities of the crazy old fiddle. He was like a creature under the sway of a spell, and apparently drawn by this dulcet lure of the enchantment of sound was the odd procession that trailed silently after him through these deep mountain fastnesses.

A woman came first, arrayed in a ragged purple skirt and a yellow blouse open at the throat, displaying a slender white neck which upheld a face of pensive, inert beauty. She clasped in her arms a delicate infant, ethereal of aspect with its flaxen hair, transparently pallid complexion, and wide blue eyes. It was absolutely quiescent, save that now and then it turned feebly in its waxen hands a little striped red-and-yellow pomegranate. A sturdy blond toddler trudged behind, in a checked blue cotton frock, short enough to disclose cherubic pink feet and legs bare to the knee; he carried that treasure of rural juveniles, a cornstalk violin. An old hound, his tail suavely wagging, padded along the narrow path; and last of all came, with frequent pause to crop the wayside herbage, a large cow, brindled red and white.

'The whole fambly!' muttered Kennedy. Then, aloud, 'Why don't you uns kerry the baby, Basil Bedell, an' give yer wife a rest?'

At the prosaic suggestion the crystal realm of dreams was shattered. The bow, with a quavering discordant scrape upon the strings, paused. Then Bedell slowly mastered the meaning of the interruption.

'Kerry the baby? Why, Aurely won't let none but herself tech that baby.' He laughed as he tossed the tousled yellow hair from his face, and looked over his shoulder to speak to the infant. 'It air sech a plumb special delightsome peach, it air, — it air!'

The pale face of the child lighted up with a smile of recognition and a faint gleam of mirth.

'I jes' kem out ennyhows ter drive up the cow,' Basil added.

'Big job,' sneered Kennedy. ''Pears-like it takes the whole fambly to do it.'

Such slothful mismanagement was calculated to affront an energetic spirit. Obviously, at this hour the woman should be at home cooking the supper.

'I follered along ter listen ter the fiddle, — ef ye hev enny call ter know.' Mrs. Bedell replied to his unspoken thought, as if by divination.

But indeed such strictures were not heard for the first time. They were in some sort the penalty of the disinterested friendship which Kennedy had harbored for Basil since their childhood. He wished that his compeer might prosper in such simple wise as his own experience had proved to be amply possible. Kennedy's earlier incentive to industry had been his intention to marry, but the object of his affections had found him 'too mortal solemn,' and without a word of warning had married another man in a distant cove. The element of treachery in this event had gone far to reconcile the jilted lover to his future, bereft of her companionship, but the habit of industry thus formed had continued

of its own momentum. It had resulted in forehanded thrift; he now possessed a comfortable holding, — cattle, house, ample land; and he had all the intolerance of the ant for the cricket. As Bedell lifted the bow once more, every wincing nerve was enlisted in arresting it in mid-air.

"Mighty long tramp fur Bobbie, thar, — why 'n't ye kerry him?'

The imperturbable calm still held fast on the musician's face. 'Bob,' he addressed the toddler, 'will you uns let daddy kerry ye like a baby?'

He swooped down as if to lift the child, the violin and bow in his left hand. The hardy youngster backed off precipitately.

'Don't ye *dare* ter do it!' he virulently admonished his parent, a resentful light in his big blue eyes. Then, as Bedell sang a stave in a full rich voice, 'Bye-oh, Baby!' Bob vociferated anew, 'Don't you *begin* ter dare ter do it!' every inch a man though a little one.

'That's the kind of a fambly I hev got,' Basil commented easily. 'Wife an' boy an' baby all walk over me, — plumb stomp on me! Jes' enough lef' of me ter play the fiddle a leetle once in a while.'

'Mighty nigh all the while, I be afeared,' Kennedy corrected the phrase. 'How did yer corn crap turn out?' he asked, as he too fell into line and the procession moved on once more along the narrow path.

'Well enough,' said Basil; 'we uns hev got a sufficiency.' Then, as if afraid of seeming boastful he qualified, 'Ye know I hain't got but one muel ter feed, an' the cow thar. My sheep gits thar pastur' on the volunteer grass 'mongst the rocks, an' I hev jes' got a few head ennyhows.'

'But *why* hain't ye got more, Basil? Why 'n't ye work more and quit wastin' yer time on that old fool fiddle?'

The limits of patience were reached. The musician fired up. "'Kase,' he retorted, 'I make enough. I hev got grace enough ter be thankful fur sech ez be vouchsafed ter me. *I* ain't wantin' no meracle.'

Kennedy flushed, following in silence while the musician annotated his triumph by a series of gay little harmonics, and young Hopeful, trudging in the rear, executed a soundless fantasia on the cornstalk fiddle with great brilliancy of technique.

'You uns air talkin' 'bout what I said at the meetin' las' month,' Kennedy observed at length.

'An' so be all the mounting,' Aurelia interpolated with a sudden fierce joy of reproof.

Kennedy winced visibly.

'The folks all 'low ez ye be no better than an onbeliever.' Aurelia was bent on driving the blade home. 'The idee of axin' fur a meracle at this late day, — so ez *ye* kin be satisfied in yer mind ez ye hev got grace! Providence, though merciful, air *obleeged* ter know ez sech air plumb scandalous an' redic'lous.'

'Why, Aurely, hesh up,' exclaimed her husband, startled from his wonted leniency. 'I hev never hearn ye talk in sech a key, — yer voice sounds plumb out o' tune. I be plumb sorry, Jube, ez I spoke ter you uns 'bout a meracle at all. But I war consider'ble nettled by yer words, ye see, — 'kase I know I be a powerful, lazy, shif'less cuss —'

'Ye know a lie, then,' his helpmeet interrupted promptly.

'Why, Aurely, hesh up, — ye — ye — *woman*, ye!' he concluded injuriously. Then resuming his remarks to Kennedy, 'I know I *do* fool away a deal of my time with the fiddle —'

'The sound of it is like bread ter me, — I could n't live without it,' interposed the unconquered Aurelia. 'Sometimes it minds me o' the singin' o' runnin' water in a lonesome place.

Then agin it minds me o' seein' sunshine in a dream. An' sometimes it be sweet an' high an' fur off, like a voice from the sky, tellin' what no mortial ever knowed before, — an' *then* it minds me o' the tune them angels sung ter the shepherds abidin' in the fields. I *could n't* live without it.'

'Woman, hold yer jaw!' Basil proclaimed comprehensively. Then, renewing his explanation to Kennedy, 'I kin see that I don't purvide fur my fambly ez I ought ter do, through hatin' work and lovin' to play the fiddle.'

'I ain't goin' ter hear my home an' hearth reviled.' Aurelia laid an imperative hand on her husband's arm. 'Ye know ye could n't make more out'n sech ground, — though I ain't faultin' our land, neither. We uns hev enough an' ter spare, all we need an' more than we deserve. We don't need ter ax a meracle from the skies ter stay our souls on faith, nor a sign ter prove our grace.'

'Now, now, *stop*, Aurely! — I declar', Jube, I dunno what made me lay my tongue ter sech a word ez that thar miser'ble benighted meracle! I be powerful sorry I hurt yer feelin's, Jube; folks seekin' salvation git mightily mis-put sometimes, an' —'

'I don't want ter hear none o' yer views on religion,' Kennedy interrupted gruffly. An apology often augments the sense of injury. In this instance it also annulled the provocation, for his own admission put Bedell hopelessly in the wrong. 'Ez a friend I war argufyin' with ye agin' yer waste o' time with that old fool fiddle. Ye hev got wife an' children, an' yit not so well off in this worl's gear ez me, a single man. I misdoubts ef ye hev hunted a day since the craps war laid by, or hev got a pound o' jerked venison stored up fer winter. But this air yer home,' — he pointed upward at a little clearing beginning, as they approached, to be visible amidst the forest, — 'an' ef ye air satisfied with sech ez it be, that comes from laziness stiddier a contented sperit.'

With this caustic saying he suddenly left them, the procession standing silently staring after him as he took his way through the woods in the dusky red shadows of the autumnal gloaming.

Aurelia's vaunted home was indeed a poor place, — not even the rude though substantial log-cabin common to the region. It was a flimsy shanty of boards, and except for its rickety porch was more like a box than a house. It had its perch on a jutting eminence, where it seemed the familiar of the skies, so did the clouds and winds circle about it. Through the great gateway of Sunrise Gap it commanded a landscape of a scope that might typify a world, in its multitude of mountain ranges, in the intricacies of its intervening valleys, in the glittering coils of its water-courses. Basil would sometimes sink into deep silences, overpowered by the majesty of nature in this place. After a long hiatus the bow would tremble and falter on the strings as if overawed for a time; presently the theme would strengthen, expand, resound with large meaning, and then he would send forth melodies that he had never before played or heard, his own dream, the reflection of that mighty mood of nature in the limpid pool of his receptive mind.

Around were rocks, crags, chasms, — the fields which nourished the family lay well from the verge, within the purlieus of the limited mountain plateau. He had sought to persuade himself that it was to save all the arable land for tillage that he had placed his house and door-yard here, but both he and Aurelia were secretly aware of the subterfuge; he would fain be always within the glamour of the prospect through Sunrise Gap!

Their interlocutor had truly deemed that the woman should have been earlier at home cooking the supper. Dusk had deepened to darkness long before the meal smoked upon the board. The spinning-wheel had begun to whir for her evening stent when other hill-folks had betaken themselves to bed. Basil puffed his pipe before the fire; the flicker and flare pervaded every nook of the bright little house. Strings of red-pepper-pods flaunted in festoons from the beams; the baby slumbered under a gay quilt in his rude cradle, never far from his mother's hand, but the bluff little boy was still up and about, although his aspect, round and burly, in a scanty nightgown, gave token of recognition of the fact that bed was his appropriate place. His shrill plaintive voice rose ever and anon wakefully.

'I wanter hear a bear tale, — I wanter hear a bear tale.'

Thus Basil must needs knock the ashes from his pipe the better to devote himself to the narration, — a prince of raconteurs, to judge by the spell-bound interest of the youngster who stood at his knee and hung on his words. Even Aurelia checked the whir of her wheel to listen smilingly. She broke out laughing in appreciative pleasure when Basil took up the violin to show how a jovial old bear, who intruded into this very house one day when all the family were away at the church in the cove, and who mistook the instrument for a banjo, addressed himself to picking out this tune, singing the while a quaint and ursine lay. Basil embellished the imitation with a masterly effect of realistic growls.

'Ef ye keep goin' at that gait, Basil,' Aurelia admonished him, 'daylight will ketch us all wide awake around the fire, — no wonder the child won't go to bed.' She seemed suddenly impressed with the pervasive cheer. 'What a fool that man, Jube Kennedy, must be! How *could* ennybody hev a sweeter darling-er home than we uns hev got hyar in Sunrise Gap!'

On the languorous autumn a fierce winter ensued. The cold came early. The deciduous growths of the forests were leafless ere November waned, rifled by the riotous marauding winds. December set in with the gusty snow flying fast. Drear were the gray skies; ghastly the sheeted ranges. Drifts piled high in bleak ravines, and the grim gneissoid crags were begirt with gigantic icicles. But about the little house in Sunrise Gap that kept so warm a heart, the holly trees showed their glad green leaves and the red berries glowed with a mystic significance.

As the weeks wore on, the place was often in Kennedy's mind, although he had not seen it since that autumn afternoon when he had bestirred himself to rebuke its owner concerning the inadequacies of the domestic provision. His admonition had been kindly meant and had not deserved the retort, the flippant ridicule of his spiritual yearnings. Though he still winced from the recollection, he was sorry that he had resisted the importunacy of Basil's apology. He realized that Aurelia had persisted to the limit of her power in the embitterment of the controversy, but even Aurelia he was disposed to forgive as time passed on. When Christmas Day dawned, the vague sentiment began to assume the definiteness of a purpose, and noontide found him on his way to Sunrise Gap.

There was now no path through the woods; the snow lay deep over all, unbroken save at long intervals when queer footprints gave token of the stirring abroad of the sylvan gentry, and he felt an idle interest in distinguishing the steps of wolf and fox, of opossum and weasel. In the intrica-

cies of the forest aisles, amid laden boughs of pine and fir, there was a suggestion of darkness, but all the sky held not enough light to cast the shadow of a bole on the white blank spaces of the snow-covered ground. A vague blue haze clothed the air; yet as he drew near the mountain brink, all was distinct in the vast landscape, the massive ranges and alternating valleys in infinite repetition.

He wondered when near the house that he had not heard the familiar barking of the old hound; then he remembered that the sound of his horse's hoofs was muffled by the snow. He was glad to be unheralded. He would like to surprise Aurelia into geniality before her vicarious rancor for Basil's sake should be roused anew. As he emerged from the thick growths of the holly, with the icy scintillations of its clustering green leaves and red berries, he drew rein so suddenly that the horse was thrown back on his haunches. The rider sat as if petrified in the presence of an awful disaster.

The house was gone! Even the site had vanished! Kennedy stared bewildered. Slowly the realization of what had chanced here began to creep through his brain. Evidently there had been a gigantic landslide. The cliff-like projection was broken sheer off, — hurled into the depths of the valley. Some action of subterranean waters, throughout ages, doubtless, had been undermining the great crags till the rocky crust of the earth had collapsed. He could see even now how the freeze had fractured out-cropping ledges where the ice had gathered in the fissures. A deep abyss that he remembered as being at a considerable distance from the mountain's brink, once spanned by a foot-bridge, now showed the remnant of its jagged, shattered walls at the extreme verge of the precipice.

A cold chill of horror benumbed his senses. Basil, the wife, the children, — where were they? A terrible death, surely, to be torn from the warm securities of the hearth-stone, without a moment's warning, and hurled into the midst of this frantic turmoil of nature, down to the depths of the gap, — a thousand feet below! And at what time had this dread fate befallen his friend? He remembered that at the cross-roads' store, when he had paused on his way to warm himself that morning, some gossip was detailing the phenomenon of unseasonable thunder during the previous night, while others protested that it must have been only the clamors of 'Christmas guns' firing all along the country-side. 'A turrible clap, it was,' the raconteur had persisted. 'Sounded ez ef all creation hed split apart.' Perhaps, therefore, the catastrophe might be recent. Kennedy could scarcely command his muscles as he dismounted and made his way slowly and cautiously to the verge.

Any deviation from the accustomed routine of nature has an unnerving effect, unparalleled by disaster in other sort: no individual danger or doom, the aspect of death by drowning, or gunshot, or disease, can so abash the reason and stultify normal expectation. Kennedy was scarcely conscious that he saw the vast disorder of the landslide, scattered from the precipice on the mountain's brink to the depths of the Gap — inverted roots of great pines thrust out in mid-air, foundations of crags riven asunder and hurled in monstrous fragments along the steep slant, unknown streams newly liberated from the caverns of the range and cascading from the crevices of the rocks. In effect he could not believe his own eyes. His mind realized the perception of his senses only when his heart suddenly plunged with a wild hope, — he had discerned amongst the

turmoil a shape of line and rule, the little box-like hut! Caught as it was in the boughs of a cluster of pines and firs, uprooted and thrust out at an incline a little less than vertical, the inmates might have been spared such shock of the fall as would otherwise have proved fatal. Had the house been one of the substantial log-cabins of the region its timbers must have been torn one from another, the daubing and chinking scattered as mere atoms. But the more flimsy character of the little dwelling had thus far served to save it, — the interdependent 'framing' of its structure held fast; the upright studding and boards, nailed stoutly on, rendered it indeed the box that it looked. It was, so to speak, built in one piece, and no part was subjected to greater strain than another. But should the earth cave anew, should the tough fibres of one of those gigantic roots tear out from the loosened friable soil, should the elastic supporting branches barely sway in some errant gust of wind, the little box would fall hundreds of feet, cracked like a nut, shattering against the rocks of the levels below.

He wondered if the inmates yet lived, — he pitied them still more if they only existed to realize their peril, to await in an anguish of fear their ultimate doom. Perhaps — he knew he was but trifling with despair — some rescue might be devised.

Such a weird cry he set up on the brink of the mountain! — full of horror, grief, and that poignant hope. The echoes of the Gap seemed reluctant to repeat the tones, dull, slow, muffled in snow. But a sturdy halloo responded from the window, uppermost now, for the house lay on its side amongst the boughs. Kennedy thought he saw the pallid simulacrum of a face.

'This be Jube Kennedy,' he cried, reassuringly. 'I be goin' ter fetch help, — men, ropes, and a windlass.'

'Make haste then, — we uns be nigh friz.'

'Ye air in no danger of fire, then?' asked the practical man.

'We hev hed none, — before we war flunged off 'n the bluff we hed squinched the fire ter pledjure Bob, ez he war afeard Santy Claus would scorch his feet comin' down the chimbley, — powerful lucky fur we uns; the fire would hev burnt the house bodaciously.'

Kennedy hardly stayed to hear. He was off in a moment, galloping at frantic speed along the snowy trail scarcely traceable in the sad light of the gray day; taking short cuts through the densities of the laurel; torn by jagged rocks and tangles of thorny growths and broken branches of great trees; plunging now and again into deep drifts above concealed icy chasms, and rescuing with inexpressible difficulty the floundering struggling horse; reaching again the open sheeted roadway, bruised, bleeding, exhausted, yet furiously plunging forward, rousing the sparsely settled country-side with imperative insistence for help in this matter of life or death!

Death, indeed, only, — for the enterprise was pronounced impossible by those more experienced than Kennedy. Among the men now on the bluff were several who had been employed in the silver mines of this region, and they demonstrated conclusively that a rope could not be worked clear of the obstructions of the face of the rugged and shattered cliffs; that a human being, drawn from the cabin, strapped in a chair, must needs be torn from it and flung into the abyss below, or beaten to a frightful death against the jagged rocks in the transit.

'But not ef the chair war ter be steadied by a guy-rope from — say — from that thar old pine tree over thar,' Kennedy insisted, indicating the long bole of a partially uprooted and in-

verted tree on the steeps. 'The chair would swing cl'ar of the bluff then.'

'But, Jube, it is onpossible ter git a guy-rope over ter that tree, — more than a man's life is wuth ter try it.'

A moment ensued of absolute silence, — space, however, for a hard-fought battle. The aspect of that mad world below, with every condition of creation reversed; a mistake in the adjustment of the winch and gear by the excited, reluctant, disapproving men; an overstrain on the fibres of the long-used rope; a slip on the treacherous ice; the dizzy whirl of the senses that even a glance downward at those drear depths set astir in the brain, — all were canvassed within his mental processes, all were duly realized in their entirety ere he said with a spare dull voice and dry lips, —

'Fix ter let me down ter that thar leanin' pine, boys, — I'll kerry a guy-rope over thar.'

At one side the crag beetled, and although it was impossible thence to reach the cabin with a rope it would swing clear of obstructions here, and might bring the rescuer within touch of the pine, where could be fastened the guy-rope; the other end would be affixed to the chair which could be lowered to the cabin only from the rugged face of the cliff. Kennedy harbored no self-deception; he more than doubted the outcome of the enterprise. He quaked and turned pale with dread as with the great rope knotted about his arm-pits and around his waist he was swung over the brink at the point where the crag jutted forth, — lower and lower still; now nearing the slanting inverted pine, caught amidst the débris of earth and rock; now failing to reach its boughs; once more swinging back to a great distance, so did the length of the rope increase the scope of the pendulum; now nearing the pine again, and at last fairly lodged on the icy bole, knotting and coiling about it the end of the guy-rope, on which he had come and on which he must needs return.

It seemed, through the inexpert handling of the little group, a long time before the stout arm-chair was secured to the cables, slowly lowered, and landed at last on the outside of the hut. Many an anxious glance was cast at the slate-gray sky. An inopportune flurry of snow, a flaw of wind, — and even now all would be lost. Dusk too impended, and as the rope began to coil on the windlass at the signal to hoist every eye was strained to discern the identity of the first voyagers in this aërial journey, — the two children, securely lashed to the chair. This was well, — all felt that both parents might best wait, might risk the added delay. The chair came swinging easily, swiftly, along the gradations of the rise, the guy-rope holding it well from the chances of contact with the jagged projections of the face of the cliff, and the first shout of triumph rang sonorously from the summit.

When next the chair rested on the cabin beside the window, a thrill of anxiety and anger went through Kennedy's heart to note, from his perch on the leaning pine, a struggle between husband and wife as to who should go first. Each was eager to take the many risks incident to the long wait in this precarious lodgment. The man was the stronger. Aurelia was forced into the chair, tied fast, pushed off, waving her hand to her husband, shedding floods of tears, looking at him for the last time, as she fancied, and calling out dismally, 'Far'well, Basil, far'well.'

Even this lugubrious demonstration could not damp the spirits of the men, working like mad at the windlass. They were jovial enough for bursts of laughter when it became apparent that Basil had utilized the ensuing in-

terval to tie together, in preparation for the ascent with himself, the two objects which he next most treasured, his violin and his old hound. The trusty chair bore all aloft, and Basil was received with welcoming acclamations.

Before the rope was wound anew and for the last time, the aspect of the group on the cliff had changed. It had grown eerie, indistinct. The pines and firs showed no longer their semper-virent green, but were black amid the white tufted lines on their branches, that still served to accentuate their symmetry. The vale had disappeared in a sinister abyss of gloom, though Kennedy would not look down at its menace, but upward, always upward. Thus he saw, like some radiant and splendid star, the first torch whitely aglow on the brink of the precipice. It opened long avenues of light adown the snowy landscape, — soft blue shadows trailed after it, like half-descried draperies of elusive hovering beings. Soon the torch was duplicated; another and then another began to glow. Now several drew together, and like a constellation glimmered crown-like on the brow of the night, as he felt the rope stir with the signal to hoist.

Upward, always upward, his eyes on that radiant stellular coronal, as it shone white and splendid in the snowy night. And now it had lost its mystic glamour, — disintegrated by gradual approach he could see the long handles of the pine-knots; the red verges of the flame; the blue and yellow tones of the focus; the trailing wreaths of dun-tinted smoke that rose from them. Then became visible the faces of the men who held them, all crowding eagerly to the verge. But it was in a solemn silence that he was received; a drear cold darkness, every torch being struck downward into the snow; a frantic haste in unharnessing him from the ropes, for he was almost frozen. He was hardly apt enough to interpret this as an emotion too deep for words, but now and again, as he was disentangled, he felt about his shoulders a furtive hug, and more than one pair of the ministering hands must needs pause to wring his own hands hard. They practically carried him to a fire that had been built in a sheltered place in one of those grottoes of the region, locally called 'Rock-houses.' Its cavernous portal gave upon a dark interior, and not until they had turned a corner in a tunnel-like passage was revealed an arched space in a rayonnant suffusion of light, the fire itself obscured by the figures about it. His eyes were caught first by the aspect of a youthful mother with a golden-haired babe on her breast; close by showed the head and horns of a cow; the mule was mercifully sheltered too, and stood near, munching his fodder; a cluster of sheep pressed after the steps of half a dozen men, that somehow in the clear-obscure reminded him of the shepherds of old summoned by good tidings of great joy.

A sudden figure started up with streaming white hair and patriarchal beard.

'Will ye deny ez ye hev hed a sign from the heavens, Jubal Kennedy?' the old circuit-rider straitly demanded. 'How could ye hev strengthened yer heart fur sech a deed onless the grace o' God prevailed mightily within ye? Inasmuch as ye hev done it unto one o' the least o' these my brethren, ye hev done it unto me.'

'That ain't the *kind* o' sign, parson,' Kennedy faltered. 'I be lookin' fur a meracle in the yearth or in the air, that I kin view or hear.'

'The kingdom o' Christ is a spiritual kingdom,' said the parson solemnly. 'The kingdom o' Christ is a *spiritual* kingdom, an' great are the wonders that are wrought therein.'

THE KINGDOM OF ALL-SOULS

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

I HEARD in my youth of a Kingdom, lying far at the whole world's end,
And pilgrim-wise I clothed myself in my boyhood there to wend;
Through the beautiful, the dutiful, the holy highway ran,
So was I told, and it stretched through the midst of all the glory of man;
And all men spoke of the Kingdom, when they looked on my face of joy,
And the souls of the dead spun the golden thread in the heart of the silent boy.
So I lived with beauty and duty long; and I flourished in noble years;
But I came not nigh to the Kingdom thereby; and my youth was thronged with fears;
For he who seeks only the Kingdom, goes lonely, however it be at the prime;
Now, in man's estate, perplexed, desolate, I looked forward and back through time.

For a curious thing had happened in the lands where eternally
Blows the mighty breath of the Trades of Death by the old remembering sea;
Incredible was the leap and sweep of my astonished sense;
Stars in their burning unveiled to me yearning their spirit-throngs intense;
And on glimmering seas Tripolitan borne, bright as to Jacob's eye,
I saw, all the night, forms whose substance was light move in the gold on high;
And on earth the fire-fountains and snowy mountains that first poured the power of man,
Blue blown spaces and sandy places where his racing raptures ran;
And whatever his soul has fashioned fairest, carved or painted or sung,
On my eyes, in my ears, on my moving lips, ever divinely hung.

Then was I ware in my mystic self of a discord shaping there,
And a darkness filmed my outward eye and netted the visual air;
Man in the strife of his sorrowing life had such power upon my sight;
In the stench and murk of Sicilian mines I lost my ways of light;
For a youth with a torch came gazing on me, with the nude archaic line
That I loved in the marbles of Athens, and the fire of his soul sank in mine;
The woe of his eyes, the want of his limbs, the intimate look of his soul, —
Who shall measure the wave of passion that from spirit to spirit may roll!

And, year after year, grew poverty dear; and thereat I wondered then,
That my soul issued first unto wan lives accurst in the loveliest lands of men.

Then I said to my Spirit beside me tall: ' I have fear — this is some charm
That the Impish Ones have wrought upon me to do me malignant harm,
That for the blood-wasted and beauty-blasted I lay bright worship by, —
Hover above it — sink in it — love it, — 't is some charm of the Evil Eye!'
But my Spirit beside gathered height in his pride. Then a greater wonder arose,
Whereat my delicate being aloof with the horror thereof froze;
For I saw in the den of a prison-pen, on a peak of Argos' coast,
Men whom whips compel, mould as in hell the matrix of the Host;
Murderers, thieves, and every brood of dark and heinous sin
Forged in that shed the seal of God's Bread, that stamps Christ's name therein.

Since then I have taken man's hands in mine, and nevermore felt shame,
Such unearthly light upon my soul-sight in that flooding moment came;
And I mixed with all races in primitive places, wherever we might meet
In the gangway of the nations, drunken tavern, desert street;
And I saw men's souls unsheltered and bare, as one seeth eye to eye, —
This the wonder, this the marvel, that my nature, all awry,
Trembling ever turned most truly to the lower and the worse.
Then I said, abashed, to my Spirit, who flashed: ' This is some terrible curse
That Heavenly Wrath sends on my path, that I lose from my soul the awe
Of all justice human, eternal, — I, who was born within the law!'

Then my Spirit brightened as a cloud that lightened; and I heard o'er confusions within
The Voice that comes over chaos when a new world shall begin:
'I have cleansed thy eyes of beauty; I have cleansed thy heart of duty;
I am soul that brightens from thee, seeing spiritual beauty,
Greatens, doing spiritual duty; incorruptible is spirit, —
Nought to thee the vesture meaneth, gleam or gloom that men inherit;
Thou art waking in the Kingdom, where through shadows half-divined
The dark planet moves up slowly to the glory of the mind;
Past the sensual, past the moral, now thy being newly rolls, —
Thou art living, thou art breathing, in the Kingdom of All-Souls!'

I lay in the darkness hushed and o'erawed, as the sense of the words sank in, —
One human spirit that all men inherit, undeprived by their woe or their sin;
No curst servile races, no virtue-throned places! — and splendors o'er me ran, —
Above me immense, gathering light intense, with the beautiful form of man,

The Spirit stood bright in angelical might, and his countenance beamed afar,
Born with our birth for dominion o'er earth, Master and Lord of our Star;
Heaven shook with the rays from his arrowy hand, and the stars in the zenith grew wan, —
I saw, I know, in that mighty glow the foregleam of some dawn;
And as a gold pillar of sunrise that flamed, and a mounting glory showered,
Majestical over my dark form that soul of morning towered.

JAPANESE COMMERCIAL HONOR

BY ARTHUR MAY KNAPP

I

FEW things in the history of modern Japan are better worth noting just now than the curious revulsion of feeling against its people which has prevailed since its recent war, during which the praises of all things Japanese were resounding throughout the Western world. Incidentally, that universal acclaim reveals clearly the one absorbing interest which to-day dominates armed Christendom — proficiency in international slaughter. But in the case of Japan the stirring accounts of her warlike deeds were followed, not merely by a turning away of public attention on the part of the West, but by the rise of a spirit of criticism and detraction so bitter as to call for some explanation. The one which most naturally suggests itself is that overpraise has borne its legitimate fruit, and the Island Empire is suffering from the former ecstasies of its friends. The multiplicity of criticisms, however, the curious feature of the case, would seem to indicate an actual conspiracy to rob the Japanese of their good name.

Some of the charges brought against them may readily be accounted for, especially the chorus raised by returning travelers to the effect that the Japanese had been enormously overrated, and that there was nothing in them to correspond to the panegyrics which had been lavished upon them. It was wholly natural that the average tourist, after feeding upon the sloppy optimism of Sir Edwin Arnold concerning his experience there, should be grievously disillusioned at not finding the angels whom he so rapturously pictured. It is also readily explicable that the army of readers in whom the desire to visit Japan had been aroused by Lafcadio Hearn's writings, should have returned bitterly disappointed, and consequently full of the spirit of detraction. They made the mistake of forgetting that Hearn was essentially a poet, unusually endowed with the gift of poetic vision. No other writer upon Japan has so clearly or so truthfully delineated the spirit of the land

and its people; and because the tourist army could not possibly see what he saw, it becomes absurd for them to class his wonderful prose-poems with the rhapsodies of Sir Edwin.

As to the recrudescence of racial prejudice following the termination of the war, it may be said, that entirely apart from its excitation by the labor element in the Western coast states, it had a distinctly rational basis in the underlying determination of the American people, in view of the one tremendous racial problem now on their hands, not to be confronted with another.

Far less explicable, and in fact only to be accounted for by the existence of an actual conspiracy, recently denounced in the United States Senate, is the persistent recurrence of the newspaper talk about Japanese designs upon America, a charge at which the people of the Empire are amazed, and at which its government stands aghast. Possibly these attempts of the American yellow press to foster strife between the two countries, without either cause or conceivable pretext, would now be abandoned were it generally known, as after nearly a quarter of a century of contact with its people I would unhesitatingly testify, that in Japanese hearts America is by far the most favored nation on earth. They regard it as their mother country, even as we are at last coming to regard England. It is in truth the mother of their modern life. Commodore Perry to-day is enrolled among their national saints, the Fourth of July is observed as one of the chief festivals of the year and the name of George Washington appeals to the youth of the land as does no other name in all history. Wholly inexplicable to all American residents in the country is the ever recurring war-talk in the United States, as evidenced by the fact that invariably they have had to await the arrival of the Western papers in order to get any 'war' news. When it is further added that the Japanese government, instead of being the pack of fools which it would be if it cherished any design of attacking America, is not only one of the most level-headed governing bodies in the world, but is intensely aware of the power of our nation and the value of its friendship, it would seem to be high time that this senseless bogey of possible war between the two countries should be given final burial.

Of far more importance, as affecting the interests of both nations, is the impression gaining popular credence throughout the West that in the great race now on for prizes in the world of industry and trade, Japan must be barred out because of the low standard of commercial honor there prevailing, — a standard impossible in a business world based so thoroughly upon a system of credit as is that of the Occident.

In general comment upon this impression, — unfortunately in some of its aspects the best founded of all the prejudices against the nation which have recently come into vogue, — let me say that while I hold no brief for Japan, yet so exaggerated are the reports which have gained ground, and consequently so unjust is the feeling engendered, that there would seem to be great need, without blinking in the least the facts telling against her credit, of a fair and discriminating analysis of the circumstances in her past hisory and modern life which have fastened this evil reputation upon her, and have made her to-day the pariah of the commercial world. For while there are real reasons why she is so regarded, they are not those upon which the existing prejudice is mainly based; the situation is unfortunate enough without the exaggerated and unreason-

able accretions which have gathered around it.

To cite an instance of the way in which the case is being put, the question which has been most frequently asked me since my return from the East has been this: 'Why is it that the Japanese are so dishonest that they cannot even trust themselves, and have to employ Chinamen at the head of all their great business concerns?' Now upon what does this well-nigh universal impression rest? Its sole source is the sapience of the average tourist, who usually has business relations only with the branches of the three great banks established in the treaty ports. When he cashes his letter of credit he observes the singular fact that the money is being handled by a Chinaman instead of by a native. Here is something worth noting, and the note is at once sent abroad to the effect above mentioned, the simple truth being that these three banks — all of them, by the way, foreign concerns — are the only business houses in the entire empire so conducted; and had our tourist taken the trouble to make inquiry he would have learned that, when Japan was opened and these foreign corporations in China sent their branches into the new field, they sent their Chinese *compradores* with them. The human mind, always swift to jump at conclusions, has seldom displayed its agility more conspicuously than in this instance.

On much the same foundation of unreason is based the inveterate and universal habit of regarding the frequent reports of mercantile trickery and breaches of trust as evidence of general corruption; whereas in Japan, as everywhere throughout the world, it is only the exceptions to the rule which constitute the pabulum of the press. Only defalcations and thefts and dishonesties are deemed news worthy of mention, while no note is made of the hundreds of millions of dollars changing hands every day without the loss of a single cent.

Yet, while all this can be said, and should be said, in the interest of simple justice, it is nevertheless undeniable that in Japan the ideals of commercial honor and the methods adopted in the conduct of business are not what they are in the West, and there is much of which the Occidental may justly complain. All the more, however, is it worth his while to inquire into the real causes of the mercantile conditions there prevailing, if only to temper the harshness of his judgment. A glance at the unique mercantile history of the Empire may thus be of some use in explanation, though not necessarily in justification, of existing business ways and peculiarities.

II

The history underlying the popular impression as to the comparative merits of the Chinese and the Japanese is of peculiar interest in this line of explanation, inasmuch as it tells almost the whole story. The fact that in the olden days in Japan the merchant was placed and rigidly held at the bottom of the social scale, and the soldier at the top, while in China exactly the reverse was the case, fully explains why Japan has produced a splendid soldiery, and has wofully suffered in her mercantile life, while the army of China has been the sport of the nations though her merchants have attained a high place in the world of business credit.

This is a difference between the two peoples often noted and commented upon; and particularly unfortunate is it just now for Japan, preëminently a peaceful and industrial nation, ambitious only to gain a standing in the commercial field, to be handicapped

by an evil reputation arising from her ancient prejudice against mercantile life. A further glance at her history, however, reveals the fact that her attitude toward the merchant was not a mere prejudice, but a necessity incident to her peculiar isolation.

When, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the policy of complete seclusion was decided upon, the government was confronted with the problem of furnishing supplies for a large and rapidly growing population, — forbidden to emigrate, forbidden almost without exception to trade with other countries, — on a small group of islands, only one twelfth of whose area was available for cultivation. This problem, it may well be imagined, must have grown more serious every year, especially in view of the profound peace which prevailed for two centuries and a half, thus completely doing away with the check to over-population furnished by the war-waste. The leading and most natural result of this situation was the exaltation of the farming class. The cultivation of the soil was raised to the dignity of a profession, nay, even of a fine art, especially in the provinces directly under the control of the Shogunate. Every effort was made by the government, not only to improve the condition, but also to cultivate the self-respect of the agricultural classes. It was thus that the farmer came to rank next to the Samurai in the social scale, and that his interests came to be so assiduously cherished.

As if to emphasize his importance, the merchant was put below him in rank, and no farmer was even allowed to become a merchant without the consent of the government; the idea being that this was a lowering of his position, and that the dignity of the cultivator of the soil should be preserved. While one result of this policy was the creation of a real, and in many respects an ideal democracy, under the guidance of perhaps the most aristocratic government the world has ever seen, another was the affixing of such a social stigma upon the merchant class that the improvement in its moral status to-day is little less than a marvel.

There is also another item from the economic history of the olden day in Japan which should have weight in tempering the harshness of Western judgment. A common complaint made by tourists is that they are obliged to pay for everything far higher prices than the natives are charged; or, in other words, that because they are foreigners they are being fleeced. But a glance at the social conditions by which the people have been educated would reveal the curious fact that throughout Japan's long period of isolation it was an accepted principle that the rich must live for the sake of the poor, and prices have always been based upon the purchaser's rank in society or his presumed ability to pay. This understanding remains largely in force to-day, being fully recognized and acted upon by all favored classes throughout the Empire. The Occidental, coming from lands where the reverse practically holds good, — the poor living for the sake of the rich, — naturally complains of being robbed, as from his point of view he really is; but it is not because he is a foreigner, but because, being a tourist, he is presumably wealthy, and must therefore conform to the custom of the country which permits the poor to levy a tax upon the rich without thereby incurring the slightest imputation of dishonesty.

Much has been written about the transforming ability of the Japanese, and the swiftness with which they have adopted Western ways, but the change in their outward life is a thing easy of

accomplishment compared with a revolution in their mental make-up. The influences of centuries of training are not to be overcome in a day, and it is only fair for the West to give the new nation time to adapt itself to business ways almost the reverse of those in which it has been educated.

Untoward as is the situation for a people whose only eager ambition today is to enter the field of the world's industrial and commercial life, there are several reasons for believing that the handicap under which the nation is laboring will be overcome in a comparatively short time. One reason is that what are called the common people have few superiors in the practice of what is generally termed 'common honesty.' The nation, in other words, is sound at the core. House servants, however much they may profit by their 'squeezes' or commissions, — a recognized custom of domestic life, — can be trusted without reserve and almost without exception. The same is true of the small tradesman, who, in direct contradiction to the rule which prevails in the West, is more likely to be scrupulously honest than is the wholesale merchant. Making a contract for an article for a specified sum, the workman reported to me, when it was finished, that it had cost him a yen and a half less than he had estimated, and he made the new price accordingly.

In the old days, and the custom still holds, the landlord who evicted a defaulting tenant incurred deep social disgrace, it being universally taken for granted that the latter would surely pay his rent if he could. These may be deemed small matters, but they are facts of common experience among all who have lived in the midst of the people, and they are deeply significant. In spite of all that has been said, and of all that with perfect truth can still be said, of mercantile rascalities as practiced by a large contingent of those who have to do with the foreign merchants of the treaty ports, I cannot repress the conviction that the nation as a whole is sound at the core, and that when its people as a whole are denounced as lacking in moral integrity they are greatly maligned. That the rank and file, in spite of the stigma which for centuries was attached to all engaged in mercantile pursuits, have been able, in any degree, to hold fast to their integrity is a fact of the best possible augury for the moral and commercial future of the Empire.

III

Another reason for cherishing the hope that the old order of thought in reference to those engaged in mercantile pursuits will sooner or later cease to be operative, and that they will be accorded the social position which their class holds in the West, is the fact that the influence of the all-powerful government is being constantly exerted toward that end. A decided and most significant change has already been wrought by the action of the Emperor in bestowing peerages upon such merchants, business men, and captains of industry as have become prominent in the field of mercantile life, and have proved in that field their efficiency and integrity. It is wholly impossible to compute the strength and importance of this factor in the building of the new nation and in the furtherance of its ambition to enter upon a commercial career, the history of the Empire having shown that all effective reforms or changes in the life of the people have begun at the top. Whatever the Emperor says goes, and is at once accepted as the law. All the radical changes in administrative affairs, which have of late so astonished the world, furnish decided proof of the immense

power thus exerted from above, — a power just as certain to be felt in social life and customs as in matters of state. Even though the 'cake of custom' is the hardest to break, its power of resistance has been already materially weakened by this wise policy of the Emperor; and the merchant is no longer the pariah of the realm. The entire press of the land unites with the government in exalting his function as the chief means for the furtherance of the national ambition.

Prominent among those who by the Emperor's favor have risen from the social dust into places of highest honor is a family whose history is significant, not only as illustrating the value of imperial favor, but also as eminent proof that the heart of the nation is sound at the core, and that business integrity has persisted in spite of the tremendous odds against which it has labored for centuries. The Mitsui family of Japan have been called the Rothschilds of the East; but while the fame of the latter has gone abroad over the world, the Mitsuis have remained practically unknown except to a few Western merchants who have had extensive dealings with the Orient. The European family owes its great renown to the fact that for a century there has been no slightest stain upon its commercial honor. But its career, it should be remembered, has been passed in a world where business itself has been held in honor; while the Mitsuis, engaged in a pursuit utterly contemned by public sentiment, for three centuries, in spite of the demoralizing influence of the social ban, have been trusted by government and people alike, and have kept the honor of their name unstained. Now, thanks to the new spirit animating the nation, they no longer stand so conspicuously alone. Other great commercial families are being ranged with this one, their members not only enrolled among the peers of the realm, but ranking with the merchant princes of the West as exponents of all that is honorable in the conduct of mercantile affairs. To their number are yearly being added many of the Samurai, or knightly chivalry of old, who once scorned all contact with trade, but who are now entering the field of business affairs, determined to bring to the rescue of their country the fine sense of honor in which they were educated under the ancient régime. That they will eventually succeed in their task, backed as they are by the instinct of common honesty pervading the rank and file, there can be no manner of doubt.

In the meantime, however, the West will not only be called upon to exercise patience in dealing with a people brought up upon an entirely different business basis from that which is the standard here, but it will also have to exercise an extraordinary degree of care. So far as business is a game in which the smartest carries off the prize, the Japanese, as a direct result of their peculiar business training, are contestants by no means to be despised. They are a people with so strong a native aptitude for trading that not even the social stigma cast upon the business of money-making, nor the restricted field in which of old it could be carried on, could wholly repress it. Most curious and interesting are the ways in which this aptitude has asserted itself despite the limitations to which it has been subject. The striking of bargains for gain having been made disreputable, trading as a game, or rather as a contest of wits, has always been a popular amusement. Let a foreigner to-day start a dicker with a Japanese shopman, and the constantly increasing throng of bystanders will look on with intense interest, not so much in the hope that their countryman will win,

as in curiosity to see which will triumph in the contest of wits, every instance of bargaining having come to be regarded as such. Even therefore while money-making has been under the social ban, the perceptions of a by-no-means dull-witted people have been constantly sharpened by it. Now a larger and freer field for the enjoyment of their favorite game, with the added stimulus of personal gain, has been opened to them. If in this field Western tradesmen have expected to find the Japanese mere innocents and children it is more than probable that they have already realized their mistake. The land was indeed fast sealed for centuries, and during those centuries Western business life had far larger opportunities for development; but the Japanese, with their native aptitude for trade, had also in their seclusion a training of their own, and that training has evolved a race of men who in the modern commercial contest of wits will be likely to hold their own.

This basis of trade relations was, perhaps, under the conditions formerly prevailing, not open to so many objections as it now is. The country was then upon a strictly cash basis, as were all the people in their dealings with one another, and therefore little practical harm could ensue from the practice of trade as a contest of wits. But on coming out into a business world based upon credit, the conditions were totally changed. The element of morality lies at the very foundation of a system of credit, and in like measure mere shiftiness or smartness, without reference to moral considerations, is held in stern disfavor. It behooves the Japanese therefore to rid their mercantile operations not only of the social stigma once attaching to them, but also of the peculiar stimulus to dishonest dealing which grew out of the ancient social status. We cannot say, by any means, that the idea of trade as a contest of wits is eliminated from the commercial affairs of the West. Sharpers are here, as everywhere, always in evidence. It is nevertheless, however, true that here the great fabric of commercial life rests upon the foundation of credit, and deep down under that is the popular conviction that honesty is not only the best but the only policy by which credit can be kept alive and operative. It is in this direction that the Samurai spirit of Japan is now moving, and the Samurai are the leaders of the land.

THE PROMISED LAND

BY MARY ANTIN

I

THE long chapter of troubles which led to my father's emigration to America began with his own illness. The doctors sent him to Courland to consult expensive specialists, who prescribed tedious courses of treatment. He was far from cured when my mother also fell ill, and my father had to return to Polotzk to look after the business.

My mother kept her bed for nearly two years, suffering and wasting. The business was ruined and the house was stripped to pay the doctors' and apothecaries' bills, and my father grew old under his worries. Then everything took a sudden turn. My mother began to improve, and at the same time my father was offered a good position as superintendent of a grist-mill.

As soon as my mother could be moved, he took us all out to the mill, about three versts out of town, on the Polota. We had a pleasant cottage there, with the miller's red-headed, freckled family for our only neighbors. If our rooms were barer than they used to be, the sun shone in at all the windows; and as the leaves on the trees grew denser and darker, my mother grew stronger on her feet, and laughter returned to our house as the song-bird to the grove.

We children had a very happy summer. We had never lived in the country before, and we liked the change. It was endless fun to explore the mill; to squeeze into forbidden places, and be pulled out by the angry miller; to tyrannize over the mill-hands, and be worshiped by them in return; to go boating on the river, and discover unvisited nooks, and search the woods and fields for kitchen herbs, and get lost, and be found, a hundred times a week. And what an adventure it was to walk the three versts into town, leaving a trail of perfume from the wild-flower posies we carried to our city friends!

But these good things did not last. The mill changed hands, and the new owner put a protégé of his own in my father's place. So, after a short breathing-spell, we were driven back into the swamp of growing poverty and trouble.

The next year or so my father spent in a restless and fruitless search for a permanent position. My mother had another serious illness, and his own health remained precarious. What he earned did not more than half pay the bills in the end, though we were living very humbly now. Polotzk seemed to reject him, and no other place invited him.

Just at this time occurred one of the periodic anti-semitic movements whereby government officials were wont to clear the forbidden cities of Jews, whom, in the intervals of slack administration of the law, they allowed to maintain an illegal residence in places outside the Pale, on payment of enormous bribes, and at the cost of nameless risks and indignities.

It was a little before Passover that the cry of the hunted thrilled the Jewish world with the familiar fear. The

wholesale expulsion of Jews from Moscow and its surrounding district, at cruelly short notice, was the name of this latest disaster. Where would the doom strike next? The Jews who lived illegally without the Pale turned their possessions into cash and slept in their clothes, ready for immediate flight. Those who lived in the comparative security of the Pale trembled for their brothers and sisters without, and opened wide their doors to afford the fugitives refuge. And hundreds of the latter, preceded by a wail of distress, flocked into the open district, bringing their trouble where trouble was never absent, mingling their tears with the tears that never dried.

The open cities becoming thus suddenly crowded, every man's chance of making a living was diminished in proportion to the number of additional competitors. Hardship, acute distress, ruin for many: thus spread the disaster, ring beyond ring, from the stone thrown by a despotic official into the ever-full river of Jewish persecution.

Passover was celebrated in tears that year. In the story of the Exodus we would have read a chapter of current history, only for us there was no deliverer and no promised land.

But what said some of us at the end of the long service? Not 'May we be next year in Jerusalem,' but 'Next year — in America!' So there was our promised land, and many faces turned toward the West. And if the waters of the Atlantic did not part for them, the wanderers rode its bitter flood by a miracle as great as any the rod of Moses ever wrought.

My father was carried away by the westward movement, glad of his own deliverance, but sore at heart for us whom he left behind. It was the last chance for all of us. We were so far reduced in circumstances that he had to travel with borrowed money to a German port, whence he was forwarded to Boston, with a host of others, at the expense of the Baron de Hirsch Emigration Committee.

I was about ten years old when my father emigrated. I was used to his going away from home, and 'America' did not mean much more to me than 'Kherson,' or 'Odessa,' or any other names of distant places. I understood vaguely, from the gravity with which his plans were discussed, and from references to ships, committees, and other unfamiliar things, that this enterprise was different from previous ones; but my excitement and emotion on the morning of my father's departure were mainly vicarious.

I know the day when 'America' as a world entirely unlike Polotzk lodged in my brain, to become the centre of all my dreams and speculations. Well I know the day! I was in bed, sharing the measles with some of the other children. Mother brought us a thick letter from father, written just before boarding the ship. The letter was full of excitement. There was something in it besides the description of travel, something besides the pictures of crowds of people, of foreign cities, of a ship ready to put out to sea. My father was traveling at the expense of a charitable organization, without means of his own, without plans, to a strange world where he had no friends; and yet he wrote with the confidence of a well-equipped soldier going into battle. The rhetoric is mine. Father simply wrote that the emigration committee was taking good care of everybody, that the weather was fine, and the ship comfortable. But I heard something, as we read the letter together in the darkened room, that was more than the words seemed to say. There was an elation, a hint of triumph, such as had never been in my father's letters before. I cannot tell how I knew it. I felt a stirring, a

straining in my father's letter. It was there, even though my mother stumbled over strange words, even though she cried, as women will when somebody is going away. My father was inspired by a vision. He saw something — he promised us something. It was this *America*. And 'America' became my dream.

If it was nothing new for my father to go far from home in search of his fortune, the circumstances in which he left us were unlike anything we had experienced before. We had absolutely no reliable source of income, no settled home, no immediate prospects. We hardly knew where we belonged in the scheme of our small society. My mother, as a breadwinner, had nothing like her former success. Her health was permanently impaired, her place in the business world had long been filled by others, and there was no capital to start her anew. Her brothers did what they could for her. They were well-to-do, but they all had large families, with marriageable daughters and sons to be bought out of military service. The allowance they made her was generous compared to their means, — affection and duty could not do more, — but there were four of us growing children, and my mother was obliged to make every effort within her power to piece out her income.

How quickly we came down from a large establishment, with servants and retainers, and a place among the best in Polotzk, to a single room hired by the week, and the humblest associations, and the averted heads of former friends! But oftenest it was my mother who turned away her head. She took to using the side streets, to avoid the pitiful eyes of the kind and the scornful eyes of the haughty. Both were turned on her as she trudged from store to store, and from house to house, peddling tea or other ware; and both were hard to bear. Many a winter morning she rose in the dark, to tramp three or four miles in the gripping cold, through the dragging snow, with a pound of tea for a distant customer; and her profit was perhaps twenty kopecks. Many a time she fell on the ice, as she climbed the steep bank on the far side of the Dvina, a heavy basket on each arm. More than once she fainted at the doors of her customers, ashamed to knock as a suppliant where she used to be received as an honored guest. I hope the angels did not have to count the tears that fell on her frostbitten, aching hands as she counted her bitter earnings at night.

And who took care of us children while my mother tramped the streets with her basket? Who but Fetchke? Who but the little housewife of twelve? Sure of our safety was my mother, with Fetchke to watch; sure of our comfort, with Fetchke to cook the soup and divide the scrap of meat and remember the next meal. Joseph was in heder all day; the baby was a quiet little thing; Mashke was no worse than usual. But still there was plenty to do, with order to keep in a crowded room, and the washing, and the mending. And Fetchke did it all. She went to the river with the women to wash the clothes, and tucked her dress up and stood bare-legged in the water, like the rest of them, and beat and rubbed and rinsed with all her might, till our miserable rags gleamed white again.

And I? I usually had a cold, or a cough, or something to disable me; and I never had any talent for housework. If I swept and sanded the floor, polished the samovar, and ran errands, I was doing much. I minded the baby, who did not need much minding. I was willing enough, I suppose, but the hard things were done without my help.

My mother sent me sometimes to deliver a package of tea, and I was proud

to help in business. One day I went across the Dvina and far up 'the other side.' It was a good-sized expedition for me to make alone, and I was not a little pleased with myself when I delivered my package, safe and intact, into the hands of my customer. But the storekeeper was not pleased at all. She sniffed and sniffed, she pinched the tea, she shook it all out on the counter.

'*Na*, take it back,' she said in disgust; 'this is not the tea I always buy. It 's a poorer quality.'

I knew the woman was mistaken. I was acquainted with my mother's several grades of tea. So I spoke up manfully.

'Oh, no,' I said; 'this is the tea my mother always sends you. There is no worse tea.'

Nothing in my life ever hurt me more than that woman's answer to my argument. She laughed — she simply laughed. But I understood, even before she controlled herself sufficiently to make verbal remarks, that I had spoken like a fool, had lost my mother a customer. I had only spoken the truth, but I had not expressed it diplomatically. That was no way to make business.

I felt very sore to be returning home with the tea still in my hand, but I forgot my trouble in watching a summer storm gather, up the river. The few passengers who took the boat with me looked scared as the sky darkened, and the boatman grasped his oars very soberly. It took my breath away to see the signs, but I liked it, and I was much disappointed to get home dry.

When my mother heard of my misadventure she laughed, too, but that was different, and I was able to laugh myself.

This is the way I helped in the housekeeping and in business. I hope it does not appear as if I did not take our situation to heart, for I did — in my own fashion. It was plain, even to an idle dreamer like me, that we were living on the charity of our friends, and barely living at that. It was plain, from my father's letters, that he was scarcely able to support himself in America, and that there was no immediate prospect of our joining him. I realized it all, but I considered it all temporary, and I found plenty of comfort in writing long letters to my father, letters which he treasured for years.

As an instance of what I mean by my own fashion of taking trouble to heart, I recall the day when our household effects were attached for a debt. We had plenty of debts, but the stern creditor who set the law on us this time was none of ours. The claim was against a family to whom my mother sublet two of our three rooms, furnished with her own things. The police officers, who swooped down upon us without warning, as was their habit, asked no questions and paid no heed to explanations. They affixed a seal to every lame chair and cracked pitcher in the place; aye, to every faded petticoat found hanging in the wardrobe. These goods, comprising all our possessions and all our tenants', would presently be removed, to be sold at auction, for the benefit of the creditor.

Lame chairs and faded petticoats, when they are the last one has, have a vital value in the owner's eyes. My mother moved about, weeping distractedly, all the while the officers were in the house. The frightened children cried. Our neighbors gathered to bemoan our misfortune. And over everything was the peculiar dread which only Jews in Russia feel when agents of the government invade their homes.

The fear of the moment was in my heart, as in every other heart there. It was a horrid, oppressive fear. I retired to a quiet corner to grapple with it. I was not given to weeping, but I

must think things out in words. I repeated to myself that the trouble was all about money. Somebody wanted money from our tenant, who had none to give. Our furniture was going to be sold to make this money. It was a mistake, but then the officers would not believe my mother. Still, it was only about money. Nobody was dead, nobody was ill. It was all about *money*. Why, there was plenty of money in Polotzk. My own uncle had many times as much as the creditor claimed. He could buy all our things back, or somebody else could. What did it matter? It was only *money*, and money was got by working, and we were all willing to work. There was nothing gone, nothing lost, as when somebody died. This furniture could be moved from place to place, and so could money be moved, and nothing was lost out of the world by the transfer. *That* was all. If anybody —

Why, what do I see at the window? Breine Malke, our next-door neighbor is — yes, she is smuggling something out of the window! If she is caught! — Oh, I must help! Breine Malke beckons. She wants me to do something. I see — I understand. I must stand in the doorway, to obstruct the view of the officers, who are all engaged in the next room just now. I move readily to my post, but I cannot resist my curiosity. I must look over my shoulder a last time, to see what it is Breine Malke wants to smuggle out.

I can scarcely stifle my laughter. Of all our earthly goods, our neighbor has chosen for salvation a dented bandbox containing a moth-eaten bonnet from my mother's happier days! And I laugh not only from amusement, but also from lightness of heart. For I have succeeded in reducing our catastrophe to its simplest terms, and I find that it is only a trifle, and no matter of life and death.

I could not help it. That was the way it looked to me.

II

I am sure I made as serious efforts as anybody to prepare myself for life in America, on the lines indicated in my father's letters. In America, he wrote, it was no disgrace to work at a trade. Workmen and capitalists were equal. The employer addressed the employee as *you*, not, familiarly, as *thou*. The cobbler and the teacher had the same title, *Mister*. And all the children, boys and girls, Jews and Gentiles, went to school! Education would be ours for the asking, and economic independence also, as soon as we were prepared. So he wanted Fetchke and me to be taught some trade; and my sister was apprenticed to a dressmaker, and I to a milliner.

Fetchke, of course, was successful, and I, of course, was not. Fetchke managed to learn her trade, although most of the time at the dressmaker's she had to spend in sweeping, running errands, and minding the babies — the usual occupations of the apprentice in any trade.

But I — I had to be taken away from the milliner's after a couple of months. I did try, honestly. With all my eyes I watched my mistress build up a chimney-pot of straw and things. I ripped up old bonnets with enthusiasm. I picked up everybody's spools and thimbles, and other far-rolling objects. I did just as I was told, for I was determined to become a famous milliner, since America honored the workman so. But most of the time I was sent away on errands — to the market to buy soup-greens, to the corner store to get change, and all over town with bandboxes half as round again as I. It was winter, and I was not very well dressed. I froze; I coughed; my mis-

tress said I was not of much use to her. So my mother kept me at home, and my career as a milliner was blighted.

This was during our last year in Russia, when I was between twelve and thirteen years of age. I was old enough to be ashamed of my failures, but I did not have much time to brood about them. My Uncle Solomon took me with him to Vitebsk, where I spent several months in comfort and happy activity.

The thing that looms up above all the adventures of this pleasant interval is my introduction, through the books I found in my uncle's house, to the garden of secular literature. For the first time in my life I read stories that were not in the Bible, and poetry that was not solemn. I ransacked the house for dusty old journals, and sat up nights to read them. Many things fell into my hands that were not intended for a reader of my tender years and slim experience, — wild novels, in Russian, about cruel Cossacks and abducted maidens, — but nothing printed ever harmed me, as if the things that did not belong to my nature failed to take root in my mind.

Vitebsk was a metropolis, compared to which Polotzk was a mere village. Through Uncle Solomon, who traveled much in connection with his business, I got an idea of a world greater even than Vitebsk, and my imagination reached out beyond my boundaries. My cousin Hirshel also, who was a student in the high school, where he learned many things out of many books, afforded me alluring glimpses of a large world just beyond my reach. I worshiped his retreating footsteps when he set out with his student's satchel in the morning, and envied him the troubles of which he complained in the evening.

It was during this epochal visit to Vitebsk that I earned money by the work of my hands, for the first and only time in my life. Although I was hopelessly clumsy at knitting and embroidery, the more difficult art of lacemaking aroused my enthusiasm, so that I attained considerable skill with the cushion and bobbins. In Vitebsk I turned my one accomplishment to good account, by giving lessons. I enjoyed greatly going about the city in the important character of teacher, and I began to feel superior to circumstances.

I have never seen money that was half so bright to look at, half so pretty to clink, as the money I earned by these lessons. And it was easy to decide what to do with my wealth. I bought presents for everybody I knew. I remember to this day the pattern of the shawl I bought for my mother. When I came home, and unpacked my treasures, I was the proudest girl in Polotzk.

The proudest, but not the happiest. I found my family in such a pitiful state that all my joy was stifled by care, if only for a while.

Unwilling to spoil my holiday, my mother had not written me how things had gone from bad to worse during my absence, and I was not prepared. Fetchke met me at the station, and conducted me to a more wretched hole than I had ever called home before.

I went into the room alone, having been greeted outside by my mother and brother. It was evening, and the shabbiness of the apartment was all the gloomier for the light of a small kerosene lamp standing on the bare deal table. At one end of the table — is this Edle Dvereh? My little sister, dressed in an ugly gray jacket, sat motionless in the lamplight, her fair head drooping, her little hands folded on the edge of the table. At sight of her I grew suddenly old. It was merely that she was a shy little girl, unbecomingly dressed, and perhaps a little pale from underfeeding. But to me, at that mo-

ment, she was the personification of dejection, the living symbol of the fallen family state.

Of course my sober mood did not last long. Even 'fallen family state' could be interpreted in terms of money, — absent money, — and that, as once established, was a trifling matter. Had n't I earned money myself? Heaps of it! Only look at this, and this, and this that I brought from Vitebsk, bought with my own money! No, I did not remain old. For many years more I was a very childish child.

Perhaps I had spent my time in Vitebsk to better advantage than at the milliner's, from any point of view. When I returned to my native town I *saw* things. I saw the narrowness, the stifling narrowness, of life in Polotzk. My books, my walks, my visits, as teacher, to many homes, had been so many doors opening on a wider world; so many horizons, one beyond the other. The boundaries of life had stretched, and I had filled my lungs with the thrilling air from a great Beyond. Child though I was, Polotzk, when I came back, was too small for me.

And even Vitebsk, for all its peepholes into a Beyond, presently began to shrink in my imagination, as America loomed near. My father's letters warned us to prepare for the summons, and we lived in a quiver of expectation.

Not that my father had grown suddenly rich. He was so far from rich that he was going to borrow every cent of the money for our third-class passage; but he had a business in view which he could carry on all the better for having the family with him; and, besides, we were borrowing right and left anyway, and all to no definite purpose. With the children, he argued, every year in Russia was a year lost. They should be spending the precious years in school, in learning English, in becoming Americans. United in America, there were ten chances of our getting to our feet again to one chance in our scattered, drifting state.

So at last I was going to America! Really, really going, at last! The boundaries burst. The arch of heaven soared. A million suns shone out for every star. The winds rushed in from outer space, roaring in my ears, 'America! America!'

III

On the day when our steamer-ticket arrived, my mother did not go out with her basket, my brother stayed out of heder, and my sister salted the soup three times. I do not know what I did to celebrate the occasion. Very likely I played tricks on Edle Dvereh, and wrote a long letter to my father.

Before sunset the news was all over Polotzk that Raphael's Chane Chaye had received a steamer-ticket for America. Then they began to come. Friends and foes, distant relatives and new acquaintances, young and old, wise and foolish, debtors, creditors, and mere neighbors — from every quarter of the city, from both sides of the Dvina, from over the Polota, from nowhere — a steady stream of them poured into our street, both day and night, till the hour of our departure. And my mother gave audience. Her faded kerchief half way off her head, her black ringlets straying, her apron often at her eyes, she received her guests in a rainbow of smiles and tears. She was the heroine of Polotzk, and she conducted herself appropriately. She gave her heart's thanks for the congratulations and blessings that poured in on her; ready tears for condolences; patient answers to monotonous questions; and handshakes and kisses and hugs she gave gratis.

What did they not ask, the eager,

foolish, friendly people! They wanted to handle the ticket, and mother must read what was written in it. How much did it cost? Was it all paid for? Were we going to have a foreign passport, or did we intend to steal across the border? Were we not all going to have new dresses to travel in? Was it sure that we could get kosher food on the ship? And with the questions poured in suggestions, and solid chunks of advice were rammed in by nimble prophecies. Mother ought to make a pilgrimage to a 'Good Jew,' — say the Rebbe of Libavitz, — to get his blessing on our journey. She must be sure and pack her prayerbooks and Bible, and twenty pounds of zwieback at the least. If they did serve *trefah* on the ship, she and the four children would have to starve, unless she carried provisions from home. Oh, she must take all the feather-beds! Feather-beds are scarce in America. In America they sleep on hard mattresses, even in winter. Chave Mirel, Yachne the dressmaker's daughter, who emigrated to New York two years ago, wrote her mother that she got up from childbed with sore sides, because she had no feather-bed. Mother must n't carry her money in a pocketbook. She must sew it into the lining of her jacket. The policemen in Castle Garden take all their money from the passengers as they land, unless the travelers deny having any.

And so on, and so on, till my poor mother was completely bewildered. And as the day set for our departure approached, the people came oftener and stayed longer, and rehearsed my mother in long messages for their friends in America, praying that she would deliver them promptly on her arrival, and without fail, and might God bless her for her kindness, and she must be sure and write them how she found their friends.

The last night in Polotzk we slept at my uncle's house, having disposed of all our belongings, to the last three-legged stool, except such as we were taking with us. I could go straight to the room where I slept with my aunt that night, if I were suddenly set down in Polotzk. But I did not really sleep. Excitement kept me awake, and my aunt snored hideously. I was going away from Polotzk, forever and ever, in the morning. I was going on a wonderful journey. I was going to America. How could I sleep?

My uncle gave out a false bulletin, with the last batch that the gossips carried away in the evening. He told them that we were not going to start till the second day. This he did in the hope of smuggling us quietly out, and so saving us the wear and tear of a public farewell. But his ruse failed of success. Half of Polotzk was at my uncle's gate in the morning, to conduct us to the railway station, and the other half was already there before we arrived.

At the station the procession which accompanied us disbanded and became a mob. My uncle and my tall cousins did their best to protect us, but we wanderers were almost torn to pieces. They did get us into a car at last, and barricaded the door with our numerous bundles, but the riot on the station platform continued unquelled. When the warning bell rang out, it was drowned in a confounding babel of voices — fragments of the oft-repeated messages, admonitions,, lamentations, blessings, farewells. 'Don't forget!' — 'Take care of —' 'Keep your tickets —' 'My Jacob —' 'Garlic is best!' —'A happy journey!' — 'God help you!' — 'Good-bye! Good-bye!' — 'Remember —'

The last I saw of Polotzk was an agitated mass of people, waving colored handkerchiefs and other frantic bits of

calico, madly gesticulating, falling on each other's necks, gone wild together. Then the station became invisible, and the shining tracks spun out from sky to sky. I was in the middle of the great, great world, and the longest road was mine.

IV

Our route lay over the German border, with Hamburg for our port. Leaving the city of Vilna on a gray wet morning in early April, we set out for the frontier. This was the real beginning of our journey, and all my faculties of observation were alert. I took note of everything — the weather, the trains, the bustle of railroad stations, our fellow passengers, and the family mood at every stage of our progress.

The bags and bundles which composed our traveling outfit were much more bulky than valuable. A trifling sum of money, the steamer-ticket, and a foreign passport, were the magic agents by means of which we hoped to span the ten thousand miles of earth and water between us and my father. The passport was supposed to pass us over the frontier without any trouble; but on account of the prevalence of cholera in some parts of the country, the poorer sort of travelers, such as emigrants, were subjected, at this time, to more than ordinary supervision and regulation.

At Verzhbolovo, the last station on the Russian side, we met the first of our troubles. A German physician and several gendarmes boarded the train and put us through a searching examination as to our health, destination, and financial resources. As a result of the inquisition we were informed that we would not be allowed to cross the frontier unless we exchanged our third-class steamer-tickets for second-class, which would require two hundred rubles more than we possessed. Our passport was taken from us, and we were to be forced to turn back on our journey.

A long letter which I wrote to my uncle in Polotzk during my first year in America describes the situation:—

'We were homeless, houseless, and friendless in a strange place. We had hardly money enough to last us through the voyage for which we had hoped and waited for three long years. We had suffered much that the reunion we longed for might come about; we had prepared ourselves to suffer more in order to bring it about, and had parted with those we loved, with places that were dear to us in spite of what we passed through in them, never again to see them, as we were convinced — all for the same dear end. With strong hopes and high spirits that hid the sad parting, we had started on our long journey. And now we were checked so unexpectedly but surely, the blow coming from where we little expected it, being, as we believed, safe in that quarter.

'When mother had recovered enough to speak, she began to argue with the gendarme, telling him our story and begging him to be kind. The children were frightened and all but I cried. I was only wondering what would happen.

'Moved by our distress, the German officers gave us the best advice they could. We were to get out at the station of Kibart, on the Russian side, and apply to one Herr Schidorsky, who might help us on our way.'

The letter dwells gratefully on the kindness of Herr Schidorsky, who became the agent of our salvation. He procured for my mother a pass to Eidtkuhnen, the German frontier station, where his older brother, as chairman of the Baron de Hirsch Emigration Committee, arranged for our admission into Germany. During the nego-

tiations, which took several days, the good man of Kibart entertained us in his own house, shabby emigrants though we were. The Schidorsky brothers were Jews, but it is not on that account that their name has been lovingly remembered for fifteen years in my family.

On the German side our course joined that of many other emigrant groups, on their way to Hamburg and other ports. We were a clumsy enough crowd, with wide, unsophisticated eyes, with awkward bundles hugged in our arms, and our hearts set on America.

The letter to my uncle faithfully describes every stage of our bustling progress. Here is a sample scene of many that I recorded:—

'There was a terrible confusion in the baggage-room where we were directed to go. Boxes, baskets, bags, valises, and great, shapeless things belonging to no particular class, were thrown about by porters and other men, who sorted them and put tickets on all but those containing provisions, while others were opened and examined in haste. At last our turn came, and our things, along with those of all other American-bound travelers, were taken away to be steamed and smoked and other such processes gone through. We were told to wait till notice should be given us of something else to be done.'

The phrase 'we were told to do this' and 'told to do that' occurs again and again in my narrative, and the most effective handling of the facts could give no more vivid picture of the proceedings. We emigrants were herded together at the stations, packed in the cars, and driven from place to place like cattle.

'At the expected hour we all tried to find room in a car indicated by the conductor. We tried, but could only find enough space on the floor for our baggage, on which we made believe to be sitting comfortably. For now we were obliged to exchange the comparative comforts of a third-class passenger train for the certain discomforts of a fourth-class one. There were only four narrow benches in the whole car, and about twice as many people were already seated on these as they were probably supposed to accommodate. All other space, to the last inch, was crowded by passengers or their luggage. It was very hot and close and altogether uncomfortable, and still at every new station fresh passengers came crowding in, and actually made room, spare as it was, for themselves. It became so terrible that all glared madly at the conductor as he allowed more people to come into that prison, and trembled at the announcement of every station.'

The plight of the bewildered emigrant on the way to foreign parts is always pitiful enough, but for us who came from plague-ridden Russia the terrors of the way were doubled.

'In a great lonely field opposite a solitary house within a large yard, our train pulled up at last, and a conductor commanded the passengers to make haste and get out. He need not have told us to hurry; we were glad enough to be free again after such a long imprisonment in the uncomfortable car. All rushed to the door. We breathed more freely in the open field, but the conductor did not wait for us to enjoy our freedom. He hurried us into the one large room which made up the house, and then into the yard. Here a great many men and women, dressed in white, received us, the women attending to the women and girls of the passengers, and the men to the others.

'This was another scene of bewildering confusion, parents losing their children, and little ones crying; bag-

gage being thrown in one corner of the yard, heedless of contents, which suffered in consequence; those white-clad Germans shouting commands always accompanied with "Quick! Quick!" the confused passengers obeying all orders like meek children, only questioning now and then what was going to be done with them.

'And no wonder if in some minds stories arose of people being captured by robbers, murderers, and the like. Here we had been taken to a lonely place where only that house was to be seen; our things were taken away, our friends separated from us; a man came to inspect us, as if to ascertain our full value; strange-looking people driving us about like dumb animals, helpless and unresisting; children we could not see, crying in a way that suggested terrible things; ourselves driven into a little room where a great kettle was boiling on a little stove; our clothes taken off, our bodies rubbed with a slippery substance that might be any bad thing; a shower of warm water let down on us without warning; again driven to another little room where we sit, wrapped in woolen blankets, till large, coarse bags are brought in, their contents turned out, and we see only a cloud of steam, and hear the women's orders to dress ourselves, quick, quick, or else we'll miss — something we cannot hear. We are forced to pick out our clothes from among all the others, with the steam blinding us; we choke, cough, entreat the women to give us time; they persist: "Quick, quick, or you'll miss the train!" Oh, so we really won't be murdered! They are only making us ready for the continuing of our journey, cleaning us of all suspicions of dangerous sickness. Thank God!'

In Polotzk, if the cholera broke out, as it did once or twice in every generation, we made no such fuss as did these Germans. Those who died of the sickness were buried, and those who lived ran to the synagogues to pray. We travelers felt hurt at the way the Germans treated us. My mother nearly died of cholera once, but she was given a new name, a lucky one, which saved her; and that was when she was a small girl. None of us were sick now, yet hear how we were treated! Those gendarmes and nurses always shouted their commands at us from a distance, as fearful of our touch as if we had been lepers.

We arrived in Hamburg early one morning, after a long night in the crowded cars. Here we were piled up on a high wagon, with our bags and baggage, and driven for hours, not one of us guessing where our destination lay. At length our mysterious ride came to an end, on the outskirts of the city, where we were once more lined up, cross-questioned, disinfected, labeled, and pigeon-holed. This was one of the occasions when we suspected that we were the victims of a conspiracy to extort money from us; for here, as at every repetition of the purifying operations we had undergone, a fee was levied on us, — so much per head. My mother, indeed, seeing her tiny hoard melting away, had long since sold some articles from our baggage to a fellow passenger richer than she, but even so she did not have enough money to pay the fee demanded of her in Hamburg. Her statement of that fact was not accepted, and we all suffered the last indignity of having our persons searched. We had nothing left for the policeman in Castle Garden.

This last place of detention turned out to be a prison. 'Quarantine' they called it, and there was a great deal of it — two weeks of it. Two weeks within high brick walls, several hundred of us herded in half a dozen compartments, — numbered compartments, —

sleeping in rows, like sick people in a hospital; with roll-call morning and night, and short rations three times a day; with never a sign of the free world beyond our barred windows; with anxiety and longing and homesickness in our hearts, and in our ears the unfamiliar voice of the invisible ocean, which drew and repelled us at the same time. The fortnight in quarantine was not an episode; it was an epoch, divisible into eras, periods, events.

The greatest event was the arrival of some ship to take some of the waiting passengers. When the gates were opened and the lucky ones said good-by, those left behind felt hopeless of ever seeing the gates open for them.

Our turn came at last. We were conducted through the gate of departure, and after some hours of bewildering manœuvres, described in great detail in the report to my uncle, we found ourselves, we five frightened pilgrims from Polotzk, on the deck of a great big steamship afloat on the strange big waters of the ocean.

For sixteen days the ship was our world. My letter dwells solemnly on the details of the life at sea. It does not shrink from describing the torments of seasickness; it notes every change in the weather. A rough night is described, when the ship pitched and rolled so that people were thrown from their berths; days and nights when we crawled through dense fogs, our foghorn drawing answering warnings from invisible ships.

The perils of the sea were not minimized in the imaginations of us inexperienced voyagers. The captain and his officers ate their dinners, smoked their pipes, and slept soundly in their turns, while we frightened emigrants turned our faces to the wall and awaited our watery graves.

All this while the seasickness lasted. Then came happy hours on deck, with fugitive sunshine, birds atop the crested waves, band-music and dancing and fun. I explored the ship, made friends with officers and crew, or pursued my thoughts in quiet nooks. It was my first experience of the ocean, and I was profoundly moved.

'I would imagine myself all alone on the ocean, and Robinson Crusoe was very real to me. I *was* alone sometimes. I was aware of no human presence; I was conscious only of sea and sky and something I did not understand. And as I listened to its solemn voice, I felt as if I had found a friend, and knew that I loved the ocean. It seemed as if it were within as well as without part of myself; and I wondered how I had lived without it, and if I could ever part with it.'

And so, suffering, fearing, brooding, rejoicing, we crept nearer and nearer to the coveted shore, until, on a glorious May morning, six weeks after our departure from Polotzk, our eyes beheld the Promised Land, and my father received us in his arms.

During his three years of probation my father had made a great many false starts in business. His history for that period is the history of thousands who come to America, like him, with pockets empty, hands untrained to the use of tools, minds cramped by centuries of repression in their native land. Dozens of these men pass under your eyes every day, my American friend, too much absorbed in their honest affairs to notice the looks of suspicion which you cast at them, the repugnance with which you shrink from their touch. You see them shuffle from door to door with a basket of spools and buttons, or bending over the sizzling irons in a basement tailor-shop, or rummaging in your ash-can, or moving a pushcart from curb to curb, at the command of the burly policeman. 'The Jew peddler!' you say, and dismiss him from

your premises and from your thoughts, never dreaming that the sordid drama of his days may have a moral that concerns you.

What if the creature with the untidy beard carries in his bosom his citizenship papers? What if the cross-legged tailor is supporting a boy in college who is one day going to mend your state constitution for you? What if the ragpicker's daughters are hastening over the ocean to teach your children in the public schools? Think, every time you pass the greasy alien on the street, that he was born thousands of years before the oldest native American; and he may have something to communicate to you, when you two shall have learned a common language. Remember that his very physiognomy is a cipher, the key to which it behooves you to search for most diligently.

[In the January issue, Mary Antin will describe the first stages in the making of an American citizen. — THE EDITORS.]

HELPING TO GOVERN INDIA

HIS HIGHNESS THE NAWAB

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

'I HATE India!' said Mem-Sahib gloomily.

It was mid-July. The greater rains had been with us for a month, sluicing, amid electric blazes and thunder crashes, up and down the hot Ganges valley.

The Berhampore Civil Station was a desert. Our respected seniors and their dames had fled before the storm to Darjiling among the rhododendrons, where they dined their coevals, played swift tennis on the courts, flirted atrociously, as Gilber Sahib alleged, and peered through pearl-white mists at splendid Himalayan snows.

We who remained in the plains, amid the illimitable rice-fields of the rain-soaked delta, heat-worn and depressed, had planned to break our loneliness by a visit to the Nawab.

We needed cheering. Mem-Sahib was feverish and dreadfully homesick. Gilber Sahib, our one neighbor, was, as always, pensive in his friendliness. The Assistant Magistrate, who, like Tertius, writes this epistle, was overburdened with the charge of the District: a million and a quarter lean, dark people; among them innumerable half-starved children, to whom multitudes of doomed babies were ceaselessly added, down many-streamed Ganges to the ocean, and up the wide valley to the snow-wreathed hills; a distressing thing, not to be mitigated to the Assistant Magistrate by the deputed glory of supreme command, with the right to order about the Collector Sahib's round dozen of scarlet-turbaned chaprassies, and the daily privilege of inspecting the gaol amid fire-blossomed acacias.

'I hate India!' said Mem-Sahib disconsolately; a sentiment not without an echo in the heart of the Assistant Sahib.

The rains had driven some of the intolerable heat out of the air, and, ceasing for a few hours, had left the warm world full of freshness under a superb curtain of gray cloud. We were seated, Mem-Sahib and I, before the first bungalow of a barrack-like row, separated by a red road from the tree-fringed square. Our cane arm-chairs stood on a square island of concrete amid the soaking grass. We were waiting already helmeted, for the carriage and for Gilber Sahib.

The air was full of the gurgling of minas, guzzling water-logged worms on the vividly green grass, and chattering like school-girls.

Over Gilber Sahib's white barrack stood a patriarchal mango tree, about whose green glossy dome white egrets congregated. Above the shiny green of the leafage those white birds carried on their mystic dance. Lance-beaked and long-legged they rose, with curved white wings and snowy plumes, poising like blown petals in the air, or setting forth, a silvery line against the gray, or circling in the air and settling back again with wings curved upward amid the green: taking all these lovely poses that enthralled the artist of Japan, until, to liberate his soul, he took brush and made every delicate line of them immortal.

'I hate India!' cried Mem-Sahib despairingly; and then, on a sudden, took on a more cheerful air; for round the bend of the Murshidabad road appeared a big, high-swung victoria from the Nawab Bahadur's stables, bearing down on us with a fine clatter of hoofs. At the same moment, across the corner of the square came Gilber Sahib, a good little Frenchman with chivalry in his heart, and a dash of sadness where some old love-story had left its incurable pain. In a light suit, as befitted these hot-house days, under a helmet of white sola pith, he came over to us, pensive as always, and made his morning compliments to Mem-Sahib, who, being of the Russian persuasion, dearly loved to talk French.

'Bonjour, madame! et comment ça va, ce matin?'

Cheered by the gentle gray courtesy of Gilber Sahib, the lady responded hopefully and began to hate India a little less, preening herself for the drive in the big victoria now drawing up beside us on the road: a magnificent pair of Australian bays, a Punjabi coachman splendid in silver and crimson, and two gorgeous though barefooted grooms, also from the up-country, their button-shaped turbans barred with silver.

The grooms hopped down from the back of the carriage, swung the door open with many salaams, and inducted us to our seats, the lady and Gilber Sahib having the place of honor while the Assistant Magistrate sat facing them, with the bronze-image countenances of the grooms looking down at him.

With a swing and clatter of hoofs we were off. Our kindly Moslem nobleman always sent for his visitors. And we, who helped to govern India, might, if need were, borrow a carriage, or an elephant or two, or a horse. But there must be no presents, save only fruit or flowers; no handfuls of sapphires, no tinsel slippers filled with gold mohurs and left under sofa-cushions, as in the large days of old.

Meanwhile Gilber Sahib was gladdening the lady's heart with the gossip which she so frankly enjoyed.

'His late Highness, ah, madame!' he said, with pretty French gestures and smiles, 'his late Highness was galant homme et homme galant! He shared the tastes of Solomon, — il avait les

goûts de Salomon, sans avoir sa sagesse! The good Prophet Mahomet, chère madame, recognizing the irresistible sweetness of the ladies, permitted his followers to take four charmers in lawful vedlock.'

Mem-Sahib declared that she could sympathize perfectly with that, and could not see why it should not be extended to husbands, so that one might have one for each mood.

Gilber Sahib shook a reproving finger.

'His late Highness,' he resumed, 'obeyed the ordinance of the Prophet; in his zeal, he even exceeded it — by some dozens. There was a lovely princess from the Vale of Kashmir, with long, languishing eyes; there were other Indian brides; there was a wildly enthusiastic Englishwoman, whom His Highness gathered in from a small hotel in a London suburb, and who, when overwrought, enforced her conjugal persuasions with a riding-whip or a pistol; two of her daughters are growing up in the harem now; and there was an Abyssinian girl — '

Here came into the memory of the Assistant Sahib a fragment of that most haunting of all lyrics: —

> It was an Abyssinian maid,
> And on a dulcimer she played,
> Singing of Mount Abara: . . .

' — A dark, lithe, smiling beauty,' went on Gilber Sahib, 'who danced her way into his late Highness's not unsociable heart. And do you know, madame,' Gilber Sahib here became very mysterious, 'her son turned out to be the wisest of them all; and when the old Nawab died, full of years and progeny, the British Government chose him to succeed, and inducted him into all the glories of the Nizamat.'

Mem-Sahib perked up. She forgot how hot it is in India in July. Her lips framed a question. Gilber Sahib mysteriously nodded, and pressed his finger to his lips.

'On le dit, au moins, madame!'

He went on to say, still with little shrugs and smiles, that there was fierce Oriental jealousy between the brothers. The son of the Kashmiri princess — a charmingly handsome gentleman whom we knew very well — held that he, and not the child of the Abyssinian beauty, should have been heir to the Nawabs, and so lay ever in wait for the incumbent, seeking, in default of beer, which is forbidden to pious Mussulmans, to put poison in his sherbet; knowing which, the elect brother tasted no food but what his own faithful cooks had not only prepared, but had also tasted themselves.

All of which I recount, not to approve the habit of gossip, but to characterize Gilber Sahib.

While we were thus pulling august persons to pieces, our dashing equipage had whirled us past the barracks once tenanted by the fatal regiment among whom flamed up the Mutiny of 1857, ever since void of military occupants; past the club, now quite deserted, in a meadow rank with 'thief-thorn' grass, which fastens itself abominably in one's socks and trouser-legs, — the club where Gilber Sahib and the Assistant Magistrate each afternoon of the rains played melancholy billiards, sipping weak beverages flavored with quinine and gin; past the Chota Lal Dighi, which is the lesser Scarlet Tank, with its mirrored date-palms and pearl-bedewed gossamers; past the Maidan, where we held the races in February, whereat one of our official ladies flirted emphatically with the new Assistant Police Sahib, who was a very pretty youth, and sang 'The Long Indian-Day' with entrancing pathos; and so on, to a cross-road near a pond bedecked with blue and red water-lilies, where, amid shadowy Indian trees,

stood the barred house of a Raja, who, being out of favor with the world, one day incontinently hanged himself, and who still flitted there, a disconsolate wraith.

I have a posthumous grudge against that Raja. I cannot for the life of me see why a love-lorn Raja of Ind should not be at liberty, if so minded, to hang himself and have a ghost. Yet I never drove past that lugubrious abode but I had to hear the tale of the up-hanging Raja,—the narrator truculently counting on a horror I did not feel. If the Raja had a mind to hang himself, why, then, be hanged to him, and there's an end.

But perhaps that is only the effect of Indian heat upon the nerves.

We sped along the wide road, rose-red and set in Indian greenery, with plumed date-palms on either side, or fan-palms stark as bottle-brushes; the air hot as a palm-house, quivering with the hum and whirr of myriad locusts, and sweet with the scent of yellow-blossomed babul bushes.

Then other memories were evoked. Our swift course brought us to the outskirts of Kassim Bazar, where two centuries ago Dutch, French, and English factors vied for Bengal silks; where, in a sad, unkempt cemetery, rest, if rest they can so far from home, the wife and child of Warren Hastings, who was Resident here in Clive's day. Of the once vast city, nought remains but crumbling ruins smothered in Indian jungle. So swift is change in the changeless East.

There still remained the good Nawab Bahadur's stables, where we reined up amid a patter of dusky grooms; and a second pair of fine 'Walers,' as we of Anglo-India call the big-boned steeds from New South Wales, took the place of the first, foam-lathered from their eighteen-mile rattle through the heat. The change was made nervous, at least for the horses, by the trumpetings of elephants; for His Highness's two score and ten huge pachyderms were anchored, like enormous gray boulders, in a mango-grove by the wayside, where they cheerfully munched heaps of roots and bales of hay, trumpeting hilariously, with the sound of paying out chain-cable from an iron ship; whereat the horses grew hysterical, gibing under the hand of our masterful Punjabi.

On our journey's briefer second stage, we saw a pretty bit of Indian color. The red road was framed with the gold-ribbed plumes of young cocoanut palms, with a backing of feathery bamboo thickets, and rich Bengal greenery. To us, round a corner of the road, entered a group of brown Bengalis, three women and two men, like draped bronze statues. Each woman carried, poised on her head, and steadied by a statuesque right arm, a broad, deep basket, heaped up, as it seemed, with golden almonds brilliantly yellow against the green.

Mem-Sahib cried out with delight.

'Something in my line, madame!' said Gilber Sahib.

'Mais, comme c'est joli!' exclaimed the lady.

Gilber Sahib raised his white helmet with a gallant little bow, as though the compliment were personal to him. Then he made amends, explaining that the women were carrying baskets of silk cocoons to the filature. We called on Gilber Sahib once, in his big white barrack, and found him seated amid cables of coiled gold, like a Modernist genie of the Arabian Nights.

Meanwhile, we had completed our journey and reached Murshidabad. Visible city there was none, so wreathed were all things in gardens and trees. We did, it is true, pass through one brief line of shops, where, in little open booths under thatched screens, were

piled brass water-pots, or strange-hued fruit and vegetables, or big red earthen jars, or bales of Madras muslin and Kashmiri cloth. The grooms hopped to the ground, and ran ahead through the sparse crowd of Bengalis, shouting 'Kabardàr!' which meant, from its practical effect, 'Make way for your betters!' and little brown naked kiddies scurried away before them. A gray cat, just escaping, was caught up by a pathetic old woman with a mahogany face framed in white hair, who hugged it lovingly and made fiendish grimaces at the too headlong grooms.

'She loved her *biral*, and her *biral* loved her!' pensively murmured Gilber Sahib, half thinking in Bengali, as we whirled round the corner to the guard-house of the Palace.

A dozen little soldiers, who, barefoot and beltless, were luxuriating in a smoke, dropped their hookahs suddenly as we swung into sight, and shuffled into belts and slippers to salute us. I knew those little soldiers well. We had an interview every pay-day. Then, passing a wide, barren lawn, we drew up under the high porte-cochère, our journey's end.

Big and magnificent in its way, the home of the Nawabs of Murshidabad, but not with the Eastern splendor of the Rajput palaces. Here was rather the Italian Renaissance in red stucco: a long, five-storied pile with Corinthian columns. Mem-Sahib said it reminded her of St. Petersburg, which is, indeed, equally outlandish. The palace was built for the Nawabs by the British Raj, in a day of less instructed taste.

The Nawab's secretary received us, like a Persian god, in a lower hall decked with tiger skins and Afghan weapons. There were also little Italian goddesses of white marble, which drew the eye of Gilber Sahib. They were comfortably clad for the Indian heat. The Persian god convoyed us up the stair to the state apartments, where His Highness the Nawab Bahadur of Murshidabad was waiting to receive us.

Very graciously he did it, with the perfect manners of an Oriental; cordially too, for we had met a good many times before, and had made friends. His Highness, on this occasion, was dressed in white, with a purple fez, a thimble-shaped cap with an aigrette of heron feathers.

The big punkah flopped and flagged between the columns, as we sat and talked. Mem-Sahib, who was born in the Caucasus amid Georgian and Circassian dignitaries, and so had a happy way with Oriental princes, took us all aback by suddenly asking the good gray prince how many brothers he had. His Highness looked at her with a queer little smile, half tolerant, half amused, and began, with great show of seriousness, to count them on his fingers, first of the right hand, then of the left; after going once or twice round, he halted, started again, then stopped and said, —

'I am afraid I must ask my secretary!'

The Persian god replied, with dignity, —

'Your Highness had a hundred and nineteen brothers!'

Mem-Sahib, no whit abashed, then asked this good Oriental nobleman concerning his sisters.

He smiled very charmingly, saying,—

'I am afraid I do not know; we never counted them!'

Which reminds one of those Biblical reckonings, 'besides women and children!'

Perhaps apprehending further piercing inquiries, the good prince rose, and, slightly stooping, led us to an ornate portrait of his father, the parent of this so numerous progeny: a magnificent and kingly Oriental, with eye like an eagle, and dight with gold lace and

many decorations. A right fierce spirit, one would say, this Moslem squire of dames; far more warlike than his quiet, gray-haired successor, whose slight figure, all in white, stood in marked contrast to the great warrior.

We sat down beneath the portrait, and, as always at this season, under a flapping punkah, and the conversation turned, I know not by what gradations, to religion.

The Nawab, a Shiah by faith, and therefore inclined to toleration, declared that he was imbued with the idea that all religions at heart are one.

'Still,' he said, 'there are deep differences. It seems to me,' he went on, with the gentle seriousness so characteristic of him, 'that Christianity has been the better religion for women; my own has been better for men. What an ideal of manliness the Prophet's faith holds up; think of the Osmanli Turks or the Arab Sheiks, or our own Moguls: all devotedly religious. A virile faith. But the religion of Jesus has always been wonderfully tender to women and children, and I think to-day your churches are built on the hearts of women; but your leading men, in politics or science or literature, seem to me to be estranged from Christianity. It does not hold their intellects as it holds the hearts of the women. But of course I speak as a stranger,' he added, with the shy smile that was so winning, 'and really know very little of these things. For my own part,' he went on, after a pause, 'I think that Buddhism attracts me more than any other religion. There is such a spirit of gentle charity through all Buddhist history; no religious wars. I have been reading Edwin Arnold's book, and it appeals to me; he who sows wheat reaps wheat; who sows sesame reaps sesame. The understanding of that should reconcile every one to his place and lot. And then, most of all, it holds out such a beautiful ideal of final peace; perfect ceasing from all sorrows, freedom from the last remnant and memory of ourselves, in Nirvana, where the Silence reigns!' And the good prince became silent, with a far-away look in his eyes, as of one who was infinitely weary of the burden of being, and full of immeasurable longing for the Beyond.

'Buddhism is the true Oriental religion,' he went on; 'we, who are genuine Orientals, have in our blood the feeling of the great Nirvana, the brooding stillness and peace. You Westerns are frightened at it, and long for strife. We long for rest.'

Gilber Sahib sat with a slight smile of gentlest irony. One suspected him of being a Voltairean at heart, full of skepticism concerning these high matters. But, with a Frenchman's pretty politeness, he said nothing, contenting himself with that little ironical smile.

Then, to amuse us, His Highness very cordially offered to take us and show us his Treasury, and led the way along corridors under a magnificent painting by Vandyke, the present of some Anglo-Indian ruler, to a small chamber, whose door was heavily barred with steel. There he showed us all kinds of wonderful and costly things in gold and silver, gleanings from Aladdin palaces, which filled the heart of Mem-Sahib with joy. Particularly entrancing to her were the good prince's personal adornments, kept here for safety: aigrettes of table diamonds and rubies; a set of emerald buttons, each as large as one's finger-nail, and a full score in number; and, final glory, three huge table emeralds, each as large as Mem-Sahib's visiting card, which the good prince wore as belt-buckles — one at a time, of course.

One could see Mem-Sahib warming up to the point where she must in-

evitably ask more questions. His gentle Highness, who, I think, was secretly not a little diverted by the vivacious lady, and who showed her many marks of kindly friendship, caught the coming question in her eyes, smiled a little smile of amusement, and anticipated inquiry by telling us a tale of the brave days of old: —

'The Grand Mogul lay a-dying in his palace at Delhi,' he began, looking back in thought to those wild, tumultuous days, 'and the great viceroys were gathered round him: the Nawab of Oudh, the Prince of Kashmir, and the Nawab of Bengal. His Majesty took a long time dying, much longer than they had expected; and the three great viceroys found the time hanging somewhat heavily on their hands. So they diced awhile, and then, growing weary of this also, they went to look at the Grand Mogul's Treasury. From looking, they came to longing; and the upshot of it all was, that they determined to anticipate the possible testamentary dispositions of the Mogul Emperor, and divide his treasure then and there. Kashmir got the sapphires,' he said, with a quaintly humorous smile, 'Oudh got the diamonds; and, as for the emeralds, why, here they are!'

Gilber Sahib had been *bon enfant* too long, and now had a reaction. He yielded to the temptation to make light mischief.

'Ah, those were the good times, before the English came!' he said; 'do you not wish they were back again?'

There was a touch of personal feeling in this, too; for had not Gilber Sahib's own people held great empire once, as rivals of the English, and even fought in the Nawab's army at Plassey against the indomitable-hearted Clive? — fought, and been defeated, though Clive was outnumbered twenty to one. The good Nawab smiled.

'You must remember,' he said, 'that my ancestors were very good friends of the English, even before Plassey. We pulled together with Clive, and Clive helped us into power, when Surajud-Daulah fell by the weight of his own evil stupidity. We have always been very good friends.'

Here the Assistant Magistrate ventured to ask a question, which might, perhaps, have been indiscreet: —

What, in the good Nawab's view, was the chief difference brought in by English rule?

The Nawab reflected. One could see reminiscence and half-stifled regret chase each other in his kindly brown eyes. Then at last he spoke: —

'For the poorest people, and that means the vast majority in India, the change has been greatest. And I think the greatest change of all has been this, that, under English rule, every peasant knows exactly what he must pay in taxes. That, it has always seemed to me, is the weakest part of our Mussulman systems; it is always just the same thing, whether in Macedonia, or in Egypt, or here in Bengal. The imperial government farms out the collection of the revenue, and the tax-farmers mercilessly oppress the people with their extortions. You can hardly realize what a horrible mountain of suffering and misery may grow from that one thing; a far greater total, it seems to me, than even the violence of pillage and war. That came seldom, but the hawks and vultures were always there, and no man knew what he must pay, or what he could keep. That seems to me the greatest boon; yet our peasants are poor, miserably poor.' He was silent, his face clouded over and touched with pain, and his lips again murmured, 'miserably poor!'

Here seems to me the touch of tragedy in this gentle prince's life: that he sees so much misery, which makes so strong an appeal to his heart, and

yet, with all his titles and decorations, has so little power to counteract it, save by ample doles of charity, which, from certain reasons, I knew him constantly to make. There might well have been some wider field of work for his good, gentle heart. I imagined him thinking, though he did not say it, —

'You have done most for the poorest and most wretched; but, for the rest of us, you weigh somewhat heavily on our souls!'

But that may be a fancy. His Highness rose, with something of a sigh, and invited Mem-Sahib to pay a visit to his 'mothers,' as he said, in his courtly way, and also to one splendid grandmother, a very queen of the ancient world. Mem-Sahib told us wonderful stories of that visit, and of the strange Haroun Al Raschid regions through which she was led, and of the marvels she saw and heard; all of which the Assistant Magistrate may some day record.

The quiet hours sped; the good Nawab nourished us; the time came for our return.

Once more we found ourselves in the high-swung carriage, with the masterful Punjabi in command. Evening was descending upon us; the gray mantle of clouds had rolled away, and there were transparent spaces of pure light, gradually growing dim and spiritual. Crickets began their whirring refrain, in the grass, from the stems and branches of trees, till the whole world throbbed with their pulsations.

The air was drowsy, the wind soft as a zephyr of paradise, gently swaying the dark, ferny arms of the palm-trees shadowed against the dying glow of the sky.

Then, as we sped swiftly on, came darkness; and, with darkness, the stars, — great, colored jewels, standing forth, as it seemed, from the purple curtain of night; the benign air, and darkness, and the crickets' song.

A CHRISTMAS WISH

BY EDWARD EYRE HUNT

THAT love may light the eyes of them
Who keep the season of His Birth,
Till to the starry hosts, our earth
Shall be the Star of Bethlehem.

JOHN MORLEY

BY GEORGE McLEAN HARPER

The Liberal cabinet which, with some changes of personnel but no deviation in policy, has governed the British Empire since 1906, will probably fill a wider space in the chronicles of time than any other group of English statesmen since the days of Cromwell. Upon it has fallen the task of retrieving, in so far as possible, the losses in wealth, prestige, and morality occasioned by the Boer War; of resisting the panics, spontaneous or contrived, which have tended to an unnecessary development of the navy; of finding means to restore the land to the people and the people to the land; of saving the poor from unemployment and starvation; of attempting to set the national free-school system beyond the reach of sectarian interference, and to transfer the franchise from property to manhood; of defending free-trade against specious arguments drawn from the examples of Germany and the United States and unscrupulously repeated by a far from disinterested press; of guiding, without jealousy and without giving occasion for irritation or loss of loyalty, the rapid adolescence of great colonial nations; of destroying the veto power of the House of Lords, and of definitely planning home rule for Ireland.

Some of these achievements and efforts are in line with the old Liberal tradition of Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone; some foreshadow, it may be, a new Liberalism, based upon a conception of property which would have been as unacceptable to the early Victorian Liberals as to the Tories of their day. When Mr. Asquith formed his first cabinet the prediction was made that it could not hold together long, because of the incongruity between its extremes. It was said that conservative Liberals, sired and bred in the individualism of the Manchester school, could not work in harness with Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. John Burns. The radical side of the cabinet, like the radical wing of the coalition majority, was socialistic, and would therefore prove unmanageable. The Labor members might sit below the gangway and hold the balance of power, together with the Irish Nationalists, but their views could not find practical expression in the cabinet without disrupting that intimate group.

Thus far — and it is already very far indeed — these predictions have not been fulfilled. The reason seems to be that the older and more conservative members of the cabinet are themselves much more advanced than was at first supposed. Mr. Asquith has shown himself not a whit less radical than Mr. Lloyd George, although of course it would be overstatement to say that he goes as far as Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, whose influence in the coalition might be thought to deserve official standing.

There is one member of this famous ministry who illustrates in person the evolution of old-fashioned Liberalism into its present form. Mr. John Morley, a disciple of Cobden and Mill, a friend of Gladstone, and a member of the House of Commons so far back as

1883, now Viscount Morley of Blackburn, and maintaining in the House of Lords an unflinching and joyful allegiance to the whole Liberal programme, is an epitome of progressive policy during the last fifty years. His views have changed less than the views of his party, because he entered public life from a very high level of Liberal theory. His associates have been overtaking him. He has had the satisfaction of seeing the ideals of his early manhood generally adopted, and to a considerable extent put into practice, by a triumphant majority. They have mellowed, but have lost hardly any of their original distinctness. This is remarkable, not only because he is seventy-three years old, but because he has, in three positions, been subject to influences which tend to convert the most radical Liberals into Conservatives. He has twice been Chief Secretary for Ireland; yet he remains a Home-ruler. He has been Secretary of State for India, wielding something like despotic powers over subject and alien races; yet he is an anti-imperialist. He is a lord; yet it was he who moved the adoption of the Parliament bill by the upper house.

Americans, as a rule, probably do not realize the thorough-going character of the new British Liberalism. We are surprised even by the fact that the older Liberalism came at length to tolerate its own radical adherents, such as Bradlaugh. No public man in the United States entertaining opinions so revolutionary as those of Lord Morley and expressing them so pointedly would be returned to Congress for twenty-five years. The principles of an English viscount would be too democratic for the countrymen of Lincoln. A professed believer in the doctrines of the French Revolution would be regarded as dangerous in the nation that Thomas Jefferson helped to found. Mr. Morley used to be denounced as an agnostic; he perhaps was and may still be an agnostic; yet constituencies in England, where questions of religion are also questions of politics, sent him repeatedly to Parliament.

The philosophical opinions of this great public man are of a piece with his conduct in the legislature and in office. They are, moreover, extremely simple and unified. Between the publication of his *Voltaire*, in 1871, and the completion of his *Life of Gladstone*, in 1903, they do not vary except in emphasis. They are essentially the principles of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment translated, through the medium of an English mind, into terms appropriate to an age which has seen the conjectures of rationalism confirmed by natural science and historical criticism.

Lord Morley is one of the most eminent biographers and reviewers in the English-speaking world. Other names are perhaps more frequently on our lips, but death could make no more noticeable breach in the ranks of living English writers than by robbing us of his presence. His services as editor of the English Men of Letters Series will be remembered, though it is not publicly known how much attention he gave to the details of that undertaking. His essays on Wordsworth, on Byron, on Carlyle, on Macaulay, on Emerson, on John Stuart Mill, on George Eliot, on Machiavelli, on Guicciardini, are among the most solid and thoughtful critical reviews in our language. The history of English Liberalism is written in his lives of Cromwell, Walpole, Burke, Cobden, and Gladstone. The books with which he established his authority as a student of the eighteenth century and of the French *philosophes* are his *Voltaire*, published in 1871, his *Rousseau*, in two volumes, 1873, his *Diderot and the Encyclopædists*, in two volumes, 1878, together with his *Burke*,

originally published in 1867 and again, much revised, in 1879, and his essays on Vauvenargues, Turgot, Condorcet, Robespierre, and Joseph de Maistre. Nineteen volumes, almost all very compactly written, would be enough, without any political activity, to free a man from the reproach of an idle life.

One alone of Lord Morley's books is not directly historical, the noble essay, *On Compromise*. It is expressly theoretical. Yet it contains no characteristic ideas which, to a sympathetic and intelligent reader, are not perceptible in the lines or between the lines of the other books. It is the moral portrait of the author, and although drawn so long ago as 1874, it is still true in every feature to the prolific writer and active statesman who developed in later years.

One step in his long course that might possibly seem incongruous with his principles was the acceptance of a peerage. But Lord Morley has remained unfalteringly faithful to democratic principles. Not many peers of such quality would be required to overturn or transform the aristocracy. He has sometimes been reproached for the severity with which, in ruling India, he repressed sedition. But it was his duty to uphold the laws, and both humanity and common sense forbade any temporizing with tendencies that might have deluged India with blood and severed a connection which, however guilty its origins, is now almost certainly a blessing to three hundred million people. One of the net results of his Indian administration is that henceforth natives will be associated with Englishmen in the legislative and administrative departments of the Indian government. He retired from this office of immense responsibility in 1910, having been raised to the peerage in 1908.

It must serve a useful purpose to set forth the personal opinions upon historical tendencies, chiefly religious and political, which constitute the philosophy of such a man. They have the tonic vigor, the fortifying sting, of the unperfumed and impartial sea. They brace the mind against comfortable sophistry. They are fatal to flabby growths of emotion expatiating in the semblance of reason.

A man need be no moralist to perceive that the time has come when many of the reactionary illusions which diverted the movement of thought in the nineteenth century, even while they imparted to the stream a transitory glow, must in all decency be given up. Our sentiments have lagged behind our intellectual perceptions. We cling, heartsick at the sure intimation of change, to institutions of which we have long since perceived the imperfect origins and realized the impending doom. It is humiliating to be obliged to confess that men of clear vision a century and a half ago, not by any moral virtue in them other than their clearness and love of truth, not by any charm in them, but rather in spite of their many personal disfigurements, might have saved us and the three or four generations preceding us from frantic deviations and farcical struggles, if we and our fathers had not cried them down as 'mere rationalists.'

One need be no prophet to guess that the next stage in the evasive process will be an attempt to grip harder than ever the symbols, the terms, the authority, the emoluments, and the æsthetic apparatus of a religion of which the historical and psychological foundations have been sapped. We shall be implored, in the name of 'the stability of society' and in the interest of 'beauty,' not to touch walls that totter and the ivy that clings to them. No blandishment is more suave, scarce any pathos more poignant, than the ap-

peal of decaying ordinances wherein a mighty spirit once dwelt. But if the spirit has enlarged its sphere, if it breathes through the unimprisoned air, if it floats abroad where the world's work is done, if it hangs

> Brooding above the fierce confederate storm
> Of sorrow, barricaded evermore
> Within the walls of cities,

then not to follow it and live in its vitalizing touch is inexpiable treason.

Not force, but clearness, not profusion, but simplicity, are what the new age needs. The advocates of force and profusion are many, and by their very nature conspicuous. They proclaim on every hand the virtue of enthusiasm. Have faith! is their cry. Through some subtle connection, which it would be worth while for a psychologist to explain, they associate faith with fireworks, with the devil's fireworks known as navies and armies. As to the direction of all that energy which they adore, they give us no counsel, or none that is above the lowest elements of the commonplace.

Our age, on the other hand, sated with wealth and abounding in excessive force, ready to follow with faith and zeal the leadership of wise men and fools, — our age, one would think, needs direction. That it is a new age we are all conscious. The indescribable change has been felt in this country; it has been felt and acknowledged in Europe; it has announced itself with the crash of empires in Asia. The rights of man are beginning to reassert themselves, as contrasted with the rights of property. The solidarity of human interests is being recognized as never before. Constitutions and laws which seemed adequate for nations that were predominantly agricultural, and for evenly distributed peoples, are proving unfit to regulate industrial systems that reach from country to country, affecting the vital resources of all mankind, and unfit for the dense urban life of our time.

Only superficial thinkers imagine that these regenerating impulses can be either furthered or effectively opposed without an appeal to the deepest of all sanctions. Whether the old order is to be defended or attacked, the ultimate arguments must be founded on instincts so profound, so personal, and so historic, that they amount to nothing less august than religion. One of the commonest 'evidences of Christianity' is the claim that it has made the old order possible and may yet serve to support it. And many men who feel that the old order is unjust invoke what they call pure or primitive Christian practice in favor of the changes they advocate.

On the other hand, rationalists, reattaching themselves to the philosophy of Locke and Hume, of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists, of Paine and Jefferson, of the German Aufklärung, of Godwin, of Comte, of Mill, leap free from this entanglement of Christianity with social problems, and declare that the pursuit of justice and mercy *is* religion. They repeat boldly after the ancient prophet this universal and simple creed: 'He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?'

In this line stands John Morley. If it appear strange that, by virtue of his cabinet positions, a man who openly avows such principles should have had a share in the power to nominate bishops of the Anglican Church, this is not the oddest anomaly of the Establishment. It is surely a tribute to his impartiality that the once frequent attacks on him as an agnostic adviser of the Crown have almost ceased. He is by deliberate choice, and therefore probably by some original bias of his

nature, a religious teacher. If he has opposed the popular form of religion it is not because he has undervalued the importance of faith. He too has had his convictions. He has not, however, like Froude and many another writer, irritatingly assumed that his own beliefs were the axioms of all enlightened thinking. This offense, and not the looseness of statement for which he has been too severely blamed, is what really mars much of Froude's work. Huxley was not quite free from it, nor was Lecky. The author of *On Compromise*, on the other hand, has spoken as one who knew he belonged to the minority. But he has always spoken boldly, and has fairly won the enviable title, 'honest John Morley.'

Lord Morley is not a Comtist, though evidently he accepts the negations of Positivism and some of its active doctrines. He appears to feel that the Religion of Humanity is adequate for moral support and guidance. To state that he is neither so methodical and precise nor so imaginative and constructive as Comte, is only to say that he is English and not French. His temperament is practical and moderate, inclining him to esteem simple and common-sense views and to disregard small inconsistencies, and even pretty big ones, in order to hold fast a few strong positions. He does not appear to be by instinct skeptical. Merely he shows no tendency to yield to the fascination of mystical natures. For this reason, he is, as a psychologist, far less rich in haunting sympathies and profound and delicate observations than Sainte-Beuve, for example. The play of religious and political forces in the region of practical intellect, not purely speculative or purely active intellect, but mediatory between literature and life, may be better observed, for the period between 1826 and 1869, in the life and works of the great French critic than anywhere else. For the preceding fifty years, Goethe performs the same office. For the period since Sainte-Beuve's death, one who would follow the course of the game might content himself with Matthew Arnold and Morley. The latter alone would not suffice. There is not enough poetry in him, nor enough breadth of feeling.

Morley begins almost precisely where Sainte-Beuve ended, with a sure grasp of several elementary principles; but apparently he has never entertained so many conflicting emotional sympathies. After wandering well up the height of more than one slope of thought and aspiration, Sainte-Beuve found himself at last, weary and disillusioned, clinging to the rock of positive humanitarianism, with a distinct, though slight, trust in progress, but half-fainting with the perfumes from vanished gardens of more luxuriant faith. There is no flavor of regret in Lord Morley's writings, no tone of renouncement, above all, no sentimentality.

There is hardly a trace in him of sympathy with the great reactionary movements that enriched the imagination of Englishmen and Americans in the nineteenth century: the mediævalism of Sir Walter Scott, the metaphysical apologetics of Coleridge, Newman's narcotic plea for the surrender of private judgment, Carlyle's revolt against reforms which he thought merely hedonistic. These were all instinctive, temperamental impulses, originating in character and experience rather than in deliberate weighing of evidence. They made the imagination of our race more flexible, but they perhaps, in some important respects, enfeebled judgment. They amassed a gorgeous store of figure and color, of hope and fear, but it is questionable if they strengthened the walls of the treasure-house. They opened vapory vistas into

the past, but it may be doubted if they helped to make present duty plainer and the future course more clear. The panic of reaction against the French Revolution, which was the psychological basis of all these movements and of several less illustrious ones, impeded and still impedes social progress, and has diminished by an immense amount the sum of human welfare. Corresponding movements in France were expressed in literature by Joseph de Maistre, Chateaubriand, Cousin, Guizot, and Hugo in his early manhood. They attracted and in turn repelled Sainte-Beuve, exciting his thought and determining its direction, until near the end of his life. He was never free and frank, never bold, direct, and measurably happy, until he turned his back on the phantom flood and rejected the haunting fear that intuition might, after all, be the better part of reason, that Pascal and Bossuet, the Jansenist recluses and the Jesuit saints, orthodox Protestants and Catholics on their common ground of supernaturalism, might be nearer the truth than Montaigne, Bayle, and the Encyclopædists.

It was probably the influence of John Stuart Mill that freed Morley in early manhood from apprehensions of this sort. By reading Mill *On Liberty* and then immediately Morley *On Compromise*, one can see the filiation, and incidentally receive plainer instruction in truth-telling than all the thundering pages of Carlyle afford. This short course on the duty of clear thinking and candid speech is urgently recommended as a *ductor dubitantium*. To many a tired doubter it offers peace. To many a person whose energies are wasting, unused, because his sensibilities entice him, while his reason forbids him, to enter the conventional and ancient paths of spiritual activity, it would reveal other and unbarred ways of practical expression, by showing how many and how beautiful are the religious obligations of truth. Lord Morley's writings are full of tributes to his austere master. They are, in their totality, a monument to that great man. On every appropriate occasion the reverent pupil pays to the memory of Mill acknowledgment of vast moral indebtedness. It is of Mill, whom he came to know intimately, that Morley wrote the tenderest pages in all his works. The same deep tones run through the works of both writers, the same respect for intellectual conviction in themselves and in others, the same sense that no man lives to himself alone, the same recognition that a considerate and sympathetic hearing is due to fresh and untried opinions.

Mr. Morley entered Oxford when the influence of Newman had long passed its height. Mill had succeeded to the intellectual throne. An influence more immediate, and not dissimilar, was exercised in Mr. Morley's own college, Lincoln, by the peculiar and somewhat awful personality of Mark Pattison.

As we have seen, his writings fall into three groups: his lives of English statesmen, his lives of French philosophers, and the unique book, *On Compromise*. There are, besides, his essays on various men and women of letters, but these may nearly all be regarded as by-products of his studies in French rationalism and English liberalism, and belong in the first or the second of the two main groups accordingly.

The biographies of Englishmen are probably the less significant of the two series. There is not so much unity among the members, and the author makes less of an attempt to penetrate motives. Furthermore, Walpole, Cobden, and Gladstone are, of course, far less interesting personalities than Voltaire and Rousseau, and their respective times were humdrum in comparison with the momentous epoch of

French history just before the Revolution. The *Burke*, one of Lord Morley's most readable and artistically successful books, belongs in the French fully as much as in the English series. The *Walpole* contains a jarring note of forced apology for that statesman's faults. It is, moreover, a work of far less compass than any of the others. The *Oliver Cromwell*, though of great value as a narrative, is hardly a successful portrait. It suffers, as all other lives of Cromwell must suffer, when compared with Carlyle's speaking picture. Lord Morley is no painter. He has few colors on his palette, and they are ready-mixed. Nor has he anything like Carlyle's matchless gift of power to show a man visibly and audibly moving about, full-bodied, amid the tumults or the quiet fields where he actually did move. Tacitus, Saint-Simon, Carlyle, — it is not for even the best biographers of our day to be set over against these re-makers of men and scenes. What Lord Morley's pages possess in the way of superiority even to Carlyle — and it is a strong advantage, surely — is the sense they communicate that nothing is being cautiously withheld or purposely distorted, that the author is giving us the plain truth as he knows it. The plain truth about Cromwell, as anybody living knows it, has not enough consistency to form a satisfactory homogeneous portrait.

The *Cobden* and, even more, the *Gladstone* lose in unity what they gain in fullness, from being largely compilations of speeches and letters. Still, they are, for this reason, among the richest and truest of biographies. If they are not works of art in the highest sense, they are replete with fact and comment, holding as much of the truth as could be crammed into their many hundreds of pages. It is interesting to observe the new Liberalism emerging in the author, his way of looking back to Cobden as having been left behind at a stage already remote. Mentioning with approval certain bills to protect labor, he remarks complacently: 'It cannot be seriously denied that Cobden was fully justified in describing the tendencies of this legislation as socialistic. It was an exertion of the power of the state in its strongest form, definitely limiting in the interest of the laborer the administration of capital.' And after referring to what thirty years more of such legislation accomplished, between 1847 and 1877, he adds: 'We find the rather amazing result that in the country where Socialism has been less talked about than any other country in Europe, its principles have been most extensively applied.'

He points out that Cobden was hindered by his zeal for personal liberty from perceiving the need for equality, which is the crying need in all industrial countries. Upon a much later occasion, in his overwhelming review of Lecky's *Democracy and Liberty*, 1896, he associates himself with Mill in a searching criticism of certain commonplaces which both the Conservative and the Liberal schools of political thought had always accepted without question:—

'He [Lecky] talks, for instance, of the sense of right and wrong being the basis of respect for property and for the obligation of contract. This will never do. It begs the whole question. The Socialist believes that he can make an unanswerable case the other way, namely, for the proposition that the unsophisticated sense of right and wrong, so far from being the root of respect for property, is hostile to it and is at this moment shaking it to its foundation all over the modern world. . . . The classes, Mill observed, which the present system of society makes subordinate have little reason to put faith

in any of the maxims which the same system of society may have established as principles.'

The *Life of Gladstone* is a work of immense labor loyally bestowed upon a sympathetic theme. The personal reminiscences in which it abounds are one of the chief elements of its value. They throw light on many obscure points in recent history, such as Gordon's mission to Khartoum. The author modestly keeps himself in the background, but it is evident that for many years he was not only very intimate with Gladstone, but closely associated with him in politics as counselor and agent. The *Life* has done much to restore the reputation of Gladstone, or rather to revive it, after the inevitable reaction which followed his amazing popular triumphs.

But it is in another field that Lord Morley's authority is most generally recognized. He first became known to the public as a student of the philosophy which prepared the French Revolution, the philosophy of the Enlightenment. As a fighting man in a conflict that still rages, it is through these early works that he most directly affects opinion. He occupies high rank, with Arnold, Leslie Stephen, and Mr. Frederic Harrison, as a spiritual leader, as a medium of communication between England and France, especially as a defender of plain speaking.

That plain speech on the subject of religious conformity in its connection with progressive social life is necessary, few would deny in the abstract; but in practice we are all too much disposed to act as if liberty were a settled possession and bigotry forevermore powerless. Startling examples are not wanting, however, to prove that such a feeling of security is unfounded. The following extract from a widely circulated pamphlet may serve as an illustration: —

'To establish and make universal the principles of pure democracy is the object, whether consciously or unconsciously, of the great thought-movements of our era. . . . Not only is the Bible, with its peremptory assertion of supremacy and control over mankind, directly counter to the democratic movement, but it is now the *only* real obstacle to the complete independence of humanity.'

These are not the words of a free-thinker. They occur in a book which has been widely distributed with the professed purpose of promoting a world-wide revival of evangelical religion. Those who separate the Bible unnaturally from the rest of history and literature, and fail to perceive its emancipating spirit, are capable of believing such statements. And if they also happen to dislike and fear democracy they will cherish popular Christianity as a check upon what they consider to be the wayward, innovating impulses of humanity. They are the most determined foes of progress.

Of such a nature, and more oppressive only because it was more strongly intrenched in all the high places of church and state, was the power that Voltaire made it his life-work to destroy. And for his tenacity and self-sacrifice in performing so much of the task as any one man could, Morley honors him, in a book that is at once a biography, an essay, and a eulogy.

Voltaire was not an enemy of religion; neither is his admirer. 'It cannot be too often repeated,' says the latter, 'that the Christianity which Voltaire assailed was not that of the Sermon on the Mount, for there was not a man then alive more keenly sensible than he was of the generous humanity which is there enjoined with a force that so strangely touches the heart, nor one who was on the whole, in spite of constitutional infirmities

and words which were far worse than his deeds, more ardent and persevering in its practice.' Neither was Voltaire an enemy of social order. He valued highly the culture of the rigidly settled age in which he was born. 'The epoch,' says Morley, 'was one of entire loyalty to itself and its ideas. Voltaire himself perceived and admired these traits to the full. The greatest of all overthrowers, he always understood that it is toward such ages as these, the too short ages of conviction and self-sufficience, that our endeavor works. We fight that others may enjoy; and many generations struggle and debate, that one generation may hold something for proven.'

It might be supposed that one great advantage of an age of faith would be that it enables men to shake off undue solicitude about religion and escape the obsession of theology. But this is paradox; the facts have not been so in history. The so-called ages of faith have been ages crushed and absorbed by theology. Voltaire no doubt felt the charm of the seventeenth-century ideal, but he perceived clearly enough that the central pillar of that wide-branched vault was authority. And the material of this pillar could not withstand his analysis. He realized without flinching that the arches must fall, for the pillar was rotten. He was not alone in this. His splendid and for some time unshared advantage was, however, that he saw the connection between oppressive government and the denial of reason. As Morley affirms, 'The companionship between these two ideas of disrespect for the rights of man and disrespect for reason, or the highest distinction of man, has been an inseparable companionship. . . . To Voltaire, reason and humanity were but a single word, and love of truth and passion for justice but one emotion.'

It is the keynote of his own character that Morley here strikes, or rather its grand chord, the harmony of two kindred notes; an ardent devotion to the welfare of all mankind, and a clear, unqualified allegiance to the rational understanding. How much the world needs that these two principles should be boldly affirmed is only too apparent as we observe the power of comfort and wealth to make men scoff at equality and doubt the possibility of continual progress, inclining them to acquiesce blandly in all evils which do not touch them and to drop with a grim smile and a sigh of relief into the city of refuge maintained by mysticism.

The hostility to Voltaire, and to rationalism generally, proceeds very naturally from those, to quote Morley again, 'who are apt to measure the merits of a philosopher by the strength of his sympathy with existing sources of comfort.' And that a settled religious faith, a sacred bond between us and our fathers, a common ground of hope and activity with those we love and desire to help in our own generation, the object and subject of all art, the motive of all knowledge and all endeavor — that a settled religious faith must be a comfort, and more than a comfort, the glory and crown of life, Morley never denies. Neither, in fact, did Voltaire. The latter knew, fully as well as his enemies, that religion is the centre of the great wheel of human life, from which radiate all the supports and impulses that keep life in the track of progress. With no other philosophy than common sense, and scarcely more of scholarly equipment than many other well-read and experienced men possessed, he scrutinized the 'supernatural evidences' of Christianity and found them startlingly inadequate to uphold its claims of dominion over conscience. His analysis, though audacious and often rancorous, was seldom, if ever, prompted by levity. His instru-

ments were slight, but his purpose was earnest and his hand sure. He has done more to purify and simplify Christianity, to eliminate its imperfections, and bring its universal, permanent properties into credit and activity, than any man since Luther. Or, again, as Morley puts it, he has forced the defenders of Christianity 'to plead for the tolerance of rational men on the comparatively modest ground of social fitness.'

But in thus estimating the validity of Christian doctrine we are exposed to a new danger, peculiar to our own era. We are now solicited by certain pleaders to neglect the promptings of rational understanding, not because they are contrary to an easy faith, but because they are unnecessary. Popular Christianity, they insinuatingly tell us, is workable. It is the best form of spiritual order which the ages have brought forth. It satisfies the cravings of the heart. It promotes a morality which is, on the whole, the best available. Its value is very high. Let us rest content with what is, so long as it is thus good and practicable, and not inquire too carefully into its origin or its essential nature. Even if reason should decide against Christianity, — and we do not assert that it might not, — we should still hold fast to it in practice. Let us retain the symbols, the historic spirit, the æsthetic satisfactions, the soul of goodness in things, — well, not evil of course, but questionable, if you please, — and turn a deaf ear to all disturbers of our peace. Let us not be so illiberal, so uncultured, so crude and harsh, so puritanical and philistine, as to listen any longer to mere reason. It would blight our sensibilities, narrow the luminous sphere of our emotions, make pale and wan the many-colored dome under which we dwell at ease, and, above all, render extremely awkward the task, already so difficult, of bringing up our children! This is the murmur, too gentle and droning to be called the cry, of many 'Modernists.' The ringing sentences of Morley fall like whips of wire upon those who sell such doves for sacrifice in the forecourt of the temple.

'The modern argument,' he declares, 'in favor of the supernatural origin of the Christian religion, drawn from its suitableness to our needs and its divine response to our aspirations, must be admitted by every candid person resorting to it to be of exactly equal force in the mouth of a Mahometan or a fire-worshiper or an astrolater. If you apply a subjective test of this kind, it must be as good for the sincere and satisfied votaries of one creed as it is for those of any other'; and again he speaks with scorn of 'a fatal substitution of bland emotional complacency for robust cultivation of the reason, and firm reverence for its lessons as the highest that we can learn.' These words were drawn from him by the sight of the followers of Newman chloroforming their tortured minds. They might be applied, with pungent restorative effect, to souls that feel the lure of a new and insidious suggestion of relief, like the fickle city in Dante's reproachful phrase,

> somiglianti a quella inferma
> Che non può trovar posa in su le piume,
> Ma con dar volta suo dolore scherma.

Morley very properly emphasizes the fact that Rousseau represents the most important aspect of the Revolution, its social side, to which Burke signally failed to do justice. 'The pith of the Revolution up to 1790,' he declares, 'was less the political constitution, of which Burke says so much, and so much that is true, than the social and economic transformation, of which he says so little.' Rousseau formulated the central principle of the Revolution, which was, to simplify life. 'This in a sense is

at the bottom of all great religious and moral movements, and the Revolution emphatically belongs to the latter class.' The impulse to disentangle life, to shake off intricacies, 'is the mark of revolutionary generations, and it was the starting-point of all Rousseau's mental habits.' In social relations it means equality, in literature and art a return to nature. It is fitting that Rousseau should be judged according to the measure in which he remained true to this grand principle. He did remain true to it, and this explains his immense hold on the minds of men engaged in the struggle. His many enormous disqualifications for intellectual and moral leadership all counted for nothing in comparison with the fact that he was sincere and tenacious in affirming the deep principle that animated the whole movement.

On this question of simplicity, which has begun again to agitate the world, Morley sounds no uncertain note: he is for the coming revolution, if it is to mean a just equality. 'As against the theory that the existing way of sharing the laboriously acquired fruits and delights of the earth is a just representation and fair counterpart of natural inequalities among men in merit and capacity, the revolutionary theory is true, and the passionate revolutionary cry for equality of external chance most righteous and unanswerable.' He goes on to deny, as sensible people must deny, that all men have the same capacity for serving the community, yet he does not comfort himself with the thought that our present arrangements are fair, and expresses the hope that 'generations will come, to whom our system of distributing among a few the privileges and delights that are procured by the toil of the many, will seem just as wasteful, as morally hideous, and as scientifically indefensible as that older system which impoverished and depopulated empires in order that a despot or a caste might have no least wish ungratified for which the lives or the hard-won treasure of others could suffice.'

He recognizes in Rousseau the contrary to much that gave him satisfaction in Voltaire. Yet some of Rousseau's aims were necessary correctives of the Voltairean tendencies. Voltaire and the other Encyclopædists 'forgot that imagination is as active in man as his reason, and that a craving for mental peace may become much stronger than passion for demonstrated truth.'

In his *Diderot and the Encyclopædists* he does not depart from the positions taken in his earlier volumes, nor add to the fundamental ideas therein expressed. Turgot and Condorcet are rendered in admiring terms. Wise and good men, fully accepting the revolutionary philosophy, but knowing the economic facts of their time and country, they kept steady where other men lost their balance. Turgot is Morley's great hero. But he is equally just to Joseph de Maistre, who detested the Revolution and labored to undo its work. This modest, duty-loving man is depicted in winning contrast to Holbach, Grimm, and Helvétius, who remain detestable despite all our author can do to proclaim their ultimate usefulness in advancing the cause of free thought. And quite as likely as not, they injured it, after all.

Morley's *Burke* is more delightful than any of his other books that deal with the Revolution, in which aphorisms and judgments too often hem the flow of narrative and argument. Its style is less exuberant. The author was evidently limited in regard to space, a restriction which would not have proved harmful in the other cases. He of course points out the unfortunate results of Burke's ignorance of the true cause of the French Revolution.

If Burke had possessed half of Arthur Young's knowledge of economic conditions in France, he could hardly have taken the course he did. His natural love for ordered systems, 'that worked by the accepted uses, opinions, beliefs, prejudices of a community,' blinded him to the necessity of the revolt. When the timorous, the weak-minded, and the bigoted in England were aroused to the danger to which it was supposed that the conflagration in France exposed their country, 'Burke gave them the key which enabled them to interpret the Revolution in harmony with their usual ideas and their temperament.' For this it is hard to forgive him. They seized upon the least worthy parts of his *Reflections* with avidity, but were little affected by the large political philosophy which makes that work immortal.

No one who cares for human welfare and is not forbidden by his own religious or political philosophy to see any good whatever in the French Revolution, can read Morley's works on that convulsive effort of mind without feeling indignant at the all-too-common assumption that it failed, and deserved to fail. Burke and Carlyle between them have unduly influenced opinion on this subject in the English-speaking world. The Terror and the usurpation of Napoleon will perhaps be seen some day in their true light, as aberrations and unfortunate incidents of a movement necessary, conscientiously planned, and on the whole beneficial. Even the famous code of law which replaced the old chaos of French custom has been mistakenly called the *Code Napoléon*. Let any one ask himself what would have been the history of modern Europe if France, which has in the long run remained faithful to the Revolution, had not led forlorn hopes and served as an example for the last hundred and twenty years. Of her claims to honor, no worthier vindication exists in our language than Morley's studies of the great critical movement.

His essay *On Compromise* is a work of extraordinary value. Not to have read it is to have missed a powerful stimulus to right living. It was published in 1874, and has been often reprinted. The author first disposes of the fallacy that error may possibly be useful. He then deals with the effects of immoral compromise in politics, which are always evil, though 'in the positive endeavor to realize an opinion, to convert a theory into practice, it may be, and very often is, highly expedient to defer to the prejudices of the majority.' But the spirit of politics has often intruded upon the sphere of private conduct, and particularly upon religious organizations. In the celebrated chapter on religious conformity, the author treats with clear-eyed precision the cases of conscience which emerge in the conflict between social opinion and personal conviction. Since heresy is no longer traced to depravity of heart, persons are not often put under much public pressure to conform to religious usages from which they inwardly dissent. Painful difficulties do sometimes arise, however, between husbands and wives and between children and parents. Is it ever the duty of a husband to conform in order to please his wife? Should children carry obedience to parents, or filial gratitude, so far as to profess beliefs which they do not entertain? What course should be followed in bringing up children, when the parents differ, one being a believer, the other an unbeliever? The replies are not always trenchant, for some of the cases are very complex, but the discussion is straightforward and helpful. A simpler problem arises where both parents dissent from the popular creed. Here the most elementary morality

forbids teaching what is believed to be false, and yet it is not fair to make children peculiar, or incline them to a priggish aloofness, or bring them up without a large part of the culture of mind and heart which is associated with Christianity.

Of the ministers of the church, Morley declares that they 'vow almost before they have crossed the threshold of manhood that they will search no more. They virtually swear that they will to the end of their days believe what they believe then, before they have had time either to think, or to know the thoughts of others. They take oath, in other words, to lead mutilated lives. If they cannot keep this solemn promise, they have at least every inducement that ordinary human motives can supply to conceal their breach of it. . . . Consider the seriousness of fastening up in these bonds some thousands of the most instructed and intelligent classes in the country, the very men who would otherwise be best fitted from position and opportunities for aiding a little in the long, difficult, and plainly inevitable work of transforming opinion.'

He speaks of the expression, 'lower and narrower forms of truth,' as a 'fine phrase for forms of falsehood.' This is sound casuistry indeed! It is by the tacit acquiescence of enlightened opponents, he asserts, and by the dissimulation of timid unbelievers, that stupid men in power maintain pernicious creeds. And they are pernicious just because they are not true. There is keen satire in his remark that 'resolute orthodoxy, *however prosperous it may seem among the uncultivated rich*, has lost its hold upon thought.' He argues, quite in the spirit of Milton and the sternest Puritans of the seventeenth century, against 'an hireling ministry,' speaking hotly and perhaps intemperately of 'the essential and profound immorality of the priestly profession — in all its forms, and no matter in connection with what church or what dogma — which makes a man's living depend on his abstaining from using his mind, or concealing the conclusions to which use of his mind has brought him.'

That there is heat and passion in the essay, these extracts, perhaps with disproportionate emphasis, prove. On the whole, however, it is a temperate, philosophical discussion of the larger cases of conscience which arise among men and women bound together, as we all are, by ties of political and religious order.

Men do not crowd, with noisy acclamation, round a quiet speaker of truth who denies himself the specious advantages of emotional appeal and depends solely upon plain reason. But they do come at length to respect him. John Morley, believing that 'the spiritual life of man needs direction quite as much as it needs impulse, and light quite as much as force,' has stood patient, sober, and tenacious of his ideals throughout a generation when the contrary doctrine was insistently taught.

THE TALKING WAVE

BY LUCY PRATT

THEY had been there all the afternoon, a dozen of them, gently basking on the edge of the bay, in the warm luxury of a May Saturday in southern Virginia. Now there were only two left, who watched a sail which skirted smoothly round the curve of the island just before them, and then steered straight out into the Chesapeake.

'W'at yer studyin' 'bout, Miss No'th?' questioned the smaller of the two.

His eyes wandered critically, first to the retreating sailboat, and then to the sky above.

'Look r'al bright 'n' sunny now,' he observed, 'but p'r'aps dey 'll git cotch in a sto'm, too.'

The other glanced up briefly at the cloudless sky.

'I think we won't begin to worry about that yet,' she declared reasonably, 'but I was just wondering how you were going to get home.'

'*I* dunno, 'm, Miss No'th; I reckon yer's gwine ca'y me back in de boat, same way yer brought me. I reckon yer's gwine ca'y me back, ain't yer?'

'But you see we may not get started till after dark. They 'll sail for an hour probably, and then when they do come they 'll want to stop again, and the sail home will be another hour. I did n't realize how late it would be. I suppose you ought not to have come at all.'

He glanced up at her with a cloud of disappointment on his face.

'Oh, you've been a great *help*, Ezekiel, there's no doubt of that. I don't believe we could have got on without you. But, you see, I'm afraid you ought not to stay so long. If you could just run back to the road —'

He interrupted her.

''T won' do no harm fer me ter stay, Miss No'th,' he begged eagerly. 'I ain' gwine mek yer no trouble, Miss No'th!'

She stepped into an old rowboat which lay anchored on the shore, and drew her fingers lightly through the water.

'It is n't the kind of day for trouble.'

She looked at the sunny, shivering, blue bay, and then she turned her head again.

'Well, stay a little longer. They 'll probably be back soon. Come here, Ezekiel,' — and he clambered into the bow of the old boat, just opposite her. 'Look down there. Do you see?'

'Yas, 'm, dem 's sunfish,' he answered promptly; 'dem 's sunfish. Jes' look at 'em ketch de sun, Miss No'th! Look like de kine Miss Jane an' de res' uv 'em 's tryin' ter ketch, time dey mos' gotten drowndid.'

She peered eagerly down at the darting, flashing creatures just below.

'Time Miss Jane an' de res' uv 'em mos' gotten drowndid,' he repeated. 'Don't yer know, Miss No'th? 'T wuz a gen'leman she call 'Ratio, an' a lady she call Kate, an' dey all start out ter go fishin' in de mawnin'.'

'A dream, was this? I am sure Miss Jane never started out to go fishing in her waking moments.'

'Yas, 'm. Dey all start out ter go fishin' in de mawnin'.'

'Because, to begin with, Miss Jane does n't believe in fishing. She says she considers it a very cruel sport.'

'Yas, 'm, dat's jes' w'at she tole 'em w'en dey ax 'er will she go. Say, w'y, she s'pose she kin *go*, but she doan' guess she is nurrer, cuz it cert'nly's a ve'y cruel spote. But dey keep on wo'in' 'er 'bout it, an' praesen'ly she say, w'y, she s'pose she kin *go*, but she ain' gwine ketch no fish nurrer, cuz it cert'nly's a ve'y cruel spote.

'So de sun wuz shinin', an' dey all start out ter go fishin' in de mawnin', Miss Jane an' de gen'leman she call 'Ratio an' de lady she call Kate. An' dey ain' went ve'y fur 'fo' dey come ter de aidge o' de water, an' it's ser clare dey look down an' seen de fishes a-dancin' roun' an' ketchin' de sun an' lookin' up.

'"*I* ain' gwine ketch 'em," Miss Jane say, "cuz dey cyan't keep on sparklin' down yonder an' lookin' up ef yer pull 'em out," she say, "an' 't ain' sense ter do it, anyway," she say.

'"Well, yer ain't 'blige ketch nuthin'," 'Ratio answer; an' he shove up de boat an' tell 'em ter git in.

'But dey ain' no sooner push off fum de sho' 'n dey seen it's two li'l' boys a-settin' dere in de bottom o' de boat.

'"Heyo!" 'Ratio say, "how come we did n' notice yer befo'?" An' he row de boat right out in de middle o' de ocean.

'"Is yer goin' wid us or ain't yer?" 'Ratio say, w'en he gotten 'em out 'bout de middle o' de ocean. But de li'l' boys wuz kine o' wrastlin' an' playin' an' ain' pay no 'tention to 'im 't all.

'"Hole on now," 'Ratio say, "yer'll capsize us! Stop yer playin'!" he say; an' he ain' no mo' 'n spoken de words 'fo' dey done jes' zackly w'at he say. Dey capsize de boat an' tip it over, an' nex' thing dey all uv 'em pitch out in de water, de li'l' boys an' Miss Jane an' de gen'leman she call 'Ratio an' de lady she call Kate.

'"Well, dat's a nice way fer you ter do!" 'Ratio say, soon's he kin r'ally speak an' look eroun'. "Ain't yer got de leas' sense?" he say; "is yer see w'at yer's done? Well, yer's capsize de boat," he say, "an' not only dat, but yer's pitch us all out in de water."

'De li'l' boys wuz jes' a-lookin' roun' a li'l' fer deyselves by dat time, so co'se dey kin see w'at dey done 'thout anybody tellin' 'em. But 'Ratio keep on holl'rin' at 'em jes' same.

'"Yer's pitch us out, an' not only dat but yer's putten us in a ve'y mean persition," he say. "Where's de res' o' de pahty anyhow?" he ax. Cuz w'en he look roun' he could n' see no sign o' Miss Jane ner nobuddy.

'"Well, I doan' know where dey is, but I know 't ain' a ve'y nice way ter treat 'em," he answer.

'De li'l' boys 'mence ter look kine o' shame den, cuz w'en dey stop an' look roun' an' seen way 't wuz, w'y, co'se dey kin see dey ain' done right. Dey kin see it fer deyselves. Cuz dey ain' no sign o' Miss Jane yit, an' wuss 'n all dat, dey ain' no sign o' de lady she call Kate.

'"Well, look like dey might speak an' tell where dey is, anyway," 'Ratio say; an' jes' ez he spoken de words, w'y, Miss Jane she answer 'im, an' look like 'er voice come fum righ' down yonder in de water.

'"I doan' see no call ter speak," she say, "but sence yer's ax," she say, "I s'pose I kin tell yer I'se wedge right in under de boat, an' not only dat but my ha'r is ketch *ter* de boat, an' not only dat but I wish I ain' come."

'"I wish I ain' come nurrer," speak up somebody else, "cuz I'se ketch on a snag, an' not only dat but I'se los' my purse, an' not only dat but a fish is nibblin' on me." 'T wuz de lady she call Kate.

'"We wish we ain' come nurrer!" 'T wuz bofe de li'l' boys speakin' at de same time.

'"Well, I wish yer ain't, nary one uv yer!" 'Ratio answer; "I wish I ain' come myself. But 't ain' no time ter was'e talkin' 'bout it nurrer, so keep up good cou'ge," he say, "an' I'll mek de 'tempt ter save yer, an' tilt de boat over," he say.

'"Is yer gwine tilt de boat right side uppermost?" Miss Jane ax 'im.

'"I'se gwine mek de 'tempt," 'Ratio answer; an' he given de boat kine uv a haul an' a bang, an' den Miss Jane spoke agin.

'"Wait a minute," she say, "I tole yer my ha'r 's ketch, an' yer 's strainin' on it. I ain' no ha'r ter lose," she say, "an' yer need n' be ser rough."

'So 'Ratio answer 'er r'al p'lite. "Cyan't yer unketch yer ha'r?" he ax.

'But Miss Jane ain' seem ter like way he spoke.

'"Well, I'se gwine unketch it," she say, "ef yer'll stop holl'rin' at me an' lemme putten my mine on it."

'So Miss Jane putten 'er mine on it an' unketch 'er ha'r, an' nex' yer know she come up an' look eroun' 'er.

'"Well, I'se los' a po'tion o' my ha'r, an' not only dat, but I'se mis-place my hat," she say, an' she look at 'Ratio r'al mad.

'"Pshaw, dat's too bad," he answer, "but keep up good cou'ge, I'se gwine tilt de boat over now."

'But same time he spoke, de two li'l' boys got ter wrastlin' 'gin.

'"Hole on! Hole on! Stop yer play-in'!" 'Ratio holler, "'t ain' no 'casion fer it! Yer'll sink de boat nex' yer know!"

'An' de strange part wuz, 'Ratio ain' no mo' 'n spoke like dat, 'fo' it's jes' zackly w'at de li'l' boys done. Dey sink de boat.

'Well, look like 'Ratio's mos' too mad ter speak to 'em den, an' Miss Jane look 'bout de same.

'"I would n' s'pose yer'd ack ser mean," she say.

'"Is yer wanter git drowndid?" 'Ratio holler, "well, look ter me like yer's gwine git drowndid now any-how!" he holler.

'W'en he say dat, co'se dey look roun' an' seen 'ow 't wuz, cuz de waves wuz rollin' an' splashin' all roun' 'em, an' den dey knowed 'Ratio 's right 'bout it. Dey knowed dey's gwine git drowndid. An' de li'l' boys 'mence ter cry.

'"'S too late ter begin cryin'," 'Ratio say, "yer 's gwine git drowndid, an' I doan' see no way ter change it."

'Miss Jane look up ez ef she feel kine o' skyeered den too. An' de waves bunt up 'ginst 'em all, an' den roll off agin todes de lan'.

'"I cyan' see de leas' way ter change it," 'Ratio 'splain, "so de nex' question is, is yer all raidy ter git drowndid?"

'Well, dey tole 'im dey did n' reckon dey wuz quite raidy, but de waves rare an' splash on 'em, an' de win' holler an' blow on 'em — an' dey come a voice.

'"Turn yer haids an' look behine yer!" de voice seem ter say. "Turn yer haids an' look behine yer!"

'An' dey know de voice. 'T wuz de lady dey call Kate. An' she's a-risin' right up outen de water ez she speak.

'"Turn yer haids!" she say. "Doan't yer see de wave?" she say. "Doan't yer hyeah de wave?" she say.

' An' dey all turn dey haids an' know w'at she mean. Cuz de wave wuz comin' right 'long todes 'em, a-comin' 'long fas'er an' fas'er, only look like 't wuz talkin' ez it come.

'"Keep up yer cou'ge!" it call. "I'se a-rollin' fer de sho'!" it call. "I'se a-rollin' fer de sho'!" it sing out. "I'se a-comin' fer ter ca'y yer home!"

' Dey did n' nobuddy speak. Dey

jes' wait dere a-lookin' kine o' skyeered like at de wave.

'"I'se hyeah!" it holler, an' "I'se hyeah!" it sing; "*I'se comin' fer ter ca'y yer home!*"

'An' w'at yer s'pose? It jes' tukken 'em right up an' ca'ied 'em erlong, a-holl'rin' an' a-singin' ez it went.

'An' dey ain' spoke yit, but dey kin see it's true, dey kin see it fer deyselves. Dey 's a-gwine back home on de wave. Dey's a-rollin' fer de lan'. An' ez it ca'ied 'em 'long n'arer 'n' n'arer, an' finely drap 'em on de sho', de lady dey call Kate she spoke once mo'.

'"Ain't I tole yer so?" she say. "Now turn yer haids an' look behine yer!" she say. "De wave's a-gwine! Jes' turn yer haids agin an' look behine yer!"

'So dey all turn dey haids tergerrer, an' sho' 'nough, de wave wuz turnin' roun' ter say good-bye.

'"Good-bye!" dey call; an' de wave look back an' answer, an' den turn agin an' ain' look no mo', but jes' went rollin' erlong back where it come fum, out yonder in de middle o' de ocean.

'So dey ain' drowndid, cuz de wave is save 'em, an' dey look roun' on de sho' — an' off todes home, an' den dey all go trabblin' back tergerrer, Miss Jane an' de two li'l' boys an' de gen'leman she call 'Ratio an' de lady she call Kate.'

Ezekiel had paused, and his companion was looking at him with curious intentness.

'That's a pretty good story,' she observed mildly, 'though it does n't sound just like a true one.'

'W'at yer s'pose yer'd do ef yer's tip over in a boat, Miss No'th?' questioned Ezekiel with equal placidity.

'I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps I'd drown.'

'I reckon I'd drown, too,' agreed Ezekiel. 'I reckon I'd be too skyeered ter swim, anyhow,' he added.

'Well, it would be a time when it would hardly do to lose your head. You 'd surely drown if you did that.'

'Yas, 'm,' returned Ezekiel meekly; 'would you swim asho' ef yer's gittin' drowndid, Miss No'th?'

'I hope I should try it, at least. I can't say I should swim very far, but whatever you do in *any* emergency, Ezekiel, don't lose your head.'

'No, 'm, I ain' gwine lose my haid,' returned Ezekiel, with an uneasy presentiment of threatening decapitation.

'That's a very important thing to learn, you know, *when to keep your head.*'

'Yas, 'm.'

Ezekiel involuntarily placed his hand over his small cap, and Miss North suddenly stood up in the old rowboat which had lain anchored on the shore. She was looking with a fixed, bewildered stare at a slowly widening stretch of water behind her, at a line of earth behind the stretch of water.

'Look!' she broke out in a voice suddenly sharp and confused, 'Ezekiel! Look, look! Don't you see! The boat! *Look!*'

Ezekiel turned in his seat and looked with slow, dawning comprehension at the steadily receding line of earth beyond, at the steadily deepening gulf of water below.

'We's adrif', Miss No'th!' he shouted, jumping up and instinctively reaching out for her as she stood at the other end of the boat, 'we's adrif'! De boat's cut loose, Miss No'th!'

With the same bewildered stare, her eyes swept the tossing, shivering bay before them and then turned out to the rolling sea beyond.

'Can you swim?' she whispered hoarsely, with a faint motion toward the receding line of earth, — 'as far — as that?'

'No, 'm, I cyan't swim's fur's dat,' muttered Ezekiel thickly.

With a quick, desperate movement, she stepped forward in the boat and took him almost fiercely by the shoulder.

'It's the only — thing! Don't you see, don't you see!' And again her white face turned swiftly to the lonely sea where the waves were already floundering in restless prophecy of wild disaster. 'Jump!' she whispered. 'Quick! It's the only — thing!'

Ezekiel wheeled with a sudden weird light flashing in his eyes.

'Ya'as, jump!' he cried, ' 't ain' ve'y fur ter — swim it! Look! De waves is comin', Miss No'th! Look — look — looker Big Wave comin' yonder, Miss No'th! Jes' same's de one I tole yer' bout! De Wave's a-comin' ter help us! De Wave's a-comin' ter ca'y us home! Come on, Miss No'th! *Jump!*'

He had sprung up on his seat in a strange, quivering ecstasy, and he stood there poised over the tumbling water.

'It's gwine ca'y us back ter sho'!' he cried. 'Doan't yer see!' he shouted, 'yer's 'blige ter jump, Miss No'th! *Miss No'th!* We's driffin' erway! *We's driffin' off! Yer's 'blige ter jump!*'

Her expressionless face stared back at him, till her eyes crept in slow terror down to the water slapping noisily against the boat.

'I can't —' she whispered faintly. 'You — you — first.'

'Yas'm!' he shouted ecstatically. 'I ain't 'fraid! De Wave's a-comin'! Come on, Miss No'th! It'll ca'y us back! De Wave's gwine ca'y us back! I ain't 'fraid! *Come on, Miss No'th! Yer 's 'blige ter!*'

With a sickening sensation of increasing horror, she watched him hover, poised for a moment longer over the slapping gulf of water — until he stretched out his small arms above his head — and for a moment she closed her eyes.

When she opened them again she was alone in the boat. A little, black, struggling figure in the water bobbed dully, dizzily somewhere before her. She could n't have told whether it was near — close there beside her, or far away. She only knew that it was there, struggling, striking out, bobbing with the bobbing waves, sinking, rising again, and then striking out anew. She followed it with narrowed, hypnotized eyes until it slowly lost all meaning for her, and then she crouched low in her boat, and drifted out to sea.

She never was able to rid herself of the impression — afterwards — that she reeled for hours in her little boat on a terrifying waste of endless water. She thought it was from sheer exhaustion of time that her mind seemed finally to flicker and then go out altogether.

When the light came again, and she looked up, there were faces around her and a sail flapped just above her head.

'You're all right,' she heard some one whisper — 'but it's been a bad half-hour for you!'

'Where's Ezekiel?' she asked faintly.

But only the sail above her head seemed to flap back an answer, while the boat turned with the wind and moved slowly towards the shore.

'Where's Ezekiel?' she repeated.

'Ezekiel?' It sounded like a half-fearful echo to her — and the boat moved on.

But there was that line of earth again — off there in the distance. Her eyes were fixed on it, like two little quivering, frightened points of light.

'Where 's Ezekiel?'

The boat was pushing on and on — nearer and nearer to the line of earth — and then finally they were helping her out and she was stumbling eagerly

along the sand, still pursued by the helping hands.

'Wait!' she was whispering, as she went hurrying on unsteadily, 'Ezekiel — Ezekiel —' She looked back at them. 'Look!' she pleaded.

He sat there limply, a wet, cheerless little heap on the sand, unmindful of their approach, gazing steadily out to sea.

She moved forward again — and then she reached down and just touched him. He turned his head and looked up at her.

'Oh, I'se been a-waitin' — fer you — long time, Miss No'th,' he assured her with wavering, slow pauses, 'I'se been a-waitin' — long time.'

Without any other movement, his head turned again, while again his eyes gazed steadily out to sea.

'I'se been a-waitin' —' he repeated, with the wavering, slow pauses, 'fer de Wave — ter bring yer back. Did it bring yer back — Miss No'th? I'se been a-waitin' ser long, — fer de Wave ter bring yer — back.'

She touched his wet coat with a wandering hand.

'Seem like — I been waitin' long time — but I knowed de Wave's gwine bring yer back — too — so I'se jes' been a-waitin' — fer you.'

'Yes, I know!' she broke in, 'I know! But I — you see, oh, Ezekiel — I was n't brave like you! I could n't even try to jump — to swim ashore! You see — I seemed to — to lose my head — you see — I — was n't brave at all!'

He looked at her seriously.

'Did yer lose yer haid, Miss No'th? Did n' de Wave bring yer back, Miss No'th? Did n' de wave —'

'No, no, the boat brought me back — the sailboat! It's going to take us both home now! How long have you been waiting here like this? *How long have you been waiting here?* A week? *I* don't know!' She laughed weakly.

'I dunno, 'm,' echoed Ezekiel cheerfully, 'yas, 'm, 'bout a week I reckon — anyway I knows I been a-waitin' an' a-waitin' —'

He pulled himself slowly to his feet, and as they went back across the sand again, the small, monotonous voice still went on with undisturbed persistence.

'Mek me think o' de story — I tole yer. De story 'bout Miss Jane an' de res' uv 'em. Cuz we been mos' drowndid — an' yit we ain't. Doan't yer know, Miss No'th, it mek me think — o' de story I tole yer 'bout Miss Jane — an' de two li'l' boys — an' de gen'leman she call 'Ratio — an' de lady she call Kate.'

A BRITISH VIEW OF THE STEEL CORPORATION

BY T. GOOD

THE iron and steel industry, from mining the ore to putting the finest wire in a musical instrument, or from smelting the pig-iron to building a huge ship and her engines, constitutes a group of the most interesting and highly skilled occupations mankind has yet indulged in, and is, next to agriculture, the world's most important productive industry. Even in the United Kingdom, so famed for its cotton and woolen trades, the metal group of industries beat the textile group at the last census (1901), measured by the number of persons employed; while in wages paid, in skill required and displayed, in capital invested, in value of goods produced, and in general economic importance, iron stands out above all other manufacturing trades. So it is in America and Germany, and the world's demand for iron products seems to increase more rapidly than its demand for any other class of commodities. When, therefore, we find one country (the United States) producing more iron and steel than any other two or three countries; when we find the actual productive capacity of this country equal to that of the next three or four countries combined, and being still further increased; and when we find one company (the United States Steel Corporation) aiming, apparently, at a monopoly of the entire iron and steel industry of this great country, and actually controlling half the trade and owning half the capacity of production, the progress, position, and prospects of this huge and ambitious corporation become matters of high national and international concern. At any rate, no apology need be offered for presenting a brief review and criticism of the American steel trade in general, and of the big Steel Trust in particular, from a purely British point of view.

Let us take a glance backward. The history of the iron trade, especially in America, is marked almost throughout by violent fluctuations in demand and supply, in prices and profits, with all their accompanying hardships inflicted upon labor and capital, upon workmen and manufacturers, to say nothing of the losses and inconveniences of consumers. The fits and starts and panics which have characterized the iron industry may have yielded fortunes for the few, but they have imposed miseries upon the many. The need of some means or method by which such fluctuations might be moderated was long and keenly felt. For this reason, if for no other, the aims and objects of the organizers of the Steel Trust merit sympathetic consideration. To have brought every phase of steel production, from mining raw ore to selling the finished goods, under a single management; carefully to have regulated prices and business; to have economized mining, transit, and manufacturing costs; to have given fair dividends to investors, fair wages and regular employment to workmen; and to have developed the great natural resources, and expanded the industry and commerce, of the vast United States —

all this would have been beneficent work as well as good business, if successfully accomplished.

But by what methods have the directors of the Steel Trust sought to attain their objects, and what are the results of their policy? Since the Steel Trust began business, ten years ago, much new capital has been attracted to the American iron and steel industry, many new furnaces and mills have been erected, output has been largely increased, prices have never been put to an extremely high, or permitted to fall to an extremely low, level; during the great pressure of 1901 and 1902 the Trust directors refused to put prices as high as they might have done, and in the depression following October, 1907, they as resolutely refused to reduce prices to panic figures. The directors have endeavored, with some show of success, to have a price-maintenance understanding with their independent rivals at home. They are now trying to cultivate coöperation with their competitors abroad. We may give the Trust and its directors full credit for all this; but we cannot refrain from looking at the other side of the picture.

It may be recalled that the United States iron and steel industry, with all its faults and defects, prospered and progressed before the advent of the Steel Trust. Fresh capital was invested, new furnaces were erected, production was increased, wages went up and manufacturing costs went down, mechanical efficiency reached a high pitch, and the American steel trade became the wonder of the world, before the Steel Trust was organized. In the closing years of the nineteenth century, pig-iron was produced, and steel was manufactured, in the United States, at a speed, on a scale, with an efficiency and an economy which had never been equaled — certainly never surpassed — in the history of the trade in any other country. European iron- and steel-makers became alarmed. One of the greatest English authorities said that there seemed to be nothing to prevent America from flooding the world's markets with cheap steel. One of the greatest American authorities boldly declared that the United States would annex the world's export trade in iron and steel. So alarmed were we in England that one of our leading public men cried out that our only hope of salvation lay in becoming an American colony. It was roundly asserted that the United States possessed such inexhaustible natural resources, such cheap transit, such manufacturing competency, and such business ability, that we in the old country could not hope to withstand American competition.

Financially, industrially, and commercially, the United States iron and steel trade took almost giant strides before the Steel Trust was born. In three years — between 1897 and 1900 — American exports of iron and steel went up by very nearly one hundred per cent, and it seemed, indeed, that America was destined to annex the world's trade. Such was the position, and such were the prospects, prior to the organization of the Steel Trust. What is the position, and what are the prospects to-day, after ten years of Steel Trust operations?

Briefly, the facts are these: Britain and Germany, between them, are doing in tonnage six times as much, and in value eight times as much, business in the exportation of iron and steel products as the United States, although their combined productive capacity is considerably less than that of the latter. Although America has furnaces and rolling mills enough to undertake about nine tenths of the world's export trade, in addition to supplying her own wants, she is content with about one tenth of the total. There is a world's export

trade in iron and steel amounting to something like 14,000,000 tons a year. Of that total, America claims only one and a half million tons — America, with an iron-and-steel-works capacity almost equal to that of all other countries put together — America, who ten years ago boasted the greatest natural resources and lowest manufacturing costs of any iron country.

Since the Steel Trust was organized, for every dollar's worth of American iron and steel sold in neutral markets, there has been sold a sovereign's worth of British iron and steel. And our American friends can no longer offer the explanation, or excuse, that they are too busy meeting home demands to trouble about foreign business. Never since October, 1907, have the United States steel-producers been anything like adequately employed on home account. Tens and even hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of plant and machinery have been standing idle in the American iron and steel industry for three and a half years — not obsolete plant and machinery, but huge, costly, up-to-date furnaces and steel mills. To-day, the United States has an iron and steel capacity unemployed nearly equal to the entire working capacity of the United Kingdom.

Nowhere within the four corners of the United States is there the shadow of a sign of a demand equal to the full employment of the works in that country. Productive capacity has been pushed millions and millions of tons beyond consumptive requirements. Yet no effort is made to find full employment by exportation. There is plenty of export trade to be had. The world's export trade is available for the strongest competitor — in other words, for the country which can produce and sell cheapest. Who would have believed, ten years ago, that we should ever have the spectacle of one third of America's furnaces — one third of a 33,000,000-ton annual capacity, measured in terms of pig-iron — standing idle month after month, while alleged played-out Britain, and despised Germany, worked practically at full capacity and exported between them nearly 10,000,000 tons of iron and steel in a year? Ten or twelve years ago there seemed to be every prospect that America would take first place in the steel exportation business as well as in point of production. But America remains, and is likely to remain, a bad third in the international race. Why is this so?

Is it not remarkable that the prestige, powers, and prospects of the United States in the international steel trade have diminished during the decade which has elapsed since the Steel Trust was organized? In no important group of industries in any country have the costs of production gone up so rapidly and substantially these last ten or twelve years as in the United States iron and steel trades. It is this increase in costs which has impaired, if not destroyed, America's chances of dominating the world's steel trade. And this increase in costs has coincided with the operations of the Steel Trust.

It would not be fair, perhaps, to charge the Steel Trust with all the mischief; but that a very large proportion of the increased costs of production is due to the policy of the Trust admits of no manner of doubt or question. It is, indeed, a demonstrable fact that the Trust has done more harm than good from an American point of view; that it has burdened and handicapped the United States steel trade, and, incidentally, given Britain, Germany, and other countries, a better chance in the race. Last year, 1910, British iron and steel exports were further in advance of those of America than they were in 1900, the year be-

fore the Steel Trust got down to business; while German exports, which were about 30 per cent below those of the United States in 1900, are now something like 300 per cent above them. Here are the bald figures: —

IRON AND STEEL EXPORTS FROM

	United States	United Kingdom	Germany
	Tons	*Tons*	*Tons (metric)*
1900 . . .	1,154,000	3,213,000	838,000
1910 . . .	1,535,000	4,594,000	4,868,000

While in Britain and Germany the actual costs of producing iron and steel goods are no higher now than they were ten or twelve years ago, in the United States they are very much higher. For example, in 1899 it was calculated that steel-making pig-iron was produced in the United States five dollars per ton cheaper than in England, and that standard steel rails were manufactured seven dollars per ton cheaper there than in the old country. Before the Steel Trust was organized, the cost of producing pig-iron had been got down as low as eight dollars per ton, and American costs all along the line, from mining ore to rolling rails, plates, and structural materials, were at a level which defied British competition; and if America's productive capacity had been sufficiently in advance of her domestic requirements she would, no doubt, have beaten our country in the exportation business.

At that time United States costs were low enough, but the furnaces and mills were not numerous enough, to enable that country to indulge in a big export trade. Now that America has any amount of furnaces and mills in excess of home demands, — enough idle plants to do nearly the whole of the world's export trade, — she finds her manufacturing costs so far above those of her British and German rivals that she cannot obtain more than a very small amount of export business, and so, perforce, her costly plants must stand unemployed. Between two and three years ago, in their evidence before the Ways and Means Committee, leading American iron and steel producers had to admit that within ten years — namely, between 1899 and 1908 — the cost of making pig-iron for the steel mills had increased from about eight to fourteen dollars a ton; the cost of rail-manufacture, despite mechanical improvements, had advanced more than five dollars per ton; and that of other steel products in proportion. How is this?

The Steel Trust directors, in their efforts to absorb all the best plants in the United States, paid extravagant prices for some of them. They piled upon their industry an enormous load of bonds. They tried to buy, or lease, all the best iron-ore reserves in the country; and their efforts in that direction resulted in mining royalties being forced to a ridiculous height. They boasted of their huge profits, and that created an unanswerable demand for artificially high wages and salaries. From the moment that the Steel Trust got to work, the American iron and steel industry was diverted from natural to unnatural developments; costs and prices of raw materials were inflated, progress toward economy was arrested, retrogression set in, and America's rosy chances of annexing the world's export trade were shattered. The Steel Trust, while spending large amounts of money on new plants and extensions, preparing for the conduct of an almost fabulous business, at the same time forced up capital charges, rents, royalties, costs of raw material, wages, and general manufacturing expenses, to such a height as to render a big, or profitable, export business in competition with other countries impossible.

Thus it comes about that the Steel Trust has justified neither the hopes that it raised at home, nor the fears it inspired abroad. It has not strengthened the American iron and steel industry. It has done nothing to increase the United States' share of the world's business. It has in no way reduced British exports, or prevented the growth of those of Germany. The Trust has not secured a monopoly in its own country, in respect either of manufacturing plants or supplies of raw material. Contrary to all the high anticipations and loud boastings with which it was launched, it has proved neither a strong competitor in the world's markets, nor even a good dividend-earner for its shareholders. Spread over the full ten years of its existence, its Common and Preferred shareholders, between them, have had only an average of four and a half per cent per annum on their capital. A considerable proportion of the profits realized has gone in building new plants which are not required; and now, with manufacturing costs so much higher, and selling prices so much lower, than in the early years, — with the real profits of the Trust, both per ton of work and per unit of capital, diminishing, — there is no prospect of this concern paying large dividends in the future.

THE HIT-AND-MISS METHOD OF NATURE

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

The method of nature seems to be an all-around-the-horizon one, without specific direction or discrimination. Or we may say that, whereas man's activity is in right lines toward definite predetermined ends, nature's activity is in circles; her impetus goes out in all directions, so that she is sure, sooner or later, to reach her goal, because she covers all the ground. This method involves delay, waste, failures, — or what would be such to ourselves, but are a matter of indifference to the Infinite. Man plans and builds and plants by method, order, system; he has eyes to see, and hands to guide, and wit to devise; nature builds and plants blindly, haphazard, all around the circle; her hand-maidens are industrious but undirected.

See the jays, the crows, the squirrels, planting acorns and chestnuts here and there, in the grass or amid the leaves, thinking only of their own wants, and not knowing that they are the gardeners of nature. The seeds of many plants are deftly concealed in tempting fruit which some creature will eat, and thus the hard-coated seeds will get disseminated. How many apple trees and red-thorn trees the cow plants; the seeds which her teeth do not crush escape from her body and are planted. It is a chance hit, but nature takes it, and wins often enough for her purpose. The seeds which the winds carry travel to all points of the compass and fall blindly here and there; a hundred or a thousand fail where one finds the spot it

was looking for. The winged seeds of the cat-tail flag set out in fleets upon the air, cruising for ditches and swamps; they search all around the horizon and sooner or later a few of them find what they were looking for; before you are aware of it, the ditch that drains your land is choked with a growth of cat-tail flag. I say 'find,' when, in truth, they find nothing; they simply fall by chance upon the spots suitable for them, as a thirsty blind man might stumble upon a spring.

The spores of the black knot trust themselves blindly to the wind which bloweth where it listeth, and yet had they a thousand eyes they could not more surely find the plum or cherry trees or other hosts they are in need of. In autumn how many seeds of how many plants are waiting with hooks and barbs ready to seize on some passing creature and get free transportation to new lands. To cow's tail, to sheep's wool, to dog's hair, to men's clothing, they commit themselves and take their chances. Some one has written a book called *A Vagabond Journey around the World* — circling the globe without money or friends. How many plants have made this same journey, catching or stealing a ride here and there, tarrying in this country and in that, but sooner or later pressing forward!

The sun itself is a type of nature's wholesale, spendthrift method. It radiates its light and heat in every possible direction, and if we regard its function as the source of light and heat to the worlds revolving around it, what an incalculable waste goes on forever and ever! The amount of this life-giving solar radiance that falls on the planets is a fraction so small that it is like a grain of sand compared to the sea-shore. Yet probably, in our sense of the word, there is no waste of anything in the universe. How can the infinite waste or be wasted?

The hit-and-miss method of nature is well illustrated in the case of the drones and the queen-bee in the hive. The drones are there to fertilize the queen, and the queen is there to perpetuate the swarm, as she is the one mother-bee in the hive. If she is not fertilized, her eggs produce drones and nothing else. Here again, we see what a spendthrift nature is in regard to the male principle. The case of the bees is analogous to the fertilization of the flowers by the agency of the wind — the same hit-and-miss method. A thousand minute grains of pollen are thrown to the winds, when one will do the work if it hits the mark. But the chances are that it will not hit the mark; so a thousand or more are fired blindly into space, and the chances are thus a thousand times greater that the mark will be struck. One drone, and one chance meeting with the queen in the air, and the queen is fertilized; her eggs will now all produce worker or neuter bees. But this meeting of the queen in the air by the drone or male bee, is quite a fortuitous matter: the day and hour of her flight is fortuitous, her course on the wing is fortuitous, and the course of the drone through the air is equally fortuitous.

The queen makes but one flight, and the fields of summer air in which she wanders are very wide, and the 'spirit of the hive' has not advised any drone at what particular moment she will be at any particular point. The spirit of the hive has a simpler if a more wasteful method: it has developed many drones, a score or two of them, I should think, and they go forth every fair day and search the air in all directions during the period when the nuptial flight of the queen is likely to take place. One male some day, some moment, is doomed to meet her and yield his life for the swarm, as the worker-bee yields her life when she

stings an enemy in defense of the colony. Soon after the fertilization of the queen has taken place, the drones are all killed or expelled from the hive. It is a cruel fate from our point of view, and a wasteful method, but cruelty and waste in this sense do not trouble the cosmic or universal processes. The swarm thrives, the race of honey-bees goes on, and that, apparently, is all that the gods of evolution are solicitous about.

The spirit of the hive has no further use for the drones, and the parsimony of nature, which asserts itself, not for the individual but for the race, asserts itself now. It is hard to see how natural selection, which is looking after the fittest to survive, would bring about this result. This cumbersome, roundabout method of fertilizing the queen should have many disadvantages to the colony: the queen might be lost in her flight, caught by some flycatcher, or overwhelmed by a sudden storm; it is certain that many drones are caught by king-birds in the air. Then this gang of drones has to be harbored and fed by the colony, which is no small item. The fittest and most economical process would be the fertilization of the queen in the hive, thus doing away with the superfluity of drones, which are certainly a tax upon the swarm. It is an unfit method which has as yet survived.

I wonder if the life of the world, as we behold it, has reached this stage of development, not by direction, but by a conflict of forces? Was it determined by intrinsic necessity, or is it simply the result of extrinsic conditions and forces, like the course of the stream to the river, and of the river to the sea?

The streams flow in all directions, yet sooner or later they reach the great reservoirs of lakes or seas. Ask the rivulet that issues from the spring at your door where it is going, and if it could speak it would reply, 'I am bound for the sea.' It has no eyes, no legs, no chart, no wit, but it will surely reach its goal — not by its own efforts or will, but by the law of mechanical forces acting upon its own fluidity or aquosity. Without gravitation working with variations of the earth's surface, it would never get there.

It seems to me that evolution, too, must work all around the circle; and had there not been some universal, underlying force analogous to gravity, and some modifying conditions in the environment, it would never have got anywhere.

Gravity gives to water the impulse to flow, or to seek a lower level; the conditions exterior to it determine where it shall flow.

It is the nature of life to flow, to seek new directions, to reach higher forms; the environment, the action, the reaction, and the interaction do the rest.

No extrinsic conditions could have made a man out of a worm, the man-scheme must have been inherent in the worm; but extrinsic conditions must have favored and guided the development of the higher form.

The moisture and the warmth do not determine the kind of plant or tree that shall arise from the seed you sow, but without them there would be no tree and no plant. Huxley's phrase, 'the predestined revolution' of all forms of life, constantly comes to my mind: some inherent primordial bias or impulse or force that made the tree of life branch thus and thus and not otherwise, and that now before our eyes makes the pine branch one way, the oak another, the elm another.

We say that nature is blind, but she has no need of eyes, she tries all courses: she has infinite time, infinite power, infinite space; and so far as our feeble minds can see, her delight is to play this game of blindman's buff over and

over to all eternity. Her creatures get life, and the joy and pain that life brings, but what is augmented, or depleted, or concluded, or satisfied, or fulfilled, — who knows?

Yet through this hit-and-miss method of nature, things have come to what they are; life has come to what we behold it; the trees and the plants are in their places; the animals are adjusted to their environments; the seeds are sown, fruits ripen, the rains come, the weather system is established, and the vast and complex machinery of the life of the globe runs more or less smoothly; non-directed, in the human sense. Blind groping, experimenting, regardless of waste, regardless of pain, regardless of failure, circuitous, fortuitous, ambiguous, traversing the desert and the wilderness without chart or compass, beset by geologic, biologic, and cosmic catastrophes and delays, yet the great procession of the life of the globe, with man at its head, has arrived and entered into full possession of the inheritance prepared for it.

How difficult to think of it all as brought about by the hit-and-miss method of nature which I have been discussing — a score of failures to one success, a hundred bullets astray to one that goes to the mark; and yet apparently such is the fact.

The course of evolution has been a wayward, blundering course. The creative energy has felt its way from form to form, as an inventor feels his way in working out his ideas — failing, discarding, changing, but improving, advancing; and life is what it is because it had an onward and upward trend to begin with, and this inherent aspiration has never gone out. Life cannot stand still; it is its nature to develop, expand, increase. The sum of matter and the sum of force in the universe cannot be increased, but the sum of life has been increasing from the first. Matter does not beget matter, but life does beget life.

Given this tendency to increase, to seek new forms, will natural selection do the rest? Start the worm, and in due time will man appear? The finite mind, the mind developed and disciplined in this world of effort, of rule and guidance, of cause and effect, fails to see how the unguided, the irresponsible, fortuitous action of a multitude of cells would and could build up the human body, or any other living body. Count and analyze every cell in a man's body, and you have not found the man: he is the result of all the myriads of cells acting in unison; he is the unit arising out of this vast multiplex series of units; they are all coördinated and working together to an end which no one of them, nor any group of them, knows. The man is a unit, the tree is a unit, the flower, the fruit, is a unit; each with form, structure, color, quality of its own, each made up and built up of an incalculable number of minute units, none of which have the secret of the key to the whole. There must be a plan which is not in the keeping of the cells. These units act together as the men of an army act together in battle, carrying out a system of manœuvres and of tactics, of which individually they know nothing.

Who does know? Whose plan is it? Who and where is the general who is conducting the campaign?

THE ULTIMATE HARE

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

QUIET people, of a meditative turn of mind, have a sorry time of it nowadays with their more active comrades. Probably this has always been true; it is part of activity's nature to be impatient with quiescence. But it certainly does seem as if there had never been quite such an active age as this since the world began.

The state of affairs is quite right; the quiet person asks nothing better than that there shall be a great deal going on around him to furnish him material for his meditations. The quieter and more thoughtful he is, the more likely he is to be found haunting Broadway or Wall Street. But the trouble begins when he is brought up short in the midst of his unhurried speculations, and is accused of gross negligence in that he does not also more keenly bestir himself.

Ignorance is the offensive word rather than negligence — though the two go together traditionally. The quiet person can stand it to be told that he is neglecting his duty — almost any one can stand that; but it pains and bewilders him to be assured that he does not know the meaning of life, that he has no hold on reality. 'Real life, real things, real experience' — these are the slogans of the present age; and they sound very well.

'But what do they mean, just?'

The quiet person is not so clever as he is reasonable if he propounds this question. For the active person is instantly down upon him with the triumphant, —

'There! What did I tell you? You don't even know what reality is.'

'Well, do you?'

The quiet person is modest; but he has read his philosophers, and he has understood that a very exacting hare is first to be caught if one would compound an ultimate pie of experience. He looks up, expectant.

'Just what is reality?'

The active person laughs loud and long, and claps his friend on the shoulder. Then he explains affectionately, if a little condescendingly, too, —

'Work, business, anything that puts you in touch with the world as it is, and makes you feel alive. Human relations — love and hate. Vital experience. These are the things you should be after, not dreams and illusions. Come out from your meditations and live. Get down to business and understand the genuine values of things.'

It is all very sobering and perplexing. The active person has not, in the least, defined reality in his assertions concerning it; he has not explained what makes some things more real than others. No closer glimpse of the rabbit's tail has been afforded by his declarations than by all the ponderings of the philosophers. Yet his assurance has bred confusion in the mind of his friend.

Ah, that rabbit! Was there ever so perverse a beast? Plato started it ages ago, and flattered himself that he ran it securely to ground. But every 'school' that came after him found the creature still afield; and every success-

ive generation has given chase afresh. Some riders, mounted on strange nags, have gone so far — or come so far short — as to declare that there is no rabbit at all. But most people have gone on living in confident expectation of the final pie. Now the practical present-day person thinks he has found it — caught it and cooked it — and he invites all his friends to the banquet, his only stipulation being that they shall abandon their own mistaken experiments with gun and cook-book. Is he right? Is reality trapped at last? Do we hold it in our hands?

'But what makes you think —' the quiet person is as perverse as the rabbit in his so different fashion, popping up with his questions as persistently as the latter pops away, — 'what good reason can you give me for stating that one kind of experience is more real than another? No one can expect to have every kind. For, while experience is the action of life upon the soul, it is still more the soul's reaction upon circumstance, and cannot be accomplished without the latter's coöperation. That takes time — if it occurs at all. Does not the soul's own reaction determine reality for it?'

The active person does not care at all for this kind of language; he laughs at it and waves it away.

'Come down to my office some day and I'll show you,' he asserts conclusively.

If the quiet person is really in earnest, is really bent upon tracking the hare, he will accept this invitation. He will lock up his study and present himself at his friend's office door some morning.

Say that the friend is a banker, and the quiet person a poet; very well: the poet gains admission to the inner office and sits awhile, watching the banker sign papers and sort huge bundles of notes.

'Is this what you do all the time?' he inquires at length.

'Yes, for the most part,' the banker replies, without looking up.

'These are what you call real things?' The poet fingers a thousand-dollar note.

'Well, rather!' The banker laughs carelessly. 'The most real of all things, the very foundation of reality.'

'Yet it is just paper; a spark would destroy it.'

'Ah, but, my dear fellow, you see it stands for solid gold.'

'"Stands for" — oh, well, then —!' The poet leans back in his chair and considers, making no further comment.

'Just like everything else,' he reflects. 'Something is always "standing for" something in the world at large. And as likely as not, the second something stands for something further. Here the paper stands for the gold, and the gold stands for an automobile, and the automobile stands for an idea of pleasure and convenience. A symbol of a symbol of a symbol of an idea — that's what my friend has in hand.

'I grant you, ideas are the only real things,' he says unexpectedly, as he rises to go, 'but I'd rather touch them a little closer than at three or four removes.'

Next, being definitely out on this business of experimenting with reality, he enters the Exchange Building which is close at hand. The daily tumult is at its height. On the floor men are leaping and screaming, gesticulating frantically at one another. The poet cannot understand them, but of course he knows in a general way what they are about. Buying and selling crops of wheat, not yet matured, in a distant state. Wheat — that seems real enough; but how remote, behind what a series: money and farmer and agent and miller and railroad and grocer and baker and purchaser! Moreover, in the end, when it is eaten, it is

eaten; its period of reality is very limited. The person who eats it is the only factor in the complicated transaction who really matters. How many removes here? Eight at the least. The poet shrugs his shoulders.

In the afternoon he dresses himself carefully and goes to a reception. 'Social intercourse' is always being urged upon him as his privilege and duty if he hopes to know his fellows. It is a big reception; there are many fellows there. But does he know them? Not in the least. To know people one has to hear them talk about something that interests them; or, failing that, to make them respond to some interest of one's own. These herded, perspiring folk are lucky if they can make one another hear a few disconnected words uttered at a desperate pitch of voice. They have to choose sounds like missiles, and hurl them resolutely. The general effect is not unlike that of the tumult in the Exchange; and the poet finds himself wondering if a system of signals might not to advantage be introduced in the social world. It would be very diverting to arrange such a code. Symbols again — oh, yes, of course, nothing but symbols. Reality lurks behind, and is only touched when two friends turn away from the din and go and sit in a corner and snatch a few minutes' intercourse. They might have done this just as well at home — in fact, a great deal better.

Weary with his experiments, the poet at last concludes that he has done his duty for one day. So he returns to his study and unlocks the door.

It is very good to be back. His books and his pictures and his open desk welcome him mutely; and in his grate glows a remnant of a coal-fire which, being ministered to, recovers its full cordial life. He draws the curtains and lights the lamp. His cat comes in and takes up her usual position in the best armchair. The poet sits down in the second-best, and gives himself over to honest meditation. What has it all amounted to — this day's investigation which he has put through? Has he found any convincing proof of the more immediate presence of reality in the business and social worlds than anywhere else? On the contrary, it has seemed to him that the hare matches its activity with the activity of circumstance; and, retreating behind symbol after symbol, hides itself very adroitly in the shows of things. He cannot remember ever having spent such an unsubstantial day in his life. Well, on the other hand, can he remember any substantial, genuine day to set up against this emptiness and point to conclusively: 'Then I lived'? One must be able to prove one's position positively, as well as criticize one's neighbor's negatively, if one would win respectful attention.

Genuine days? Scores and hundreds of them! The poet glances caressingly at his desk as much as to say, 'We know all about that, don't we?' But then he settles back in his chair, shuts his eyes and thinks hard to select some one supremely valid experience of reality. It takes him a long time; he finds that he has a good deal of material.

On the whole — yes; he stirs in his chair, but keeps his eyes closed, recreating the scene, — on the whole, he decides on the day he climbed West Mountain alone as at least typical of the sort of experience he best understands.

It was midsummer and the woods were still. Not a bird-song, not a murmur from the shrunken brook in the leafy gorge, not a whisper among the trees. The whole world seemed — not holding its breath, that would have implied a restless expectancy, but breathing inaudibly in a profound repose. The poet climbed steadily with his eyes bent on the rough path beneath his

feet. He hardly dared look about him at all, for the woods wore an august front of significance calculated to appall a solitary mortal. But he did not save himself from them by his senses' denial of them. Rather, they pressed upon him the more because he neither saw them nor heard them; there was something awful about the way in which they made use of his vacant organs to invade and conquer him. They mounted with him, they mounted upon him, steadily gaining ascendancy over his entire being, until at the last he gave himself up and recognized them as his master. There was a profoundly thrilling sense of ultimate entity in his final fusion with them.

That was a real experience, surely; no one could doubt that. But here the poet opens his eyes, smiling, and sits up. The banker and broker would doubt it of course; they would laugh at it and pronounce it quite as invalid as he had pronounced their experiences. Well, what else then? At what other time had he felt himself utterly on the verge of reality?

Here in his study, one night when he had been reading late in a book of idealistic philosophy. Ah! that was a striking experience; he remembers it vividly. He had been wholly immersed in his book. It was one of those searching treatises which make their way as straight to the heart of things as they can go. Matter and substance fall away like flying foam from their piercing prows. Values and mysteries are reversed. Spirit seems the only thing that counts, and tangibility becomes the most inexplicable quality in the universe. It took the last stroke of the midnight hour to rouse the poet from his deep engagement with this book. But then he came to himself with a start, sat up and looked about him, to catch the strangest impression that he had ever had of his environment. His familiar, orderly study was in a dissolving, vanishing state of disintegration. His seeming solid tables and chairs, so self-possessed and calm usually, were a wild chaos of whirling atoms, nebulous, incoherent. They hardly seemed to be there at all, save as a sort of suggestion. There was in fact no fixed form anywhere he might turn his eyes. Life and motion were everywhere, but substance not at all. It was but an instant. He had not time to rub his eyes before shape fled back into position — a negligent guard on duty, surprised, a betrayed and betraying watchman. But that instant afforded him a rending revelation which he never forgot. Of unreality? Yes, but much more of reality behind it, of God at work on chaos to-day precisely as urgently as before the advent of Adam and Eve; of the act of creation as one of eternal immediateness.

If the banker and broker refused to accept the mountain experience as valid, they would still more promptly deny this midnight episode. They would turn on the poet. 'An hour ago you were complaining because our world was unsubstantial; now you are congratulating yourself on the unsubstantiality of your own. A fig for your consistency!'

The poet's reply would be ready: 'In the one case, reality seemed to me to be retreating further and further behind the shows of things; in the other, it came forth and rent them asunder before its mighty face.' But he would do better to keep silence and let the matter drop.

For, after all, the great thing is not so much to convert other people to one's own way of thinking, — or even to convince them of its validity, — as to prove it to one's own satisfaction and then to establish one's self securely in it. Moreover, it is of course true, as the poet began by declaring, that no-

body can expect to have every kind of experience; and who shall say which is the right kind, or whether any one kind is more right than another? Only Omniscience understands what reality is. If the poet desires the banker to be sparing in his criticisms, he must return the tolerance.

Perhaps the poet's other remark is true also: that the soul's own reaction on life determines reality for it. In that case, every experience would be as authentic as every other; and instead of there being no hare at all, the whole universe would be nothing but hare — the reason we cannot find it being simply that we are mounted on its back.

In sober truth, what other conclusion should we arrive at but precisely this? Every experience is partial, but it is also genuine; so long as we fully and faithfully follow our separate destinies, there is no escaping reality for any one of us. Every poet knows as much about life as every banker and broker; every farmer as much as every sailor; every school-teacher, dressmaker, house-keeper, as much as every society-leader or stenographer.

Let us trust ourselves, and let one another alone. Very likely we shall never make any sort of an ultimate pie; for our hare is immortal, invincibly alive and alert in all its cosmic body. But, though we could hardly do worse than succeed in catching it, we can assuredly not do better than give it chase — forever and forever.

THE PRESSURE OF POPULATION

BY WILLIAM S. ROSSITER

IMMENSE increase in the world's population was the most important legacy from the nineteenth century to the twentieth. No achievements in the field of science during that period will exercise such far-reaching influence on future generations as the unparalleled increase which occurred in the number of human beings.

This decided change in world-population has assumed a significance hitherto unknown. Widely extended decrease in the number of human beings would tend ultimately to disorganize the economic structure of society; on the other hand, over-liberal increase for a considerable period, or inflation of population, would create new and grave problems, perhaps resulting in even greater demoralization than would be caused by decrease.

In earlier ages insecurity of life and property, especially the prevalence of war, famine, and pestilence, frequently transferred entire tribes or nations for long periods into the non-productive class; but in our time increasing civilization and stability of government have created for each human being a distinct economic value, and in consequence every man and woman possesses a minute but definite place in the vast mosaic of human activities.

Already the race has responded to this stimulation to an extraordinary degree. It becomes important, there-

fore, to consider whether rapid increase in world-population is likely to continue indefinitely, and whether new problems, which may be termed population phenomena, are beginning to manifest themselves because of the noteworthy increase which already has occurred.

During most of the long period for which there is historical record the number of human beings on the earth doubtless was comparatively small. More than a century ago, in his essay upon 'The Populousness of Ancient Nations,' David Hume brought together, with singular patience and learning, the scanty comments of Greek and Roman writers concerning the number of inhabitants in ancient cities and states. According to Hume, the aggregate population must have been insignificant, when judged by modern standards.

The total population of Greece, except Laconia, in the period of Philip of Macedon, approximated 1,300,000. Ancient Athens, at the time of her great prosperity, probably contained less than 300,000 inhabitants, according to Hume's estimate, based on Xenophon's computation of 10,000 houses. The number of houses in Rome, in her glory, was probably between forty and fifty thousand; so the population of the Mistress of the World may have approximated 1,500,000 in her prime, but even this figure is probably overliberal. These estimates, it must be remembered, include great numbers of slaves.

Continual warfare, famines, plagues, private strifes and political massacres, aided by universal slavery which withdrew large numbers of potential parents of both sexes from the reproducing class, undoubtedly held down the population of the world in ancient times to a small total. Moreover, under the control of these 'parasites,' the aggregate of the earth's inhabitants seems to have fluctuated from century to century within rather narrow limits. Signor Bodio, the accomplished Director of the Italian Census Bureau, estimates that at the death of Augustus, the entire world contained not more than 54,000,000 human beings. If this estimate be accepted, an increase of a little more than twenty per cent per century would produce our present world-population, and a considerably smaller percentage of increase per century would have produced the total population actually living on the earth in 1800. There seems, however, to have been no appreciable change in ability, desire, or willingness to reproduce, although before the nineteenth century human life and the home in all nations were frequently, and often for long periods, extremely insecure. Mortality from numerous causes was so great that the birth-rate must have been high, merely to have maintained numbers without increase.

The tendency toward stationary population manifested through the ages makes it not unreasonable to suppose that if political, economic, and industrial conditions had continued practically the same throughout the nineteenth century as at the period when Malthus declared that population was limited by means of subsistence, changes during the century would have varied little from those which occurred during previous centuries.

The extraordinary quickening of industrial activity which in the nineteenth century attended the application of steam to manufacture and transportation, the progress of the world in scientific knowledge, and in liberal and enlightened government, and the decrease of warfare, created entirely new conditions, all of which tended to stimulate increase in the number of human beings. India practically doubled in

population, reaching in 1900 the huge total of 290,000,000. The population of Europe and the number of persons of European stock increased from about 125,000,000 in 1750 to 500,000,000 in 1900. Moreover, the European exercised a stimulating effect upon other races with which he came in contact.[1] In short, the human race increased about fifty per cent in numbers, or from approximately a billion in 1800 to a billion and a half in 1900. The remarkable increase in the number of human beings during the last century, or a little more, is thus clearly at variance with the previous experience of the race.

It is significant that the increase here noted tended, especially in more civilized nations, to create large numbers of cities of great size. In 1900 there were two hundred cities in the world with a population exceeding 100,000 but less than 250,000, eighty-four with from 250,000 to 1,000,000 and seventeen which exceeded 1,000,000. These three hundred cities aggregated 100,000,000 population. Here again is a phenomenon of population, new in our time.

In France, in one hundred years a group of specified cities increased four-fold, while the nation, exclusive of these municipalities, increased little more than twenty per cent. Stated in another way, the urban population increased 6,500,000, and the remainder of France but 5,100,000. The population of large cities, which in 1801 was less than one tenth of all, had become a century later one quarter of all the French people. In England, rather insufficient data indicate that the cities increased over six-fold, and the remainder of England and Wales about two-and-one-half-fold. The urban population, one quarter of all in 1801, a century later constituted more than one half of all.

In the United States, the urban increase approximated one hundred-fold. That of the remainder of the population about eleven-fold. Economic conditions in this age of industrial activity, and the urban tendency resulting from it, are sharply at variance with those which prevailed in antiquity. 'I do not remember a passage in any early author,' declares Dr. Hume, 'where the growth of a city is ascribed to the establishment of a manufacture. The commerce which is said to flourish is chiefly the exchange of those commodities for which different soils and climates are suited.'[2]

Thus far attention has been especially invited to these facts: —

1. The population of the world prior to 1800 was comparatively small.

2. The increase from age to age was exceedingly slow, and the general tendency of humanity to maintain rather small numbers showed no striking change.

3. During the century from 1800 to 1900 the hindrances to the increase of human beings, in general the same as those established by nature to limit the increase of other living creatures, were largely overcome by civilized man; and in addition entirely new industrial conditions developed, which offered means of support for many millions of people.

4. In consequence, the number of human beings on the globe increased to an extraordinary degree, and at the close of the nineteenth century, the population of the world exceeded a billion and a half.

5. Principally under the influence of industrial activity, mankind has tended more and more to concentrate in large cities.

These facts create the impression that nature tended to limit men to reasonable numbers, and to pass the globe

[1] W. F. Willcox, *The Expansion of Europe.*

[2] David Hume, *Essay XI.*

on from the possession of one generation to that of the next with little depreciation. Viewing the earth as a vast property, one may claim that the tribes of men have been mere tenants upon it from age to age. They cultivated small areas of the richer portions, scratched the surface for minerals, and utilized beasts of burden and wind-power for purposes of commerce and transportation. In consequence, 'the tenants' bequeathed the property to their posterity in good condition.

Until the nineteenth century, the vast stored-up wealth of the earth had been practically unimpaired through all recorded history. Within the last hundred years, however, the influences by which an equilibrium of population had been previously maintained appear to have been overcome by mankind, and Nature has been forced to stop paying an annuity, and to some extent to yield up the principal. The present age, in consequence, witnesses unprecedented numbers of human beings, and a feverish attack all over the world upon the earth's resources of forest, field, and mine.

The significance of this fact is best appreciated by imagining the population of the earth at the beginning of the Christian Era to have been the same as it was in 1900, and that it began an attack upon natural resources in the first century with the vigor with which it is conducted in the twentieth. Assuming such attack to have continued and increased for nineteen hundred years, it takes little reflection to reach a state of gratitude to Nature that she succeeded so long in holding mankind down in numbers and in supporting them upon an 'annuity.'

But if a variety of causes have contributed to invite very large human increase in a comparatively brief period, does it also follow that these influences will never spend themselves, and that a liberal increase of world-population will continue indefinitely? An affirmative answer to this question does not appear to be reasonable. If, for example, the increase of world-population should continue at the nineteenth-century rate, five hundred years later, in 2400, the world would be supporting thirteen and one half billions of human beings.

Obviously, somewhere there must be bounds, though perhaps distant ones, to the multiplication of humanity. If so, what are the methods by which nature will again effect the limitation of numbers? Since man has overcome and passed beyond the cruder means of retarding increase, as war, pestilence, and famine, what natural law will be encountered, or become increasingly effective, to produce the same result?

It must be remembered that as increase of population progresses, the mere fact of increase creates new conditions. These in turn may check or destroy earlier tendencies. Thus, out of the great increase in population in our time, has come already at least one significant fact. This may be termed 'the pressure of population.' It is the general instinctive realization of large numbers. Expression of this realization appears in the decreasing belief that personal responsibility rests on the individual to rear a large family, or even, in many cases, to become a parent. Mere numbers — the pressure of humanity on all sides, especially in the large cities — constitute ever-present evidence to the average man and woman that there are people enough, and the struggle for existence is too severe already to be increased by unnecessary burdens. In consequence, there has arisen a rather remarkable and widespread tendency, now clearly evident in most of the larger communities of Europe, voluntarily to limit the family. The effect of this tendency is most marked in

France, where it has produced a present state of equilibrium of population liable to be changed at any time into a positive national decrease. Limitation of family has also appeared in other parts of the world and has caused much concern in Australia, where a very small total white population is shown. It should not be overlooked, however, in connection with the apparently exceptional problem presented by Australia, that the Southern Continent seems never to have sustained a large population. The aborigines of Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania were not numerous, and those that remain are dying out so rapidly as to suggest a very frail racial grasp upon existence.

In the United States, the conditions have tended more and more to approximate those of Europe. From the pioneer stage which prevailed when Malthus called attention to the phenomenal fertility of many American communities, the nation has advanced so far and with such rapidity that the change constitutes one of the marvels of the age. By a sort of forced draught, secured with the assistance of all Europe, the United States has attained an eighteen-fold increase in population in one hundred years. The national policy during this era of feverish development may be summed up as a continuous and successful attempt to compress the normal national growth of a long period into a few decades.

Beginning as an agricultural nation, the American people have been turning more and more toward mining and industrial operations upon a vast scale. Both citizens of native stock and newly arrived immigrants have drifted to manufacturing and commercial centres, until nearly one third of the inhabitants of the United States now live in cities containing more than 20,000 inhabitants. This, it must be remembered, has occurred in a nation possessing vast areas of rich land, much of which is not cultivated. In consequence of this national tendency, already there are large sections of the United States in which the pressure of population has become clearly evident. But one other city in the world now exceeds New York in population, and doubtless at no distant period the American city will be the largest on the earth in numbers. Within her limits are nearly 5,000,000 human beings. The actual pressure of population in such a vast aggregation of races, temperaments, ambitions, and purposes, representing all degrees of success and failure, of hope and hopelessness, of good and evil, can only be likened to the pressure of the ocean at great depths.

In consequence, it is not strange that in the United States also has appeared the modern tendency to limit the family. It has become so general, indeed, in many sections, that the effect upon the states and the nation in all probability would be more evident even than it is in France, if it were not concealed by immigration. Substantially all the national increase is now contributed by the later stock, and by persons born in other countries and their children.

The conditions and practice here alluded to have been aggressively and very justly assailed as being destructive to domestic happiness, character-building, and national stability. To these assertions there can be no effective reply.

The large family has been, and is, one of the principal sources of the finer elements of American character. The United States is what it is to-day because of large families. Their decrease should be a cause of much concern. It is useless, however, to ignore world-tendencies. If, in response to a conscientious conviction that larger families were proper and necessary for the

welfare of the nation, the American people should increase the proportion of children to that which prevailed in 1790, there would be added nearly 16,000,000 to the total population. The continuation of this rate of increase added to the present actual increase (derived largely from external sources) would advance the population of the United States by leaps and bounds. Without radical change in the wants and consumption of each individual, in other words, without an economic revolution, such increase obviously could not long continue.

The American people, almost instinctively, have turned away from the old domestic policy. A large family implies a home in the old-fashioned sense, but the urban life of America necessitates a departure from the home as thus defined. The cramped apartment, with those ministering angels, the kitchenette, the baker, the laundry-man and delicatessen shop, are not adapted to numerous children. Children often are not wanted. In fact, a man with a large family finds it difficult in many cities even to secure living accommodations. Thus, in great numbers of communities, the social order has passed beyond the conviction that the large family is a normal and necessary condition, and has adapted itself to a scale of living based on small families, or none at all.

The significance of this new phase of human fertility, or lack of it, clearly lies in the fact that it is world-wide. A practice which is almost as common among the Negroes of the Mississippi 'black belt' as in Paris or New York, cannot be summarily dismissed as a crime or as a sign of degeneracy. If the age-old natural methods of checking increase, such as war, pestilence, and famine, which may be termed the external methods, have been eliminated, clearly other means of limitation, if any there are to be, must arise from within, from voluntary action, responsive to instinct. This at once suggests the question whether Nature is not utilizing for purposes of limitation the pressure of population, now so evident in many parts of the world, as a modern substitute for the agencies effective in earlier periods, but now ineffective. In short, is not the increasing inclination shown by a vast multitude of civilized humanity to check excessive increase of population obedience to a new instinctive impulse? Obviously the inquirer is compelled to look far beyond such evident local causes of limitation as wealth, selfishness, and fashion, often ascribed as the actual causes.

But if, as thus suggested, the race is now becoming obedient to new population-influences, whither do they lead us? In the past, the crude limitations of population incidentally tended to strengthen the character and increase the endeavor of those who survived. In this age, by wonderful invention and achievement, we have directly stimulated increase in numbers; but if in so doing we have brought into operation new forces or influences which in turn war insidiously against further pronounced increase, we may have entailed much ultimate injury upon society by affecting one of the main sources of human strength and progress. When individuals of both sexes, oppressed by the pressure of population on all sides and convinced that the race is increasing without their aid, or that it already is too numerous without increase, feel themselves absolved from the performance of the supreme natural function, society is confronted with a problem of the gravest importance. The avoidance of having children has become already so general that the man of intelligence and influence who rears a large family is now both exceptional

and courageous. Thus the age-old instinct, for the quickening of which far-sighted statesmen in this and other countries are pleading, seems to have been dulled. The energy which, under the old conditions, would be devoted to the rearing of children is now largely turned in other directions. It seldom benefits the state and society, but is generally expended upon some form, however innocent, of self-gratification.

No defense is here implied of blind and unreasoning increase in communities or nations which cannot offer their offspring opportunity for support. Such increase, of which China presents an illustration, becomes a source of weakness. This fact, however, rather heightens the significance of the opposite policy of deliberate limitation exemplified in France, where it has resulted in loss of political prestige, and has not eased the strain upon social and economic life. In the United States the pressure of population is manifested in the steadily decreasing fertility of the older and what are called the better, and certainly the more stable, elements of society.

Innumerable races and tribes have died out as the centuries have passed, and there are nations and races dying out in various parts of the globe at the present time. In general, this results, in the case of human beings as in that of animals, from uncongenial environment. Instinct probably dictates to each sex a reluctance to produce offspring which shall be subjected to conditions deemed unsatisfactory. This fact suggests the sinister possibilities which lurk in the shadow of the new influences upon population, — since equilibrium or slight increase borders close upon decrease. France is an illustration of the futility of attempting to control natural functions by mere public appeal.

If the large family is the most wholesome state for society, then its decline must be a distinct loss. Moreover, this loss comes at a period of time when more better men are needed than in any previous period. Never before has the race been called upon to administer and increase such a vast accumulation of knowledge, or to deal with such a complexity in the social order.

These considerations suggest that perhaps the human race, in its magnificent endeavor in this age, has in reality over-reached itself and sown the seeds of decay. It is possible to imagine stationary and then decreasing population as becoming at length world-wide, and finally a distinct downward movement of the race, as though humanity were burnt out by over-excitement, wealth, and excess. Mankind is no longer young; is the race to be always virile?

Science and civilization waged successful war upon the population-parasites of the past by removing them. It is unlikely that in the future the new form of limitation can be so completely disposed of. But it is reasonable to expect that the nations, perceiving that the limitation of progeny — with its attendant drawbacks — has become a definite instinctive tendency, will attempt the supremely difficult task of securing a higher average of men and women, by preventing reproduction by criminals and incompetents, and by increasingly scientific breeding. If the state is confronted by limited reproduction, it cannot afford to allow the weak, incompetent, insane and feeble-minded to thrust their tainted progeny upon the community, as now occurs to a serious degree. The race must be perpetuated by those most competent to produce the best men and women.

There will be also another cause for future concern. In the past, by a rather cruel process, breeding was generally

accomplished by the physically fittest, since those who were not fit died of disease or were killed off. A marked change, however, has now occurred. All the discoveries and resources of modern medicine, surgery, and sanitation are exerted, not only to prolong the lives of the physically unfit and to set them upon their feet, but also to enable them to contribute an appreciable proportion to the next generation. In earlier periods most of the graduates of modern hospitals would have died off without leaving issue; doubtless the race was much better off physically.

Summed up, the history of the world in all earlier ages is a record of the substitution of a virile and fertile tribe for one inferior in these essentials. Here also the past is likely to offer no precedent for the future. Modern progress has revolutionized so many of the conditions of life that migration of races and extensive conquest grow less and less possible. The tragic substitution of strong nations for weaker ones is likely to be superseded by slow internal changes affecting many nations.

Have we no sign or intimation of what these changes will be?

Here, perhaps, we of this generation should pause. Solution of these sobering problems assuredly lies not with us, but with those who shall follow long after us. This period of ours has overturned all precedent by creating human beings in numbers far in excess of those in any previous age, and has revolutionized industrial and economic conditions; but in this great adventure, we have embarked on a voyage upon an uncharted sea.

> Twelve hundred million men are spread
> About this earth, and I and You
> Wonder, when You and I are dead,
> What will these luckless millions do?

THE YOUNG WOMEN OF TIPPAH

A SKETCH OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

BY LILIAN KIRK HAMMOND

When I read Virgil, at school, one phrase — a mere two words — fixed itself in my mind with such emphasis that I have never forgotten it. What immeasurable pathos lies in the simple statement, *Troia fuit.* All the thousands of lines I had to construe and translate could add nothing to the completeness of the idea that Troy was a thing of the past. So it is with Tippah. Not that it was destroyed by fire and sword; still less is it a deserted village. Geographically, it is still in existence, and would be described by its present inhabitants as a flourishing little city in northern Mississippi, on two railroads, with a population of nearly three thousand white people. Nevertheless, I maintain, *Tippah fuit.* Tippah, with its endearing charm, Tippah, often absurd but always fascinating, is as dead as many-towered Ilium itself.

Electric lights, water-works, the long-distance telephone, daily papers from three cities arriving the same morning that they are printed, landscape-gardening, a woman's club, — these and other manifestations of modern life have relentlessly destroyed the heart and soul of Tippah. The glory is departed.

There is no need, however, to dwell on the Tippah of to-day. It is on Tippah of twenty-five years ago that the mind lingers fondly; it is of the old Tippah that I purpose to speak, forgetting henceforth that such a place as the present one is in existence.

In the old days, Birth, Marriage, Death, the three supreme experiences of the earthly pilgrimage, were the occasion of drawing together, not merely friends, but the whole village, in loving ministration. In thorough and literal fashion, every one in Tippah obeyed the Scriptural injunction to rejoice with them that rejoiced and to weep with them that mourned. Mutual service was taken for granted; there was no more embarrassment felt in accepting it, on the one hand, than there was reluctance in offering it, on the other. While there was never any sense of obligation, there was a drawing together of hearts, in these solemn crises, that offset, and often in great measure prevented, the petty quarrels and jealousies which the narrowness of village life is supposed to engender. Mrs. Ambler could never have a 'falling out' with her neighbour, Mrs. Dudley, because she could never forget 'how good Mrs. Dudley was when Johnny was born'; Mrs. Carter had mixed so much goodwill into all the wedding-cakes she had made, that she loved every young matron in Tippah; while Mr. Bob Jennings was the friend of every family in the village because, for fifteen years, whenever there had been a death, he had assisted in what are euphemistically termed the 'last sad offices.'

It is all changed. Birth, Marriage, Death — eloquent and mighty pictures these words evoke — no longer call forth ever-ready help from friends knit together as one family. A telephone-call to the nearest city, and in a few hours there is the trained nurse, the caterer, or the undertaker, as the case may be. Tippah is independent. It has lost alike the grace of receiving and the blessedness of giving.

Every stranger who has ever visited Tippah has at one time or another been refreshed by this ingenuous remark, made by one of the natives: 'Oh, of course our little town is n't very attractive in itself. The nicest thing about Tippah is *the people*, you know.' Of Tippah in general, enough has been said; let us seek a better acquaintance with 'the people.'

In Tippah, a young woman, her school-days over, is never formally presented to society; there is no coming-out tea, or débutantes' ball. She looks forward with no special enthusiasm to the Dance in Honor of the Graduates, as it is called on the printed programme, given every June by the young men of the village; she has often been to such dances while still a school-girl. Some prestige, indeed, is conferred by being one of the graduates herself; and if she be chosen to lead the Grand March with which the ball opens, her heart may beat a trifle faster as she realizes that never again, until she is a bride, will she be the chief figure in her little world, the admired of all admirers.

The question of chaperonage is not a serious one in this village, where everybody knows everybody,' and where Continental traditions are not in force, — as in New Orleans, for instance. A girl goes riding or driving, goes to a dance or to an 'entertainment at the Hall,' with a man or boy of her acquaintance, or receives a masculine visitor, untroubled by the conventional

ruling that her mother should be with her on such occasions. There is no theatre, and the 'entertainments' just mentioned at Masonic Hall are generally amateur performances for the benefit of the Soldiers' Monument Fund, or of one of the churches. Masonic Hall boasts a stage and three changes of scenery, exhibiting a grove, with seats under the trees, the interior of a castle, and a room in an humble cottage. Almost all possible situations in life can be made to fit into one or another of these settings. Plays, concerts, school-commencements, minstrel-shows, — such are some of the attractions offered, and there is never an empty seat.

A girl never dreams of going to these performances with her parents. It is the custom for the young men to 'carry' the girls to entertainments, or to dances, and if there are not enough young men to go round, owing to an exodus to Memphis on 'job-hunting' expeditions, the girl who is left out stays at home — with a splitting headache, of course — rather than advertise to the world that she has no beau. On more important and formal occasions, such as a Ball, some young man — probably the same one who has taken the responsibility of engaging the Hall, hiring the musicians, and shaving the candles with which to wax the floor — makes out a list of all the girls in town, and takes it around among his friends, each of whom writes his name opposite hers whose escort he wishes to be. It may be imagined that there is a scramble to be the first, or among the first, to get hold of the list, but those who come late accept what is left with a good grace, and within a few hours after the passing around of the list, every girl in Tippah receives a note in which the pleasure of her company for the dance is solicited in formal and respectful terms.

Easy and unrestrained as is the intercourse of young men and maidens, certain rules are inflexible. A young man speaks of an unmarried woman as a 'young lady,' never as a 'girl'; and he addresses her as Miss Sally, Miss Anne, or Miss Betty; never, even if they are engaged, as Sally, or Anne, or Betty. On the other hand, a girl calls Tom, Dick, and Harry by their Christian names, without prefix, and designates them collectively, 'the boys.'

The formal dances of which I have spoken, with music from Memphis, are rare and momentous occasions; but it often happens that after a Show — this convenient word is given with equal propriety to every form of entertainment at the Hall, from *She Stoops to Conquer* to a piano recital — the chairs are pushed back and the ever-obliging Mrs. Vernon plays waltzes and two-steps on the piano while the young folks dance, Mrs. Carter willingly sharing with her the duty of chaperone. Dancing after the Show is the rule, unless the entertainment be on behalf of the Presbyterian or Methodist church. These denominations frown upon this form of amusement, and in Tippah, at least, they are true to their convictions. Children of Methodist and Presbyterian parents dance, and are excused on the ground that they have not yet 'joined the church.' As a rule, they put off this important step until after they are married, when the temptation to dance is very slight.

Let us suppose we have just assisted at an entertainment under the auspices of the Roman Catholics or the Episcopalians, in which case there is no let or hindrance to the pastime of dancing. The curtain falls; the applause is drowned in the noise of pulling back the chairs; the older people hurry home. Soon Mrs. Vernon's good-natured and nimble fingers are hammering away, in perfect time, on 'The Beautiful Blue Danube,' or 'After the Ball'; young men

and maidens float off in a waltz as naturally as a fish swims in his native element. We will linger a moment near Mrs. Carter, playing propriety against the wall.

This vivacious lady, forty years old, the mother of nine children, has the brightest eyes, the gayest laugh, and the longest widow's veil in Tippah. Since her husband's death, from the Fever, six years before, she has always worn the deepest mourning, but a life of seclusion seemed undesirable and inexpedient for more than a short twelvemonth. She goes everywhere — to all the entertainments, dances, baseball games, Woman's Auxiliary meetings; to church every time the bell rings; even to the Philharmonic Society, though she is careful to explain that she's not a bit literary. Irreverent boys of Tippah say that a dog-fight can't begin until Mrs. Carter gets there. She makes all the clothes worn by herself and her nine children, except the boys' suits after the boys are ten years old; she raises flowers and vegetables that would make a county fair blush for shame; she is an incessant talker, and a notable cook. When called upon to contribute a cake, a salad, or a bucket of lye-hominy for a church supper, she never makes an excuse; she always has time for everything. And yet there are benighted beings who say that Southern women are lazy and shiftless!

Between Mrs. Carter and her nineteen-year-old daughter, Sally, the tie is close and tender. They understand each other perfectly, these two. Mrs. Carter says frankly that she would never have owned Sally for her child if she had n't been a flirt. She herself, it must be remembered, has a record-breaking history. As the irresistible Susan Page of antebellum days she was acknowledged 'the greatest beauty in three States,' and it is whispered to this day in Tippah that when the War broke out five young men marched off with their regiment, each believing that as soon as he came back on a furlough he would marry the bewitching black-eyed Susan.

Sally tells her mother everything. Many a night after a ball Mrs. Carter sits on Sally's bed until breakfast-time, listening with breathless interest to her daughter's faithful report of how many times she danced with Tom, Dick, and Harry, and what they had said, and with what skill she had 'fenced' if they became too ardent or insistent.

'Oh, Mother,' Sally says, 'there was the nicest boy from Senatobia there to-night — did you see him? — Mr. Trenholm, but he asked me to call him Charley.'

'Yes, I saw him,' is the prompt reply, 'and he's as ugly as home-made sin.'

'Well, he *is* ugly,' Sally drawls, 'but he's so fascinating, and he gave me a *big* rush — hardly looked at another girl there. I believe I'm really in love this time.'

'Are you, sure enough, Sally?' exclaims her mother with enthusiasm. 'Well, all right — only don't let him find it out. The worse you treat him the more he will think of you.'

In the matter of engagements Mrs. Carter's convictions are those that obtain throughout the South, and are not peculiar to her or to Tippah. Engagements are not announced, and sometimes a girl is engaged several times in succession, or, for that matter, several times at once. An engagement is not a life-mortgage, and the privileges accorded to affianced couples in places north of Mason and Dixon's Line are unknown in Tippah. 'Gracious mercy!' Sally would say to Lucy, 'I'd hate to think I'd been kissed by every man I was ever engaged to, would n't you?'

Mrs. Carter's methods of chaperonage for evening visits are picturesque. Sally receives her callers — or rather

caller, for there must be only one at a time — on the front porch. It is summer nearly all the time in Tippah. Her mother, as we shall presently see, is heard but not seen — reversing the nursery precept. Custom decrees that a young man shall write and make an appointment with the young woman with whom he wishes to spend the evening. There is little effort at variety of expression in these notes; out of a hundred such effusions ninety-nine would be worded in this way: —

'Dear Miss Sally, —

If you have no engagement for to-night, may I have the pleasure of calling on you? Yours ever,

John.'

It may be necessary to say that in the South 'evening' is from noon until sunset; 'night,' from sunset until bedtime. 'Afternoon' is not in a Southerner's vocabulary.

John gives a darkey a dime to deliver this note, and if he wishes to be facetious he puts S. B. A. N. in the corner, which being interpreted signifies Sent By A Nigger. Miss Sally receives it, and perhaps waits an hour or so before answering; the darkey in the meantime, who has done his day's work and been paid for it, lounges on the kitchen steps, where the cook, fat old Aunt Charity, feeds him, and scolds him for getting in her way, or coaxes him to draw her a bucket of water, or to fetch some wood for the stove. At last Sally, if she has had no message from some one she would rather see, sends a gracious permission to John, who appears on the porch at the stroke of eight. It is perfectly dark, except for the stream of light from the ever-open front door; Mrs. Carter's door is never closed, summer or winter, day or night. They sit down and begin to talk of the one subject on earth — themselves.

Mrs. Carter, as I said, is never at any time visible. She is undoubtedly inside somewhere, cutting up watermelon rind for preserves, or darning the immense holes in little Nick's stockings, or sewing lace around the neck of Sally's pretty party-dress. At nine o'clock she probably goes upstairs for the night, to her own bedroom. But woe betide the reckless youth who thinks he can take advantage of the absence of the maternal eye to coax Miss Sally to let him hold her hand, or sit with her in the hammock. From regions above, Mrs. Carter's piercing notes ring out: 'You John Dabney! quit that foolishness!' And John, abashed, murmurs an apology. At eleven o'clock the Voice comes on the stage again. 'Eleven o'clock, Sally,' is all it says; but the words, though addressed to Sally, are meant to produce an effect on John, and they do. Five minutes later, John is on his way home, and Sally is in her mother's room, having her dress unpinned in the back (Mrs. Carter never has time to put buttons and buttonholes in Sally's frocks) and telling 'all about it.'

There is a story that once an impudent boy answered the usual hint by calling back, 'Thank you, Mrs. Carter. Please let me know when it's twelve.' Be this as it may, the most unprincipled gossip in Tippah could never assert that Sally Carter had been seen on the porch after eleven o'clock.

All this time we have left the young people dancing at the Hall. The town-clock strikes twelve; it is Saturday night, and to dance on Sunday would be a sin without precedent in Tippah. Mrs. Vernon plays the 'Home Sweet Home' waltz more and more slowly, until it dies away, *pianissimo;* the girls hurry into their light wraps, and happy young voices call out laughing good-nights.

CHRISTMAS IN LITTLEVILLE

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

WHEN Christmas came to me, a little girl, it came all musical with myriad voices. From the time when the rhythm of Prayer-book seasons swung us into Advent, and I began to patter my Nativity collects, my waking and sleeping hours grew strange with mystery. In silent winter dawns, those hours when only old men and little children are awake and seeing visions, the gemmed blackness of my window squares would pale and throb with light, brightening till the sky broke apart, and there poured forth the infinite throngs of angels, and the air rang with song that set me sobbing. Since then I have gone the way of all grown-ups. I cannot hear the Christmas angels now. All the world must wander forth from the sheltering faith of our fathers, and the way back home is curious to find. Yet perhaps we do rediscover the little quiet place, not knowing it because the light upon its windows is no longer the unfaltering light of dawn. They are stern folk who do not turn homeward to childhood at Christmas-time. In Littleville, this is no hard matter, among people who, having tended their cosset lambs, find it not hard to believe that angels sang to shepherds; or who, familiar friends with their beasts, find it not strange that a God should have been born in a stable; or who, close-knit as one family in the snugness and permanence of village life, find it not difficult to believe in a gospel of goodwill; for Littleville lies as open to the stars as ever did Bethlehem.

In Littleville, Christmas is Christmas still, and we do not do the poor day to death. In fact, whatever our business in Littleville, sorrowing or merry-making, being born or dying, we manage it somehow without fret. And thus our Christmas. The first signs of holiday are in the decorations of the editor's office, which, shaped and sized like a dry-goods box, suddenly goes flaunting in garniture of green and red paper-chains from which depend dumpy scarlet bells of all sizes; through this network at nightfall the smoky glass lamps against the dusky presses blink bravely. One window-sash is lined with Christmas cards that gleam with frost-work and ruddy fires. I confess that those cards, far more than better ones, have for me the Christmas magic. Christmas is a symbol, and a Christmas card should be symbolic; that is saying it should be like the Christmas cards of my childhood, having house-windows of rosy mica and lawns of artificial frost-work.

If, as the Littleville *News* thus announces, Christmas is on the way, it behooves us to remember various duties. One afternoon, we of the Rectory look forth upon a procession that, in single file, and silhouetted against the snowy street, trudges on up to the church door. Each head is enveloped in a mob-cap, each form wears a sturdy apron, over each shoulder points a broom-handle bayonet-wise, as they march to duty, the good women of our Littleville congregation, come to clean the church. For two hours the ancient building rocks to their energy, until

at last the carpet shows the seams of each well-worn patch, each smoky chimney gleams like crystal, and in the vestry-room the face of each pictured bishop atop of his pontifical lawn is washed clean of cobwebs, and our old church that has seen a hundred Christmases is ready for one more.

Meanwhile, this morning, we of the Rectory have done a little cleaning of our own. For some reason we always feel a little shaky when our housekeeping is to be inspected by Littleville eyes, and so we have secretly burnished the tea-kettle and given an extra rub to the nickelware of the kitchen stove; for our plot is to decoy our good ladies to refreshment after labor. We have discovered that to a Littleville housekeeper a cup of tea in the middle of the afternoon savors of the Sybarite, but we argue that Littleville is always more at ease when it enters by the back door, and that tea administered in the kitchen will perhaps meet with expressed welcome rather than with unexpressed rebuke; success proves our machinations excusable.

Christmas comes marching on still nearer, as we know when one morning we come flying from our various corners at the boom of a jovial voice that summons us. Down below there is the clatter of an ox-team and of a great cart, from which trails the Sunday-School Christmas tree, and on which our Christmas greens are heaped high, to be deposited presently on our porch by the big farmer-vestryman. Piled branches block egress for several days, but we don't care, because of the pleasant pungency borne in to us in Christmasy whiffs.

The brigade that bore the brooms now presses into service to decorate the church, but among them is never a man. It is a very strange thing about men that there never are any. Plenty of little boy-babies seem to be born; they do not seem to die off either, — yet there never are any men. Says Mattie, the outspoken, — as we sit about the roaring stove, in the rear of the church, stripping, bunching, and tying, our hands reddened with the frost still on the green twigs, — says Mattie, while she twines with green the hoops she has wound for every Christmas in thirty years, 'If I could have made a man for this church I'd have made one long ago.' Men or no, we somehow clamber up the ladders, despite the handicap of fears and petticoats. And at last chancel and windows are festooned to our liking. Also we have arranged the white hangings and the white altar-cloth against the Day of the Nativity; and over the worn, soiled places, for our hangings are old and threadbare, we have pinned sprays of the blood-red holly.

Not in the church preparations alone is the spirit of Christmas abroad in Littleville. On a fairy morning of sun misted by snow-flurries, my marketing is arrested by the sight and sound of a merry company. Over the hill and down the street they troop, the school children who have gone out to bring in the school Christmas tree. The big boys drag it, and the smaller fry go dancing to right and left and rear, funny bobbing little figures in clumsy, home-made duds. As they go, they sing patriotic songs, for these are all they know. It is one of the tender ironies of life that their shrill voices should be piping 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' in celebration of the birth of peace; but it is no matter about the words, for hearts and feet are keeping tune to Christmas.

Not for the youngsters alone is the holiday cheer at work. As I turn to tug my grocery-basket up the slope, I see our aged bus-driver, who has counted his fourscore of Christmases, jump nimbly from his seat, seize a sled, and

amid the plaudits from the post-office door and the hardware store, cast himself prone upon it, and, rheumatic feet aloft, go skimming down the glistening curve.

When Christmas week comes upon us, our little Rectory grows full of unaccustomed bustle. First comes the meeting of the Sunday-School teachers to discuss the apportionment of the ten dollars we have to expend on the Christmas Eve celebration. This must provide a gift for each of our sixteen scholars, as well as candy and oranges. Also the five babies, who have by baptism attested their intention of becoming scholars, must receive their fruit from the Christmas tree, all unwitting neophytes though they still are.

The matter of the gift-giving is ever a painful one for the Rector, for it seems that the naughty, those who have appeared for a single Sunday before Christmas, plainly on booty bent, must be omitted from the list. If even I, remembering the endless dish-washings of the little farm-girls, the endless cornrows and potato-hills of the little barefoot boys, find it difficult to demand of them the long trudge to Sunday School, if even I find it difficult not to be lenient on Christmas, for his part the Rector finds it well-nigh impossible to temper his mercy with justice; we have to exercise a shameful severity toward him in order to restrain his hand from diving deep into the lean ministerial pocket and Christmas-ing every one of them.

On the afternoon of Christmas Eve we assemble in the church to prepare the tree, and now we actually have the help of a man, the busy Littleville editor, who is also our busy Sunday-School Superintendent. We find him sunk in that despair which we know, for him, is a necessity before invention. Therefore we sympathize with his dejection, retaining our confidence in his resourcefulness. It is the Christmas tree that does not suit him, — in truth it is as scraggly as a plucked fowl, — but presently he has fallen upon it, is grafting with clever wire branch after branch, until the tree stands remade to his satisfaction. However, it topples in perverse fashion, and I am sent flying for the Rectory clothes-line, by means of which we moor the trunk securely to the knob of the vestry-room door.

We are at last ready to begin laboriously decorating the branches with packages to be in an hour laboriously cut down, patiently skewering oranges with a threaded darning-needle, attaching tarnished tinsel angels and ornaments and candles; patiently and humbly, for the superintendent has in him the soul of an idealist, and is not easy to satisfy. But at last, as the long shadows begin to steal out on us from beneath the gallery, he dismisses us, to a busy two hours in the Rectory before we reassemble.

In our absence, gift-bearing visitors have taken advantage of the gloaming to leave curious packages upon our doorstep. There is a generous bag containing a supply of Mattie's sour-cream cookies. There is a dressed cockerel suspended by his long legs from the door-bell. Safely to the right of the door-mat stands a grape-basket twined with ground pine, and in it are fresh eggs, each encased in a fluted cap of green paper, each looking forth with a sketched face, whimsical and merry. We recognize in the pictured faces the clever hand of a neighboring farm-wife, we surmise the donor of the chicken, but we are quite at a loss to place the responsibility for a generous sack of apples, potatoes and cabbages discovered at the back door. Later inquiry wins no information, so that we strongly suspect that gift as coming from without our Anglican fold, in fact as due to a Baptist neighbor, rendered

thus undiscriminating by the Christmas spirit.

But we, too, have our gifts to make, and must go hastening with them now along the dusky streets. Littleville gives us of its own, and we too carry our home-made gifts. We know Littleville pride, Littleville delicacy, and we offer nothing machine-made, store-new, but carry little boxes of candy of our own manufacture. We tie one on the bell-rope in the dark church vestibule where the sexton boy may find it. Others we leave on dark doorsteps, ringing the bell and then scurrying off. It is fun playing Santa Claus in Littleville. We hurry home in time for a hasty supper before we go back to church for the evening festival.

Early as we are, the superintendent is earlier. We find him suspended in air on top of the pipe-organ. A boy below is handing him a chair on which he clambers. From this perilous vantage-point he is able to bring forth and hang up in its proper Eastern corner the Star of Bethlehem. The Sunday School could not possibly celebrate Christmas without the Star of Bethlehem. I do not know what hand first made it, but our Star of Bethlehem is as old as tradition itself. It is formed of a cigar-box on end. In the lid is a star-shaped opening covered with red mica, and within is a candle, whose lighted rays simulate the rosy luminary of the Orient.

Presently the babies are arriving. They come in soap-boxes fastened to sleds which are drawn into the church. Above a box bearing the inscription 'Larkin's Soaps,' or 'Have you a little fairy in your home?' one sees a sweet little wind-rosy face. The Rector has to come down from the vestry-room in his cassock to welcome the babies, as they are gradually undone from their cocoon-like wrappings.

The church is filling fast now, with a rustling, whispering, observant congregation. Our scholars sit a-row in the front pews; their heads present a comical zigzag line, the boys' locks slicked smooth by the hearty family brush that hangs by the kitchen sink, and the little girls' tresses frizzed to wantonness. The choir have taken their seats, crowding the railed platform by the organ until it looks like an over-full robin's nest. The choir give hearty assistance to our feeble piping of the carols, for the front pews are frankly intent upon the tree rather than upon the singing or upon the Rector's reading of Luke's age-old story.

He is old and wise, the Rector, and there is no long tarrying before we reach the Christmas-tree part of our programme. As the superintendent jumps nimbly forward to light the candles, the sixteen scholars rise and defile along the chancel-steps. They face us there, ranged strictly according to height, from a blushing hobbledehoy boy to a sprite of a tiny girl, so eager-eyed and fairy-footed that she has to be forcibly pinned to the chancel carpet by the decorous hand of an elder sister, run out along the backs that intervene between them.

The children have been instructed to sing 'O Little Town of Bethlehem' while the tree is being lighted. They begin each stanza bravely enough, but the last line trails to almost nothingness, for as the candles gleam, one after one, head after head turns to the tree, exactly like a row of dominoes filliped over by a finger. The line is at last restored to the front pew, and we watch our superintendent's every motion, as, slowly and impressively, he clips from the tree each gift we had so securely attached.

We find it a little hard to recognize our names when a 'Master' or 'Miss' precedes, followed by our full baptismal designation and surname, we

who are ordinarily merely Joe or Bessie to all the town; but shoved forward by mates and teacher, each child called rises, receives his gift, and turning, faces the congregation with the trophy held well in evidence toward the craning parental heads in the rear of the church.

It is all very decorous. If perhaps an irrepressible jumping-jack suddenly springs aloft in the front pew, or if there is a smothered tattoo on a drum, or a baby crows to the music of a new rattle, the Rector himself is the first to smile, despite the solemnity of his surplice. Yet we of his household know how dear to his heart is the ordered seemliness of divine service in the consecrated building, so that a thrill of apprehension runs through the family consciousness at the wholly unexpected turn the gift-giving takes at the close.

The presents are all distributed, the candy has gone about the congregation, oranges are gleaming in small hands, but I am aware that there is still a sense of expectation throughout the church. Abruptly the superintendent disappears into the vestry. His back is toward us when he reënters, dragging what appears to be a seated statue, veiled in wrappings which are reverently undone. The superintendent stands back, murmuring three words, 'For our Rector.' All Littleville sits breathless, beaming; we are breathless, too, for what will he say to the unexpected thing? There, beside the Rector, with the silvered scholarly head above the hieratic white of the flowing surplice, beside him in the very sacredness of the chancel there stands, swaying, with deep reverberant chime of the springs, an enormous red plush rocking-chair!

Only an instant the Rector hesitates, then the twinkle conquers, and the tenderness. Sometimes he uses words a bit too long for Littleville, but not now. He thanks his people in phrases simple and grave, as befit the house of God, warm and kind, as befit the hearts that are also God's house. And I reflect that the Christian faith is a homely faith, and comprehendeth all homely things. Then simply, as one to whom such transitions are natural as breath, the Rector passes from the gift he has received to that Greater Gift. He speaks as one whose faith in the Christmas creed has never faltered. He talks, as a little child, to little children, about a baby God. And I, too, at this moment, listen as a child. The faith of one's fathers! It is a little thatched home to which perforce the gypsy brain returns at Christmas-time. I, too, go a-dreaming of Bethlehem's plain and Bethlehem's melodies as the Rector's voice ceases, and we rise to sing, in tones that ring to the battered rafters of our old church, the Gloria in Excelsis.

The Benediction then, and the homegoing. Little heads to be done into hoods or caps with the earlaps snugly down, sleepy babies to be tucked up on their sleds, tops and candy to be stowed away in parental pockets, — and all the little ones and all the big ones of our Littleville bidding us good-night and merry Christmas. Down the dark hill-streets they trundle, our friends, with their lanterns that bob and gleam and disappear as the voices die away into the night.

A little while I linger on the Rectory doorstep all alone. Within are the ruddy rooms of our wee Rectory-home. Before me are the great branches fruited with stars, and beyond the branches the deep Christmas sky above our Littleville. Again a little girl, I think about the herald angels. Not now for me those riven skies, not now for me a far, faint plain of Bethlehem; but is it not a Christmas gift from one unseen that I still may hear the Christmas angels singing in humble human hearts?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE BIRD WITH THE BROKEN PINION

EVEN when he first appeared, intoxicated, in the prayer-meeting which my father was conducting, he was both witty and polite. He bowed ceremoniously when he entered; he remarked aloud, as he realized that he held his hymn-book by the wrong end, that it was a great accomplishment to be able to read upside down; he bowed politely again as he was escorted to the door by two elders. There he thanked them. He was tall and dignified and fairly well dressed, and he spoke like a gentleman. The subject of the prayer-meeting lesson was temperance, and Father, who enjoys coincidences, found in him an appropriate illustration.

In the morning, he called at our side door. He was out of work, he wished a trifling loan; it was a humiliating errand, but he trusted the kind heart of a clergyman to understand his necessity. He was helped, not with money, but with food, warm underwear, a hat that was better than his, and with advice. Father likes to set things straight, whether it be a crooked road or a crooked character, and his advice, which is sensible and tactful, is often taken.

'I, intoxicated in the house of God!' The stranger was overwhelmed. 'I, disturb a religious service! I was brought up to know better than that, sir. I hope you will apologize for me to your people. Ah, sir,' and here the stranger sighed, deeply and profoundly, 'the bird with the broken pinion never soars so high again!'

Thus did he name himself, and thus did we call him among ourselves throughout the two years during which he came regularly to see us. Once every two or three weeks he appeared, had a meal in the kitchen or on the back porch, talked for an hour or two, and departed. He was always polite, always entertaining, always willing to listen and to talk. We valued his remarks, his comments upon life, his extraordinary and mysterious knowledge. Where he acquired it, where he came from, where he went to, we do not know to this day.

To our father he discoursed about predestination, of him he made polite and interested inquiry about the tenets of our own faith — which does not include the above astonishing belief! — with him he argued — to mention only a few of the subjects to which he gave his thought — about the destiny of man, the existence of angels, and the sad and strange difference between the individual and corporate conscience of the citizens of our ancient, proud, and somewhat mismanaged State of Pennsylvania.

To my mother, when he came upon her in the garden, he held forth about rare flowers; to the oldest of my brothers he talked about Europe, whither he claimed to have been, and about football and cricket and airships; for the youngest of us he spread down a magic carpet upon which the two sped forth to the ends of the earth. Some times I eavesdropped, — indeed, there was almost always one of us eavesdropping, — and I recognized many of the familiar doings of Sindbad and Don Quixote and even of the glorious Greek.

With me, the bird of the broken pin-

ion ventured upon distinctly literary topics. Somewhere he had come across a story signed by my name, and he had read it with flattering attention. He even suggested an improvement. Occasionally he presented me with newspaper clippings, giving incidents which he thought would make 'copy.' Several of them I have used to advantage. He had read widely; his slips in grammar and rhetoric made his acquaintance with Arnold and Stevenson all the more mysterious. What was he: a wandering son of some English manse, — his education seemed to have been English, — a scholar gypsy, not 'pensive and tongue-tied,' but cheerful and loquacious; not free, but fettered by his own weakness?

For two years he came, for two years he asked and was given alms, for two years he was advised and exhorted. He always expressed great interest in the welfare of his soul.

'I do try, I will try,' he would say, humbly, the smell of liquor strongly upon him. 'I am sure, sir, I am grateful to you.'

Never until the end — and Father calculated afterwards that during the two years of his visitations he had been advised at least forty times — never until the end did he show any impatience, any resentment. He never reminded the head of our household that though his pinions may have suffered, he was no longer a fledgeling, and that his character was formed beyond hope of change. He listened politely even when little Bobby admonished him. And even at the end he was polite.

It was one summer evening at supper-time that he appeared on the porch opening from the dining-room. Father had finished his supper and went out to speak to him, and the rest of us sat still, anticipating the pleasure that his conversation always gave us. The day had been intensely warm, and Father was uncomfortable. So, also, may have been our friend. Father did not wait until his unfailing charity had opened the way for advice; he began immediately on the man, who was for once unshaven, out at elbows, and disreputable.

'Well,' said Father with sharpness unlike him, 'have you been keeping straight?'

The man rose, he spoke jauntily, as one perfectly self-sufficient, perfectly satisfied with life: a state of mind which is, on a hot day, at least, most enviable.

'Doctor,' he said, 'I saw a clipping some time ago that I thought would interest you.'

He opened the old wallet from which he used to take clippings for me, and handed a little paper to Father, and then went down the steps and out the walk. We heard the gate click behind him. Father made an incoherent noise in his throat, then he called to our friend, who did not come back. He has never come back.

I suppose he could endure us no longer — our curiosity, our Pharisaism, our reforming zeal. He had amused us, entertained us, for two years, and we had never forgotten that he was a tramp. And he had done us good, not only with the example of his good temper, but with his reproof. If he still reads the *Atlantic Monthly*, will he accept this as an apology from us all and a confession of our own bad manners?

For the title of the clipping — Father brought it in and read it aloud and joined in the rueful laugh which greeted it — the title of the clipping was, 'On the Excellent Virtue of Minding One's Own Business'!

GOING TO THE ANT

Walt Whitman loafed and invited his soul, and we are led to believe that the invitation was accepted. Against this happy consummation we may set

the injunction, 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard.' More nearly neutral ground is suggested by Keats' phrase, 'evenings steeped in honeyed indolence.' Lastly, Dr. Watts: 'For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.'

On the surface the case seems to be a battle of authorities: on one side Solomon, who was a moralist, and Dr. Watts, who was moral, frowning titanically on all who would stray from the stern path of duty; on the other, Whitman, a questioner of life, and Keats, who saw visions and dreamed dreams, walking in other ways, unconcerned and unaware that both apology and polemic are demanded to justify their difference. But even as the chess-player who develops his attack too eagerly may find that he has turned the tables on himself, so Solomon, advocate of the ant, and Watts, denouncer of the unbusied hand, have by their sallies exposed some essential weaknesses of their own position.

The ant, elegantly styled by Milton the 'parsimonious emmet,' is definitely commended to us in the Proverbs, but not absolutely. We (assuming for the moment the rôle of the reprimanded) are to 'consider her ways and be wise.' But from the assumption springs the doubt. It is the sluggard, the comatose, the befuddled, who is to learn from this interesting little animal. Her lesson is activity, and physical action is often the best and sometimes the only way to induce the finer motions of the spirit. So Dr. Watts, doubtless unconsciously, is in reality declaiming against vacuity of mind, the unperceptive state, when the drowsy spirit has no volition save that suggested to it by the unmoral flesh. The ant for the sluggard, by all means; but the ant is not an ultimate ideal. She may be a pattern of industry; but her disposition is peevish, her mandibles tipped with formic acid, and her misplaced enthusiasm for labor, when exhibited in the sugar-bowl (for instance), may cause both annoyance and disgust to beings of a higher order, and as conscientious as herself. She is something like an unchastened housewife, who by the very perfection of her ministrations in the home renders any other habitation a relief. We may be justified in regarding the ant as a model worker, but neither logic, scripture, nor Dr. Watts, can compel us to regard the attainment of an ant-like nature as the chief end of man.

Idleness which is mere negation we would not advocate. The sodden mind is mind corrupt or imbecile. Neither do we disparage such labor as is done with zest, or honestly to win one's livelihood. But when work dominates the life, when the end of the necessary task, or the accomplishment of the Deed, brings only the impulse to do more for doing's sake, then the balance is destroyed. We should justly resist the ant who would have the world one anthill; or the little, busy bee in any design to make honey the universal diet. The continuance of the human race no doubt depends on the persistence of the ant-spirit therein, but its happy continuance is equally conditioned on the presence of powers and moods presumably unknown or shocking to our small black sister. There is an idleness that is not only allowed but praiseworthy, as there is an industry which is both unnecessary and wrong.

Suppose we assume that the crown of active life is the Deed. By Deed, with a big D, we mean action plus the special contribution of the actor. We are familiar with the doctrine that concentration and fidelity are the parents of success—and they are: without them achievement is not born. But the fairy godmother who endows success is not hard work, but idleness discreetly used. Holmes somewhere speaks of

the impact of a lyric impulse on the mind, and we have not quite outlived the belief in inspiration. But to whom does inspiration come? Moses tended the flocks of Jethro his father-in-law, and in that idlest of occupations there came to him the word that made possible the song of Miriam. The makers of bricks without straw saw no Burning Bush, but they were admirable ants. Keats loved his 'evenings steeped in honeyed idleness,' and the 'Ode to a Grecian Urn' is a permanently lovely thing. Kipling's 'dreamers dreaming greatly' have enlarged the bounds of empire; but if the busy cobbler gives way to reverie, he may smash his thumb. Doing work with the whole self inhibits new conceptions; or if they come, the work is spoiled. To make the Deed a lyric there must first be a time busied with no deed — a space in which the mystery of mountains, the sound of running water, the wording of a phrase, or the appeal of music, may stir the mental atmosphere and start the avalanche which is the true action of the man. Obviously such a man is not a sluggard.

Satan does not always find mischief for idle hands. John the Baptist does not seem to have led an industrious life. He ate the product of the bee's labor, but he did not emulate the producer. Yet there is abundant testimony that he was brilliantly successful; and had he grown used to the toilsome ways of common life, it is hardly likely that when the need came he could have launched his message with such authority as that which he accumulated during the years of his inactive solitude. Watts playing with the tea-kettle, Newton musing on a fallen apple, Galileo staring at the slow-swinging lamp — idle fellows all, but idle with a very pregnant and potential idleness. And the strange thing is that not one of them was trying to do anything in particular when the great illumination came to him. They were more naïve than Buddha under the Bo-tree. The light simply dawned. They might have been too busy to see the dawn.

All this is dangerous doctrine. But then the truth is always deceptive to any one who is willing to be deceived. No doubt many idle hours that might have been fruitful in fine action have been the parents only of lawless and degrading impulses. Still, there is protection possible even here. Idleness, rightly conceived, is exposing the mind to all gracious and benign influences, not morbid introspection or listless resignation to mere fancy. It sounds rather like preaching, but the soul must listen and look beyond. Something may fructify the mind. One can only try.

TIPS

THACKERAY'S boys are always getting tipped, and no one ever suggests that the practice is reprehensible. The best-born among them is not insulted, and there is no hint that the custom is burdensome or corrupting. And democratic pride has not much altered human nature in this matter. The definition of the tip generally adopted, that it is a gratuity given to an inferior which an equal would not tolerate, is quite inadequate. People who condemn the giving of tips on this understanding do not reflect on the universality of the principle. How many such persons could prove their acquisitions free from the taint of the tip? How much of what we get is fairly earned, how much due to good feeling rather than merit, — not to speak of what has been fairly grasped? Does it vitiate an honorarium to trace a close kinship with the tip? Is the waiter more demeaned by the coin in his palm than the parson by the obvious envelope

furtively slipped in his hand by the best man? Is the physician properly insulted by the gratuities of grateful patients after their bills have been paid? the lawyer by his client's presents in token of an obligation that no retainer could cover? Is it claimed that a nice sense of honor among college students suffers deterioration because all, from the poorest to the wealthiest, take from their college far more than is paid for? Is it quite true to demand, in the name of lofty self-respect, immunity from other benefit than that of barter or inheritance? Is it more honorable to commercialize the give-and-take of life than to humanize it?

What really vulgarizes the tip is not at all that which with pharisaical scorn its critic repudiates. It is the obsequiousness which seeks it, the greed which measures it, the snobbishness which displays it. Good breeding is probably more manifest in the giving and receiving of tips than in any other test of the gentleman. When to give, how to give, with what spirit to receive, and what relations to carry forward, — these try men if they be cavaliers. As for my friend the waiter, whatever his calling and station, whether he receives after meat the grace for which no grace before meat can be substitute, or takes my marriage-fee, or lets me show him in any way my measure of fraternity, good-will, affection, obligation, that it is not susceptible of measure, — I know well how he feels. For what hope is there for me if I be not tipped rather than paid?

A CREATIVE 'LISTENER'

THE title of Mr. Schauffler's article, 'The Creative Listener,' in the September *Atlantic* lent special vividness to a recollection which often recurs to me, bringing with it always the unmarred joy of the incident which gave it birth. Indeed, I found Mr. Schauffler's entire article illuminated and interpreted by that recollection, and I tell the brief story here, both to support his contention that the creative listener affects his fellow auditors as well as the performers, and to add that those auditors may also keep their 'inner photograph albums' of 'stranger friends.'

Naturally, however, the listener has a less wide opportunity to collect these precious portraits, and it is not strange that I, often going musicless for months at a time and never able to be a listener of any sort more than three or four times in a season, have found but the single face.

I found it some years ago in those topmost seats of Carnegie Hall from which I have heard most of my real music. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, preceded by some Berlioz selections, was the programme. Practically every seat in the house was bought as soon as it was on sale, and this unusual demand had driven up into our eyrie a class of people evidently different from those who usually frequented it. I recognized this fact with some apprehension, uncertain what it might portend. I had taken the measure of the habitual annoyances of the place, although I never became inured to them, and I dreaded the appearance of new ones. Trying to estimate the probabilities, I looked about me more than was my habit.

It was during the Berlioz numbers — described by a flippant but accurate reporter as bearing to the Symphony the relation of 'a radish to a full course dinner' — that I first noticed my Listener's face, a girl's face. She might have been anywhere from seventeen to twenty-seven years of age, but probably was not far, in either direction, from twenty. Her face was thin, almost to the point of sharpness, and a momentary glimpse of it in full showed an irregularity of contour and length of line

which, but for the eyes, might have made it almost plain. But the profile, visible across the arc of some dozen seats, had a fragile, vivid beauty, quite independent of its illumination by the music. So illumined, it was arrestingly lovely. The impression it gave of intimate connection with the music cannot be exaggerated. It *was* the music, or at any rate grew out of the music, and was moulded into a visible transcript of it. Glance when I might in my Listener's direction, I never failed to find that moment's music reflected in her face.

In the pause before the beginning of the Symphony she turned quite toward me for a moment, and I noted a certain delicate peculiarity of dress, not in the least suggesting the affectation of the consciously 'artistic temperament,' but seeming rather an instinctive expression of individuality.

The experience had been a delightful one, thus far, and I told myself that I would be wise and leave it there. I would not look at her again. The music we were waiting for would be too severe a test. One might *feel* it, doubtless, but could one — could any one — *look* it? No, I would not watch her again. But I did, of course I did, and found no disappointment, but always the delight that was both surprise and certainty, always the doubled joy of that marvelous reflection. Once, when the mighty music swept me almost beyond human endurance, my *alter ego* warned me, 'Don't look. You know she can't do it — don't look now.' But even while I dreaded the failure, the flaw in my delight, I could not help one furtive, foreboding glance — a glance which found my Listener's face hidden behind two slender hands.

After that I feared no more. I gave myself up to the happiness of this rare good fortune, oblivious, for once, of the destructive listeners around me. Let the slim youth with the score rustle his pages over, one by one, beside me. He reached no more than the furthest fringe of my consciousness. Let the bulky individual behind me beat time with a tireless foot. For once he ran no risk of being stabbed with a hat-pin and dropped unobtrusively under the seats till the music was over. They might listen as they pleased. I was listening with ear and eye, I was *seeing* the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven.

It was over at last, and in the slowly converging currents of outgoing audience, I saw my Listener drifting surely to my side. My *alter ego* took alarm at once. 'Now, *don't* speak to her,' it pleaded. 'Don't be fool enough to spoil it all. It's been wonderful, it's been perfect, but it can't go on. You'll shatter it if you speak. She'll be shocked or offended or bewildered. And that perfectly nice, conventional, middle-aged man and woman with her — what will they think of a stranger speaking to their daughter?'

But my Listener was close enough to touch, and I spoke before I willed it. 'Will you let a stranger tell you that yours is the only face I ever wished to watch while listening to music?'

Her eyes met mine with swift comprehension, and out of the myriad *wrong* things she might have said she picked unerringly the one right one. 'I have been very happy,' she told me with lips and eyes.

'You have doubled my happiness tonight,' I answered, dimly conscious of benignant parents in the background, beaming, 'Yes, is n't she wonderful?' across the girl's shoulders. Then the crowd streamed in between us. I never saw her again, but I shall believe anything Mr. Schauffler chooses to tell me about the power of the creative listener.

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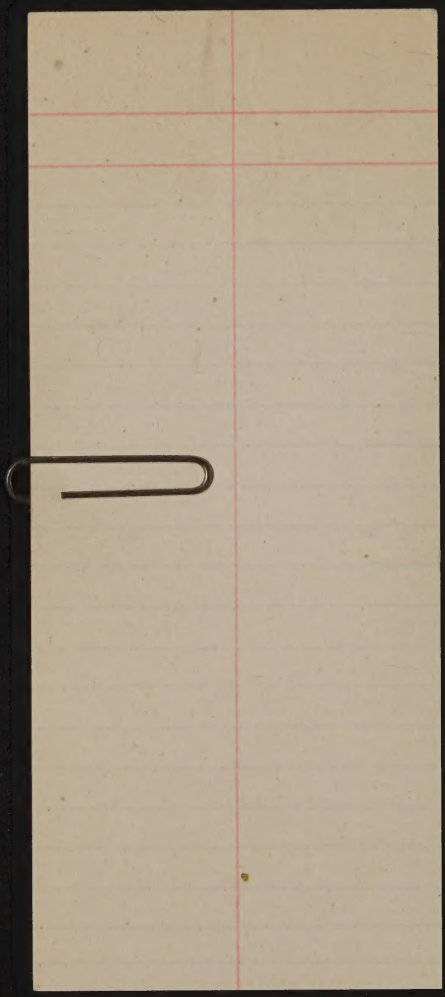
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